

**ST. NICHOLAS**

HALLOWEEN

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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VOLUME XXIII.

PART II., MAY, 1896, TO OCTOBER, 1896.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXIII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1896, TO OCTOBER, 1896.



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"SHE CLUNG TO THE DOORWAY AND WATCHED THE WILD FLIGHT."  
(SEE "THE BALLAD OF BETTY THE BOUND GIRL.")



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—  
BY ETHEL PARTON.  
—

*She was the only one who stayed—  
Betty the bound-girl, Farnaby's maid.  
(Lads and lasses, come hither and heed!)  
Her small hands toiled till their work was done,  
Her little brown feet disdained to run  
For Fire or Sword or Regular's gun!  
(And this is the ballad of Betty, her deed.)*

MIDMOST April and feel of the May,  
Balm in the air and joy in the day;

Workaday robins, courting at ease  
In the dawn-pink cloud of the blossoming trees;



"AT THE OX-TROUGH'S BUBBLING  
BRINK."

A bluebird, venturing nigh to drink  
At the homely ox-trough's bubbling brink.

Within-doors, Betty, as blithe as a bird,  
Answered the whistles and calls she heard,—

Pursing her little round mouth until  
'T was chirrup for chirrup and trill for trill!

Gay little Betty! no one to-day  
To scold or hurry her: all away —

All the folks but old Deborah Short  
Gone to a wedding in Newburyport.

Old Aunt Short, who was left behind  
With her ninety years and her feeble mind,



"CHIRRUP FOR CHIRRUP, TRILL FOR TRILL!"

Quarreling orioles, sunset drest,  
Pilfering scraps for their swinging nest;  
And swooping suddenly into sight,  
Bright as the blue-fire noonday's height,

Blinking and dozing, sunk in her chair—  
Left with the house to the bound-girl's care.

Deft little Betty! She worked and sang  
Till the bright tins quivered, the rafters rang,



"BLINKING AND DOZING, SUNK IN HER CHAIR."

And she stopped for breath, while her red  
cheeks glowed —

And — *Who's that comes o'er the rise o' the  
road?*

*Who rides so fast? and oh, what does he cry,  
That the folk turn out as he hastens by?*

She ran to the door, and the hoarse voice  
cried:

"Now, good folk, haste ye to fly or hide!

"For the Regulars come, and they come this  
way,

And the word is *Pillage*, and *Burn*, and *Slay!*

"They 're in Ipswich now, and the town fares  
ill;

There 's red smoke rolling by Heartbreak  
Hill;

“And borne on the breezes  
came once and again  
The cracking of muskets  
and shouting of men—

“I heard as I hurried. They’re  
coming! They’re near!  
Fly, fly for your lives, for  
the British are here!”

Then, galloping onward, the  
weary white horse,  
With Panic at heel in his  
laboring course,

His heavy hoofs thudding  
the roll as he ran,  
Alarumed the wayside and  
roused every man.

Oh, wild was the terror he  
left as he sped;  
Each sound on the soft air came laden with  
dread!

The men ran to harness, the women to pack:  
They started and shrieked if a whip chanced  
to crack.



“FLINGING THE SILVERWARE INTO THE WELL.”

A filly that whinnied turned brown faces pale,  
And voices cried, “Murder!” if one dropped  
a rail!

To saddle and pillion they scrambled pell-  
mell—  
First flinging the silverware into the well!



“OH, WILD WAS THE TERROR HE LEFT AS HE SPED!”

They loaded up wagons and mounted the pile;  
They lashed the poor horses for mile upon mile.

Big Jed, called the Bully, in frenzied alarm  
Was off with a spare-rib tucked under his arm

(Jed, Betty’s worst torment, the scoffer at girls,  
Who laughed at her freckles and pulled her  
brown curls);

And flying o’er fences and leaping o’er streams  
(Such jumps as a  
sleeper takes  
breathless in  
dreams),

He ran for a  
mile, and  
another,  
'and three,  
And climbed at  
the last to  
the top of  
a tree:



“HE RAN FOR A MILE.”

Where unharmed,  
well  
provisioned,  
but quaking  
with fright,

He shivered and shuddered and chattered all  
night!

But Betty? Ah, Betty was not of that make —  
She stood to her post for old Deborah's sake.

With her heart in her throat, and her freckled  
cheeks white,  
She clung to the doorway and watched the  
wild flight —

Watched neighbors and friends as they passed  
her and fled,  
And called her to "Come!" while she shook  
her small head.

E'en when one drew rein as he galloped, and  
cried,  
"The mare 'll carry double! Up, Betty, and  
ride!"

Brave Betty, poor Betty, took one step — but  
one —  
Then back to the doorway, and bade him  
ride on,



"NOW, GOOD FOLK, HASTE YE TO FLY OR HIDE!"

While Aunt Debby's old voice whined, com-  
plaining and thin:  
"My pillow wants plumping; you, Betty, come  
in!"



She turned and went in, and to working once  
more:  
She polished the tables, she scrubbed up the  
floor.

With work, hardest work, she held panic at  
bay;  
Scoured tins, and feared death, through the  
long, dragging day.

*And that's all!* — all that happened: it was  
but a scare;  
The fighting was fancy, the British were —  
air!

The farms lay unharried. Hours after, when  
came  
The message of safety, with laughter and  
shame



“TROOPED MEN-FOLK AND GOODWIVES RETURNING.”

Trooped men-folk and goodwives, returning  
to claim  
Homes abandoned in terror at sound of a name!

Little Betty alone stood at setting of sun,  
Tired, pale, but unshamed, with her day's  
work done!

*It was not cowards alone who fled,  
Trembling bullies like braggart Jed;  
(Lads and lasses, 't were well to heed!)  
Men who soon, ere the summer was done,  
At Bunker Hill bore the patriot gun  
Ran that day, when she would not run —  
And this is the ballad of Betty, her deed!*



## HIS FATHER'S PRICE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

"COME, Wat; be yare\* with thy dues, man, and do na keep me waiting, or I shall be late to nonemeat."†

The speaker was a stout fellow in a coarse surcoat of sky-blue banded with gold. He wore a short sword at his belt, and the brim of his gray felt cap was caught up at the side with a metal badge in the shape of a red-legged Cornish chough, or crow. He was leaning upon an ashen stave, shod with iron at the tip, and he frowned impatiently as he looked after the knot of men-at-arms and servitors further down the winding road among the straggling huts.

They were the men of the lord's reeve or steward, gathering the quarter's rental from that strip of Wensleydale held in villeinage‡ by the Lords Scroope of Bolton Castle. They drove before them sheep and cattle, swine, goats, and two stout hackneys laden with poultry, cheese, grain, and vegetables. The lord's reeve himself bestrode a solemn little ass with brass-buckled trappings and coarse housings of blue and gold. Behind him jolted three clumsy carts weighed down with corn. This and all that went before was the Lammastide§ dues of the tenants upon the manor lands.

"Come, Wat, thy dues," again cried the man-at-arms, waxing wrathful at the delay. "I'll bide thy foolishness no longer."

The man to whom he spoke stood sullenly at the threshold of a wattled hut, in some things better than the rest. He was a bull-necked, ruddy-cheeked fellow, with crisply curling yellow hair, and a thick, short beard that was tinged with red. His shoulders were so broad that they fairly filled the low door behind him, and darkened the dirt-floored room; and his sunburnt wrists were round as the branches of a beech-tree. His short upper lip was drawn back bitterly, showing his strong white teeth when he spoke. His voice was full and bluff.

\* Ready. † An afternoon meal. ‡ Rent service. § About the 1st of August. || Rent. ¶ Estate. \*\* Knowest.

"I have told thee that I am beholden for naught to Sir Richard," said he, shortly; "and told thee time and again until I am weary. Go after thy master, and tell him the same. Thou'lt get no corn, nor eels, nor barley-straw from me, so brouke I my neck! And that is the long and the short of it."

"What? How now?" cried the reevesman, hotly, turning about. "Haro, haro! Master Joscelyn! The rascal saith he will na pay!"

At his shout the lord's reeve turned, and with short orders to the rest, came jouncing back with three sturdy fellows at his ass's heels.

"How now, Wat Faulconer?" he said, sharply, for he was a shrewd man. "Art thou gone raving luniac? Where is thy duty?" ||

The villager doffed his cap, but spoke up stoutly as ever, "My duty is in Coverham Abbey bins, Master Joscelyn, where it belongeth, and nowhere else. I told thee this before, and shall na tell it again."

"I have naught to do with Coverham Abbey bins," said the lord's reeve, sourly, with a frown. "Thou art beholden to my lord, Sir Richard, for homestead, plow-land, and three holdings in his demesne¶ fields; and thy dues are payable this day, to me hereupon, as the lord's steward of Bolton Castle, without gainsaying. Therefore pay, or thou shalt dearly abide the lack."

"Now I rede thee well, Master Joscelyn Du Feu," said the other, very slowly, with a sparkle of red anger kindling deep in his blue eyes. "Free was I born, and freeman am I, and in so much as good as thou. Thou wost\*\* well that I hold my homesteading and my land of Coverham Abbey, and owe no due or service in villeinage to thy lord. Pass by, and lat me be."

The reeve turned lobster-red.

"What—how?" cried he, scowling. "Words from thee, dog?"

"Words, or anything that thou wilt but rentals that I do not owe," said the villager, stubbornly. "I hold of the abbey, and to the abbey I pay. If the holding be wrong, it is for the abbey and thy master to settle, not for thee and me."

"Thine holding and thine abbey be hanged!" cried the reeve. "This land is my lord's, and thy duty is his. Now pay it, on thine ears, or thou shalt pay it with thy skin."

The four men-at-arms stood round about the stout-backed villager, grasping their staves. He

trash, and bought his lordship like a huxter in the streets of York."

"Thou false-mouthed lurdan!"† cried one of the men-at-arms, aiming a fierce blow with his heavy staff as he spoke.

Faulconer dodged the humming staff with wonderful swiftness, and, jumping in as it whistled past his head, struck the fellow under the ear such a blow with his fist that he dropped as if felled by a sledge-hammer, and rolled twice over and over in the dirt.

The other three let drive at once, but two fell



"I TELL THEE THAT I OWE THEE NAUGHT!" THE VILLAGER EXCLAIMED."

shifted his footing so that he faced them all, squaring his shoulders doggedly, and clenching his hard, brown fists.

"I tell thee that I owe thee naught, and naught shalt thou get of me, so brouke I my neck! And if I owed thy lord hand-, land-, lip- or life-service, he should have none of them from me. He hath his price like a chapman's\*

short, and only burned the air. The staff of the third caught the villager across the nape of his neck, and he dropped in a heap, half stunned.

The fellow that he had knocked down sprang up with a curse, and seeing him down, whipped out his short sword, and would have stabbed him as he lay, but his comrade caught his arm.

"Hold hard there, Adam!" cried the reeve.

"No more of that, if thou hast usage for thine ears. Sir Richard will not have the dale a shambles like thy London town."

"The rascal struck me," panted the man-at-arms, striving to be loose.

"'T is what Sir Richard feeds thee for," answered the reeve, with a grim smile. "Hold hard, I rede thee, or thou 'lt catch it all the worse. Sir Richard is a stern man, but a just withal, and will have none of thy snap-judgments heading off his manor-court. Here, Jehan, bind the fellow's arms, and see well to it; he cometh to."

"What of his duty, master?" asked the man-at-arms who stood within the paling fence, eyeing a straw-bound beehive with a hungry eye. "This hath been a master-fine summer for honey; and there be flitches here upon the hooks inside that bite me where I live!"

"To that I will see hereafter," said the reeve; "dues are little things, I wot,\* to what the dog hath said of Sir Richard. A man with a price—his lordship bought! Marry, but his tongue shall cost him dear! Ay, thou muckle-headed fool," said he, turning upon Wat Faulconer, who was now upon his feet, fast bound, and dizzy from the blow that knocked him down, "thy silly tongue hath wrung thine own neck. Thou 'lt dance on wind before to-morrow night, or my name 's not Joscelyn Du Feu!"

A few gaping children followed them a little way. Some one or two shock-headed villeins † looked stolidly up from their toil, and then went sulkily on, sweating at their tasks. They held their own tongues; what matter was it of theirs if their neighbor could not hold his? Faulconer's folly was Faulconer's own fault, not theirs; and so Faulconer might himself abide the upshot.

In those days the bridle-path from Bolton Castle to Leyburn followed the Ure down to Wensley way. There it turned from the marshy land and ran along the slopes below the steep heights of what is now known as "the Shawl."

Upon the grassy top of one of the knolls below the Shawl, a party of sturdy boys were lying idly in the sun, herding the cattle and the sheep upon the manor commons. Some were

munching wild mallows, others only stared lazily up into the blue, unclouded English sky. Just beyond, upon a little ridge, one hawk-eyed lad stood bolt upright, half hidden by a clump of haw, looking keenly out across the valley below. Dark woods and sunny fallows, shining becks and checkered fields of yellow stubble, lush green meadow-land and faintly trampled roads, filled all the fair dale at his feet. Five miles west the towers of Bolton Castle shone in the glowing light. Two miles south loomed up the dark walls of Middleham Keep, ‡ awaiting the coming of Warwick the King-Maker. And far away in the east proud Jervaulx Abbey slumbered in the sun.

But it was not the fair landscape that the hawk-eyed youngster watched.

"Ss-sst!" he hissed sharply. "Ss-sst! Here cometh a drowsy monk at a snail's pace!"

The rest sprang up and crouched behind the scattered haws, each clamping a hard, round ball of tough red clay upon the tip of a springy hazel wand he held in his hand.

The traveler rode but slowly, though his fiery black horse caracoled and fretted, danced from side to side, and shied at even the shadows of the ravens flying overhead. The rider's hood was pulled about his face to shield his eyes from the blinding sun. His head was bent, and he seemed to study a parchment roll he held between his hands, winding it up with one as he unwound it with the other, holding his bridle-rein between his teeth, and swaying loosely in his high saddle.

"That is no monk," said the leader of the mischief-makers. He was a sturdy-limbed, stout-bodied, broad-shouldered lad of a dozen years, with tangled, sunburnt hair, and a wide red mouth that was smiling half the time. "See, he wears ray-cloth § under his hodden || cloak. 'T is some poor clerk who seeketh orders at Coverham priory, or service with Lord John Neville."

"That is a Bolton horse," said one.

"Then 't is no clerk; Sir Richard can write himself. It must be some scurvy lawyer come from York to hatch some new dishonor. Let him have it when he wins ¶ the crooked elm. Not yet, not yet!" he whispered, holding up a warning hand. "Wait till I bid. Ye under-

\* Think.

† Laborers.

‡ Castle.

§ Striped-cloth.

|| Undyed-wool.

¶ Reaches.



threw Daw Miller half an arrow-flight a while ago, and he made off with not a clod to his stingy poll. Yare, now! Ready, one—two—three!”

The hazel wands sung in the air, and the hard clay balls went whistling and humming down the hillside like angry hornets.

Three struck the horseman fairly upon the side. One tore his hood from his head, and another stung his horse in the flank. The rest went hurtling into the underwoods beyond. The startled horse plunged wildly, nearly unseating his rider, and jerking the bridle-rein from between his teeth. He lost his stirrups and it seemed as if he must be thrown. But, digging his long spurs under the girths, he thrust the parchment roll into the open pouch at his girdle, caught the bridle, and reined the snorting animal back to a foot-pace with an iron hand, not so much as a look of surprise altering his stern, pale face. He lifted his keen, dark eyes swiftly to scan the hilltop; but there was not so much to be seen as a sparrow in the thorn. The moment he turned to the road again, however, another volley of clay whizzed about his ears. One heavy piece struck him fairly in the forehead, half blinding his eyes. He set his teeth, and the color fled from his haughty lips; but he gave no more sign of discomposure than to spur his restive horse forward to the sheltering beeches under the lee of the hill.

“It is a clerk, a craven abbey lob!”\* cried one of the lads, rising from his hiding-place. “Why, the coward could na even fetch a word!”

“Nay,” answered the leader, with a shadow on his face; “that was no coward riding there. A coward would have yelped ten thousand times. The fellow neither cried out, nor growled, nor yelped for a saint. He held to his way as if the wind had only whistled shrewdly in his ears. That was a man. We fools have hawked at an eagle. I wish we had na thrown at him! He bore him so stout-heartedly I would we had na clodded him at all!”

“Poh!” jeered one; “thy knees are weak! Of what art thou afeard?”

“Not of thy gibes, as thou knowest full well; but, lads, that was a dirty trick upon a right good fellow.”

“Good fellow? Fie! A gray old rat that I might drub myself.”

“Ay, Jehan, thy boast is just the height of the hill, no more. Yon fellow’s was a heart stouter than thine ever will be the longest day that thou livest.”

“What—how? Were he but here, I’d show thee!”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there came a crash in the copse behind them. They heard the hiss of a whip, and a horse plunged through the tangled haws into their very midst.

They looked—one look—and ran, like rabbits to their burrows, into the brush and down the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

One stood his ground.

His head spun round, and his eyes were dazed. He looked up, but all he saw was the blurred, black mass—a horse and man against the shining sky.

He was dizzy, and his heart grew sick as he remembered Blind Watty, whose eyes were lost from a blow of the whip of old Sir Hugh Malvoisin, and little Gib, the miller’s son, whose arm was never straight again after Rafe Neville’s varlet beat him so. The blood crept down out of his face as the dampness creeps from a cottage wall after rain. He was breathing very fast, but he did not move; and still looked up with a deadly fear in his face that was not cowardice.

Somewhere back in his wits he wondered dumbly if his father would draw the honey that afternoon, and if the blacksmith would give the knife he had promised him to the dirty lump who blew the bellows at the forge.

He drew a deep, long, bitter breath, and a wonder crept into his heart that he was not stricken down. He could feel his legs braced wide apart, and his bare toes gripping the warm sod. Then the dizziness cleared away, and he began to see—two cold, dark eyes reading his heart; gray, bristling brows, a high-arched nose, a blue, smooth-shaven chin, and a thin, pale mouth with stern, deep lines about it. Up in the roots of the silvered hair a patch of red clay stuck to a swollen lump. At sight of this the boy’s heart stood still.

The “fellow” they had clodded was Sir

\* Dolt.

Richard Scroope, the lawyer lord of Bolton Manor. The lad turned sick, but did not flinch a hair. It is a strange English way, that, of taking one's dose and making no to-do!

Sir Richard's garb was dull in tone, but rich in stuff. His cloak and hood were fringed with miniver,\* although the day was warm. His ray-cloth surcoat was wine-color and blue. The closely girdled gaberdine † beneath it was of fine watchet-blue, ‡ with a broad band of shimmering cloth of gold. His strong white hands were bare, but his legs were covered with double-thonged cockers § of russet cordovan from ankle to mid-thigh. His spurs were heavily gilded, and he wore a short double-edged Sheffield dagger.

"Art thou one of those who did this unto me?" he asked, in a stern hard voice.

"Ay," replied the boy huskily.

"Who set ye on to do this thing?"

"No one, sire."

"No lies to me, knave! Who set ye on?"

"I have na lied." The boy's voice quivered.

"Why did ye do it, then?"

The lad made no reply.

He was wondering if the rest had gotten away safe; wondering that he was still alive—and if it were not all a dream that the lord baron was asking him why.

"Dost hear me, knave?" said Sir Richard.

"Yea, sire."

"Then why dost thou not answer?"

"For marvel that I may, sire," replied the boy.

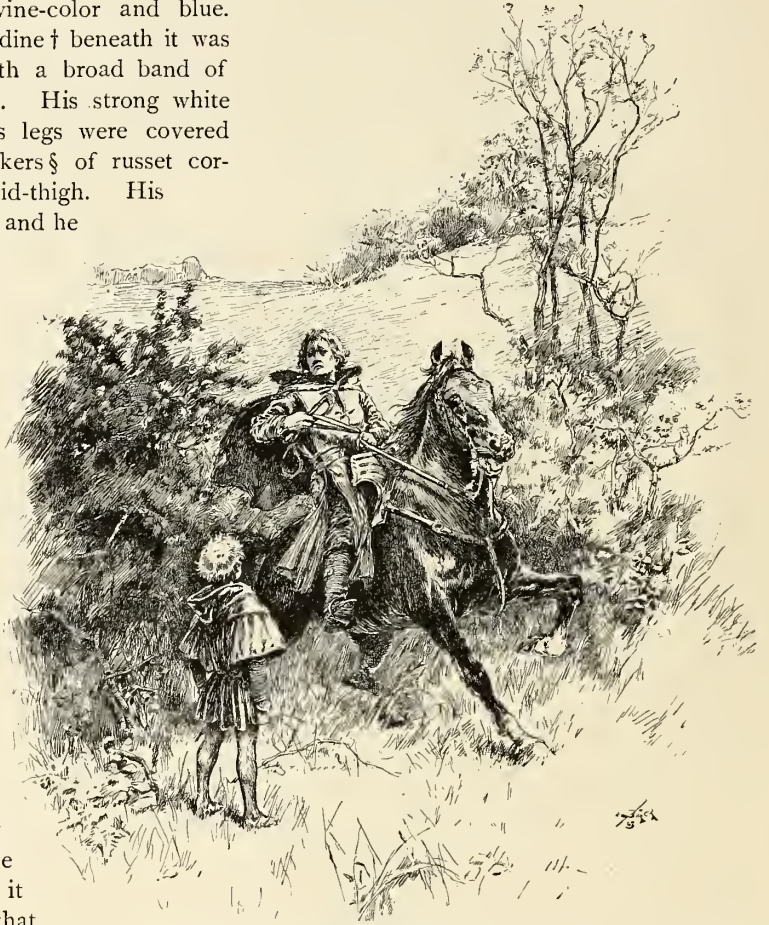
A queer look came into Sir Richard's stern eyes at that, and he looked even more shrewdly than before at the upturned, sunburnt face, honestly fearful, yet unafraid. "Then why did ye do this cowardly thing? Speak, knave; my time is shorter than my temper with thee!"

\* Mixed fur. † Coat.

At the word "cowardly" the lad flushed. "For sport, sire," he replied.

"For sport!" cried Sir Richard sternly. "This?"—and as he spoke he pointed meaningly to his swollen forehead.

"That was your end of the game, sire, not



"MY FATHER HAS NA CLODDED THEE," THE BOY REPLIED. "THE FAULT IS MINE, NOT HIS." (SEE PAGE 541.)

ours," said the boy, stoutly, and with a certain sense of humor.

The dark eyes gleamed queerly again. "Ye knew not who I was, perchance?"

"Not then, sire; but now right well, my lord baron."

"If thou hadst known me thou wouldst never have thrown."

"Ay, but I would, with a right good will," answered the boy, doggedly; "but I would not

‡ Sky-blue. § Boots.

*now* for a gold rose-noble!"\* As he spoke he threw back his head.

"How *now*?" said the baron, sharply. "Why not?"

"Because ye bore yourself as a right lord baron should!" cried the boy, looking up frankly, though choking a little as he spoke.

A grim smile twitched at the corners of the baron's iron mouth on that blunt reply, and a sparkle of satisfaction lighted his haughty eyes. Little used to such fair, plain speech from either young or old, the boy's pluck struck his fancy. "What is thy name?" he asked.

"Walter, sire."

"Doubtless; but whose son art thou?"

The boy looked up with a glance of sharp distrust, and did not reply. Sir Richard's mouth set harshly again.

"Answer me, thou froward rogue! What is thy father's name?"

The boy's lips whitened, but he did not speak.

"It were better for thee to answer me," warned the knight, gathering his bridle as he spoke.

The boy's heart sank, and his face grew pale. "My father has na clodded thee," he replied, huskily. "The fault is mine, not his."

Sir Richard's eyes were full of queer looks that day, but never more than then. "Thou stubborn knave!" quoth he, shortly. "Thy father fathered thee—that is enough. Here, stand thou at my stirrup-leather."

The boy obeyed, trembling.

"Lay hold," said he. The boy laid hold upon the leather.

"Now follow where I ride, upon thy life."

And so they fared to Bolton Castle.

The morning wind blew cool from off the moors, lazily flapping the heavy banner upon its tall ash stave above the keep. A trumpet blared upon the walls, and at the same instant, with a creak and a rattle, the draw sunk slowly at the western gate. A thin group of tenants from outlying holdings of the manor, with petty wrongs to be righted, pressed forward through the court to the doors of the castle hall, where they were stopped by men-at-arms with staves, to await the pleasure of the lord baron. In-

side, near the door, at a heavy oak table, sat the under-clerk, with tally-roll, goosequills, and inkhorn, to take the names of those concerned in matters there, and summon each in turn. At the further end of the long hall, upon a raised place, with his chief clerk near him at a table-bench with manuscripts and seals, the baron sat in a tall-backed oak chair, wrapped in a cloak of dark serge over an undercoat of blue and gold. Beside him stood his steward with his wand, while waiting near at hand was the sturdy turnkey.

"You have the young knave safe at hand?" asked the baron.

"Yea, sire; a sullen dog. He hath not spoken once since he was put in keep, though I withheld his bread and meat therefor."

"And hath he had nothing to eat, then?"

"Not a bite, sire, since yesternoon; the stubborn oaf!"

"Then thou shalt forfeit five silver pence," said Sir Richard, sternly. "I have told thee I will have naught but justice here. And, Maister Du Feu, bear this in mind henceforth, that thou art but gaoler and not judge of Bolton Manor; and that in thus overstepping thy place thou dost ill service."

The steward bit his lip in silence.

"Bring me in this young knave," said the baron.

He was speedily brought, and stood there in silence, with his head downcast, and his hands clenched one within the other behind him.

The baron leaned forward upon the arms of his chair, his dark eyes keenly reading the boy.

"Who were they with thee when this thing was done?" he asked abruptly.

The boy started, clenched his hands a little tighter, but made no answer.

"Find thy tongue, thou whelp!" growled the steward, in an undertone. The boy looked up. His face was very pale, partly from hunger. "I was their leader, sire," he said, and with that stopped.

"I did not ask who led them, knave, but who the rascals were."

"I shall na tell," faltered the lad. "I led them."

"Then all the blame is to fall upon thy head, is it?" demanded the baron, sharply.

\* An old English coin.

"I do na ken," was the only response. "I led them on."

"Why didst thou not lead them off, then, when they ran?" asked Sir Richard, grimly.

The boy flushed faintly, but said nothing.

"Wert thou not afraid?"

"Yea, sire."

"Fool!" muttered the steward. "Dost want yon jailer to find thy tongue?"

"I shall na tell," was the lad's only reply, though his lip trembled.

The baron leaned back in his chair, eying the boy curiously and not unkindly, with his chin sunken in his breast, his closed right hand upon



"HE STOOD THERE IN SILENCE, WITH HIS HEAD DOWNCAST, AND HIS HANDS CLENCHED BEHIND HIM."

"Then if afraid why didst thou not run?" The boy looked up, and shook the hair out of his eyes. "It is na cowardly to be afeard."

"But it is to run. Is that it?"

The lad hung his head.

"Come," again demanded the baron, "who were with thee when ye did this foul trick?"

"I shall na tell," replied the boy, in an almost inaudible tone.

his mouth, and with one finger outstretched lying along his cheek. Then he beckoned to the steward. "Art certain of what thou toldest me last evening?" he asked in a low tone.

"As certain, my lord baron, as I am that day is not night."

"In truth," said Sir Richard, studying the boy, "there doth seem some resemblance."

"They are as like as dog and whelp, sire."

There is no doubt; the man Faulconer is the father of this young knave, and one is just as stubborn as the other."

"Yet he doth deny the boy?"

"Yea, sire; he voweth he hath never seen the knave in all his life before. He feareth, my lord baron, that ye will visit his misdoing upon his son's head. They love their kind, these common dogs."

"'T is no bad trait—in common dogs!" muttered the baron, bitterly. "I would it were less *common*, and more frequent." He looked half wistfully about the lonely hall. "Doth the knave know that his father is taken?"

"No, sire."

For a moment the baron mused in silence, and then spoke up bluntly: "Knave, what is thy father's name?"

The boy caught his breath with an audible gasp, but, as before, made no reply, only twining his fingers more tightly together.

"Speak, thou stubborn lout!" cried the steward, shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"Maister Du Feu," said the baron, shortly, "leave be until I ask thy help. Come, knave, thy father's name. I've asked thee over often."

"But it was I who threw the clods," protested the boy, with a sob in his voice.

"That I know full well," replied the baron. "What I ask is what I asked yesterday; and I will be answered now. Who is thy father?"

"Sire," cried the boy, suddenly straightening up, and turning very pale, "what hath my father to do with this matter? He knew naught of it, and had no hand in it. It was I threw the clods, and I will stand to it."

"Thou hast not answered what I asked," said the baron, menacingly.

"I will na tell thee who my father is," was all the boy replied.

The baron's mouth was very grim. "We shall see," said he. "Bring in the man."

They brought him in. His arms were tightly bound, and his feet were shackled, but for all that his eyes flashed wrathfully, and he looked from side to side like a caged wolf seeking a chance of escape. But when he saw the boy standing there, he turned suddenly pale, and groaned aloud.

The boy had followed the steward with a

wild stare; but when the men-at-arms came in, he put his hands before his face, and leaned against the wall.

Sir Richard turned in his high chair, and looked from one to the other under his knitted brows. Except in size, the two were as like each other as two peas out of a pod—stout-legged, broad-shouldered, strong-necked, and fair of hair.

"Stand forth, thou," commanded the baron, sternly. They pushed Faulconer forward, and the baron looked bitterly upon him. Faulconer's face was pale, but his eyes were fearless, and his teeth were set with bull-dog obstinacy.

"What are the charges against this man?"

"My lord baron," said the steward, sourly, "the fellow hath thrice refused his rentals on the false ground that he hath his holding of Coverham Abbey. He hath insolently affronted your reeve; hath stricken Adam Fletcher, the London yeoman, to the earth; and, furthermore, my lord baron, he hath foully slandered and belied yourself, sire, saying in so many words—I crave your pardon for saying them at all—that you have your price like a chapman's wares in the streets of York, and have been bought at your own price. To this, my lord baron, Adam Fletcher, Long Hugh, Jehan Attwoode, and Roger Clough are witness."

The baron straightened icily in his chair, and turned upon Faulconer. "Dost know," said he, "that for these thine offenses against my servants and myself I may declare thee attainted, make of thee a wolf's-head, an outlaw, and doom thee to death?"

A sharp cry was heard. On hearing the baron's words, the boy, who had been listening as one astounded, sprang to his father's side, and threw his arms about him, sobbing outright, and crying, "Daddy, daddy, daddy!" as if his heart would break.

"Watty, my heart's root, my boy!" choked the father, trying vainly to touch the lad with his pinioned hands, "Stand away, stand away!"

"And with thee," continued the baron, "I may condemn and outlaw thine offspring and thy kin unto the last and least of thy blood."

"Stand off, Watty; stand away!" groaned Faulconer. "They shall na doom thee for my doing."

"And I thought they took thee, daddy, for the thing I did to him," sobbed the boy.

"Nay; stand away!"

"I will na leave thee, daddy. Thou art all I have."

"Thou shalt leave me, Watty,—my son, my son, I tell thee to stand away!" choked Faulconer, a tear trickling down his drawn face.

"Nay, stand ye up together," cried the baron, grimly, with a strange look in his eye; "for I know ye now for father and son beyond all shadow of a doubt; and as father and son, for your offenses, I shall do unto ye as I will."

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" cried Faulconer, now for the first time totally unnerved.

"Out of the measure of your offenses will I mete judgment upon you," said the baron, slowly, while the great hall grew suddenly still.

"In the matter of rental, however, it pleaseth me to go no further. Since Sir John Neville hath acknowledged my title clear to the land in question, I shall vacate my holding therein to the abbey, for the sake of peace, and let thy dues, though fairly owed to me, stand quit through payment to the abbey."

The clerk made note of the decision.

"For thine affront unto my master-steward thou shalt be amerced\* five silver pence," (the steward smiled), "but as five pence doth just offset the five held forfeit from his wage, there need be neither give nor take," (the steward's face fell), "while as for Adam Fletcher's broken head, a stoup† of ale each day a week will make it whole again. But as to the rest, it is another matter," said the baron, sternly; "a matter which doth near concern mine honor and my house. And as thou hast judged me and mine, so now will I judge thee and thine."

"But he is my only son, my lord!" cried Faulconer, beseechingly, falling upon his knees.

"Hold thou thy peace!" commanded the baron, stretching out his hand imperatively. "In this court I am judge, justice, and advocate. Thou didst judge me unheard, and even so will I judge thee. And I tell thee thou shalt never lay thine hand to stilt‡ of plow or helve of ax again, nor thrust thy sickle through the standing barley in the fields. Nay, nor turn thy cattle loose on Lammasland, nor drive thy

swine to pannage§ in the woods. Thou hast called me a man with a price, and hast said that I am bought and sold; and for this thing I hold thy life within my hand, to do with as I choose. And I tell thee that thy pot hath called my kettle black, and smutted its own face; for thou art bought this day thyself, like a chapman's wares in the streets of York, and art become a man with a price, even as thou hast said I am."

A stir ran through the hall, a moving of feet, and a drawing of breaths.

"Thy son and thyself have this day forfeited your lives to me."

Walter Faulconer hid his face upon his father's breast, and held him in his arms.

"Thy son's life will I give thee for thyself, to be my man henceforth, as strong and stanch for me and mine as thou hast been against me, and to think as honestly of me as I have thought of thee."

Faulconer caught his breath like a swimmer coming up from under water.

"And thine own life will I give thee for thy son's sake, for his stoutness of heart, his honest love of thee, and his manliness withal, that I may have him in my household and by my side, to stand for me as faithfully as he hath stood for thee, to ward my head and guard my name as he hath this day warded thy name and guarded the heads of those who left him to be their scapegoat."

"Oh, my lord baron, my noble lord baron!" cried Faulconer, tears running down his cheeks.

"Nay," spoke up the baron, grimly. "Keep thy 'nobles' for men who have no price; they illy fit us two. And stand ye up together, Walter Faulconer, father and son. Loose him," he said. "My man art thou, and thou my knave, from this day forth forever. Ye shall wear the blue and gold, and bear the badge of the house of Scroope, and ye shall stand in mine own hall; for England hath a need of just such honest stubbornness—and so have I."

So the two Faulconers served Sir Richard Scroope to the end of his days right manfully, and his house afterward; and young Walter named his first son Richard after him.

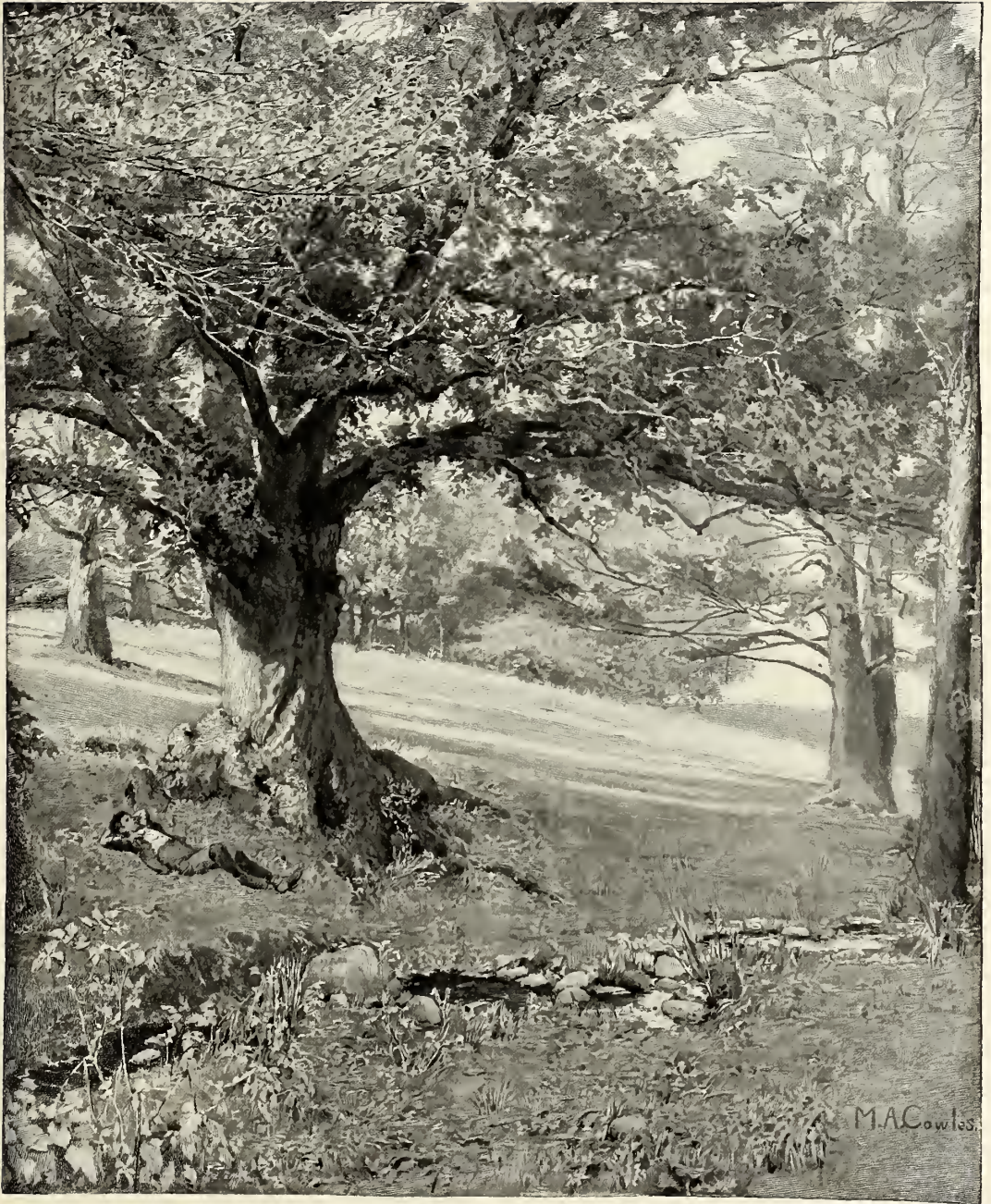
Which is the end of the story.

\* Fined.

† Flagon.

‡ Handle.

§ Pasturage.

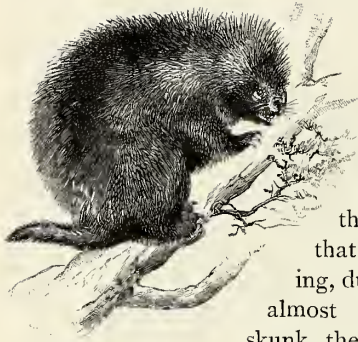


SPRING.

A DRAWING FROM NATURE, BY MISS M. A. COWLES.

## THE PORCUPINE.

By JOHN BURROUGHS.



THE PORCUPINE.

AMONG our wild animals there are three that are slow-moving, dull-witted, and almost fearless—the skunk, the possum, and the porcupine. The two latter seem to be increasing in most parts of the country. The possum is becoming quite common in the valley of the Hudson, and the porcupine is frequently met with in parts of the country where it was rarely or never seen forty years ago.

When the boys in late fall now go cooning where I used to go cooning in my youth, the dogs frequently run on a porcupine or drive him up a tree, and thus the sport is interrupted. Sometimes the dog comes to them with his mouth stuck full of quills, and is then compelled to submit to the painful operation of having them withdrawn.

A sportsman relates that he once came upon a dead porcupine and a dead bald eagle lying upon the ground within a few yards of each other. The eagle had partly torn the porcupine to pieces, but in attacking it with its beak it had driven numerous spines of the animal into its throat, and from their effect had apparently died as soon as its victim.

The quill of a porcupine is like a bad habit: if it once gets hold it constantly works deeper and deeper, though the quill has no power of motion in itself; it is the live, active flesh that draws it in by means of the barbed point. One day my boy and I encountered a porcupine on the top of one of the Catskills, and we had a little circus with him; we wanted to wake him up and make him show a little excitement if

possible. Without violence or injury to him we succeeded to the extent of making his eyes fairly stand out from his head, but quicken his motion he would not—probably could not.

What astonished and alarmed him seemed to be that his quills had no effect upon his enemies; they laughed at his weapons. He stuck his head under a rock and left his back and tail exposed. This is the porcupine's favorite position of defense. "Now come if you dare," he seems to say. Touch his tail, and like a trap it springs up and strikes your hand full of little quills. The tail is the active weapon of defense; with this the animal strikes. It is the outpost that delivers its fire before the citadel is reached. It is doubtless this fact that has given rise to the popular notion that the porcupine can shoot its quills, which of course it cannot do.

With a rotten stick we sprang the animal's tail again and again, till its supply of quills began to run low, and the creature grew uneasy. "What does this mean?" he seemed to say, his excitement rising. His shield upon his back, too, we trifled with, and when we finally drew him forth with a forked stick, his eyes were ready to burst from his head. Then we laughed in his face and went our way. Before we had reached our camp I was suddenly seized with a strange, acute pain in one of my feet. It seemed as if a large nerve was being roughly sawed in two. I could not take another step. Sitting down and removing my shoe and stocking, I searched for the cause of the paralyzing pain. The foot was free from mark or injury, but what is this little thorn or fang of thistle doing on the ankle? I pulled it out and found it to be one of the lesser quills of the porcupine. By some means, during our "circus,"



the quill had dropped inside my stocking, the thing had "took," and the porcupine had his revenge for all the indignities we had put upon him. I was well punished. The nerve which the quill struck had unpleasant memories of it for many months afterward.

When you come suddenly upon the porcupine in his native haunts he draws his head back and down, puts up his shield, trails his broad tail, and waddles slowly away. His shield is the sheaf of larger quills upon his back, which he opens and spreads out in a circular form so that the whole body is quite hidden beneath it.

I once passed a summer night alone upon the highest peak of the Catskills, Slide Mountain. I soon found there were numerous porcupines that desired to keep me company. The news of my arrival in the afternoon soon spread among them. They probably had scented me. After resting awhile I set out to look up the spring, and met a porcupine on his way toward my camp. He turned out in the grass, and then, as I paused, came back into the path and passed directly over my feet. He evidently felt that he had as good a right to the road as I had; he had traveled it many times before me. When I charged upon him with a stick in my hand he slowly climbed a small balsam fir. I soon found the place of the spring, and, having dredged it and cleaned it, I sat down upon a rock and waited for the water to slowly seep in. Presently I heard something in the near bushes, and in a moment a large porcupine came into view. I thought that he, too, was looking for water, but no, he was evidently on his way to my camp. He, too, had heard the latest rumor on the mountain-top. It was highly amusing to watch his movements. He came teetering along in the most aimless, idiotic way. Now he drifted off a little to the right, then a little to the left; his blunt nose seemed vaguely to be feeling the air; he fumbled over the ground, tossed about by loose boulders and little hillocks; his eyes wandered stupidly about; I was in plain view within four or five yards of him, but he heeded me not. Then he turned back a few paces, but some slight obstacle in his way caused him to change his mind. One thought of a sleep-walker; uncertainty was stamped upon every ges-

ture and movement; yet he was really drifting towards camp. After a while he struck the well-defined trail, and his gray, shapeless body slowly disappeared up the hill. In five or six minutes I overtook him shuffling along within sight of the big rock upon which rested my blanket and lunch. As I came up to him he depressed his tail, put up his shield, and slowly pushed off into the wild grass. While I was at lunch I heard a sound, and there he was, looking up at me from the path a few feet away. "An uninvited guest," I said; "but come on." He hesitated, and then turned aside into the bracken; he would wait till I had finished and had gone to sleep, or had moved off.

How much less wit have such animals — animals like the porcupine, possum, skunk, turtle — that nature has armed against all foes, than the animals that have no such ready-made defenses, and are preyed upon by a multitude of enemies. The price paid for being shielded against all danger, for never feeling fear or anxiety, is stupidity. If the porcupine were as vulnerable to its enemies as, say, the woodchuck, it would probably soon come to be as alert and swift of foot as that marmot.

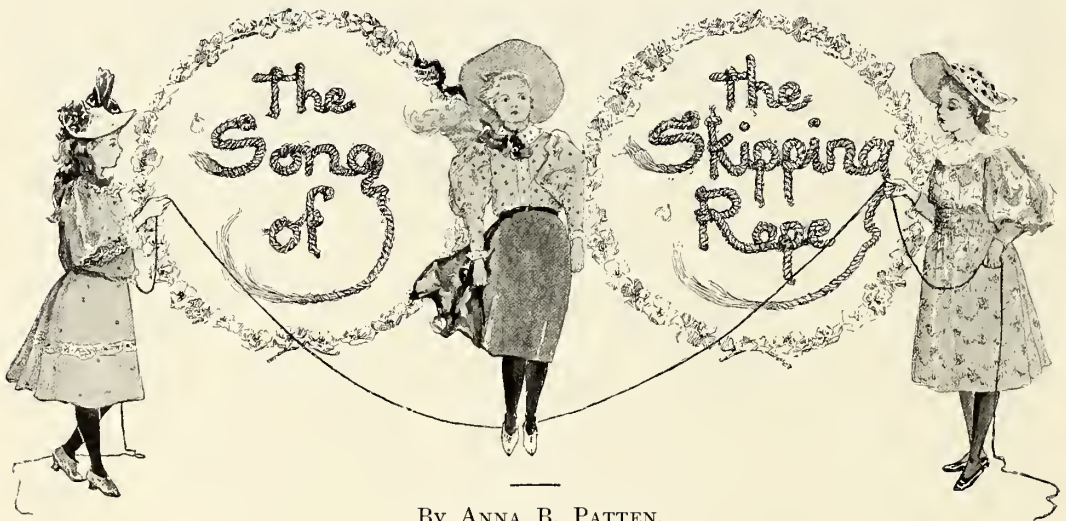
For an hour or more, that afternoon on the mountain top, my attention was attracted by a peculiar continuous sound that seemed to come from far away to the east. I queried with myself, "Is it the sound of some workman in a distant valley hidden by the mountains, or is its source nearer by me on the mountain side?" I could not determine. It was not a hammering or a grating or the filing of a saw, though it suggested such sounds. It had a vague, distant, ventriloquial character. In the solitude of the mountain top there was something welcome and pleasing in it. Finally I set out to try to solve the mystery. I had not gone fifty yards from camp when I knew I was near the source of the sound. Presently I saw a porcupine on a log, and as I approached the sound ceased, and the animal moved away. A curious kind of chant he made, or note of wonder and surprise at my presence on the mountain — or was he calling together the clan for a midnight raid upon my camp?

I made my bed that night of ferns and balsam boughs under an overhanging rock, where

the storm that swept across the mountain just after dark could not reach me. I lay down, rolled in my blankets, with a long staff by my side, in anticipation of visits from the porcupines. In the middle of the night I was awakened, and, looking out of my den, saw a porcupine outlined against the starlit sky. I made a thrust at him with my staff, when, with a grunt or grumble, he disappeared. A little later I was awakened again by the same animal, or another, and repelled him as before. At intervals during the rest of the night they visited me in this way; my sleep was by short stages from one porcupine to another. These animals are great gnawers. They seem to be

specially fond of gnawing any tool or object that has been touched or used by human hands. They would probably have gnawed my shoes or lunch basket or staff had I lain still. A settler at the foot of the mountain told me they used to prove very annoying to him by getting into his cellar or wood-shed at night, and indulging their ruling passion by chewing upon his tool-handles or pails or harness. "Kick one of them outdoors," he said, "and in half an hour he is back again."

In winter they usually live in trees, gnawing the bark and feeding upon the inner layer. I have seen large hemlocks quite denuded and killed in this way.



BY ANNA B. PATTEN.

WINTER-TIME has fled away,  
Spring has had her gentle sway,  
Summer surely must be near  
When the skipping-ropes appear;

With a skip, skip,  
And a trip, trip,  
As thus we rise and fall;  
In yard and street  
The little feet  
Are coming to the call!

Oh, so many tricks to do  
That our mothers also knew!—  
"In the Front Door," "Baking Bread,"  
"Chase the Fox," and "Needle Thread."

With a skip, skip,  
And a trip, trip,—  
For so the leader saith—  
With a hop, jump,  
And a thump, thump,  
Until you 're out of breath.



Hear the counting, sure and slow;  
 To a hundred they must go.  
 Not a hand or arm should swerve,  
 While the rope describes its curve;

With a skip, skip,  
 And a trip, trip,  
 Until the task is done;  
 With cheeks so red,  
 And ruffled head,  
 Bravo, my little one!

Boys may leap and vault so high,  
 But none was ever known to try  
 To master this soft, little spring  
 That is so intricate a thing!

With a skip, skip,  
 And a trip, trip.  
 Oh, may I always hear  
 That pit-pat-pit  
 That seems to fit  
 This blossom-time of year!



# THE PRIZE CUP.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A MERRY PORCH PARTY.

IN a moment more the bicycles were lying on the turf, and the bicyclers were mounting the porch steps.

"Let them in, Ida," Tracy hurriedly whispered. "I can't look them in the face."

"You must," said Ida, escaping from the room; "I can't be seen in this house rig."

"You may as well meet it, Tracy," said his mother.

So, putting on a resolute look, Tracy went to the front door.

"Come in," he said, "and tell us what luck you've had."

"We can tell you here," Fred Melverton replied, in radiant good humor.

"We've had great luck, thanks to you," said Canton Quimby.

"We've found the cup," Fred added,—they were both so full of the good news that they told it together,— "and we've got the thief in jail."

"You can't—you don't mean—" stammered Tracy, astounded.

"We have n't got the cup in hand," said Canton Quimby; "but we have located it—we know just where it is; and, as Melf says, we've got one of the thieves in the lock-up. We shall have another there in an hour or two, if I can persuade Melf to do his duty."

Tracy stared, and demanded:

"How many are there, according to your reckoning?"

"Two, anyway," Fred answered positively. "Oscar Ordway had it in his possession; but it seems Gid Ketterell is an accessory,—probably after the fact,—and that he expects to share

the proceeds of the plunder. I have n't sworn out a warrant for him yet; but I left word with his mother, just now, that if he wants to wash his hands of a dangerous piece of business, he'd better lose no time in coming to see me. Then she learned for the first time that I discharged him yesterday."

"And she was n't so much pleased as if she had had a fortune of a million dollars left her," said Canton Quimby, significantly. "He'll wish himself in jail already when he falls into her clutches."

Tracy did not appear half so much elated as his friends thought he had reason to be.

"I'm afraid—I don't understand—there's a big mistake!" he murmured.

"It's a mistake of the right sort—a mistake for the rogue that's got caught," Fred Melverton replied, with unshaken gaiety.

He threw himself on a porch chair, while his friend sat upon the rail; and between them they gave an amusing account of their adventure, to which Tracy listened in mute amazement.

"We did n't find Judge Carter at home," Fred concluded, "so the Chief just took Osk to the cells for safe-keeping. But we did unearth a mason; and he is to go with us at one o'clock to break a hole in the base of the chimney. I'm sorry for Osk, but then—"

"He must n't make too free with other people's prize cups, you know," struck in Canton Quimby. "Boys take a good many liberties; but there *is* a limit: we draw the line at silverware, Melf and I—especially silver won in a race by hard rowing. Is n't that the point, Melf?"

"It's all too good!" exclaimed Tracy, rousing from a sort of dream. "It ought to be true. But I don't see through it—unless—do you miss anything else out of your house?"

“Not yet — I think I told you; though of course I don't know how many things may have been stolen,” Fred replied, puzzled in his turn. “Why?”

“There must be something; for — look here.”

Tracy turned to his mother, who was just then coming out of the house, with a countenance all smiles, bearing Midget in her arms, and holding up the prize cup in her hand.

Melverton hardly paused to greet Mrs. Lisle as he sprang to his feet. “What's that?” he exclaimed.

“If it is n't your lost cup, then I don't know what it is,” she replied, holding it out to him.

“It is that — or it is magic!” he cried, in extreme surprise, taking it in his hand. “Where did it come from? Where has it been? Oh, Quimby,” turning to his friend, “here's the game we've been chasing down Gran'sir Pudgwick's chimney!”

“I don't catch on!” Canton Quimby replied. “It must be an intoxicating cup, that makes everybody see double. Is there any answer to this enig'—enigma?” completing the word out of respect to Mrs. Lisle's presence.

“I beg your pardon!” said Fred, suddenly remembering that he had not presented his friend, which he proceeded to do, with awkward abruptness. “I believe I've lost my wits. What is all this?” observing the bits of wilted grass that half filled the cup.

“I wish Laurie could speak and explain it,” Mrs. Lisle replied, while Midget, knowing very well what the conversation was about, shyly hid his face in her neck. “For, I'm sorry to say, he is the rogue!”

“And our other two?” cried Melverton.

“Seems to be a pretty good day for rogues,” said Canton Quimby.

“I don't know about the others,” said Mrs. Lisle. “Tracy, tell them about Midget.”

She herself rarely called the child by that name — never, indeed, except when he had shown himself extraordinarily mischievous.

And Tracy told. Melverton burst into shouts of laughter, while Canton Quimby shook with more quietly expressed convulsions.

“A bird's nest!” said Fred. “Oh, you dear, queer little Midget! You must give me a kiss for that!”

He held out his arms. Midget, perceiving the pleasant turn the affair was taking, leaped into them, with silent joyous laughter. Then, after a good hugging, he pointed to the cup, now in Tracy's hands, and repeated the words he had that morning learned — words that had made all who heard them so happy, and which he seemed to know would please his friend Fred no less:

“Cup — cup! Come — cup!”

As this part of the morning's experiences had been omitted from Tracy's story, Fred was filled anew with wonder and admiration. He danced about with the child, repeating with him the marvelous syllables, to Midget's great satisfaction as he watched the young man's lips and felt his throat, while Quimby looked on with keen enjoyment of the scene.

In the midst of which jubilation Ida appeared, lovely as a rose, and almost as red, having given a graceful twist to her hair and thrown a scarf about her neck; and the young minister followed, and there were introductions and congratulations, until a passer-by must have remarked that there was a livelier porch party at the old parsonage than it had ever known before, in the fifty years of its sober existence.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### GID KETTERELL CONFESSES.

THIS idea may have occurred to a strong-armed and stern-featured woman who was just then crossing the ravine from the Melverton place and ascending the slope in the direction of the merry voices. Leading by the coat-collar a reluctant youth who was much inclined to lag a step or two in the rear, she made her appearance below the house just as Fred was saying:

“But, Canton, we forget we have a fellow locked up for stealing the cup that was never stolen!”

“No matter,” Quimby replied. “He has stolen something else — and very likely out of your house — if we can only find what it is.”

“Here's somebody that perhaps can tell you,” said Tracy, as Mrs. Ketterell dragged forward her unwilling son into full view.

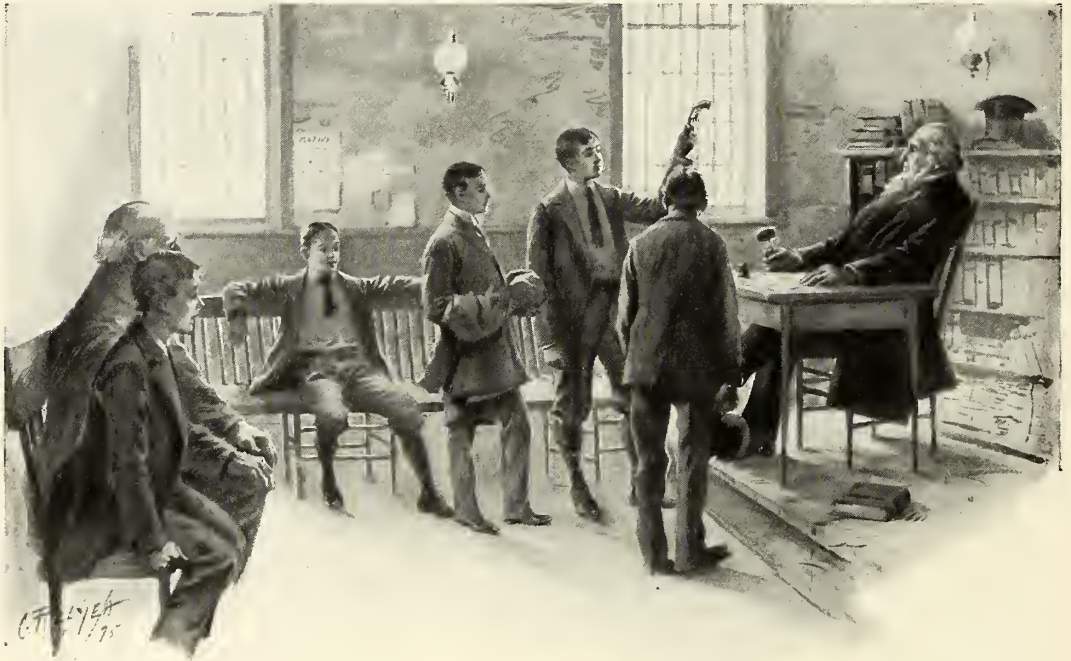
There was a flush on the washerwoman's hard features and a green fire in her eyes as she stationed herself at the foot of the porch steps, still holding Gideon by his coat-collar. Her tawny mane, combed straight back over her head and down her neck, was badly frizzed and rumpled, and helped to give her features a wild, ferocious aspect.

"Mr. Frederick," she began, "if you 'll pardon the intrusion, I've brought my boy here to make a clean breast of the bad job you spoke of; and if he lives, and I live, he's going to tell

I give him a few extrys on account, so I sha'n't be running too much in his debt."

"Gideon is getting to be a big boy for discipline of that sort," Fred suggested.

"So indeed he is," said the mother; "but he ain't so big yet but what I can handle him with a spare finger or two kept in reserve for emergencies; and he hain't forgot the small taste of the wrong end of the whip he received wunst when he attempted to handle *me*. He was persuaded then to take his medicine in regular fashion, and be decent about it. Think



"'THE THING IN THE POCKET WAS THIS,' SAID FRED, HOLDING IT UP.'" (SEE PAGE 558.)

you the whole truth before ever he goes back to the home he has disgraced."

"If that is so —" began Melverton; then, turning to Mrs. Lisle and her daughter, he said apologetically, "I am afraid we are going to have a scene."

"It is most certainly so," said the washerwoman, her red knuckles turning white with the new grip she gave the boy's collar. "I don't whale him very often, but when I do I make up for neglected duties in that particular. I not only settle old scores with interest, but

of a younker like him raising his hand against his own mother, ladies and gentlemen! But though, as I said, he done it wunst, he never done it twicet, the scapegrace! Will you tell the truth to your friend and benefactor, now?" she demanded, giving the said scapegrace a sharp wrench by the collar. "Say 'I will,' if you know what's hullsome for your soul and body!"

"I will," said Gideon, promptly, with a shake in his voice not caused altogether by the twist his mother gave him. At the same time

he presented so lugubrious a countenance that Tracy felt immensely relieved as to any triumph his enemy was to gain over him, whatever the outcome of the situation.

"I am glad of that," said Fred Melverton; "for some things need very much to be explained. But"—turning again to the ladies—"this is hardly the place in which to conduct our inquiries."

"Indeed, I've sense enough to know that; and I'm begging Mrs. Lisle to excuse what may seem to be very ill manners. I went first to your place, Mr. Frederick; then, hearing your voice, I came directly here, in order to lose no time in bringing my boy to terms whilst a healthy terror was on him."

"That was right, Mrs. Ketterell," said Mrs. Lisle, approvingly. "Let him say right here what is to be said."

"And let it be the barefooted facts this time," said Canton Quimby.

Melverton, standing with his hands behind him, looking down over the porch rail at mother and son, addressed Gideon.

"You acknowledge that what you told me yesterday was not the truth?"

"Answer!" Mrs. Ketterell commanded him, as he hesitated. "Did you tell him whoppers?"

"I s'pose I did," mumbled Gideon.

"You know about the cider?" Fred queried.

"Yes," Gid answered; "but I did n't drink it. Osk Ordway made me go with him to the cellar, and he dranked the most of it."

"And did you find cider in the cellar of your friend and benefactor, and treat that miserable Osk Ordway with it?" cried the irate mother. "Lucky for your skin and scalp, I did n't know that before!"

Quitting her hold on his collar, she seized his ear, and gave it such a tweak as elicited from him a sharp yelp.

"If you please, Mrs. Ketterell," said Fred, with difficulty maintaining his gravity, while everybody else laughed, except the two most concerned, who saw no fun in the little comedy they were enacting. "So, Gideon, you let Oscar into the house, did you?"

The boy was dumb again.

"Did you, or did you not?" said his mother, giving the ear another twist, with much the

same effect as if it had been a spigot by which she turned on his squeals.

"I did! I did!" yelled Gideon.

"If you please, Mrs. Ketterell!" Fred repeated, deprecatingly. "And the prize cup—you know something about that?"

"Will you speak, sir?" cried his mother.

She had taken her hand away; but the impulse to give the spigot another turn was so evident in her that Gideon dodged, and blurted out:

"I opened the drawer, and showed it to him: he made me do it. But I put it back, and that 's the last I saw of it—hope to die!" he vowed.

"And you don't know what became of it?"

"Sure 's I live! I thought Osk might have come that night and taken it, but he swears he did n't, and he wants to make me think it has n't been stole at all."

"Do you believe him?" Melveiton demanded.

"Some o' the time I think I do, and then again I guess I don't; but as for knowing a thing about it, I'm as innocent as—as innocent as that child!" And Gideon, having found what he deemed a strong illustration, flung his elbow out toward Midget playing on the walk.

Fred repressed a smile, and said:

"Then what has Oscar kept hidden in the stovepipe in his gran'sir's shop?—the thing he has been so secret about, which you are to share the proceeds of, when it is sold?"

"I—don't—know—of—any—"

Gid had got so far in his stammered denial, when his mother interrupted him. The green fire was flaming up in her eyes as she said:

"Please, Mr. Frederick, may I take him by the flap of his ear again? It 's the best way I know to wring a drop or two of the truth out of him," the expert in wringing added grimly.

Fred put her off with a wave of his hand.

"Gideon," he said, "you know very well that Oscar has carried home plunder of some kind, and hidden it in the stove-funnel; but perhaps you are not aware that he has landed in jail in consequence. Was it anything taken out of our house? I am waiting for you to clear yourself of complicity in that business."

"Will you?" said his mother.

"I will!" Gideon almost shouted, dodging her uplifted hand again. "It 's nothing he took out of your house, or out of anybody's house. But he said he would kill me if I told."

"Tell, and be killed, then," said his mother. "You certainly will be killed if you don't."

And Gideon told.

"It 's the phœbes' nest."

"The phœbes' nest?" exclaimed Melverton. "He took that?"

"Yes, the very day I showed him the cup. I blamed him for it, and told him he would get prosecuted, and scared him so he promised to put it back on the stones, under the bridge. But he just hid it in the bushes, and went back for it in the evening, and carried it home, and got Wint Allston to come and see it, and offer him half a dollar for it. Wint has a permit for taking nests and birds, and he is making a collection. Then Osk tried to sell it for more to Tom Hatch. I was to have half he got for it, 'cause I knew of his taking it, and he had got me turned off from my place."

"Is all that satisfactory?" Mrs. Ketterell inquired. "For if there 's more to come out of him, we 're bound to fetch it."

"It is tolerably satisfactory, as far as it goes," Fred replied. "But we have n't got at the bottom facts yet. Eh, Quimby?"

"That Ordway rapscallion," remarked the Yale junior, "is an artesian well of deception, and we have n't begun to fathom him. 'T was n't a mere bird's nest he was so excited about. I believe now he was laughing in his sleeve all the time at having led us on a false trail."

"The trouble will be to get on the right one," Fred answered. "He was a pretty fellow for you to let into the house!"—turning sharply on Gideon. "Then for you to leave a window unfastened! And that drawer—it does n't seem now as if that could have been locked."

"I 've been thinking about that," said Gideon; "and I ain't dead sure but what I may have put the key back where I found it, without locking the drawer. I remember Osk took it out of the lock and handed it to me, at the last minute. And I may have left that window unclasped. I was so excited by Osk Ordway's

being in the house, and getting the cider, and I was in such a hurry to have him out, I got all mixed up, and did n't know what I did do, or what I did n't do."

"And was your beautiful prize cup took in consequence of his neglect?" the indignant washerwoman demanded.

"By his own account, it was through his fault that it was lost," Fred replied. "But I am glad to say he was not concerned in taking it."

"But he is responsible," cried the mother, while her impatient hand started for Gid's ear, but stopped at his coat-collar. "And let me say to you, Mr. Frederick, if hard work will pay you for your loss, he shall work it out, if I have to stand over him with a whip, all the rest of the summer."

"It is something money could n't pay for," said Fred.

"Hear that now, will you?" Mrs. Ketterell exclaimed.

"I 'm—so—sorry!" whined the contrite Gideon.

"There 'll be no need of your spending the summer in the way you propose," Fred smilingly assured the mother. "The cup has been found."

At the same time Mrs. Lisle held the goblet up to the light, and Midget, who had been playing about the porch, but observing slyly all that was going on, took up his joyous cry:

"Cup—cup! Come—cup!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### OSK IN COURT.

ASTONISHMENT at this double revelation served to modify the washerwoman's wrath. She prepared to depart.

"And do you want my boy to take care of your place any more?" she asked.

"I rather think you had better find some other sphere of usefulness for him," Melverton replied, to Tracy's very great satisfaction. "I may want one thing of him, however,—to appear as a witness in the matter of the nest robbery, before Judge Carter, this afternoon."

"You shall have him!" said Mrs. Ketterell, with grim resolution, as she gave a final clutch



at the lapel of her son's coat, and led him away.

"I 'm wondering," remarked Fred Melverton, at Mrs. Lisle's dinner-table, "just what I 'd better do with the fellow I 've got locked up on a mistaken charge."

"It might be an awkward posish," said Canton Quimby — "position," quickly revising his language to suit his audience, and blushing under the merry look Ida gave him. "But you have n't entered your complaint yet; and when he comes up before the justice, you 've only to switch off from the wrong charge upon the true one."

"I really think he ought to be made an example," observed Mr. Walworth.

"No doubt," said Melverton. "But the worst of it is, there 'll be a fine, which somebody will have to pay for him."

"Too bad to have it fall on the old chin-piler — I mean his respectable grandparent," Quimby hastened to correct himself, under Ida's laughing eyes. "But he says he won't pay any more fines for him."

"He has said that before, and then paid them," Fred replied, consulting his watch. "But I shall try to hold him to his resolution this time. Sorry to leave your table so abruptly, Mrs. Lisle; but an engagement with the mason, and other disagreeable duties — I 'd a great deal rather stay here," he laughed with a humorously reluctant look at Quimby.

"Can't we let the mason — and justice — wait?" his friend replied. "I don't want to leave this spot." He glanced from Mrs. Lisle to Ida, with a smile of frank enjoyment. "But I 'm glad of one more chance to look into that impostor's soul — if he has one. There 's a fascination in the fellow's eyes. Do you remember how they blazed at his gram'er, Melf, when the poor old creature wished to fetch his 'better-most' coat?"

"There 'll be a lively time when we have him up before Judge Carter," Fred said. "Come around to the police court in about an hour, Tracy, if you want to see the fun."

The appointment with the mason was kept, the base of the chimney was broken into, in the presence of Gran'sir Pudgwick, Chief Hazel, and the two young men; and the phœbes' nest,

still in its newspaper wrapping, was taken out. The delicate eggs were broken, but the nest itself was in good condition.

Canton Quimby was so thoroughly convinced that this was not the only object purloined and concealed by the same hands, that he made a thorough search amidst the soot and rubbish of the chimney, and afterward reëxamined the stovepipe and the flue in the shop above; but nothing further was brought to light.

"I 'm afraid," he said to Melverton, "that that precocious master of craft has beaten us."

Arraigned before the village magistrate, that afternoon, in a small court-room adjoining the lock-up in the basement of the town house, Osk Ordway, with amazing effrontery, derided the charge of nest robbery, even when the nest was produced in evidence. But at the calling of an unexpected witness his manner changed.

Gideon Ketterell was sworn.

Gid gave his testimony in terror of the vengeance threatened by Osk's eyes, and also of another pair flashing greenish fire upon him from under a heavy mane of tawny hair beneath one of the barred windows of the court-room. To the embarrassed and unwilling witness the fear of the second pair of eyes was, for good and wholesome reasons, the greater.

Gideon told a pretty straight story of Osk's visit to the Melverton house that memorable Tuesday, omitting smaller details; of Osk's saying, as he left the door, that he was going to look at the phœbes' nest under the bridge; and of his actually having the nest in his hat when Gid found him sitting among the bushes by the brookside afterward.

"Is this the nest?" Judge Carter inquired.

Gideon stooped over it, where it lay in the opened newspaper wrapper, on the judge's table.

"I should say so; but the eggs was n't broke then," replied the witness.

The judge proceeded with his questions, prompted by Fred Melverton, seated at his elbow.

"After you saw it in his hat, in the bushes, did you ever see it again until to-day?"

Gid hesitated, and moved cautiously a step farther from Osk, who stood scowling near by, in front of the judge's desk.

"I did, twice," said the witness.

"Tell us where."

"He kept it hid in the top of the stovepipe in the paint-shop. I saw him take it out and put it back again."

"That will do," said the judge; and with a breath of relief Gideon stepped back, followed by the eyes of the vindictively leering prisoner.

"It seems a perfectly plain case," Judge Carter remarked to Gran'sir Pudgwick, who sat frowning and fretting, and opening and closing his telescopic chin (to quote Canton Quimby's lively expression), during these revelations. "I shall have to impose the fine."

"That 's all right, Gran'sir!" said Osk, with an impatient shrug. "Pony up, and le 's get out of this. It makes me tired."

Beads of perspiration, not produced solely by the closeness of the air of the court-room, glistened on the old man's bald crown and visibly writhing features.

"If it must be, I s'pose it must," he said discontentedly. "But I hope, judge, you 'll put it at your lowest figger."

"The statute fixes the fine at ten dollars," replied the judge. "I 've no discretion in the matter."

"And what if 't ain't paid?" asked the old man sharply.

Melverton and Quimby were watching him with the keenest interest, and nudging each other. Osk, from under his lowering brows, fixed piercing eyes upon the irresolute gran'sir.

The magistrate of the informal village court relaxed into the genial neighbor as he turned to give Mr. Pudgwick friendly advice.

"You can have the case continued, and employ a lawyer for your grandson, or you can appeal it to a higher court. But the evidence is so plain, and the law so clear, that it would be very unwise to incur any further cost in the matter."

"I don't want no cost. I want to save cost. I don't want to pay that fine!" objected the old man.

"Nothing obliges you to do it. And I 'm inclined to think it will be as well for you not to do it," remarked Judge Carter, blandly.

"Then what?" squeaked the big man's small voice, after a moment's reflection.

"He will be committed to jail. The result may be that he will be sent to some reformatory institution, where he will be taught a useful trade, and at all events be kept out of mischief."

The old man turned his eyes toward his grandson, and demanded, "What do you say to that?"

And Osk answered with an indignant scoff: "Just for taking a bird's nest? It 's absurd! You and gram'er never 'll allow that."

Thereupon the judge, leaning back in his chair, addressed the prisoner:

"If that is done, it will not be just because you have taken a bird's nest; you know that, Oscar. But you have shown yourself an idle, reckless, and dangerous character, ungrateful to your best friends, ungovernable at home, and exercising a baleful influence on your associates. I am persuaded that it will be well for you, well for your grandparents, and particularly well for the community, that you should be removed from your present surroundings, and put where you will acquire habits of industry, obedience, and general good behavior during the next two or three years — say, till you are twenty one."

The judge rapped on his desk to silence the applause that greeted these sensible remarks.

"Order!" he said, "or I shall call upon Chief Hazel to clear the court. I am not sorry, however, that the prisoner and his grandparents should have an opportunity to learn something of the public sentiment regarding him."

The culprit's manner changed again, and he spoke in a mild and candid tone which he knew well how to assume.

"Judge," he said familiarly, "you are more than half right. I *have* been a trifle wild, I allow. But, I say now, give me another chance. Gran'sir will pay the fine, I know."

"I hain't got ten dollars about me," said the old man, in great trouble of mind.

"No matter. You can raise it. Judge 'll lend it to you. Old friends, you know. Won't you, Judge?"

This audaciously cool request, on the part of the prisoner, raised a laugh among the dozen or twenty spectators, and tended to make everybody good-natured, as Osk no doubt meant it should, only the old gran'sir failing to see any fun in his grandson's impertinence.

Even the judge had to smile, as he remarked, "That would be an unheard-of arrangement — for the court to impose a fine and then proceed to pay it! I would n't advise your grandfather to borrow the amount of anybody."

"If I could only believe this was the last of his tricks!" the agitated old man muttered.

"It 's the very last, I promise you," Osk protested. "Get me out of this little scrape, and I 'll be a credit to you after this."

Seeing the old man shaken, Melverton leaned over and whispered to him.

"I don't know," Gran'sir Pudgwick replied, in a sort of plaintive whisper. "If 't had been anything val'able he took — but jest a bird's nest, as he says! I 've got a little money to home, and if the judge 'll give me ten minutes —"

A gleam of triumph lighted Osk's face. At that moment an eager-eyed youth pressed forward into the court-room.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### "HIS 'BETTERMOST' COAT."

HALF an hour earlier, while Gideon was giving his testimony, a yellow envelope had been brought in by a messenger and handed to Frank Melverton. Absorbed in the proceedings of the trial, he gave a hasty glance at the message, and then handed it to Canton Quimby.

"But don't you see?" his friend whispered. "This may be important. When we went through his room we saw nothing of the kind. I should have noticed it."

"I think I should, too," Melverton replied. "You may be right. It may lead to something. I believe I 'll jump on my wheel and skip over — 't won't take long."

"No, no! You stay here. You may be needed. I 'll go, or — there 's your friend!" And Quimby beckoned to Tracy Lisle, who stood among the spectators, watching the young men in consultation over the yellow missive.

"Look here, Trace," said Melverton, showing him the despatch. "Do you remember seeing anything of the sort?"

"N-o-o!" Tracy murmured, glancing his eye wonderingly over the paper.

"Suppose you take my wheel at the door — or Quimby's; you could n't ride mine," Melverton said; "spin over to the house, see if you can find out what this means, and be back here again —"

"'Ere the leviathan can swim a league,'" quoted Canton Quimby.

Tracy went, and he had now returned. Flushed and panting he quickly made his way to his friends, cap in hand, and carrying a coat on his arm.

"Find anything of it?" Fred anxiously demanded.

"No," Tracy whispered excitedly; "and I did n't believe I should. There was only a crumpled handkerchief lying on the table in his room."

"We 're getting a clue," said Quimby, looking up keenly at Osk Ordway, who was regarding the coat on Tracy's arm with a strangely intense and anxious expression.

"But I 've got it!" Tracy whispered gleefully.

"The clue?" asked Quimby.

"The thing itself," said Tracy.

And he whispered a rapid explanation into the ears of his astonished friends.

"One moment, Mr. Pudgwick! Don't go just yet," said Fred. The old gran'sir, after a consultation with the judge, was setting off to bring his money with which to pay the fine he had before so firmly resolved not to pay. "I 've a few words to say to his honor," Melverton went on, rising to his feet, "which I prefer that you should hear. If his honor will permit."

"Go on," said Judge Carter, while all listened intently.

"I should like to explain," the young man resumed, "that it was a search on our part for very different and much more valuable plunder that led to the discovery of the bird's nest in Oscar's possession. A certain prize cup had been taken from my mother's house about the time when he had access to it, and I frankly confess that I suspected him of appropriating it. I now as frankly own that I was mistaken, and I beg his pardon."

Oscar, who had been making signs for Tracy to give him the coat, answered Fred's acknowl-

edgment with a glassy smile, as if by no means at ease in his mind in regard to the situation.

"Still," Melverton proceeded, "I thought it probable some other object might have been taken—a suspicion that could n't be readily verified in a hurried survey of the premises. But since I have been sitting here, a telegram has been handed me, from my brother Frank,"—he extended the despatch to the judge,—“who, as your honor will perceive, asks me to bring away—what he mentions—from the table in his room.”

Meanwhile Canton Quimby sat watching, with calm intensity, the changes in Osk's countenance, and he now secured what he had so ardently desired—a glimpse into that wily deceiver's momentarily unmasked soul. Fred continued:

"I immediately sent my friend, Tracy Lisle, who has charge of the house, to look for what should have been on my brother's table, and he reports that it was n't to be found. By a singular coincidence, however—” He interrupted himself, and added: “Will your honor allow him to make a statement?”

"The court sees no objection," the judge replied. "What is it, Tracy?"

With his blue eyes sparkling, and his ruddy features glowing, Master Lisle stepped forward, and told his story.

"I went on a bicycle, and as I was passing Maple street, old Mrs. Pudgwick ran out to ask me how the trial was going. I could n't wait, but she seemed so troubled, I said I would tell her when I came along back. I had forgotten all about it, when, as I was nearing Maple street again, I saw her running up from her house, beckoning and calling; and I had to stop. She had this coat"—Tracy held it up for all to look at—"and when I said there was n't much to tell, and was starting on again, she caught hold of me.

"‘Do, please, take him this,’ she said, ‘so he'll have something decent to put on. It's his bettermost coat. His gran'sir was going to carry it to him,’ she told me; ‘but I could n't find it when he started off; I've had the greatest hunt! What the boy wanted to tuck it away out o' sight so for, I can't imagine!’

"‘All right; I'll give it to him,’ I said; but

as she was handing it to me, she noticed something heavy in one of the pockets, which she had been in too great a hurry to give any thought to before. It thumped against the handle-bar like this.”

Tracy swung the loaded pocket against the judge's desk with a muffled thud, as he added:

"I started to take it out for her. She saw it, and was ever so much astonished. Then I said, ‘Never mind!’ flung the coat over my arm, and here it is!”

It was now Melverton's turn to resume his explanation.

"The thing in the pocket is this,—” holding it up before the eyes of judge, prisoner, and spectators,—“my brother Frank's revolver. He meant to carry it with him to the seaside, but must have left it behind by accident, in the hurry of departure. He seems to remember placing it on his dressing-table, where it somehow got overlooked at the last moment. He now telegraphs for it, as there is to be target-shooting to-morrow. Your honor will notice what a curiously wrought and perfect weapon it is; and that it has my brother's initials on the butt-cap. How it passed from his dressing-table into Oscar Ordway's pocket, Oscar will perhaps explain.”

"I see now," Chief Hazel observed, stepping up to examine the weapon, “why he objected so to his grandmother's getting his bettermost coat when I took him from the house.”

Oscar attempted no explanations, but stood sullenly defiant; and when Tracy handed him the coat, with an angry stroke of his arm he flung it upon the floor. There it lay in the dust at his feet until old man Pudgwick stooped with a groan to gather it up.

Judge Carter asked if Melverton wished to enter a complaint against Osk for the far more serious offense just brought to light.

"Whether or not I bring a formal charge," Fred replied, “will depend upon circumstances. If his petty fine is to be paid, and he is let loose again upon the community, then I ought certainly to have him prosecuted to the extent of the law. But if Mr. Pudgwick will take your honor's excellent advice and allow him to be sent to the State Reformatory, I shall be satisfied.”

"The court will give the case careful con-

sideration, and endeavor to act for the interests of justice, and also for the best interests of the boy himself." The judge turned to Mr. Pudgwick. "Has his grandfather any suggestion to make?"

"Mr. Melverton is right—you are both right," Mr. Pudgwick replied with strong emotion, mechanically brushing the dust from his grandson's "bettermost" coat. "The reformatory is the place for him, and I guess his gram'er 'll be of the same way of thinking when she knows."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### WHO KEPT THE CUP.

THESE events happened so short a time ago that there is little more to tell. Oscar was in due course sent to the reformatory; where, I am pleased to learn, he is making an unexpectedly good record, showing what needed discipline can sometimes do in the case of a ne'er-do-well who fails to get his deserts at home.

His absence from the village has proved a blessing to the class of boys who were formerly under his influence; so much of ill in a whole community is often owing to the bad example of one or two reckless leaders. Gideon has gone to work; and George Oliver, no longer finding anything to ridicule in Tracy Lisle's "aristocratic ways," is trying, like him, honestly and truly to "make the best of himself."

As for Midget, who is the real hero of this story, if it has a hero, he is making extraordinary progress in the line of education his mother fortunately hit upon, after so many disappointments. The word *cup* proved the key that was to open a new world to his childish mind. When it was shown to him in print, he realized for the first time that the alphabet signified speech, and became interested in what had failed to fix his attention before. Simultaneously with the printed alphabet he learned the sign-alphabet of the deaf-mutes; and each newly-acquired name of a thing became fixed in his memory, associated with its three different forms of expression: the spoken word, the written or printed letters, and the finger movements by which the same sounds were represented.

The various steps in his progress would form an interesting story; but we have no place for it here. Now in his eighth year he can pronounce a great many common words, and read many more from familiar lips (the speech of strangers giving him much greater difficulty); further than this, he can read and write as well as many boys of his age who can hear and who have enjoyed the advantage of school instruction. He has been taught wholly at home, and his mother and Ida will probably continue his teachers for some time yet, although Fred Melverton claims the privilege of defraying his expenses at the famous Northampton school.

Fred would never allow the Prize Cup to be returned to the Melverton home. It is so curiously associated with a most interesting incident in the child's life, that the owner has had the inscription on it filled out in a different way from what was originally intended; so that, after the date of the race, it reads:

*"Won by Frederick Melverton, and by him presented to his dear young friend, Laurie Lisle."*

It stands on a mantel in the old parsonage; and the last time I saw it there, the little nest of fine hay, which had been removed only that the engraving might be completed, again showed, soft and brown, against the golden lining.

The phœbes never knew how kind the child meant to be to them. But they have returned to the old bridge, and have a new nest of their own this spring.

THE END.



# A STROLL IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

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



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULTON & SON, LONDON.



(SEE PAGE 563.)

IN the beautiful month of May it is the natural wish of all of us to go out into the woods and meadows and valleys, to ramble amid the foliage and flowers and fragrance of spring. Now, had you been on a certain big, white man-of-war, in a certain month of May, you could have taken, as I did, just such rambles — one week in Algeria, the next in Spain, and the third in England. The last was the most interesting of all, and if you will follow me, in imagination, you can take it too, and enjoy its incidents.

That big, white man-of-war steamed up the Thames until only twenty-five miles from London, and moored in the narrowing river almost within jumping distance of the piers at the town

of Gravesend. That town, then, is the base from which we will start for our walk, on a rare afternoon when the sunshine is warm and the air is clear to the most distant point of view.

A navigator can find his way over the most unfamiliar seas with a chart; so in rambling through a strange country we first need a map. Going up the busiest street of Gravesend, we soon find a book-store and buy for sixpence a pocket-map of County Kent. On that map we find the next nearest city to be Rochester, eight miles away; so, in order to have an objective point, we take the road for Rochester, and soon we are in a country lane bordered by hawthorn-hedges covered with their little bunches

of white flowers, filling all the air with a fragrance that we breathe in with delight. Through this we are led on and on, with green meadows at our left stretching away to the swift, busy Thames, and on our right low, rounded hills and sloping and rising fields, some green with rye and wheat, some reddened with clover-blossoms, and some yellow with buttercups, all separated by the flowering, fragrant hawthorn hedges, and rising slowly to a distant ridge of forest. Now and

over which commoners, lords, bishops, and kings were wont to travel before the days of railroads. Over this road traveled kings of Kent before England was; over it swept the invading Danes, and then the Saxons; over it went Harold to the battle of Hastings; and back over it rode William the Conqueror in triumph to London.

We near a wooded ridge, and on the left by the roadside we come upon a strange feature in a Kentish landscape — two great yew trees



DICKENS'S HOUSE, GADSHILL.  
(DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY POULTON & SONS, LONDON.)

then we pass a tavern with a quaint sign-board, or a farm-house nestled away among the purple lilacs. Our walk is marred only by vagrants tramping to Canterbury, or to London, sleeping by the wayside, begging respectfully; for we are on the great highway through Kent,

stretching their dark-green branches, far across the road. Behind them is a wooded grotto with lilac-bushes and tulip-beds, all inclosed by an iron railing in which we are surprised to find no gate. On the opposite side of the road is an old-fashioned house of stone, with a little cupola on its roof. It is embowered in trees and almost hidden from the road by a high hedge.

Full of curiosity, we go a few paces farther, and stop at the Sir John Falstaff Tavern, where we ask questions and learn that the place is Gadshill, that ancient place of gads, or footpads,

is not open to visitors. It is now the private residence of a country gentleman.

We learned afterward that the grotto without a gate was connected with the house by a tunnel under the road, and formed a hiding-place for Dickens from curious visitors.

Leaving the highway by a pretty lane, we are presently in a most magnificent wood, a vast cathedral of nature. Its columns are tall dark trunks of elm-trees, supporting leafy, intersecting arches of golden green; its nave and transepts are carpeted with the softest moss, in which a footfall is silent; its screens are of hawthorn and honeysuckle; its chancel is strewn with the growing violets; and its chapels are adorned with rhododendrons and ivy. Through and upon it all floods the softened sunlight; over our heads sings a vast choir of birds; and around us the melodious hum of the bees sounds like soft organ notes.



AVENUE TO COBHAM HALL THROUGH THE PARK.

once so dreaded by the pilgrims journeying to Canterbury and the merchants traveling to London. It was here that, according to Shakspeare, as we can find in "King Henry IV.," old Sir John Falstaff had his encounter with the "men in buckram."

But Gadshill reminds us of a man more real than Falstaff, and almost as well known as that tippling and cowardly knight's great creator—it reminds us of Charles Dickens. Sure enough, the innkeeper tells us, that house we have just passed was the house of Dickens; but, alas! it

the woods we come upon handsome, russet-plumaged pheasants strutting about, rabbits hopping fearlessly across the clearings, and squirrels scampering from tree to tree.

Beyond these "Woods of Shorne" we come to a grand park, a thousand acres or more in extent, full of old oaks under which are browsing herds of deer, and through the park a long avenue of stately elms stretches in a straight vista to an ancient hall. This is Cobham Hall and Park, belonging to Lord Darnley. We may remember that it is described in "Pickwick Papers"



where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass pass it going to the Leather Bottle Tavern.

Soon we are in Cobham village and arrive at that same old Leather Bottle Tavern. We pass through a narrow hall, and are ushered into a dark, low-ceilinged room. Here Dickens used to sit and study the guests. How many of his unique characters must have passed all unconsciously under his deep-seeing gaze in this old room, for here he would make notes as he sat in silence. Here, too, he made the Pickwick Club to meet. The walls of the room are now adorned with Cruikshank's quaint sketches of Dickens's characters, with newspaper prints and articles of the time, and with many portraits of Dickens and his family. Strangely enough, the only two pictures in the room not relating to Dickens are portraits of the American actress Mary Anderson.

Before we leave the inn, we write our names in the visitors' book. It is growing late, and we hurry back. It is still a beautiful walk, and after five miles we are again in Gravesend. Entering the town by the Pelham Road, we

come to the White Post Tavern, and must pause to contemplate another spot of interest. Beside the tavern is a little rectangular yard, well covered with grass and surrounded by a flower border. In the middle is a circular flower-bed filled with white tulips, with a solitary rose-bush in its center. Nothing further marks this spot, and few know that it has a special interest; yet under that sod is the tomb of Pocahontas.

In the parish register of old Saint Marie's Church, which once stood there, is entered:

1617, Mary 21st. Rebecca Wroloff, wyffe of Thomas Wroloff, Gent., a Virginia Ladye borne, was buried in ye chancell.

There is a mistake in the name Thomas, for it should be John. "Mary" is old style for May.

How strange was the fate of Pocahontas! a savage maiden from the primeval forests of America, who died among the civilized white people she loved, far from the land of her birth.

Our walk is at an end, and we have scarcely seen the hundredth part of that county of Kent which all Englishmen agree in calling "the Garden of England."



PICKWICK ROOM, LEATHER BOTTLE INN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULTON & SON, LONDON.)

## THE GREEN SATIN GOWN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHO ever wore such a queer-looking thing? I wore it myself, dear, once upon a time; yes, I did! Perhaps you would like to hear about it, while you mend that tear in your muslin. Sit down, then, and let us be cozy.

I was making a visit in Hillton once, when I was seventeen years old, just your age; staying with dear old Miss Persis Elderby, who is now dead. I have told you about her, and it is strange that I have never told you the story of the green satin gown; but, indeed, it is years since I looked at it. We were great friends, Miss Persis and I; and we never thought much about the difference in our ages, for she was young for her years, and I was old for mine. In our daily walk through the pretty, sleepy Hillton street—we always went for the mail together, for though Miss Persis seldom received letters, she always liked to see mine, and it was quite the event of the day—my good friend seldom failed to point out to me a stately mansion that stood by itself on a little height, and to say in a tone of pride, “The Le Baron place, my dear; the finest place in the county. Madam Le Baron, who lives there alone now, is as great a lady as any in Europe, though she wears no coronet to her name.”

I never knew exactly what Miss Persis meant by this last remark, but it sounded magnificent; and I always gazed respectfully at the gray stone house which sheltered so grand a personage. Madam Le Baron, it appeared, never left the house in winter, and this was January. Her friends called on her at stated intervals, and, to judge from Miss Persis, never failed to come away in a state of reverential enthusiasm. I could not help picturing to myself the great lady as about six feet tall, clad in purple velvet, and waving a peacock-feather fan; but I never confided my imaginings even to the sympathetic Miss Persis.

One day my friend returned from a visit to the stone house, quite breathless, her pretty, old face pink with excitement. She sat down on the chair nearest the door, and gazed at me with speechless emotion.

“Dear Miss Persis!” I cried. “What has happened? Have you had bad news?”

Miss Persis shook her head. “Bad news? I should think not, indeed! Child, Madam Le Baron wishes to see you. More I cannot say at present. Not a word! Put on your best hat, and come with me. Madam Le Baron waits for us!”

It was as if she had said, “The Sultan is on the front doorstep.” I flew upstairs, and made myself as smart as I could in such a hurry. My cheeks were as pink as Miss Persis’s own, and though I had not the faintest idea what was the matter, I felt that it must be something of vital import. On the way, I begged my companion to explain matters to me, but she only shook her head and trotted on the faster. “No time!” she panted. “Speech delays me, my dear! All will be explained; only make haste.”

We made such haste that by the time we rang at the door of the stone house neither of us could speak, and Miss Persis could only make a mute gesture to the dignified maid who opened the door, and who looked amazed, as well she might, at our burning cheeks and disordered appearance. Fortunately she knew Miss Persis well, and lost no time in ushering us into a cool, dimly lighted parlor, hung with family portraits. Here we sat, and fanned ourselves with our pocket-handkerchiefs, while I tried to find breath for a question; but there was not time! A door opened at the further end of the room; there was a soft rustle, a smell of sandal-wood in the air. The next moment Madam Le Baron stood before us. A

slender figure, about my own height, in a quaint, old-fashioned dress; snowy hair, arranged in puff on puff, with exquisite nicety; the darkest, softest eyes I ever saw, and a general air of having left her crown in the next room; this was the great lady.

We rose, and I made my best courtesy,—we courtesied then, my dear, instead of bowing like pump-handles,—and she spoke to us in a soft old voice, that rustled like the silk she wore, though it had a clear sound, too. “So this is the child!” she said. “I trust you are very well, my dear! And has Miss Elderby told you of the small particular in which you can oblige me?”

Miss Persis hastened to say that she wasted no time on explanations, but had brought me as quickly as might be, thinking that the main thing. Madam Le Baron nodded, and smiled a little; then she turned to me; a few quiet words, and I knew all about it. She had received that morning a note from her grandniece, “a young and giddy person,” who lived in B——, some twenty miles away, announcing that she and a party of friends were about to drive over to Hillton to see the old house. She felt sure that her dear aunt would be enchanted to see them, as it must be “quite too forlorn for her, all alone in that great barn”; so she might expect them the next evening (that is, the evening of this very day), in time for supper, and no doubt as hungry as hunters. There would be about a dozen of them, probably, but she knew there was plenty of room at Birchwood, and it would be a good thing to fill up the empty rooms for once in a way; so, looking forward to a pleasant meeting, the writer remained her dearest aunt’s “affectionate niece, Effie Gay.”

“The child has no mother,” said Madam Le Baron to Miss Persis; then turning to me, she said: “I am alone, save for my two maids, who are of middle age and not accustomed to youthful visitors. Learning from my good friend Miss Elderby that a young gentlewoman was staying at her house, I conceived the idea

of asking you to spend the night with me, and such portion of the next day as my guests may remain. If you are willing to do me this service, my dear, you may put off your bonnet,



“THE NEXT MOMENT MADAM LE BARON STOOD BEFORE US.”

and I will send for your evening dress and your toilet necessaries.”

I had been listening in a dream, hearing what was said, but thinking it all like a fairy story, chiefly impressed by the fact that the speaker was the most beautiful person I had ever seen in my life. The last sentence, how-

ever, brought me to my senses with a vengeance. With scarlet cheeks I explained that I had brought no evening dress with me: that I lived a very quiet life at home, and had expected nothing different here: that, to be quite frank, I had not such a thing as an evening dress in the world. Miss Persis turned pale with distress and mortification; but Madam Le Baron looked at me quietly, with her lovely smile.

"I will provide you with a suitable dress, my child," she said. "I have something that will do very well for you. If you like to go to your room now, my maid will attend you, and bring what is necessary. We expect our guests in time for supper, at eight o'clock."

Decidedly, I had walked into a fairy



tale, or else I was dreaming! Here I sat in a room hung with flowered damask, in a wonderful chair, by a wonderful fire; and a fairy, little and withered and brown, dressed in what I knew must be black bombazine, though I knew it only from descriptions, was bringing me tea and plum-cake and wine on a silver tray. She looked at me with kind, twinkling eyes, and said she would bring the dress at once; then left me to my own wondering fancies. I hardly knew what to be thinking of, so much was happening: more, it seemed, in these few hours, than in all my life before. I tried to fix my mind on the gay party that would soon fill the silent house with life and tumult; I tried to fancy how Miss Effie Gay would look,

and what she would say to me; but my mind kept coming back to the dress, the evening dress, that I was to be privileged to wear. What would it be like? Would silk or muslin be prettier? If only it were not pink! A red-haired girl in pink was a sad sight!

Looking up, I saw a portrait on the wall, of a beautiful girl, in a curious, old-time costume. The soft dark eyes and regal turn of the head told me that it was my hostess in her youth; and even as I looked, I heard the rustle again, and smelt the faint odor of sandalwood; and Madam Le Baron came softly in, followed by the fairy maid, bearing a long parcel.

"Your gown, my dear," she said. "I thought you would like to be preparing for the evening. Undo it, Jessop!"

Jessop lifted fold on fold of tissue paper. I looked, expecting I know not what fairy thing of lace and muslin: I saw — the green satin gown!

We were wearing large sleeves then, something like yours at the present day, and high collars; the fashion was at its height. This gown had long, tight, wrinkled sleeves, coming down over the hand, and finished with a ruffle of yellow lace; the neck, rounded and half low, had a similar ruffle almost deep enough to be called a ruff; the waist, if it could be called a waist, was up under the arms: briefly, a costume of my grandmother's time. Little green satin slippers lay beside it, and a huge feather-fan hung by a green ribbon. Was this a jest? was it? — I looked up, with burning cheeks and eyes suffused; I met a glance so kind, so beaming with good will, that my eyes fell, and I could

only hope that my anguish had not been visible.

"Shall Jessop help you, my dear?" said Madam Le Baron. "You can do it by yourself? Well, I like to see the young independent. I think the gown will become you; it has been considered handsome." She glanced fondly at the shining fabric, and left the room;



"MADAM LE BARON CLASPED THE NECKLACE AROUND MY NECK."

the maid, after one sharp glance at me, in which I thought I read an amused compassion, fol-

lowed; and I was left alone with the green satin gown.

Cry? No, I did not cry: I had been brought up not to cry; but I suffered, my dear, as one does suffer at seventeen. I thought of jumping out of the window and running away, back to Miss Persis; I thought of going to bed, and saying I was ill. It was true, I said to myself, with feverish violence: I *was* ill, sick with shame and mortification and disappointment. Appear before this gay party, dressed like my own great-grandmother? I would rather die! A person might easily die of such distress as this — and so on, and so on!

Suddenly, like a cool touch on my brow, came a thought, a word of my Uncle John's, that had helped me many a time before. "Endeavor, my dear, to maintain a sense of proportion!"

The words fell with weight on my distracted mind. I sat up straight in the armchair into which I had flung myself, face downward. Was there any proportion in this horror? I shook myself, then put the two sides together, and looked at them. On one side, two lovely old ladies, one of whom I could perhaps help a little, both of whom I could gratify; on the other, my own — dear me! was it vanity? I thought of the two sweet old faces, shining with kindness; I fancied the distress, the disappointment, that might come into them, if I — "Yes, dear uncle," I said aloud, "I have found the proportion!" I shook myself again, and began to dress. And now a happy thought struck me. Glancing at the portrait on the wall, I saw that the fair girl was dressed in green. Was it? Yes, it must be — it was — the very same dress! Quickly, and as neatly as I could, I arranged my hair in two great puffs, with a butterfly knot on the top of my head, in the style of the picture; if only I had the high comb! I slipped on the gown, which fitted me well enough. I put on the slippers, and tied the green ribbons round and round my ankles; then I lighted all the candles, and looked at myself. A perfect guy? Well, perhaps — and yet —

At this moment Jessop entered, bringing a pair of long yellow gloves; she looked me over critically, saying nothing; glanced at the por-

trait, withdrew, and presently reappeared, with the high tortoise-shell comb in her hand. She placed it carefully in my hair, surveyed me again, and again looked at the picture. Yes, it was true, the necklace was wanting; but of course —

Really, Jessop was behaving like a jack-in-the-box! She had disappeared again, and now here she was for the third time; but this time Madam Le Baron was with her. The old lady looked at me silently, at my hair, then up at the picture. The sight of the pleasure in her lovely face trampled under foot, put out of existence, the last remnant of my foolish pride.

She turned to Jessop and nodded. "Yes, by all means!" she said. The maid put into her hand a long morocco box; madam kissed me, and with soft, trembling fingers clasped the necklace round my neck. "It is a graceful compliment you pay me, my child," she said, glancing at the picture again, with eyes a little dimmed. "Oblige me by wearing this, to complete the vision of my past youth."

Ten stars of chrysoprase, the purest and tenderest green in the world, set in delicately-wrought gold. I need not describe the necklace to you. You think it the most beautiful jewel in the world, and so do I; and I have promised that you shall wear it on your eighteenth birthday.

Madam Le Baron saw nothing singular in my appearance. She never changed the fashion of her dress, being of the opinion, as she told me afterward, that a gentlewoman's dress is her own affair, not her mantua-maker's; and her cinnamon-colored brocade went very well with the green satin. We stood side by side for a moment, gazing into the long, dim mirror; then she patted my shoulder and gave a little sigh.

"Your auburn hair looks well with the green," she said. "My hair was dark, but otherwise — Shall we go down, my dear?"

I will not say much about the evening. It was painful, of course; but Effie Gay had no mother, and much must be pardoned in such a case. No doubt I made a quaint figure enough among the six or eight gay girls, all dressed in the latest fashion; but the first moment was the worst, and the first titter put a fire in my

veins that kept me warm all the evening. An occasional glance at Madam Le Baron's placid face enabled me to preserve my sense of proportion, and I remembered that two wise men, Solomon and my Uncle John, had compared the laughter of fools to the crackling of thorns under a pot. And — and there were some who did not laugh.

Pin it up, my dear! Your father has come, and will be wanting his tea.

heavy on my arm, and a moment's search revealed a strange matter. The pocket was full of goldpieces, shining half-eagles, which fell about me in a golden shower, and made me cry out with amazement; but this was not all! The tears sprang to my eyes as I opened the morocco box and took out the chrysoprase necklace: tears partly of gratitude and pleasure, partly of sheer kindness and love and sorrow for the sweet, stately lady who had thought of



"THE FIRST TIME HE SAW ME."

I can tell you the rest of the story in a few words.

A year from that time Madam Le Baron died; and a few weeks after her death, a parcel came for me from Hillton. Opening it in great wonder, what did I find but the gown, the green satin gown, with the slippers and fan, and the tortoise-shell comb in a leather case! Lifting it reverently from the box, the dress felt singularly

me in her closing days, and had found (they told me afterward) one of her last pleasures in planning this surprise for me.

There is something more that I might say, my dear. Your dear father was one of that gay sleighing party; and he often speaks of the first time he saw me,—when I was coming down the stairs in the green satin gown.



## SHOOTING-STARS THAT REACH THE EARTH.

BY OLIVER C. FARRINGTON.

ALL of you have been out of doors on a cloudless evening, and have seen a star apparently fall from its place in the sky, and glide in a long line of light toward the horizon.

Perhaps you have wondered, as I used to do, how long it would be before the stars would all be gone from the sky, since one fell so often. I did not then know, what I have learned since, that "shooting-stars" are not true stars at all, but only bodies which appear for an instant, and then disappear forever. Let us call them meteors, and thus avoid confounding them with real stars; for the real stars are as enduring as anything in the universe.

In common speech, however, the term meteors is largely confined to those shooting-stars which are very large and bright, and are seen only now and then. Since they do not, however, differ from the shooting-stars in any important respect, so far as we know, most of the learned scholars who make a study of such subjects consider them the same.

Now, if meteors never came any nearer the earth than do those which we so often see, we should know nothing more about them than what we could learn from their light, and that would be very little.

But it sometimes happens that one of them can be seen to come directly down to the earth. It makes a bright light as it falls, sometimes so intense as to outshine the sun when that is in the sky. Sometimes the meteor carries with it a cloud of smoke, and falls with a hissing, spluttering noise, throwing out showers of sparks

as it descends. Usually, too, loud reports are heard as it passes through the air, as if aerial armies were cannonading one another; and as the sound of the conflict dies away, long rolls of echoing thunder shake the earth.

When the astonished people thereabout have recovered from their fright and hasten to the spot where the meteor struck the earth, they sometimes find buried in the soil — if the soil has any depth — a piece of stone or metal, often no larger than a hen's egg, but sometimes big enough to be of several hundred pounds weight.

It is usually still hot if picked up very soon after its fall, and its surface will be found to be covered by a thin crust, or varnish, made by the melting and flowing of its outside. This crust on the stones is usually black, while the interior is light gray in color; on the pieces of metal it is of a rusty brown color, and the interior of the mass nickel-white. It may be seen on the stones shown in Fig. 1, representing some of those that fell about 5 P. M. on May 2, 1890, near Leland, Winnebago County, Iowa; and where the crust has been broken off the light-gray inside is seen. The surface of these bodies can be seen, too, to be indented by little pits or hollows which look for all the world as if the mass had once been soft as a piece of putty, and some one had pressed it with his thumb in many places.

These pits are better illustrated in Fig. 2, which shows how they appear upon a stone which at one time fell from the sky, and afterward was found at Long Island, Phillips



County, Kansas. This is the largest stone ever known to fall. It is now in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago.

Because they come from meteors, bodies that



FIG. 1. SOME OF THE STONES WHICH FELL AT LELAND, WINNEBAGO CO., IOWA, ABOUT 5 P. M., MAY 2, 1890.

fall in this way are called meteorites; and for very many years past all the meteorites which have been seen to fall, or could be found, have been carefully kept, so that they may be studied. We know, too, that they have fallen in earlier times as well, because the histories of nearly all ancient peoples contain accounts of such occurrences, and of the homage paid to the "sky stones" by those who thought them gifts from the gods, or miraculous objects. It is probable that the so-called goddess Diana who was worshiped by the people of Ephesus was a meteoric stone.

A mass of iron which proved to be a meteorite was found in Texas a few years ago, at the crossing of a number of trails leading in different directions. It was learned that it had been set up by the Indians as a fetish, or object of worship; and whoever passed by was expected to leave upon it beads, arrowheads, tobacco, or other articles as offerings, since it was regarded as having come from the Great Spirit. Another, which fell in India some years ago, was kept decked with flowers, was daily anointed, and frequently worshiped with great ceremony. There is preserved to this day in the parish church of Ensisheim, Alsace, Germany, a stone weighing over two hundred pounds, which fell in the town November 16, 1492. The king, being near at the time, had the stone carried to the

castle, and after breaking off two pieces, one for himself and the other for the Duke Sigismund, ordered the remainder to be kept in the church as a miraculous object; and it still hangs there, suspended by a chain from the vault of the choir.

Thus we see that these meteors often reach the earth, and that many have been collected and examined, so that their characters are pretty well known. They all are found to be alike in many respects, and by those who have studied them carefully they can readily be distinguished from anything else found upon the earth.

I have said that they are pieces either of stone or of metal; and since the characters of these two kinds differ somewhat, I shall describe them a little more in detail.

The metallic meteorites are made up chiefly of iron and nickel. These are alloyed together in the proportion of from 90 to 95 per cent. of iron to from 10 to 5 per cent. of nickel—a ratio very much like that used for making the nickel-steel with which our armored cruisers are plated.

Besides these there are small quantities of the sulphides, phosphides, and carbides of iron, a little cobalt and manganese, and often minute quantities of copper and tin. One or two meteorites have been found which contain also quantities



FIG. 2. THE STONE FOUND AT LONG ISLAND, PHILLIPS COUNTY, KANSAS.

of minute diamonds, too small to be seen plainly, but known by their great hardness.

The most curious feature of these meteorites, however, is seen when a flat, polished surface

is exposed for a time to the action of a strong acid. As the polish disappears under the eating power of the acid, there come out upon the surface well defined bands, or lines, sometimes as much as an eighth of an inch in breadth, and again so narrow as to be seen

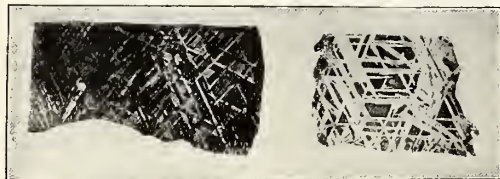


FIG. 3. WIDMANNSTÄTTIAN FIGURES ON THE LAURENS CO., SOUTH CAROLINA, AND LION RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, METEORITES.

only with a lens. These cross one another at a great variety of angles and distances, and produce strikingly intricate and beautiful figures. Moreover, these differ in meteorites which fall at different times, and so afford a means of distinguishing between them. Fig. 3 shows the figures which distinguish the meteorites of Laurens County, South Carolina, and Lion River, South Africa. The figures brought out by this etching process are believed to be produced by separation and crystallization of the different substances of the meteorite while they are in a more or less liquid state, the purer iron separating itself from that which contains more nickel, and these in turn from sulphides and other compounds of the mass.

These, each being variously acted upon by the acid, appear in relief, or depressed below the surface, according as they resist the action or are readily dissolved. Since the markings were first described by Widmannstätt in 1808, they are called Widmannstättian figures. They were for a long time thought to be peculiar to meteorites, and were supposed to prove that any lump of metal on which they could be brought out had fallen from the sky; but we now know that they appear on some masses of iron which have always been upon the earth, and therefore indicate only a peculiar condition under which the iron showing them was formed.

If the mass on which the figures are obtained has also the crust, pitted surface, and chemical composition such as I have described, there can be little doubt that it fell from the sky, even if no one saw it fall, because all these

characters together are not possessed by any earthly bodies so far as we know. A great many of the metallic meteorites now in collections have been obtained in this way, and are known as meteoric "finds," in distinction from meteoric "falls."

The largest iron meteorite known is one that was found in 1581 in the district of Chupaderos, in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. It is a solid mass having a weight of fifteen tons. Its form is illustrated by Fig. 4 and its size is indicated by its proportion to the man standing near. Not far away was found another nearly as large. Both remained for a long time in the place where they fell, but have recently been moved by the Mexican government to the School of Mines of Mexico, and may now be seen there.

Another large iron meteorite is that which was found at Cross Timbers, near the Red River, Texas, and is now in the Peabody Museum, Yale University. It has an oblong form, and weighs 1635 pounds. It was for a



FIG. 4. THE CHUPADEROS, CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO, METEORITE.

long time in the cabinet of Colonel Gibbs of New York city, and after his death narrowly escaped being lost, because the workmen who

were removing his belongings concluded that such a lump of iron was quite too worthless to be saved. Digging a hole in the earth, they had almost buried it from sight when a member of the family very fortunately appeared and rescued it from its untimely grave.

Another iron meteorite, famous on account



FIG. 5. THE "SIGNET IRON," OF TUCSON, ARIZONA.

of its remarkable form, is that known as the Signet Iron, found near Tucson, Arizona, and now in the National Museum at Washington. It has the shape of a huge seal ring, its weight being about 1400 pounds, and greatest exterior diameter four feet one inch. Other perforated masses are known, but none having so large an opening as this. When first discovered, by Dr. John Le Conte, in 1851, it was imbedded in an upright position in the soil, and was used by the inhabitants of the village as a public anvil. They seemed to think it placed very strangely but conveniently for their use, and possibly would have hammered upon it for centuries without ever trying to learn its real nature.

Another illustration of uses to which meteorites may be put before their real character is known, is afforded by those of Kiowa County, Kansas. They fell on a prairie where rocks were scarce and valuable, and the farmers of the vicinity found meteorites convenient for holding down haystacks, stable roofs, or covers to rain-barrels. For such purposes they might have been used for a long time, had not the wife of one of the farmers become convinced that there was something unusual about them, and called in an expert to examine them. He at once recognized their nature, and the enterprising woman finally sold

hers for enough to pay off a heavy mortgage upon the farm.

From meteorites made up wholly of metal there is every gradation through those made up partly of metal and partly of stone to those composed wholly of stone. The latter resemble the rocks found about volcanoes or in the trap outcrops of the earth. They are made up chiefly of the minerals feldspar and augite, or chrysolite and augite. There are, however, very few of them which do not contain some metallic grains, of iron or nickel, which would distinguish them from any rocks of the earth.

Another peculiar feature of most of the stony meteorites is that they contain little balls of mineral fragments scattered through the mass of the stone, like plums in a pudding. These balls, or *chondri*, as they are termed from the Greek word meaning a ball, can be seen, in a section of the stone ground sufficiently thin to be studied with the microscope, to be made up of minerals like those of the stone itself, but arranged in peculiar forms. They may be fan-shaped, radiated, or concentric, and may contain minerals in a fibrous or thread like condition, or as coarse, angular grains.

The section of the stone shown in Fig. 6 illustrates the appearance of these little balls, and the different minerals of which they may be made up.

Some observers have thought these balls were formed by fragments of rock rubbing against one another till they were rounded. Others



FIG. 6. A SECTION OF THE STONE WHICH FELL AT HOMESTEAD, IOWA, AS SEEN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

have considered them produced by rapid or suddenly arrested crystallization which pre-

vented the minerals from assuming their natural shapes. In whatever way they were formed, it is certain that they were made under conditions somewhat different from any which prevailed in producing the rocks of the earth, and thus they aid us in distinguishing meteoric stones from terrestrial rocks.

It is therefore not likely that the stones which fall from the sky ever formed a part of the earth; and, if they did not come from the earth, they must have had their origin somewhere in those vast regions of space where are the moon and planets and all the other heavenly bodies which we can see but can never hope to reach. Because they resemble so closely volcanic rocks, some scholars have thought they were at some time thrown out by the volcanoes of the moon, and so have reached us; but there are many reasons why this cannot have been their origin. Farther away than that they must have been formed, somewhere out in the cold of space, under conditions which we can only conjecture. But because they are the only bodies that ever reach the earth from out of the universe beyond it, and are therefore the only means by which we can judge directly of how the starry worlds are made up and what their history has been, their study possesses very great interest, and some scientific men devote much time to collecting and examining them.

So far no elements have been found in meteorites differing from those of the earth. Those which do occur are just such ones as are most common here, being principally iron, nickel, phosphorus, sulphur, carbon, oxygen, silicon, magnesium, calcium, and aluminium.

Some of the minerals found in meteorites are, however, not known to occur upon the earth, and show that the conditions under which they were produced were different from any that exist here. Thus the iron in them, instead of being rusty or oxidized, as it would be if exposed to the action of water or air, is in pure, metallic form. They contain also a mineral formed by the union of phosphorus and iron, which could not have been made in the presence of oxygen. We know, therefore, that neither water, air, nor free oxygen existed in the worlds from which these bodies came.

A great deal of pains has also been taken

in studying these meteorites, in order to learn whether they give any evidence that living beings existed in the regions from which they came. So far, however, no such evidence has been found. Some of them contain pitchy substances such as are on the earth probably formed by plants; but it is not at all certain that they could not have been of mineral origin.

So far, then, as we can learn from meteorites, we find the heavenly bodies to be made up of elements and minerals like those which compose our earth, and to be uninhabited by any living things.

Let us now go back for a moment to the shooting-stars, and see why they do not all reach the earth. We know that we live at the bottom of an ocean of air, which we do not ordinarily see or feel, but which is made up of molecules no less real than those of water or of iron. We become conscious of this when the wind blows hard, because we can then see the effects of the striking of these molecules against any solid body, or we may even feel them cutting against our faces. Any solid body passing through the air encounters these molecules, and by friction against them is heated just as a car-wheel gets heated from friction produced by the application of the brake. The greater the velocity of the solid body, the more highly it will be heated, as can be proved by the temperature produced in a wire passed through the air at different velocities. So one of these pieces of stone or metal which is moving in space, and traveling at a very high rate of speed (usually not less than twenty miles a second), upon its entrance into the earth's atmosphere immediately encounters a great resistance from the air, and is very soon intensely heated. In this intense heat it glows so that we see its light, and unless it is of large size it will soon be burned up.

We then have seen a shooting-star, and we never shall see it again. If, however, the mass is so large that it gets to the earth before it is burned up, a piece of stone or metal such as I have described will be found where it has fallen; and one more meteorite will be added to the collections which already form a prominent feature of the different museums of the world. And by the study of these meteorites we hope to learn something about the worlds beyond ours.

# THE CHILDREN OF CHINATOWN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY THEODORE WORES.

WHILE the Chinese quarter of San Francisco is picturesque, and might well be taken for part of the Chinese empire, this picturesqueness covers a multitude of sins. What delights the eye often offends the nose; and a worse combination of evil smells can hardly be imagined than those one meets in this crowded and filthy quarter.

Its picturesqueness, however, is its redeeming feature; and the prettiest things that greet the eye are the bright-eyed and quaintly clad little children.

The streets abound with children of all ages and conditions; and while nearly all of them are born in this country, many are as ignorant of the English language as if they had been brought up in the heart of China. Others, again, true "street Arabs," though Chinese, are too familiar with slang phrases of the language of their adoption.

As a general rule, however, their education is by no means neglected. In this strange and curious meeting of the oldest civilization of the East with that of the youngest of the West, queer neighborhoods are sometimes formed.

Christian churches are found next to Chinese temples, and while the organ of the former peals forth its melodious tones they mingle with the pagan chant of priest and acolytes of the neighboring "Joss house." There exists in the heart of Chinatown a public school for Chinese children, in charge of the San Francisco Board of Education, and it is attended by many bright, studious little pigtailed pupils, all eager to gain an American common-school education. A few doors from this institution is a school kept by an old Chinese schoolmaster—a wise and learned man—especially imported



THE TOY-BALLOON MAN.

from China to teach these little pagans the wisdom of Confucius and other Chinese sages.

The pupils of the former school are taught to read and write English as well as Chinese; they learn arithmetic from our well-known textbooks, and also are taught the true geography of the world. In the latter school they puzzle their little brains over problems in arithmetic on the Chinese counting-board. In Chinese geography they learn that, with the exception of a few small, half-civilized countries, China represents and controls the world.

In addition, they are taught also polite de-

portment, to read and write the complicated Chinese characters, as well as the teachings of their great philosopher Confucius. In other words, they receive the same education as that of a boy living in the shadow of the great wall of China. A most pleasing and notable feature

corner of the street where one or more of them left the rest, all stopped a moment, and made a low bow to the departing ones, and then went on their march, keeping up the same ceremony until they had all bowed one another home.

The boys who went to this Chinese school were mostly the sons of wealthy merchants, while those of the public school, as a rule, belonged to the poorer classes.

However little liked the Chinaman may be by his white neighbors, I have at all times found that the Chinese had at least one good and praiseworthy quality—the kindness shown by all of them toward their children.

The poorest parents always seem able to save enough money to array their little ones in gay garments on New Year's day or other holidays. The children in turn seem to be remarkably well-behaved and respectful toward their elders, and rarely, if ever, receive corporal punishment. They seem very happy, and apparently enjoy their childhood more than most American children. On almost any sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly-attired youngster in his arms. Other little tots, hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with infants strapped on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childish pastimes. About the time of the



AH YUNG; MY LITTLE MODEL.

in this school is the politeness with which the pupils treat one another.

I have often seen a class of ten or fifteen of these little boys marching out of school in single file. Each carried his counting-board and books under his arm, and all chatted merrily as they passed along. When they reached the

Chinese New Year Chinese children are particularly favored, and the fond fathers deny them nothing. The little ones always appear to be well provided with pocket-money to buy toys and candies.

As a result, not only the Chinese shopkeepers, but peddlers of other races, reap a rich

harvest about this time by selling toys and novelties. The seller of toy-balloons seems very popular, and is surrounded by boys and girls, eager to buy the fascinating rubber globes.

In attempting to paint pictures of Chinatown, I found it almost impossible to gain the consent of the parents to have their children pose as models for me. I tried in vain for a long time. They always declared that some ill luck would certainly overtake their little ones if their portraits were painted. So strong is this dread that a person coming along the street with a camera creates a panic. Frightened mothers, rushing about, seize their children and drag them indoors, out of harm's way.

This dislike to being pictured is very general, and does not apply only to children, as was impressed upon me on one occasion when I saw one of the most crowded streets in Chinatown suddenly cleared because of a photographer who had placed his camera at one end of the street to take a view. This fear of evil consequences I found to be so strong, that even the poorest would not be tempted by the offer of money. Consequently I had about given up, when I fortunately found the one exception (in my experience) in Chinatown. This was a poor woman with four little children and a sick husband to support. She was in great need, and my Chinese servant, after much difficulty, persuaded her for a large payment to let me paint her little girl named Ah Yung.

Ah Yung was a small maiden only seven years of age, and consequently too young to share her mother's superstitious fears. She seemed rather pleased than otherwise, especially after she found a plentiful supply of candy awaiting her at the studio. When the tiny model had survived a number of sittings, a great load was lifted from her mother's mind, and she consented to have even Ah Sing, her youngest boy, the light of her eye, pose for me and be painted. After that, the rest was easy enough; and so long as I required Chinese children for models, I had no difficulty in procuring the services of the members of this family.

Ah Yung always appeared most wonderfully arrayed for these sittings. She wore a dainty pink and blue costume, and a wreath of artificial flowers adorned her head. Her cheeks were

painted a bright red, and glass-bead ornaments dangled over her forehead. As she was not of noble birth, her feet were allowed to reach their full size, and were encased in a pair of finely made shoes with thick white soles. While some of the Chinese girls had their feet compressed, it is rather the exception than the rule, as the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has taken steps toward having this barbarous custom abolished.

Taken altogether, Ah Yung, as she strutted about in my studio, was so pretty an object that I felt it was almost a pity she could not be changed to porcelain, and placed on a shelf where she would have made a most wonderfully decorative bit of studio bric-à-brac. But in that case one of her greatest charms would have been lost—her most graceful and coquettish little walk, which, accompanied by an oldish and dignified manner, seemed most amusing in this little lady of seven.

Her bright black eyes saw everything that went on, and her comments on some of the visitors who came to the studio, especially the ladies, were exceedingly amusing. I can only remember one occasion when her usually happy face wore a troubled look. It was on one of my first visits to her home, and I found her seated on a low bench, with a huge Chinese mandolin in her arms. She had just taken her first music-lesson, and it had probably been one of the few griefs of her short life. But when I last saw her—about a year afterward—she was quite an expert musician, and not only played, but sang, in the most approved Chinese manner—in shrill high notes.

One day, just after the Chinese New Year, I expressed my keen regrets to her that I had been prevented from paying her mother and herself a New Year's call; and I hoped she had not taken offense at my neglecting so important a duty. This demure little maiden was seated on the model stand, and listened attentively to me as I made my excuses. "No, I was not offended," she answered, most innocently, "only sorry that you had not called. It really was a pity," she added, "for Jim Kelly, the man who carts away the ashes from our house, called on New Year's day, and my mother made him a present of twenty-five cents."

# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

"THIS way," said Selim, whose face wore a very discontented look. "My predecessor was never required to do this sort of thing—but no matter!"

He led the explorers to a corner of the courtyard, and lifted from its place one of the marble slabs of which the pavement was composed. A dark pit was revealed, and an iron ladder.

"Step lively, please," said Selim; "we 've too much business on hand to waste any more time with you."

"I can't see to the bottom," said Tom, peering down into the pit rather fearfully.

"Of course you can't," returned Selim snappishly. "Well, well, why don't you start? If a man of Sindbad's age is n't afraid, a lad like you ought n't to be"; for the great explorer had already commenced the descent of the ladder.

Stung by this remark, Tom followed his partner; a few moments later the marble slab was returned to its place, and the adventurers were alone in the darkness.

"Are you there, Mr. Sindbad?" asked Tom, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

"Of course I am," was the reply.

"How much farther do you suppose the bottom is?"

"It 's impossible for me to say; we may have to travel on this ladder half a day, or even longer, before we reach a landing-place. Oh, we have lots of fun ahead of us."

"*Fun!*" gasped Tom.

"Yes, fun. Are n't you enjoying this? *I* am."

"No, I 'm not," replied the boy very em-

phatically. "What fun is there in climbing down a rickety ladder in the dark, not knowing where you 're going to stop, or whether there is any stopping-place at all?"

"Why, the delightful uncertainty of the thing is its principal charm! To think that beneath us may yawn an abyss miles in depth—is n't that a fascinating thought?"

"Not to me," said Tom.

"Well, I don't know what to make of you. At first I took you to be a lad of spirit, but now—well, never mind."

For some minutes they continued to descend in silence; presently Sindbad broke out with:

"I thought you told me you were fond of adventure."

"So I am," replied Tom, "but not this sort of adventure."

"Oh, I see," remarked Sindbad with biting sarcasm. "I imagine I understand about the sort of adventure *you* 'd like. You ought to have joined a 'personally conducted' party, where the journey is prepared in advance, and a man hired to bear the brunt of everything. A great explorer *you* are, I must say! Ha, ha, ha!"

An angry reply rose to Tom's lips, but he checked it, reflecting that perhaps Sindbad's scorn was not altogether without cause. After another pause he said:

"How long do you suppose this ladder is, Mr. Sindbad?"

"I have no data on the subject, and must decline to hazard a guess," was the reply, uttered in the most freezing tone imaginable; evidently Sindbad was deeply offended.

"I did n't mean to be unreasonable," said Tom, penitently; "but this adventure is so different from any of your others that I have read about."

"Well, is n't variety the spice of life?" de-



manded Sindbad. "You would n't have all my voyages exactly alike, would you?"

"No; but I thought we 'd do some hunting, and maybe a little whale-fishing, and fight giants, and all that sort of thing. Instead of that—"

"Well, good gracious! we have n't been traveling twenty-four hours yet—not eighteen. To my way of thinking we 've crowded a good deal of adventure into that time. I don't know what you expect."

"Well, I guess you 're right, Mr. Sindbad," acknowledged Tom. "You see I 'm not used to this exploring business, and maybe I have some wrong ideas."

"Spoken like a man; if I could get at you I would shake your hand," said Sindbad, warmly. "Then we are good friends again."

Before Tom could reply, a terrific explosion rent the air. So great was the concussion that both the explorers lost their hold on the ladder. As Tom found himself whirling through space he arrived by a very rapid mental process at the conclusion that his first voyage with Sindbad was destined to be his last.

The joint career of the two adventurers was not to end just then, however; in about half a second both Sindbad and Tom were lying on their backs, staring up at an opening not more than twelve or fifteen feet above them.

"Are you hurt?" asked the great explorer.

"No; are you?"

"Oh, no; it is n't so easy to hurt me."

"Why, we can't have fallen more than a foot or two."

"No; don't you see how it is? We 've been climbing down an endless ladder—a sort of treadmill. It is only a dozen feet in length; but we might have been kept going a week, if we had been able to hold on so long. Our weight evidently put in operation some intricate mechanical system. It was a mean trick; I would n't have thought it of the Sultan."

"What do you suppose caused that awful explosion?" asked Tom.

"Why, the Sultan was evidently monkeying with that keg of powder. A powder-keg, a sun-glass, and an illiterate potentate are a bad combination. The keg must have been placed very near the slab over our heads."

"One of the pieces of marble almost hit me on the forehead," said Tom.

"Oh, well," said the explorer, lightly, "you could n't be hurt much while traveling with me. But," he added, "there does n't seem to be any particular necessity for us to lie here on our backs any longer, since neither of us is injured in the least."

"That 's so, Mr. Sindbad," replied Tom, struck by the force of the remark.

"Then rise to your feet, and help me up."

Tom did so.

"Now," he asked, "what shall we do?"

"Press on, of course. There 's the subterranean passage that the Sultan spoke of"; and Sindbad pointed to a roughly hewn tunnel about eight feet high, and five feet in width, which yawned before them.

Tom could not help shuddering.

"Do you think we 'd better venture in there?" he asked.

"I wish you would n't talk such nonsense," said Sindbad petulantly. "Really, you 're by no means the good company I thought you to be. We 've got to go somewhere, have n't we?"

"I suppose so," sighed Tom.

"Well, do you prefer to return to New Bagdad and be torn to pieces by the populace or the wild horses? Because if you do I 'll boost you up; but I warn you I sha'n't attempt to follow you."

"No, no, we 'll take our chances in the subterranean passage," said Tom hurriedly.

"Come on, then, for there 's no telling when those New Bagdadites will take it into their heads to start after us."

And Sindbad plunged boldly into the tunnel, followed closely by his partner.

At first they walked very cautiously, Sindbad slightly in advance of Tom. But the road was so smooth and even that they gradually accelerated their pace, and were soon trotting along at the rate of, perhaps, four miles an hour.

For some time neither spoke; Tom was the first to break the silence.

"How long do you suppose this walk is going to last, Mr. Sindbad?" he asked.

"It is impossible for me to say," replied the

explorer. "The tunnel may be ten miles in length, or it may be ten thousand. You don't see any light ahead, do you? — your eyes are younger and, it may be, better than mine."

"No, sir, I do not. Have you any idea what time it is?"

"I 'll see if I can light one of my matches and look at my watch."

ing about the time," he said. "Here, you light another match from this one, and keep one burning until they are all gone. That's it! Well, what do you think of the place?"

"It must have been an awful hard job to make it," replied Tom, staring about him in wonder.

"I should say so. At first I thought it might be a natural tunnel, but I see now that it is the work of human hands. Really, though the New Bagdadites may be behind the age in some things, they have an immense amount of industry and perseverance."

"You think they made this tunnel?"

"Undoubtedly they did. See, it is cut through solid rock. Now, how was it possible for a people dependent entirely upon the sun for heat and light to accomplish this really great feat of engineering?"

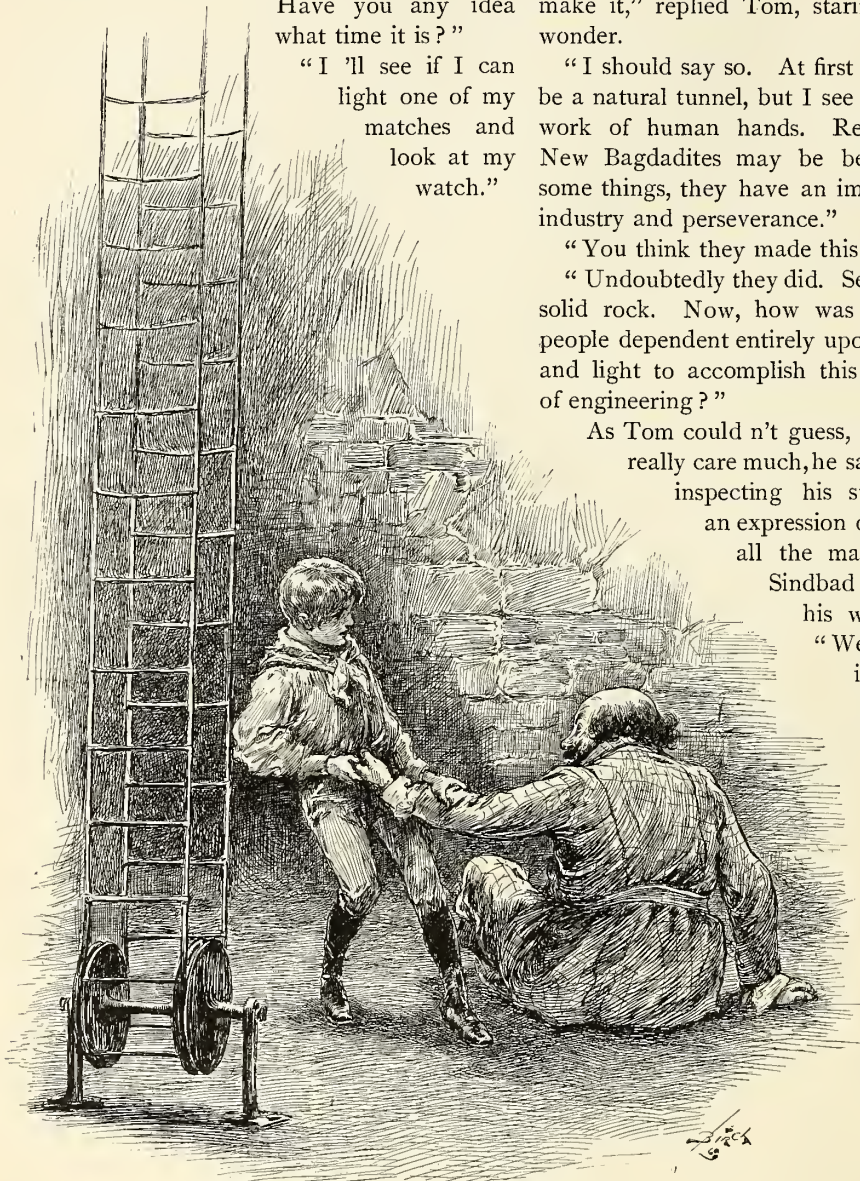
As Tom could n't guess, and as he did n't really care much, he said nothing. After inspecting his surroundings with an expression of awe until nearly all the matches were gone, Sindbad said, glancing at his watch once more:

"Well, let us press on; it's only a few minutes after noon, and we may get out of this before night."

"I 'm awfully hungry," grumbled Tom as they resumed their way.

"Dear, dear! it seems to me that boys think of nothing but eating!" said Sindbad in a tone indicative of his extreme disgust.

"I 'm sorry," replied Tom; "but I can't think of anything else when I 'm so hungry. Why, I have n't had anything but that apple to eat since dinner yesterday."



"TOM ROSE TO HIS FEET, AND HELPED SINDBAD UP."

After scratching half a dozen or more matches on the sole of his shoe Sindbad succeeded in striking a light.

"Let 's look around us a little before bother-

"Neither have I, but you don't hear *me* complain. What would you do if you had to go without food for six months at a time?"

"I 'd die," Tom answered promptly.

"Don't be so sure of that; you never know what you can do until you try."

"Did *you* ever go without food for six months, Mr. Sindbad?" asked Tom.

"Yes, indeed; it was during my ninety-first voyage. But, to be perfectly honest with you, and to prevent your experimenting at some future time with possibly disastrous results, I should state that it was only through the kindness of a fairy to whom I had done a favor that I was enabled to survive the ordeal. But to go without food twenty-four hours, or a week — pooh! *that* 's nothing."

"You have known a great many fairies in your time, have n't you, Mr. Sindbad?" said Tom, a little enviously.

"Yes, indeed," replied Sindbad. "Why, at one time Fairyland was as familiar to me as Bagdad, or London, or Paris. It 's a nice place, too; fine climate, unsurpassed scenery, and no mosquitos or other nuisances. But it has its disadvantages."

"What are they?" asked Tom.

"Well, for one thing, it 's monotonous — awfully so. I did n't like the society at all. It 's only once in a while that you find a really intellectual fairy; most of them are content to spend their time playing tricks on unsuspecting mortals. You 've read of that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, there 's more of it done than you 'd believe. Germany and Ireland are favorite tenting-grounds for the fairy folk, as you probably know."

"And where is Fairyland itself?" queried Tom breathlessly.

"Oh, you must n't ask that," returned Sindbad, in a tone of reserve. "Really, I 'm afraid I 've said too much already."

"What 's the harm in answering my question?" said Tom. "If you 'll tell me where Fairyland is, I 'll promise never to mention it to any one."

"My dear boy," said Sindbad, "the location of Fairyland is as great a secret as that of New

Bagdad. Probably I could n't find it myself again without magical aid. What little I know about it, I can't possibly confide in any one; if you are a gentleman you will say no more on the subject."

A little hurt by his companion's tone, Tom subsided; for nearly an hour neither of the partners spoke.

"I got a sniff of fresh air just then," said Sindbad so suddenly that his companion jumped nervously at the sound of his voice. "We are probably not very far from the exit."

"I hope you are right," said Tom. "I shall be mighty glad to get out of this place."

"I don't see why," his partner replied snappishly. "The walking is good; I 'm sure this is much better than tramping over a hot, dusty country road. It seems to me you are rather hard to please."

Tom closed his lips tightly to prevent himself from making a sharp reply, and mentally denominated Sindbad an "old crank." But the explorer presently said in a milder tone:

"I 'm afraid I 'm getting cross; the fact is, I 'm tired. Suppose we sit down and give ourselves a few minutes' rest?"

Tom gladly acquiesced; he would have made the same proposition himself some time before if he had not been afraid of a contemptuous rebuff from Sindbad.

The partners seated themselves side by side, with their backs against the stone wall of the tunnel. Tom was about to ask Sindbad to narrate one of his voyages not included in the collection in the "Arabian Nights," when a snore from that eminent traveler announced his arrival in that much explored but little known country, the mystic Land of Nod.

## CHAPTER X.

### SHIPWRECKED.

How Sindbad did snore! Tom had never heard anything to equal his feats in that line. But soon the sounds grew fainter and fainter; then Tom ceased to hear them; the junior partner was sleeping too. He was presently awakened by the voice of the famous explorer:

"This won't do at all. Come, Thomas, I

can't indulge you any longer; we must be on our way. But first I think I'll put on the enchanted trousers; we shall need money when we get out."

While Sindbad was doing so, Tom fell asleep again, for which he received a severe reprimand from Sindbad, who said:

"The spirit of adventure which you at first manifested seems to have left you entirely. The idea of sleeping in the midst of danger! Tut, tut!"

Tom said nothing. They toiled on until the sniff of fresh air that had been vouchsafed to Sindbad became quite a sharp breeze.

"It's queer we don't see light ahead," said the explorer. "Certainly we — ouch!"

"What's the matter?" asked Tom, coming to an abrupt standstill; he was a few feet behind his companion.

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the explorer; "I've run up against a stone wall, and knocked all the skin off my nose, and raised a lump as big as a hen's egg on my forehead—that's all. Such things never used to happen to me when I was alone. Well, now we're in a fix, for we've reached the end of the tunnel, it seems."

"No we have n't," said Tom eagerly, "this is only a turning-place; look to your right and you'll see the exit."

Sindbad glanced in the direction indicated and saw, far in the distance, a small circular opening, through which a faint light was struggling in.

"You're right, my boy," said the senior partner in an altered tone. "Did n't I tell you I'd see you through? We'll be out of this place in fifteen minutes."

Sindbad had miscalculated the distance, however; it was nearly half an hour before they emerged from the tunnel. The opening was so small that they were obliged to crawl through it on all fours. The task accomplished, they found themselves standing upon a pebbly beach. Before them was a seemingly limitless stretch of water, dimly illumined by the light of the moon, which had almost sunk beneath the waves. At their feet was moored a small boat.

"Now, what place is this, I wonder?" said Sindbad. "No matter; we'll remember it, so

that if at any time we feel inclined to return we can do so."

"Why," cried Tom, "the entrance to the tunnel is gone!"

It had, in fact, entirely disappeared; the spot at which they had emerged was now covered by a huge boulder, which had materialized while their backs were turned.

"This is the work of fairies; I recognize it at once," said Sindbad with an air of superior knowledge. "It would n't be of the slightest use to try to find that tunnel again. Now let's get into that boat as quickly as we can."

"Do you think we'd better?" asked Tom dubiously.

"If I did not, I should not say so," replied the explorer, a little severely. "Jump in and take one of the two pairs of oars you see."

As he spoke Sindbad stepped into the boat, while Tom followed him rather reluctantly, saying:

"I wonder if this boat was put here on purpose for our use. But of course it could n't have been."

"Of course it *was*," said Sindbad. "Will you make haste? Untie the boat now—that's it. Now then, row for all you are worth!"

"Why are you in such a hurry, Mr. Sindbad?" asked Tom, as he obeyed.

"Don't you understand—*can't* you see," cried the explorer in a high-pitched voice, "that this shore is enchanted ground, and that we want to get as far away from it as we can in the shortest possible time?"

"Oh, I did n't know *that*!" said Tom, apologetically.

"Well, you ought to have known it," responded Sindbad.

"I never saw enchanted ground before," added the boy.

"That does n't make any difference."

"It looks just like any other ground," said Tom, a little offended by his companion's tone.

A contemptuous sniff from Sindbad was the only reply. A long and very unpleasant silence followed. The moon disappeared, black clouds arose and obscured the sky. Tom began to feel nervous. He did not want to be the first to speak, but he was willing to meet his com-

panion half way. He purposely rowed as badly as he could, and once or twice stopped altogether, hoping to elicit a reprimand from the explorer, but not a word would Sindbad utter. At last he gave up in despair, and said politely:

"Mr. Sindbad!"

"Did you speak?" asked his partner icily.

"Yes; it's awful dark, isn't it?"

"Well, what do you expect, with the moon down and the sky covered with clouds?"

"We can't see where we are going."

"That may be a blessing," replied Sindbad in a tone of awful significance.

"What do you mean?" cried Tom. "Have you any idea where we are?"

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I have n't," was the unsatisfactory answer. "There are a good many things which you would n't understand if I explained them to you."

"Whose fault would that be?" asked Tom, a good deal nettled by his partner's tone.

"I do not care to discuss that question," replied Sindbad in the most freezing manner; "I leave you to draw your own inferences. And I would suggest that if you cannot row a more even stroke you stop altogether. I'm an old man, but I think I could manage this boat by myself, even on these dangerous waters."

"Very well, sir, you may do it." And Tom threw his oars into the bottom of the boat, and for some minutes sat with folded arms in an attitude indicative of the extreme indignation he felt. Sindbad could not see him, however, and it was rather an uncomfortable position, so he presently relaxed, reflecting that his companion's advanced years might be a partial excuse for his "crankiness."

"But I won't speak first, and that settles it," was his mental resolve.

Nor did he. In about half an hour Sindbad said in a quite mild tone:

"I believe this is the very same boat upon which we were taken to New Bagdad."

"I'm sure it is," replied Tom.

"Are you? Why?" cried the explorer, eagerly.

"Because there's that little brass wheel over here at the stern — the one that Selim turned when he wanted the vessel to grow bigger.

Say, Mr. Sindbad, I'm going to turn it now; maybe we can make a ship out of this."

"No, don't!" interrupted Sindbad; but he was too late, Tom had given the wheel a rapid revolution.

The next moment the two explorers were floundering in the water; the boat had dematerialized.

"That's just like you," puffed Sindbad. "I never had such bad luck as I've had since I've been traveling with you!"

"Why, what have I done?" spluttered Tom, who was now swimming along at his companion's side. "You blame me for everything."

"I blame you for this misfortune because it is entirely your fault. What have you done? Why, just what I knew you would do — turned the wheel the wrong way."

"I believe I did!" exclaimed Tom, in a tone of extreme chagrin.

"I *know* you did."

"And you think that is what made the boat disappear?"

"Of course; if you had turned it in the same direction in which you saw Selim turn it we should now be on board a ship like the one that took us to New Bagdad. But you would not listen to me. No, you knew better than I did — and you see what has happened. I predict that you'll come to no good end, young man."

"If you knew all about the wheel from the beginning, why did n't you tell me to turn it before?" asked Tom hotly. "What sense was there in rowing until you were half tired to death?"

"Perhaps I did n't think of it — perhaps I had my reasons," replied Sindbad, in a voice that betrayed no little mental irritation. "And let me tell you right now, that I do not propose to be catechized by a young —"

At this moment — greatly to the satisfaction of Tom, we are sorry to say — the eminent explorer swallowed a large mouthful of salt water, part of which "went the wrong way." When he had finished spluttering and spluttering he did not seem inclined to resume the conversation; and for a long time the two adventurers swam on side by side in silence.

Tom was the first to speak. "I 'm tired," he said.

"Indeed?" was Sindbad's frigid response.

"I don't believe I can swim much farther," went on the junior explorer, rather faintly.

"Dear! dear!" sniffed Sindbad. "Why, I 'm just getting warmed up to it. Boys are not what they used to be in my time. Well, if you can't swim you can float—*that* won't be too great an exertion for you, will it?"

The explorer's sarcasm so angered Tom that he was about to make a very sharp reply, when Sindbad, who was now some rods ahead, called out in an altered tone:

"Hallo! Why, we 've reached land! You 'll be able to wade in a minute. Be careful now, and you 'll soon be out of danger."

In much less than a minute Tom was staggering along in the dark, only knee-deep in water; a few seconds later both explorers were on dry land once more.

Sindbad groped about in the darkness, and gained possession of Tom's hand.

"Let bygones be bygones, partner," he said, in a rather shaky voice.

Tom was melted at once.

"All right, Mr. Sindbad," he replied. "Say no more about it."

"Spoken like a gentleman," said Sindbad. "And you can't blame me—now, can you—for being angry at your idiotic conduct in turning that wheel in the wrong direction?"

Tom had to bite his tongue to keep back an angry reply; after a moment he said:

"That 's all right, Mr. Sindbad, let it go. Where do you suppose we are?"

"On an uninhabited island without doubt, and surrounded by frightful dangers," replied the explorer, in his most sprightly manner. "I have n't the least doubt that our lives are in imminent peril. This really does begin to seem like old times. Now, are n't you enjoying yourself immensely?"

"Y-yes," said Tom; "but what do you think we had better do now?"

"Why, walk until we get out of the reach of the tide, which is rising; then go to sleep."

"In these wet clothes?" cried Tom in dismay.

"Why, of course," replied Sindbad. "You

seem to have curious ideas about the life of a professional explorer. You ought to do your exploring in a private car with a couple of attendants to see that you don't get in a draft."

"I only thought—" began the junior partner.

"Never mind what you 'only thought,' " interrupted Sindbad, "but attend to what I say. We can't see a foot ahead of us, so it would be folly to attempt to travel far to-night. Luckily for us, it is quite warm for this time of year. Here, give me your arm, and walk until I tell you to stop."

Tom silently obeyed, and they toiled up a rugged, rocky steep until Sindbad said:

"There! We 're not in danger of drowning now, at any rate. We 'll lie down here and sleep until morning. Select a soft spot for yourself, and don't talk to me any more, for I 'm sleepy. Good night."

"Good-night," said Tom, and he began looking—or rather feeling—about for the soft spot. He did not find it, for the eminent voyager had paused upon a large flat rock. But fatigue soon overcame him, and he lay down and fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight; Sindbad still lay snoring, a few feet distant. As he rose and looked about him, Tom involuntarily burst into a loud laugh.

"What 's the matter?" cried Sindbad, wide awake in a moment and springing to his feet. "What are you laughing at?"

"Why, you said this was an uninhabited island," replied Tom. "It is n't anything of the sort. That village is Newhampton; we 're in Connecticut, and within fifty miles of Oakdale."

For a moment Sindbad seemed just the least bit embarrassed; but only for a moment.

"Dear me, so we are!" he said. "And the morning must be quite well advanced too. How we have slept! My clothes are quite dry, and I see yours are. Now, my boy, stick to me, and don't allow yourself to become excited, and I 'll see you through."

"What do you think we 'd better do now?" asked Tom, almost stupefied by his companion's coolness.

"Why, go to breakfast, of course," answered the explorer. "Come."

A MAY-DAY PARTY IN CENTRAL PARK.



# THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XIV.

### JOHN IN "THE BLACK CASTLE."

EASTWARD from the dull and almost waveless waters of the Dead Sea, there is a wild and gloomy land of mountainous heights and dark, precipitous ravines. On one of the highest points of rock, overlooking the surrounding country, Herod had constructed over the ruins of a former fort the stronghold and palace of Machærus, or "The Black Castle." A town had grown up near by, with heathen temples, a theater, and places of trade and manufacture. The palace had been made so splendid that Herod preferred it as a residence, especially as it was close to the frontier of Judea, and as from it he could readily go to any other part of his dominions, unwatched and unimpeded. Here, at least, he could do whatever he pleased, and all prisoners were at his mercy.

It was by no means safe for a stranger to draw near to the frowning gates of the citadel of Machærus; but the disciples of John did come, again and again, only to be refused admission. For a long time, therefore, the Baptizer was in comparative ignorance of what might be going on in the great world beyond the castle walls. Its kings might come or go; its kingdoms might rise or fall; its cities might prosper or perish; and no news of all could penetrate the solid stone that walled him in.

A deep, dark, rock-hewn room was that dungeon under the citadel of Machærus. High up, near the outer level, was one small window and the door was heavy, barred and grated.

Its occupant was a gaunt, tall, uncouth man in a coarse tunic of camel's hair girded with a broad belt of leather. He had preached to

multitudes, and he and his disciples had baptized vast numbers. He had actually brought about an important reformation in public morals; but, more than all, he had proclaimed himself one sent to declare the speedy coming of another "mightier than I," concerning whom the people who heard John obtained only a vague idea. But John's hearers were encouraged to expect the King who was to restore the throne and crown of David.

Whatever John had understood or expected, his work seemed ended, for there was no possible escape from Herod's dungeon.

It was ended; and yet, one morning, some faithful friends who came to the outer gate of the castle to seek him found the gate open. They were led in, past other gates, through corridors, down flights of steps, until they were permitted to stand at the grated door of the dungeon. After their greetings they told him their errand. One after another, they related the story of all that had been done by the one whom John himself had baptized, and whom he had declared prophetically to be "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

Their sad voices were echoed by the vault where their prophet was now confined. If, indeed, the promised One had come, why should his first witness be condemned to the Machærus dungeon? So the burden of their report and their question was, "What hast thou to say of Jesus of Nazareth?"

John heard them patiently, but he could not answer their questions. All he could say was:

"Go, two of you, and ask him, and bring me word again."

Not all of those who came had been admitted within the castle walls. At some little distance down the slope there sat by the way-



side one who seemed to have come with them. He was a large man in tattered raiment, and now he sat there as if begging, holding out for alms, toward the gay courtiers and guests of Herod who sauntered by, a withered hand. He did not ask in vain, for now and then a coin was thrown to him; but oftener he met a scornful rebuff.

He sat there until at last the great gate of the citadel once more was opened, the outer guards stepped aside, and the little band of the Baptizer's disciples came dejectedly out into the road that led on downward toward the town. They made no pause until they reached

"What saith the prophet?" he asked. "What doth he tell you of the Galilean?"

"He can tell us nothing," said one of the foremost of John's visitors — one who had been a spokesman in the dungeon. "But he bade me and Cleopas go and seek Jesus, and ask, so that not only we, but John himself, might know what to think of this matter."

"I go also, then," responded Ezra the Swordmaker. "Perhaps this time I can succeed in passing through Pilate's dominions to Galilee. They can but slay me. Thrice have I tried and failed. I will go alone, lest the swords that would slay me should find you also. My hand betrays me to Pilate's men; it is like the mark of Cain."

That hand indeed was a reason against venturing once more among the enemies from whom he had escaped. It was better that the two disciples of John should select a different route, and follow it by themselves. Ezra, therefore, turned away from them, and long before sunset had reached a rocky ridge, east of the Jordan, from which he could look back upon the beetling battlements of Machærus, far away on the horizon. At his left, southerly, spread the glassy, gloomy water of the Dead Sea.

"I must see him," he said. "I must see Jesus of Nazareth, and find out who he is. First of all, however, I must find Lois and Cyril. God keep them! But who can rejoice in his children during such troublous times as these bid fair to be?"

Meanwhile Cyril and Lois, far away, had been listening to a sermon which the Teacher had preached to a great multitude. When they discussed it afterward, they were able to repeat parts of it with the accuracy which was common to the Jewish children, trained in the severe schools of the rabbis.

"You remember more than I," said Cyril to Lois, at last. "How I wish father could have been there! And what a multitude there was! Yet all could hear him."

"I long for a sight of father's face more and more," replied Lois. "I know it is not safe for him to come, but he would be almost safe if he could once get into Galilee."

"Perhaps he would," said Cyril. "He is



"THEY WERE PERMITTED TO STAND AT THE GRATED DOOR OF THE DUNGEON."

the beggar by the wayside. As they drew near he arose to his feet, his manner no longer that of a beggar pleading for alms, but rather that of a soldier awaiting orders.

now, I believe, somewhere in Judea, or beyond it, in the wilderness."

This was the first time that either she or Cyril had followed the Teacher so far from their home in Capernaum. That city was now many miles away, and Cyril did not mean to return to it at once.

"Suppose," said Cyril, "that we set out with the Teacher and the Twelve to-morrow, and go as far as Nain? We can then take the highway from there all the way to Capernaum. That will make our journey shorter than to go back the way we came."

Lois assented, for it was in accord with a promise of speedy return which she had made to Abigail.

The next morning came, and Cyril and Lois were among the long, continually changing throng which followed Jesus toward Nain, as similar crowds had attended him from place to place in all his toilsome, unceasing ministry.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE SON OF THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

EVEN the greater number of those who were present could not be near enough actually to see a sick person healed, because of the crowd.

"We will keep as near him as we can," remarked Cyril to Lois, at setting out.

Others were as eager as they, however; and much of the time they were compelled to follow at some distance, and talk with each other or with various wayfarers concerning works of marvelous healing which they themselves had not witnessed. It was remarkable how many of those they talked with were almost as strongly persuaded as was Cyril himself that the kingdom of David for which they were longing was at hand. So the hours went by as they walked on along the shady highway toward the little walled town of Nain.

As they drew near the town they were compelled to pause, for a number of people came slowly and mournfully walking through the open gate.

It was a funeral procession, and as it drew near enough both Cyril and Lois could hear the talk of those who came on in advance.

The dead man was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

The mother closely followed the bearers, but she was silent amid the noisy wailing of other mourners. Of these some were professionals, such as mourned for hire at the funerals of that day; but more were friends and neighbors, and their cries were a genuine testimony of their grief and their sympathy.

The mother was no longer young. She seemed pitifully withered and old and feeble, as she tottered along the way, out from the gate of Nain.

"If her son had been only sick," said Lois, "the Master would have cured him. But look, Cyril! What is he going to do?"

At that moment the pent-up sorrow of the widowed mother burst forth in passionate weeping. The throng which had followed the Master had paused out of respect for the funeral procession, but he himself had not paused. Now he stood so near the mother that her sobbing seemed an appeal to him, although she spoke no words nor addressed him in any way.

"Weep not," he said, and the tone with which he spoke seemed a kindly command; and as he spoke he turned from her and stepped close to the bier.

"He will be defiled!" exclaimed a low voice behind Cyril. "A rabbi must not touch the dead! But I have done with him. He does not teach the Law."

Cyril turned, and saw Ben Nassur, standing among the disciples. He had walked many miles the day before, from Cana, to hear the Sermon on the Mount. Ben Nassur himself even withdrew yet farther, although he was already at a safe distance.

The face of the sorrowing mother was bent low above the white cloth which covered the body on the bier. The Master had touched the bier, as if bidding the bearers to halt, and they at once halted and lowered it.

The throng stood still, as if turned to stone. There was a moment of silence, and then the voice of the Master was heard:

"Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."

The form upon the bier arose to a sitting posture. "Mother!" came from the son's lips; but beyond one sob she could make no sound.

A great fear fell upon all who saw or heard, and the mother's face, too, was white with awe, but not with the dread that came to the others. She stood with her arms outreaching, in a terrified doubt if indeed her son were coming back. She was understood, for now the risen man was on his feet, and the Master led him to his

But the mother and her son, with their immediate friends, hastened into the city.

"I shall go back to Cana," exclaimed Ben Nassur. "It is time the very chief priests and doctors at Jerusalem should take some action concerning this man whom the people follow. Nobody will know what to believe."

"I feel so glad for that poor mother," exclaimed Lois. "If only father could have been there!"

"If he does not come soon," replied Cyril, "I must seek for him."

"But now we are to return to Capernaum," Lois reminded him.

"We have fully twenty miles to go," said Cyril, "perhaps more; but we can go by way of Nazareth."

But, after some discussion of the routes, she and Cyril took the shorter road that went toward the lake, several miles east of the place where the youth of Jesus was passed.

They reached Capernaum on the following day, and Cyril went at once to his work among the boats and nets, while Lois returned to her needle-work.

They were the first to bring to Capernaum the story of the widow's son at Nain.



"LOIS RETURNED TO HER NEEDLE-WORK."

mother. In the crowd, though they were still stricken with wonder, some began to rejoice, and there arose a triumphant voice crying:

"A great prophet has risen among us!"

Then, like a response, from the men of Nain came back another cry of joy:

"God has visited his people!"

Both Cyril and Lois were eager to be always with the Teacher, although they fully understood and expected that before long he would be once more in Capernaum. If, however, they could have been with him only a few days after they left him at Nain, they might have witnessed one result of the conference at

the door of John's dungeon in the Black Castle.

All days were not alike in the work of the Master, so far as men could see or understand it. There were days when he seemed almost seeking to escape from his task, as if it overburdened him; and there were many nights when he went away by himself to lonely places for prayer or meditation. There seemed, however, to be days of special power, and one of these came at this time. The crowd was dense around him; the sick and afflicted were many, and he healed them. He spoke to the throngs that followed him.

Standing among those crowded about were three men, strangers to those around them. They were sunburned, ascetic-looking men, thin as if with fasting, and their sandals were worn with much travel. They had on the coarse garments worn by the Zealots of the Judean wilderness, hermit-like men whom most of the Jewish people held in great respect.

These listened and watched hour after hour, until at last one of them stepped directly in front of the Master and seemed about to speak.

It was by no means uncommon for men to ask questions, and his answers were always listened for with eager interest; and there was a silence, for the manner of Jesus was as if he had said to the stranger, "Speak."

"John sent us unto thee," said the inquirer, "bidding us ask of thee, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

This question, like an undertone, was heard in all the talk concerning the Prophet of Nazareth. It was in another form Cyril's question about the Captain.

"Go," said the Master, "and shew John again those things which you do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

The questioner bowed low and turned away, followed by his companions. No man hindered them; but as they passed beyond the border of the crowd that still was pressing toward the Teacher, one of them stood still and said to the

others: "Go ye to Machærus. Bear ye his message to John. It is yours to bear, not mine. I go to Capernaum. Yet I think you will see me again, not many days hence."

So they parted, and Ezra the Swordmaker turned his steps toward the north.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### EZRA'S WITHERED HAND.

THE next Saturday, the Sabbath, was memorable in Capernaum. When the morning came it seemed as if the city awoke in a great fever of excitement and expectation. The Prophet of Nazareth was known to have returned, and he was to preach at the synagogue. All through the town, too, there were sick people from the country around, and even from far away, who had been brought there to be healed. Not that they thought that anything could be done for them upon the Sabbath. Those who were suffering must suffer one day more, and those who were about to die must be left to die. They were utterly sincere, for thousands of Jews had fallen by the swords of their enemies rather than break the law of the Sabbath, as they understood it.

So far as attendance upon religious services was concerned, Cyril was now regarded as a man. He could go to the synagogue, like his elders, and find a seat where he would, so long as he did not take one of those reserved for dignitaries. Lois also could go, but not with her brother. She and all other women went by unfrequented streets, so far as possible, and might greet no one by the way. On reaching the threshold of the synagogue all had to take off their sandals.

The separate place for women in the synagogue of Capernaum was raised like a gallery above the main floor where the men sat. From this gallery, at the beginning of the services, Lois was looking down through the lattice which prevented the women from being seen.

The Teacher occupied a seat in front, facing the rest, and Lois could see that many of those who were present were intently watching him.

"There is Ben Nassur," she said to herself, as she caught sight of the rabbi. "He has come all the way from Cana."

Perhaps he had come because of his great zeal for the Law; for he and other wise and learned rabbis of the sect of the Pharisees had been of late greatly disturbed by what they had heard concerning some of the doings and teachings of the Prophet of Nazareth. They thought

Cyril at that moment turned, but the synagogue was not the place for greetings. Besides, the swordmaker's left hand on his shoulder seemed to be pressing him down into silence, as Jesus of Nazareth arose to read, from the scriptures handed him, the appointed lesson of the



“‘IT IS RESTORED WHOLE AS THE OTHER,’ GASPEO CYRIL, AS HIS FATHER LIFTED THAT RIGHT HAND BEFORE THE CONGREGATION.”

him too bold; and some of the things he had said sounded new. They were such teachings as had never yet received the approval of the scribes, the chief priests, or the rabbis.

“There is Cyril just behind Isaac,” thought Lois; and then suddenly her heart gave a great leap, and her face turned as pale as ashes.

“It is father!” she said, but not aloud, almost rising from her seat; “he has touched Cyril.”

day. He read the written word, but he was also reading the thoughts of the watchful, suspicious Pharisees before him. He saw Ben Nassur turn and stare at Ezra and at the withered hand which the swordmaker at last held up as if inviting the attention of the Master. Many saw the gesture, and a kind of mute question passed from face to face: “Will he heal on the Sabbath?” Very different was the thought

of Lois: "Father has come. I wish I could ask the Master to heal his hand."

Cyril said nothing. He seemed to himself not even to be thinking, hardly to be breathing.

"How eager Cyril looks!" thought Lois. "And father! Will the Master answer them?"

She, too, was now gazing at the Master, with all her heart in her eyes, while Isaac was putting out a hand as if to restrain Ezra, at the moment when the voice of Jesus rang through the synagogue: "Stand forth."

Forward strode the brawny swordmaker, and there he stood, fixing his eyes upon those of the man he had come so far and dared so much to see. Lois thought she had never seen a nobler-looking man than her father, nor a handsomer youth than her brother. Cyril also had started forward; but he had paused, and was now a few steps behind Ezra, his young face all ablaze and his lips parted in eager expectation. The countenance of the Master did not wear its usual expression.

He glanced from one to another of those who, with Ben Nassur, were waiting, so full of ready condemnation, to see what he would do, and then he asked:

"Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? to save life, or to kill?"

No voice responded to the Master's question.

It was easy to see that the Pharisees were very angry, but not with the kind of anger, that was more like sorrow, glowing in the face of Jesus of Nazareth.

"Stretch forth thine hand," he said to Ezra the Swordmaker.

Out went the sinewy arm to its full length, while a strong shuddering shook the frame of its owner. He obeyed promptly, instantly, vigorously, like a soldier obeying his captain; but, as he did so, every sinew and fiber of arm and hand were tingling, and the veins in which no blood had freely coursed for long and heart-sore years were throbbing full again.

"It is restored whole as the other!" gasped Cyril, as his father lifted that right hand toward heaven before the congregation.

Shouts arose, and there were many who glorified God; but Ben Nassur and the Pharisees arose and stalked out of the synagogue.

"The people are with him here," said Isaac

to his zealous friends. "All the rabble believe he is a prophet. Even the centurion in command of the garrison is his friend. We must go and take counsel. He has broken the Sabbath! He claims to be above the Law. It is Beelzebub that helps him."

"Herod is at Machærus, but all his friends here will unite to crush a man who talks of a new kingdom," said another.

Cyril heard, for he had been swept along a little distance by the crowd, all the more helplessly because he had been trying to keep his eyes upon his father, still standing before the synagogue and gazing at the Teacher.

The latter was again speaking, and now in all directions the friends of the sick were hurrying away to bring them forth for healing. Not for Ezra alone had the bondage of the Pharisees been removed forever from the uses of the Sabbath.

"I must speak to my father," exclaimed Lois to a friend, as she left the synagogue. "I am so thankful! There he is!"

"My son," the swordmaker was saying at that moment, "I have seen him. Yes, he is the King! He is come! So they carried word to John in his prison. The time is near at hand."

"Didst thou speak to him?" asked Cyril.

"I did speak," returned Ezra, his dark eyes glancing with glad light, and his renewed hand moving its firm, strong fingers, as if to do so gave him the keenest pleasure. "But what I said I know not—only that he answered me, 'A little while.'"

"A little while?" Cyril asked eagerly.

"But I cannot wait here," said Ezra; "I must see Lois, and then I must depart. Thou must abide here for a season, to be near him; and I will tell thee where to find me. Seest thou that hand?"

"It is as strong as ever," said Cyril joyfully.

"Strong for the forge!" exclaimed Ezra. "Full many a blade must pass under the hammer before we can arm that first legion of our King, which is to capture the great storehouse of Roman weapons in Herod's tower at Jerusalem. But first I must go and show that hand as a witness to those in the wilderness of Judea who wait for the kingdom."

## A MAY-DAY SHOWER.

By M. A. THOMSON.

BIRDS are singing,  
Bells are ringing,  
Children bringing  
Garlands fair;  
Maids are scorning  
Clouds of warning;  
Gay adorning  
On May morning  
Girls will wear.

Rain is falling,  
Hearts appalling;  
Some one 's calling,  
"Homeward skip!"  
Isabella's,  
Ruth's and Ella's,  
Maud's and Stella's  
Wet umbrellas—  
How they drip!

"Hat and feather,  
Altogether  
Spoiled by weather,"  
Ruth bemoans;  
Dress and frilling,  
Sash and quilling,  
All so killing,  
Maud, unwilling,  
"Ruined!" owns.

Hey day! Hey day!  
Choose not May-Day  
For a play-day  
Out of doors:  
Or, prepare ye;  
New gear spare ye;  
Old clothes wear ye;  
Never care ye  
When it pours.



Little Tom Barber  
Sat in the arbor  
Wearing a gay new tie.  
Some other boys stared  
As his graces he aired  
Saying: "Don't we look fine!  
Oh my!"



Dorothy G. Rice.



ALICE was acquiring a habit of whistling while working on the prairie just outside of her sod house. She could whistle very sweetly, too, which was something of an excuse for the habit.

One day, while in the midst of her whistling and picking up corn cobs, she happened to glance toward the corn-field that was only a few rods from the house, and was very much amused to discover a jack-rabbit peeping at her from behind a corn-stalk.

She stopped her work, and at the same time her whistling, to watch the funny-looking little fellow; and he, just as soon as the whistling had ceased, became terrified at having attracted her attention, and, bounding away, quickly disappeared from view.

Alice again began to whistle, merely as an experiment, and presently the long ears pointed at her from behind another corn-stalk. She went on whistling, and the foolish little animal became so reckless that he hopped from behind the corn-stalk into full view. She then whistled her sweetest, and he came a few feet nearer. She suddenly stopped, and after a few moments of dazed indecision, the timid creature began hopping back to the corn-field as fast as he could go. Suddenly, though, she began with some sweet bird-notes, and, when he heard the

whistling again, the little animal stopped on the instant, as though she had transfixed him with a spear.

The amused experimenter continued these sweet notes with variations, and the fascinated animal, by degrees, came nearer and nearer until within a few feet of the charmer, and there he sat upon his haunches, literally "all ears," gazing at the whistler, entranced, his long ears sticking straight up in the air, as if he wished to catch every note.

Alice kept up the whistling until she was out of breath, and when she stopped the funny little creature again looked dazed, and seemed quite undecided as to what he should do; then, coming back to his senses, he was seized with a sudden panic, and casting around him a terrified glance, made long, hesitating leaps for the corn-field, where he dashed into the shelter of the shady stalks and quickly vanished once more from her sight.

After that, whenever Alice felt lonesome and wanted to see the jack-rabbit, all she had to do was to whistle for him; and it was not long before he began to listen for her summons, while he peered cautiously from behind a corn-stalk on the very edge of the field.

Alice had a brother who occasionally came to her claim. She told him all about her little



friend the jack-rabbit, and summoned it for his entertainment.

The brother remained out of sight until the little creature had taken its customary place a few feet in front of the girl; then, when he saw it seated there as immovable as a stone image, he came toward it with uplifted ax, and, taking aim, asked his sister (though only to tease her): "Shall I?"

She, very much concerned for her little friend, screamed excitedly: "Don't, don't, don't!" The

poor little animal looked up at the ax in a dazed way; then, suddenly understanding its danger, leaped away over the prairie to a distant sand-hill.

And it did not venture near the house again as long as the brother remained there.

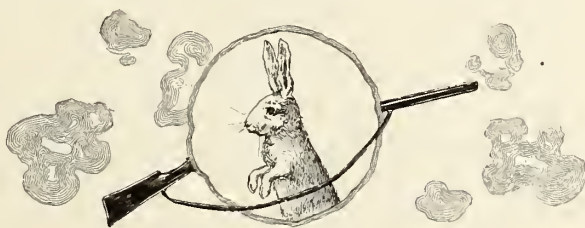
Alice left her claim for a while to visit a



"THE FASCINATED ANIMAL CAME NEARER AND NEARER."

neighbor, and when she returned her whistling was all in vain — no jack-rabbit ever again obeyed the summons.

It may be some whistling hunter had been there during the girl's absence, and that the poor little creature's love for music had proved its death-warrant.



## A PROBLEM.

BY ESTHER W. BUXTON.

"I WONDER," said Teddy, one sunny day,  
As he gazed at the meadow, with thoughtful frown,  
"Why the grass is so pretty and green and bright,  
When it comes from the earth, so dirty  
and brown!"

With a look of surprise in her great blue eyes,  
"Why, don't you know?" cried small Katrine.  
"The sun is *yellow*, the sky is *blue*,  
And that is the reason the grass is green."



—  
BY MARGARET JOHNSON.  
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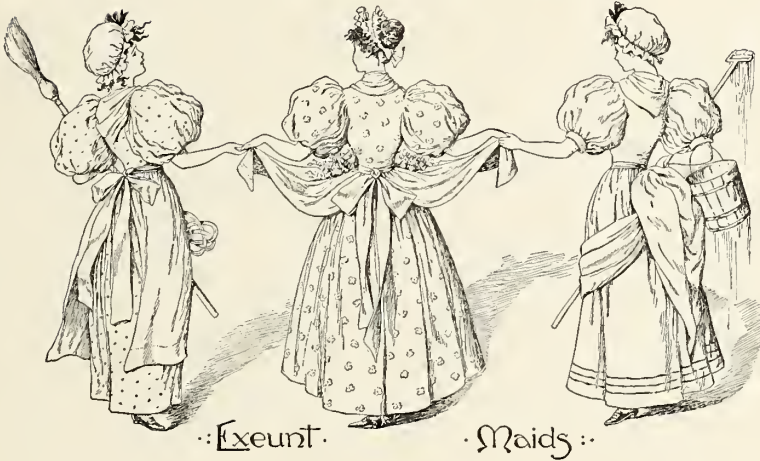
“COME, come, we must hurry!” Dame Nature cries  
When the days grow long, and the last snow flies.  
“The house is really in *such* a state,  
The maids must work both early and late.  
There ’s company coming; for Summer—the dear!—  
Her usual visit will make this year,  
And fit for her bonny bright eyes to see,  
In apple-pie order the house must be.”

Then first comes March, with a brisk new broom,  
And a smart rattan for whipping.  
Her whistle ’s as clear as a blackbird’s trill;  
She beats and shakes with a right good will;  
She brushes the webs from the ceiling high;  
She sweeps the nooks and the corners dry,  
Till the dust-clouds whirl, and the dead leaves fly;  
And she answers the querulous passer-by  
With a tongue both pert and nipping.

April next to the clean-swept room  
With mop and pail comes skipping.  
Her skirts tucked up from her ankles neat,  
A rainbow smile in her dimples sweet,  
She follows her sister—spatter and splash!  
Wherever she pauses the big drops dash,  
Till the house is shining from sill to sash,  
And the windows bright in the sunshine flash,  
And the very walls are dripping!

Last of all, with her cheeks a-bloom,  
 Sweet May comes daintily tripping.  
 She spreads the carpets of dazzling sheen,  
 She hangs the curtains of leafy green.  
 A touch of her fingers deft and fair,  
 And never a nook or a niche is bare.  
 She sprinkles with perfume all the air,  
 And sets her flower-bowls everywhere  
 With buds of the freshest clipping.

“Now we are ready!” the housewife cries.  
 “The maids may rest till the next snow flies!”  
 And fresher and fairer than ever before  
 The house will sparkle from ceiling to floor,  
 When Summer knocks at the good dame’s door.



THE PERVERSE SONGSTER.

BY W. O. M'CLELLAND.

WHEN the clover-blooms fillip the rabbit's nose, And the hand of the summer shakes open the rose,	When the rabbit leaps, up to his ears in snow, And the puffing cheeks of the North Wind blow,
And the cuckoo to visit the willow-tree goes, What a sad note is it From the little tom-tit	And the willow-tree rattles her fingers in woe, Who cares not a whit? 'T is the little tom-tit
As he mournfully sings to the world his woes: "Phee-be-ee; ah, me!	As he cheerily calls to the world below: "Chicadee! Look at me!
How can one be happy, and live in a tree?"	There 's nothing so fine as this life in a tree!"

## A PARTY BY THE NAME OF SMITH.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.

WHEN I was a very little boy, I remember having a vague idea that people by the name of Smith must all be related, and I wondered how the different branches of the family kept track of one another. But though the years have straightened out my ideas somewhat, and there is less confusion about the relationship, it must be admitted that, taking them altogether, the Smiths are a large family!

Do you know how many people there are by the name of Smith in the New York city directory? Think of three thousand Smiths, most of them fathers of families, then think of their wives and children, and you will understand how a plain William or a simple John Smith is likely to be lost in the crowd. And as in New York, so in other cities, great and small. And so throughout England and Germany, for though in the latter country they call it Schmidt, it is the same old name spelled in another way. In London, Smiths fairly swarm, and they abound all over the British isles, from Land's End, away down on the south coast of Cornwall, to John o' Groat's, the most northerly point in Scotland.

You might fancy that for a man so to distinguish himself as to win a separate and distinct place among all these thousands bearing the same name would be well-nigh impossible. In sports, they have a very expressive word that they apply to a man who starts under a disadvantage. They say he is "handicapped." So we might say of an unknown Smith who seeks fame — he is handicapped by his name. And yet from Captain John Smith, the sturdy old English explorer and adventurer, down to old Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, who wrote "My Country, 't is of Thee," many distinguished men and women have honored this common name.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wittily wrote of this Dr. Smith — they were classmates together at Harvard College —

Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith,

but it could not be done. His memory is cherished wherever his songs are sung, and the Smith family well may be proud of this worthy representative.

The Smiths, mind you, have helped to make history; and if we have not had a Cæsar or a Napoleon, a Washington or a Lincoln among them, they still have played a very important part in the progress of the world.

In the early history of our nation, when wise men and true framed that famous document, the Declaration of Independence, among the patriots who had the privilege of putting their names to the ringing words was plain old James Smith, the warm friend of the great Washington, and an earnest worker for the cause of liberty. And a famous fighting preacher of those days was Cotton Mather Smith, who could expound the scripture to the troops of General Philip Schuyler, or pick off an enemy with his good old-fashioned rifle. In the war of 1812 a modest young lieutenant commanded the brig "Eagle" in the glorious victory on Lake Champlain. His name was Joseph Smith; but that did not prevent the Congress of the United States of America from giving him a vote of thanks for great gallantry in battle. At a later time, when this brave sailor had become an admiral, his son, Joseph, Jr., who had followed the father's profession, was an officer on board the ship "Congress," fighting for the cause of the Union against the Confederates. When the news reached the parent that the ship had surrendered, the admiral exclaimed, "then Joe is dead!" The

boy *was* dead; he had fallen, fighting for his flag.

In the Civil War, indeed, the Smiths swarmed. There were major-generals among them by the dozen. Among these high officers were Andrew Jackson Smith, so brave at Pleasant Hill, and the dashing cavalryman Charles Henry Smith, both of whom were thanked by Congress, and other Smiths, named John Eugene, Green Clay, Giles Alexander, Edmund Kirby, Charles Ferguson, and William Farrar (known as "Baldy" Smith), all major-generals and all distinguished. And there was Gerrit Smith, a great philanthropist, who during his life gave away over eight millions of dollars in charity, who helped the anti-slavery cause, and who finally signed the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, when the President of the Confederacy was captured, the other signers being Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Of the hundreds of Smiths of lesser rank and of the thousands of private soldiers we may not speak here, but be sure the name was well represented on many a bloody field, and in the cemeteries where lie the honored dead who gave their lives in a glorious cause.

In the councils of the nation they have stood high. A Secretary of the Interior, Caleb Blood Smith, was largely influential in securing the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency and afterward served with credit upon the bench, as circuit judge; and the present Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's Cabinet, as you all know, is Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia. Then there was a great surgeon, Henry Hollingsworth Smith, who invented valuable methods for the relief of the wounded; a remarkable chemist, John Lawrence Smith, whose collection of meteorites was the greatest ever made; and a geologist, Eugene Allen Smith, who made many valuable discoveries.

The name is of ancient origin, and dates from the early days when men were called after the trade they followed. A smith, we are told by the "Century Dictionary," is an artificer, a worker with the hammer, such as a blacksmith, a goldsmith, a tinsmith or coppersmith, and in times gone by, long before machinery was invented, a good strong right arm was a very

useful limb, and did all the work. Powerful, muscular men hammered out heated metal on anvils and deftly shaped it into many articles essential to the comfort and happiness of primitive folks. People lived simple lives then, with only the bare necessities, and managed to be happy with little. You who have been brought up in this luxurious age of inventions can scarcely realize how many things that seem necessary to you were unknown to your ancestors' times. And the smith was then an important man. So if he was named John he was known as John, the smith, or if William, then William, the smith; and from John, the smith, to plain John Smith was not a great change. Other names to which we give no heed in these days were full of meaning in those times. A few instances will show you what is meant. Who among you does not know people with such names as Weaver, Abbot, Taylor, Waterman, Baker, Carpenter, Mason? Each of these family names originally meant that the men who bore it were just what the name implied; George, the Baker, or Harold, the Carpenter; John, the Waterman, kept the ferry across the river; Richard, the Tailor, made the clothes; So you see how the trade or occupation might give the name.

Of course, in time, additions were made, spelling changed, and different branches of each family went their own way, making such alterations in their names as, for one reason or another, suited them. Possibly some of us, even in our own time, have known of people who, not altogether satisfied with the old-fashioned way, have made similar changes in the writing of their family names, if not their Christian ones. There may be some young girl who thinks that plain Ann is more attractive when it is written Anne, or that Marianne is an improvement on simple Mary Ann. All this, however, is wandering away from our old friends, the Smiths.

We think nothing now of packing our trunks and taking a run across the broad Atlantic Ocean to Europe. Time was, however, and not so very long ago, when such a trip was an event of great importance, and not to be lightly considered. A man by the name of Junius Smith was the pioneer of this project of the

steam navigation of the high seas, and in the spring of 1838, largely through his efforts, the first steamer — her name was “ Sirius ” — made the voyage. Your father has a combination lock on the big safe in his office, and your mother a sewing-machine in the sitting-room upstairs. David M. Smith, inventor, thought out both these ideas some years ago ; and he further originated the idea of a spring hook-and-eye ; and he made the first iron lathe-dog, such as machinists now use. It was a naval architect, Archibald Cary Smith, who built the cup-defender for the yacht race of 1887, and the “ Mischief ” showed that the Smiths can build fast boats.

Years ago, when a terrible scourge of Asiatic cholera broke out at Smyrna, and made terrific headway, it was reserved for Azariah Smith, an American missionary and a physician as well, to stem the tide of the dread disease, and by his skill and courage to save thousands of lives. Still another missionary, Eli Smith this time, who spent years in Syria, was the first to cast a font of type in the Arabic language, and so make it possible for a Bible to be printed in that tongue. Nearer home, the greatest bridge-builder in this country was Charles Shaler Smith, an engineer of distinction, who four times spanned the big Mississippi River, and who planned the great structure over the St. Lawrence, near the Lachine rapids.

When the ruler of Japan, the country that has made such progress in the last few years, wanted the assistance of American brains and Yankee ideas, he sent over to the Government of the United States and asked the President to appoint a man who could aid him as an adviser in international law. General Grant promptly sent him over a man by the name of Smith — Erasmus Peshine Smith — a graduate of Columbia College, and a lawyer of great ability. And this man added a word to the English language, for he invented the term “ telegram,” as a shorter method of saying telegraphic message.

A famous college in Northampton, in Massachusetts, for the education of women, is

called Smith College, for it was founded by Miss Sophia Smith ; and another woman, named Mrs. Erminie Adele Smith, was the first woman Fellow of the New York Academy of Sciences. This lady, working under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, took the language of the Iroquois Indians and classified some 15,000 words.

Why, a man named Smith announced himself as a prophet, and afterward founded a new community out in the West, for Joseph Smith was the head of the Mormon church.

Artists we have had in plenty among this wonderful family, painters of pictures — some of them excellent pictures, too. You have all seen drawings in the magazines by F. Hopkinson Smith, and if you’ve been to the exhibitions you have seen work that he has brought back from Mexico, Holland, or Venice. And when he is not painting he can write delightful stories or pleasant accounts of his travels.

I have confined myself to the American branch of the family only, because, if we tried to include those on the other side of the water, we should be fairly swamped ; but there is one curious thing I have not yet told you. There are families — some of you may know them — named Taillefer, Tolliver, Tollfer, Telfair. Now what would you say if I told you all these were only, in good, plain English, — Smith ! It is a fact, nevertheless. Taillefer is derived from the French, and the others are only contractions of that word, or changes made by mispronunciation and custom. *Taillefer* means to shape or fashion iron ; and who shapes iron but a smith ? So a taille-fer was, after all, a smithy, or Smith.

Shakspeare’s well known lines are too often quoted :

What ’s in a name ? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

The name, after all, does not count for much. You have seen what can be done by men who are very much in earnest, even though they labored under the disadvantage of being one of the great Smith family.



BY H. H. BENNETT.

**I**

CLING  
And swing

High in the budding maple-trees;  
And out on the perfumed air I fling  
A message of song to the herald breeze,  
To be carried down to the golden bees  
Where they gossip over their garnering.

Clear, long,  
And strong

I make my song,  
That all the wakening world may hear  
The tidings sweet  
That I repeat:

*This is the joy-time of the year!*

*Be glad!*

*Be glad!*

*And have no fear;*

*This is the joy-time of the year!*

The merry note

From out my throat

Is borne afar on wings of air;  
And through the woodland ways  
remote

The quivering echoes rise and float,  
And every one the tidings bear:

*Be glad!*

*Be glad!*

*The Spring is here;*

*This is the joy-time of the year!*

*Cheer up!*

*Cheer up!*

The blossomed cup  
Is filled for all the bees to sup.

The waters run

Beneath the sun,

Like strands of silver, through the grass;

And all the bees

Among the trees

Make love to every flower they pass.

*Oh, hear!*

*Oh, hear!*

How loud and clear  
I sing to the listening  
world below;

How joyously comes my  
word of cheer:

This is the joy-  
time of the  
year;

When blossoming

wind-flowers bend and blow;

When the sun shines warm and waters flow,

*Be glad!*

*Be glad!*

*The Spring is here.*

*This is the joy-time of  
the year!*



THE GREAT BICYCLE RACE AT GRASSHOPPERTOWN — THE START.





THE FINISH — A SURPRISE.



THE FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE PICKETS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. (SEE PAGE 606.)

It is natural to think that in warfare all is terrible, that the opposing armies are animated by deadly hatred toward each other; but, while feelings of animosity certainly may play an important part in the actions of the powers that declare war, the soldiers engaged do not at all times conduct the strife in the same spirit. Even in civil wars, where those of the same language and nationality are opposed, there are instances showing that human kindness and courtesy have risen superior to the conflict or the questions they were engaged in settling.

For instance, at the battle of Fontenoy, fought near the little village of that name in Belgium, in 1745, occurred an episode illustrating the gallantry and politeness always so characteristic of the French — who, by the way, won the battle.

The allied armies — English, Austrians, and Dutch — were drawn up in battle array, ready to charge upon their opponents. The French, commanded by Louis XV. and Marshal Saxe,

were posted on an eminence fifty paces in front of their enemies. Lord Hay, commander of the English guards, called out:

“Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire!”

Count Autoeroche, a lieutenant of the French grenadiers, advanced, and, making a series of bows and salutes, doffed his hat, and replied:

“After you, gentlemen. We never fire first.”

Which, upon his retiring to his place in the ranks, the English proceeded to do with dire effect, sweeping away the whole first line opposed to them.

An instance of personal regard overcoming the war spirit was told by Major Small to John Trumbull, while the artist was painting in London, after the Revolutionary war, his well-known picture of the battle of Bunker Hill. Major Small is the British officer seen in the center of the painting, turning aside the bayonet of a grenadier who is about to pierce the dying General Warren.

When the British troops advanced on the redoubt for the second time, Small, with other officers, was in the lead encouraging his men. They had advanced nearly to the breastwork when a volley was poured in upon them which was terribly effective. The British troops fell back, and when Small looked around not an officer was left standing. He glanced at the

Americans, and seeing several muskets leveled directly at him, gave himself up for lost. At this moment General Putnam, an old comrade of Small's in the French and Indian war, rushed

says he "heard the words distinctly." Bowing, he thanked Putnam, and walked away unharmed.

Another incident of the same battle is told



"AFTER YOU, GENTLEMEN. WE NEVER FIRE FIRST!"

forward, and striking up with his sword the muzzles of his men's pieces, cried out:

"Don't fire at that man, my lads; I love him as I do my brother!"

They were so near each other that the major

of General Howe. While wounded, and leaning on Major Small's arm, Howe saw that an American officer had been shot, and exclaimed: "Do you see that gallant young man who has just fallen? Do you know him?"

"I believe it is my friend Warren," answered Small, for he had recognized Dr. Samuel Warren.

"Leave me then, instantly," said Howe. "Run! Keep off our grenadiers, and save him if possible."

Small reached the fallen officer, and said to him, "I hope you are not badly hurt." The young patriot looked up, smiled, seemed to recognize his questioner, and then died, a bullet having pierced his brain.

At a later period in history, when the English, under the Duke of Wellington, were fighting with the French, commanded by some of Napoleon's famous marshals, in the Spanish peninsula, an interesting episode occurred during the

accord met at a stream midway between the lines of battle, where they quenched their thirst, and filled their canteens before resuming the conflict. The day was so hot that human nature proved stronger than discipline or the authority of their commanding officers.

We find many instances of this laying aside of the spirit of war during our War of the Rebellion.

Thus in one of the many engagements of Sherman's "March to the Sea," the "Boys in Blue," charging through thick underbrush on the "Johnnies," were mowed down by terrible discharges of musketry which set the bushes on fire. The poor fellows who had fallen, many of them severely wounded, were in danger of burning to death. The firing ceased, and both sides helped

to carry the wounded out of the reach of the flames. One of the Federal officers was so grateful that he took the revolvers from his belt and presented them, with his thanks, to a leader of the Confederates.

It is well known that the pickets on the banks of the Rappahannock would exchange coffee and tobacco, sending the articles over to one another on bits of board or chips made into little boats.

An incident illustrating the humorous side of warfare occurred in the rifle-pits along the James River in 1864. In front of Fort Totten the trenches dug by each side were very near each other. The weather had been very bad, the rain had poured down and nearly filled the trenches. When it had ceased one of the Boys in Blue called out:

"Hallo, Johnny!"

"Hello, Yank!"

"How 's the water?"

"Pretty bad," was the answer.

"Let's clean house!" the first speaker went on.

"All right!" came the other's reply.



THE LIFE OF MAJOR SMALL SAVED BY ISRAEL PUTNAM.

battle of Talavera, fought on a hot day in July, 1809. The soldiers at a critical moment in the engagement ceased their firing, and with one

And the two opposing picket-lines turned out, and spent hours in thoroughly drying out their quarters.

Toward nightfall they called to one another, and asked if the work was finished. Then, with the warning, "Get back home!" all returned to the trenches, the truce was at an end, and

the exposure of a head on either side thereafter meant death to its owner.

Many other instances could be told of this "suspension of hostilities" on the part of the common soldiers; but these few will show that, though at war, brave soldiers need not always hate one another personally.



ENGLISH AND FRENCH SOLDIERS DURING THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

## TWO PICTURES.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE sun was shining calm and bright,  
 The meadow grass was deep;  
 The daisies and the buttercups  
 Were nodding half asleep.  
 And overhead the sparrows sat  
 And dozed upon the bough,  
 For all the world was sleepy then,  
 When Johnny drove the cow.

The sun was like a flaming beast!  
 The field was like the sea!  
 The grass, like angry snakes, did hiss  
 And wriggle at his knee.  
 The sparrows turned to goblin imps  
 That yelled, and fluttered on,  
 As, through a world gone raving mad,  
 The cow was driving John.



V

## SWEET CONFIDENCE.

BY THOMAS B. CHRYSTAL.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD young lady  
Stood near the music stand  
In Central Park, one Sunday,  
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,  
As if she were afraid;  
Then to a Park policeman  
The little maiden said:

“Do you like candy, mister?”  
“No, not a bit,” said he.  
“Well, then,” she cried, “I’ll trust you  
To carry mine for me!”

## LITTLE ROGER'S PRAYER.

BY MARGARET DRYSDALE JOHNSON.

THE plumbers all had come one day  
The pipes for natural gas to lay,  
And Roger's eyes, full of amaze,  
Had followed them with wondering gaze.

Of questions he asked many a score,  
And still he fain would ask them more.  
"How could the natural gas turn on?"  
"Would it explode when that was done?"

And so a plumber who was kind  
Tried to instruct that youthful mind.  
He said they dug deep in the ground  
And lo! the natural gas was found.

In pipes they brought it through the streets  
And to the houses that it heats.

You turned the key, the gas then came  
Bursting into a ruddy flame.

But if a little boy should try  
He'd blow the house up to the sky;  
And so the key he must not touch  
Although he'd like to very much.

Poor child! He thought, and thought, and  
thought.

Vainly for comfort now he sought.  
"What if papa or mama dear  
Should be burned up?" He shook with fear!

At last night came and time for bed;  
His little evening prayers he said,  
And finished with: "And please, oh, *please*  
*Don't* let me monkey with the keys!"

## PUSSY MITZ AND DOGGIE SPITZ.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



LITTLE Pussy Mitz And each wore the willow when the other  
and little Dog- got the pillow,  
gie Spitz And neither thought the other one fair.  
Lived in a house  
together.  
She wore a ribbon  
ofsky-bluesilk,  
He wore a collar  
of leather.

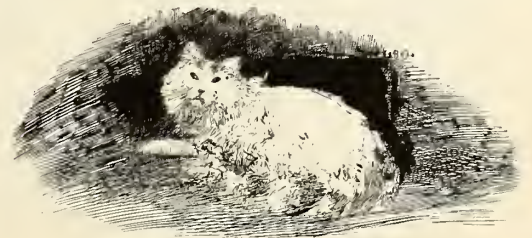
She liked cream in  
a china dish,

He liked bones in a corner;  
He loved to jump at his master's wish,  
But she was of laws a scorner.

He liked to roll in the garden mud,  
She was as clean as a Quaker;  
He always barked at the butcher's man,  
She humped her back at the baker.

But the joy of both was to curl up and lie  
In their mistress's great arm-chair;

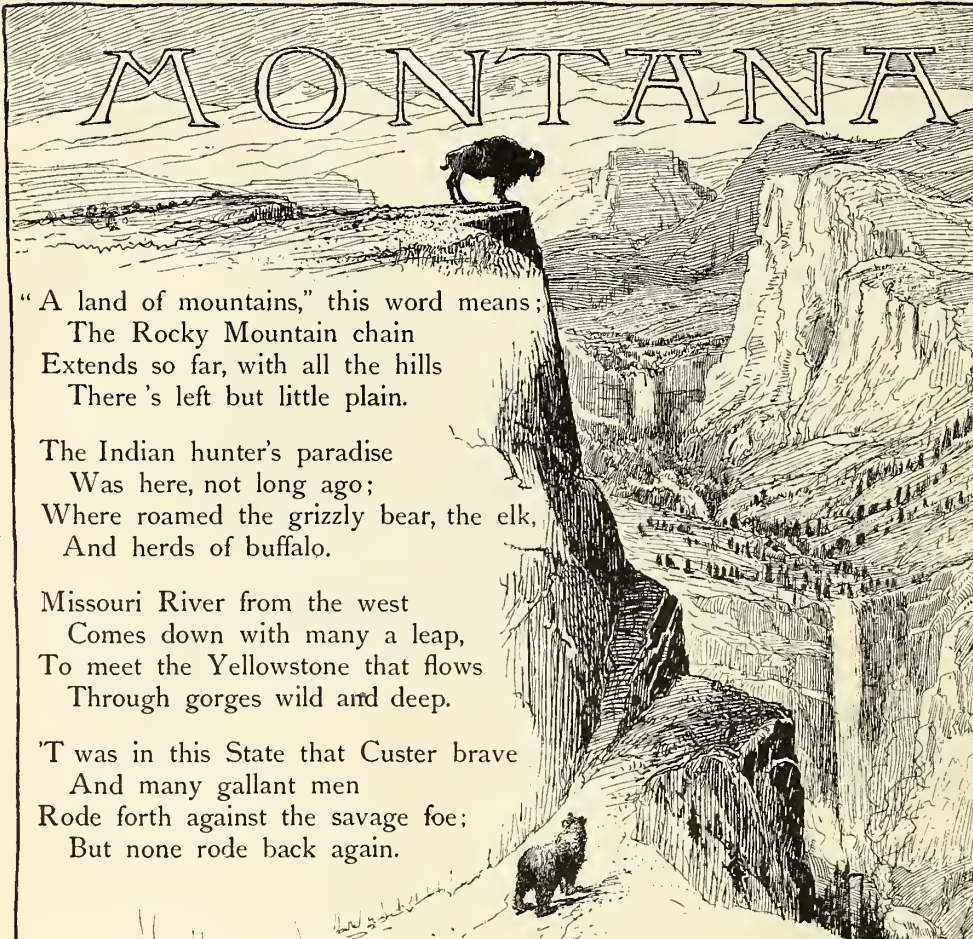
With a "Bow! wow! wow!" and a "Fss!  
fss! fss!"  
With a yap and a snap and a snarl and a hiss,—  
Till the mistress came with her great big broom,  
And drove them squabbling out of the room.



# RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.

## MONTANA

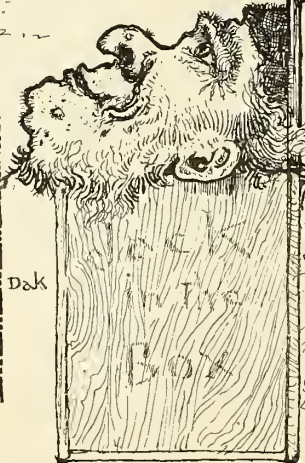
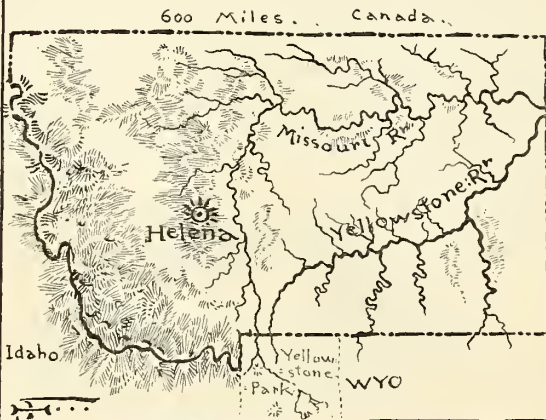


“A land of mountains,” this word means;  
The Rocky Mountain chain  
Extends so far, with all the hills  
There’s left but little plain.

The Indian hunter’s paradise  
Was here, not long ago;  
Where roamed the grizzly bear, the elk,  
And herds of buffalo.

Missouri River from the west  
Comes down with many a leap,  
To meet the Yellowstone that flows  
Through gorges wild and deep.

’T was in this State that Custer brave  
And many gallant men  
Rode forth against the savage foe;  
But none rode back again.





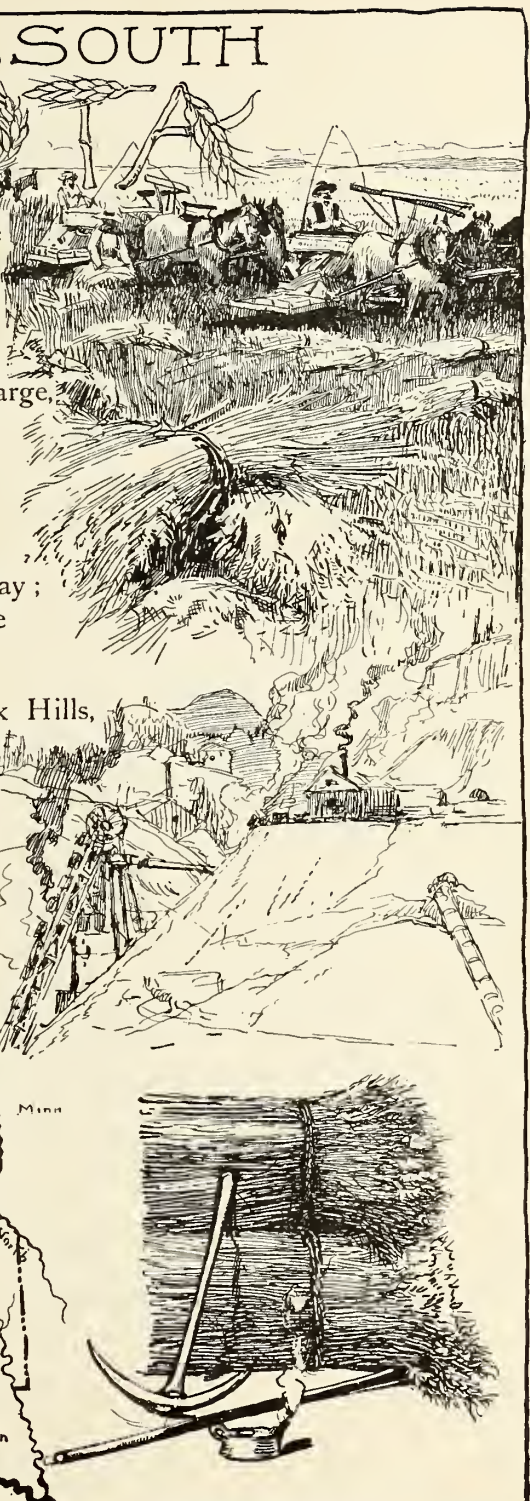
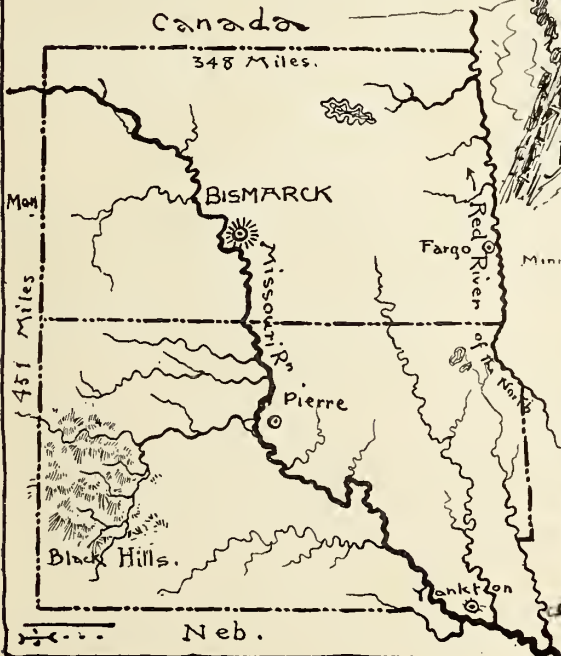
# NORTH & SOUTH

Our stories end: this page we give  
 To North and South Dakota—  
 Two wide and mostly level States  
 Just west of Minnesota.

Here farms are many—some are large,  
 And fields of wheat are grand:  
 The flour we buy is often marked  
 "*Dakota Four X brand.*"

Red River, on their eastern line,  
 Flows north, tow'rd Hudson's Bay;  
 Our only stream with current wide  
 Whose waters run that way.

And here we have the great Black Hills,  
 Southwest along the line;  
 A region very rough and wild,  
 With many a wealthy mine.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

A YOUNG READER of ST. NICHOLAS wishes to know whether any other reader of this magazine can supply the three numbers of "Wide Awake" for December, 1891, February, 1892, and April, 1892. Anyone having those numbers, and willing to dispose of them, will please communicate with the Editor.

BALTIMORE, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just nine years old, but my sisters and I have had you in our family for seven years, and we are all very fond of you.

We generally live in New York in winter, and we go to Massachusetts in summer. I am staying down in Baltimore now with my aunt, and I do not expect to go home for three months — that is, if I do not get home-sick. While here my aunt gave me a New Year's eve party, and I met a great many Baltimore children. We only stayed up till nine o'clock, as my aunt thought that was late enough for me. I wanted to lie awake and listen for the New Year bells, but I found I was too sleepy. As I said, we go to Massachusetts in summer, and I am going to tell you about something rather unusual that happened there. My sister Nellie and I were out walking by the side of a little stream that flows through our place, when I stumbled over a stone and cut my hand very badly. Nellie ran to pick me up, and as she did so, the ground gave way, and we found ourselves standing about two feet below the ground on a large flat stone. We were very frightened, but Nellie, who is nearly thirteen and very tall, climbed out, and then lifted me out. When we got up we looked down in the hole and saw that it was a regular pit with a stone floor, and standing stuck into the dirt around the wall were six Indian arrows. We ran home and brought our brother to see it, and he said most likely it was an Indian's grave, and that his spirit would come after us for disturbing his rest; so we ran home and told mama. The next day papa had it explored, and he found a large box; and when they opened it they found a gun which was all in bits, a bow and arrow, and lots of feathers. What do you think it could mean? On one of the arrows there was an inscription and the date 1684.

I must stop now as I am very tired.

Your loving reader, BLOSSOM G. R.—.

MOORHEAD, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for three years, and always ask mama or papa when the twenty-fifth of the month is coming, for that is the day you are published.

We have skating here on the Red River of the North. On our bank of the river the boys make a fire every day.

While down skating to-day I caught a large goose. The goose, when last I saw it, was in a barrel with a box over it.

We live in a medium-sized house. The house was the second plastered in town.

My father is the secretary of the Old Settlers Association of the Red River valley.

While down at Detroit Lake this summer with some friends, I drove over to White Earth Reservation, which is twenty-one miles from Detroit. There I shook hands with White Cloud, son of the late chief of the Chippewa tribe of Indians.

We have for pets a dog eleven years old, and a fox which is nearly two years old.

The dog is known to a great many people in this town. One day, while papa was at a house, Bob (for that is the dog's name) followed him up there. Papa went down to the store, but Bob stayed. Nobody could put him out. So the lady at whose house he was took him up and put his ear to the telephone; then papa whistled. In a minute he was on the floor and at the door. When let out he went down to the store.

Bob has a short tail, so his name suits him exactly.

The fox we caught out on the prairie. His favorite dish is ice cream. He is now fat and "pretty as a picture," so papa says. Pretty near everybody around here knows him. I remain your sincere friend and reader,

HENRY C. M.—.

PARK LANE, LONDON, W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years, and enjoy it very much. I wrote a short poem about our little brother who is two and a half years old, and, if you have room, would you mind printing it?

I am your faithful reader, ELEANOR N.—.  
AGED TWELVE.

### BED-TIME.

THE sun is sinking in the west,  
The stars shine overhead,  
And Baby Boy has gone to rest  
In his tiny, soft, white bed.

A smile is on his rosy face,  
His brown eyes are shut tight,  
His dimpled hands lie full of grace  
Upon the sheet so white.

Sleep, darling, sleep, till morn doth break;  
Dream happy dreams the while;  
God sends the pretty dreams that make  
The little children smile.

TREBIZOND, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The January number of the ST. NICHOLAS arrived here on Saturday, and though my manuscript did not get a prize, I thank you for mentioning my effort to get one. We have been having some exciting experiences here during the last three months. The October number of THE ST. NICHOLAS came on October 5, and I wrote out "Marion's Adventures" on October 8. Just as I finished it, the massacre began, and about 500 persons were killed that day. The Russian and Austrian steamers were in the harbor that morning, one of which was to go that day, carrying my manuscript. But the Austrian and Russian consuls detained

them here a week in order that foreigners might take refuge on them. At the end of a week a Russian gunboat arrived here, and the steamers went their way. For that reason my letter was made a week late. Our house is filled with Armenians every day who come for relief. We are helping about 5000 people every week.

Your constant reader, J. H. P.—

BIARRITZ, BASSES-PYRÉNÉES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about an excursion we made yesterday. We went over in a break to St. Jean de Luz, a little seaside place not far from here. We were a party of ten, including a dog, and had great fun. The drive is about an hour long, and as we started at half-past six we got there at half-past seven. We went to visit the town before dinner. It is a very pretty little place, a big, curving beach and esplanade going all along the back of it. At one end the town is on a much lower level than the sea, and only the esplanade keeps the water out at high tide. It seems there have often been inundations there. From the esplanade we went down into the town to see the church and Place Louis XIV. The last is very pretty, being covered with big trees. There is a large casino near the hotel and it seemed very gay, but we did not go in. Altogether we had a very successful expedition. Biarritz is, however, a nicer place, being right on the ocean, and, in consequence, more airy. There is a great deal of bicycling and bathing here and we all go in for it. There are three or four beaches, but the best for swimming is the Port Vieux, as it is shut in more or less in a small bay, and the water is smoother and is safer. The other beaches are more for surf-bathing. It is a very gay little town, and as there are several seasons the place is nearly always full. Just now it is the Spanish season. There used to be bull-fighting at Bayonne (the nearest town to this), but they stopped it the other day all of a sudden, after talking a great deal about it, and seized Mazzantini, the chief espada, in his room at the hotel, the morning the bull-fight was to take place. It caused great excitement among the Spanish people. Mazzantini was banished from France. It seems silly not to have stopped it sooner. I have written to you before and had my letter printed, so I hope to be successful once more. I enjoy your magazine very much and look forward to the first of each month. I thought "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" a very amusing story.

Ever your devoted reader, J. B.—

PLAQUEMINE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in a quaint, French-like old town on the banks of "The Father of Waters," to which our family fled, a few years ago, from the blizzards of Illinois.

Plaquemine (pronounced "Plak'meen"), is, however, not a French but an Indian name, meaning persimmon, and I have been told that no one knows the age of the town, that it was quite an important Indian village when the earliest French settlers came from Acadia.

The windows of my home look out upon "the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi," and we can see the great steamers plying their course upon its sunny waters; and only a stone's throw away is the historic Bayou Plaquemine immortalized by our dear Longfellow. All lovers of "Evangeline" will understand the reference. It was right at this place that

They, too, swerved from their course, and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
Which, like a net-work of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches, Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct and strange were all things around them.

These lines give a true description of the bayou scenery, which is weirdly beautiful, and I think it so wonderful that the poet could picture it so vividly though he had never seen it.

Our favorite picnic grounds are seven miles down the bayou, where the stream is like a broad, limpid river, under picturesque, moss-draped boughs, and where fishing and boating are very fine.

If it were not for making my letter too long I might cite many incidents of the Civil War. The plantation homes and dense cypress swamps about here were resorts for refugees when the Federal gunboats came up the river. My Sunday-school teacher tells how large parties thronged to her grandfather's plantation, and her grandmother would place mattresses all over the floors of the great house.

The children climbed on the roof to watch Farragut's gunboats pass, sometimes wishing the fleet would shell the town, "just for the excitement of it," and felt quite disappointed when the boats passed serenely by, like emblems of peace instead of monsters of war.

The town, however, did occasionally get a taste of shot and shell. At one old mansion where I visit, the places, now mended with plaster, can be plainly seen where a shell went entirely through the house.

CLAIRE M. M.—

NEW ROCHELLE.

MY DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and I guess I enjoy you more than most little girls because my back has always been lame and I have to stay in bed most of the time. My mama gives you to me every Christmas nicely bound, and I read you every day till the next Christmas, when I get a new number of you. I have four little kittens, two marked like tigers, and two plain gray; the tigers are "Toots" and "Boots," and the others are "Jack" and "Jill." I hope you will print my letter, as it has taken me a good while to write; the kits hope you will print it, too. Good-by. From your best friend,

HESTER C. M.—

FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, and am traveling abroad for a year. I like "The Land of Pluck" the best of all, so I will tell you about it. I went first to Amsterdam, named after Amster, a river, while "dam" means "dike." Holland is mostly dikes, you must know, and along the dikes, and everywhere else except in cities, are many, many windmills. Indeed, in Laandam, a little place near Amsterdam, there are said to be four hundred windmills.

In Broek the streets are all made of little red bricks, very pretty and very clean. We went into a farm-house there, and I had a glass of the sweetest milk. After I had the milk we went into the barn. The barn was under the same roof as the house. It was long and narrow, and had a pretty carpet on the floor. By the cows' stalls, which were on one side, ran a wide iron trough; in this they kept the water for the cows. The stall floors were covered with sawdust, made in pretty patterns, and they had a ring in the wall to tie their tails up on, so as not to get them dirty. It was the oddest and cleanest place I ever saw.

Then we went to Marken. This is the first year they have had a minister or doctor at Marken. There are only two trees on the island. The boys are dressed the same as the girls until they are seven years old, except a little patch on the back of their funny caps and silver buttons at their throats. The silver or gold buttons are

the first present the boys get. They are all to be fishermen some day, and if they were drowned and their bodies were washed up by the great Zuyder Zee, the buttons would pay their funeral bills.

The costume of Marken is odd and pretty. I went into two houses, and will tell you about one of them. It was the largest on the island, but had only three rooms. One was the parlor. On the walls were beautiful old delft plates, all inherited from the man's grandfather. The man had three or four cabinets of dark carved wood, which were very beautiful. The beds they sleep in are built up in the wall, like boxes, and on top is a sort of manger for the babies.

Amsterdam is the largest city in Holland, and the capital, but is not so large as Boston. Once a year the little Queen of Holland comes to Amsterdam and stays a week. She has the most beautiful of palaces there, built in the fifteenth century; it was a town hall at first. Then there are such magnificent picture-galleries. Rembrandt, I think, is the greatest picture-painter there ever was; and Vandyke was also very fine.

At The Hague they wear the prettiest costumes — that is, the women do. Over their hair they wear a large, brass, close-fitting bonnet, which is round and plain, except two funny little bobs on the temples. Over the brass is lace closely fitted on. Under the little bobs is long, full lace, which also goes around the back of the head, only not so full.

Long live ST. NICHOLAS!

Your little ten-year-old American (not Dutch) friend,  
FRANCES P. W.—

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I lived in Washington, D. C., three years and have been to all the important public buildings in that beautiful city.

I went to the Post Office Department with papa. Mr. Wanamaker was postmaster general when Mr. Harrison was president. He gave me a little book and pencil.

Papa took me to one of President Harrison's receptions; as I passed him by he took me up in his arms and kissed me. While we lived there we were but a block from the Corean Legation; the minister would talk to me; they looked something like the Japanese; the minister's wife was a shy, black-eyed woman.

I saw in a number of ST. NICHOLAS a letter about Washington's home on the Potomac River.

This plantation was given to him by his brother Lawrence, and he lived there many years in happiness; the house is two and one half stories high.

I have some acorns from his grave. There is an old man that watches the vault and make souvenirs out of peach-stones and acorns.

I hope to see this letter published in the magazine.  
Very truly yours, GRACE G.—

HERE is a bright boy's description of his way of making shinneys. He says "they are splendid, and will stand anything."

"I get sticks," he writes, "as nearly straight as possible, and bend them at home. I have a board made like this:

There are two wooden pins at one end, at 1 and 2, around which the stick is bent; and at the other end are two rows of holes into which a pin, No. 3, can be put to hold the handle end in place.



BOARD FOR BAKING SHINNEY

"When the sticks (they should be as green as possible) are in place on the board, I put the whole thing in the back of the furnace, where the stick will bake. In about two days the sap is dried out, and the stick will keep its curve.

"Then I take a belt-lace — a leather string about half an inch wide, and one sixteenth of an inch thick — and bind it on the short end. If the stick is split, I bind it with brass wire, putting the leather binding over the wire."

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine for two years now, and I like it very much. On the first of June I am going out to Pasadena, California, and when I come back I will tell you all about it.

I read that story about the "Astonished Snow-man," and I want to tell you that our house is right at the foot of that railway. I have been up on it already, and it is great fun, though it is a little scary.

I am your reader, GARDNER A. M.—

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twin sisters, and are ten years old. We came from South America three years ago, and brought with us our pet parrot "Cora." She has a beautiful tail, three feet long. It has four different colors in it. She is always talking, from morning till night. We have a flower-house made of glass, in which she lives. We put her here because it is among flowers and plants.

We like Oakland very much. The fruit-trees and flowers are all in blossom now. We are your loving readers,  
CARMELITA AND JUANITA D.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Helena S. Dougherty, Elizabeth Campbell, Beneta Conlin, Louise K. Cowdrey, Ada Smith and Mary Fleming, Edna S. and Urania B., Bob Winsor, Ethel McG. Monypenny, Charley B. Cargile, A. Grace Bryant, Bessie Randall, Genevieve J., Carl B. P., Mary Boothroyd, Mary Louise Ely, Louise Ely Garford, K. Kent Hewitt, Robin Myers, James Albert Ayres, Harold M. Bulloway, Celia A. Nicholas, Caroline E. W. Baldwin, Greta S., Gilbert Rosenberg and Sadie Rothschild, Samuel P. B. Tagart, Amber Reeves, Winifred Emily Napier, Earl Hart and Marietta Varallo S., E. C. A. and M. Rose.

# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Joke. 2. Over. 3. Kegs. 4. Erst. II. 1. Earl. 2. Arca. 3. Read. 4. Lady.

RIDDLE. Quilt.

ZIGZAG. Frederick the Great. Cross-words: 1. Flood. 2. Brown. 3. Cream. 4. Cards. 5. Brace. 6. Carry. 7. Slice. 8. Acorn. 9. Knoll. 10. Stale. 11. Ashes. 12. Babel. 13. Icing. 14. Hurry. 15. Sleek. 16. Japan. 17. Topic.

SEVEN NUTS. 1. Chestnut. 2. Coconut. 8. Butternut. 4. Beechnut. 5. Walnut. 6. Peanut. 7. Doughnut.

SHAKSPERIAN CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Desdemona. 1. Perdita. 2. Ophelia. 3. Cassius. 4. Macduff. 5. General. 6. Romeo. 7. Antonio. 8. Leontes. 9. Titania.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. McG.—Paul Reese—Josephine Sherwood—G. B. Dyer—W. L.—Helen C. McCleary—Greta Simpson—L. O. E.—Clive—Mabel and Henri—Jo and I—Eddie K. Talboys—Two Little Brothers—"Three Brownies"—W. L. and H. A.—Addison Nejl Clark—"Cincinnati Duet"—"Jersey Quartette"—Katharine S. Doty—Donald Small—"Edgewater Two"—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Clara A. Anthony—Paul Rowley—"Merry and Co."—Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Mary K. Rake, 2—Constance Knowles, 1—Marauder, 1—Minna T. Jones, 1—Pauline, 1—Chas. V. Briggs, 1—Midget, 1—Merrick Estabrook, 1—"Vir Sapiens," 3—Edith Nestmih, 1—Bonnie Lesley F., 1—"We Three," 2—Milton F. Vore, 1—Allan P. Bender, 2—H. D. W. and E. B., 3—Elizabeth Masten, 1—Belinda and Charly, 1—Sanford Etherington, 1—Daniel Hardin, Jr., 3—"Puzzler," 4—M. Margaret Rogers, 1—Paul Paeschke, 1—Charles F. Tuttle, 2—Jessie Buchanan, 5—C. W. Adams, 7—Stirling Schroder, 2—Owen Thomas, 1—No name, N. Y. city, 1—Eugene T. Walter, 5—Nettie May Lovell, 4—F. Bradley Reynolds, 1—J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 1—Ralph W. Kiefer, 1—"Buss Fuss," 1—G. A. Hallock, 3—Edward C. Brown, 2—Lucy and Eddie H., 4—Walter C. Neely, 1—Dorothy Fairford, 1—Ethel R. Miller, 1—"Great Grannies," 6—Marian J. Homans, 4—Emma Garrison, 1—Henry Denison Fish, 5—"Juvenis," 9—No name, Ellis av., Chicago, 1—Ethelberta, 6—Caroline Seals, 1—Earl and Susie Grantham, 2—Frances D. Radford, 1—"Princess Bessie," 2—Bertha Andrews, 6—"Daughter Dorothy," 2—Maysie L., 1—Frederica Yeager, 4—Robin Myers, 1—"Sand Crabs," 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Papa, Mama, and Jack, 8—Lulu C. Shearman, 1—Helen Louise Brainerd, 5—E. F. and E. W., 3—Pchni, 1—"Kilkenny Cats," 5—"Trumpet," 7—Franklyn Farnsworth, 8—Charles Travis, 7—"The Butterflies," 7—Alma L. Knapp, 1—No name, Towanda, 5—"Embla," 9—Olive C. Lupton, 9—Laura M. Zinser, 6—M. J. Philbin, 3—E. C. C. E., 9—Norman Blake, 1—Charles Carroll, 8—G. C. Bonbright, Jr., 2.

### QUADRUPLE SQUARES.

1 . . . . . 2 . . . . . 3								
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4 . . . . . 5 . . . . . 6								
. . . . .								
. . . . .								
7 . . . . . 8 . . . . . 9								

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To have a circular motion. 2. A fresh-water bivalve. 3. A disturbance of the public peace by disorderly persons. 4. To mark.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Sound. 2. A Hebrew measure. 3. A mountain mentioned in the Bible. 4. The god of love.

III. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Drift. 2. Above. 3. A wicked Roman emperor. 4. Cupid.

IV. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To rend. 2. An old Scandinavian book. 3. An entrance to a mine. 4. Standard.

From 1 to 3 and from 1 to 7, a bird; from 3 to 9 and from 7 to 9, without a beak; from 2 to 8 and from 4 to 6, a dull fellow. JESSIE THOMAS.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will name a spring holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A son of Venus. 2. A mountain nymph. 3. The god of mockery and censure. 4. The

DIAGONAL. "City of Elms." 1. Catechisms. 2. Bituminous. 3. Mitigating. 4. Labyrinths. 5. Introduces. 6. Disaffects. 7. Disappears. 8. Incurables. 9. Hippodrome. 10. Presidents.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. G. 2. Era. 3. Grace. 4. Ace. 5. E. II. 1. P. 2. Pea. 3. Peace. 4. Act. 5. E. III. 1. E. 2. And. 3. Endow. 4. Doe. 5. W. IV. 1. W. 2. Hat. 3. Wagon. 4. Ton. 5. N. V. 1. W. 2. Cat. 3. Wanes. 4. Ten. 5. S.

ANAGRAM. Rose, sore, Eros, 'orse, ores, roes. ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Tyndall. 1. Turkey. 2. Yak. 3. Narwhal. 4. Dragon-fly. 5. Alligator. 6. Lion. 7. Leopard.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Males, Salem, lames, meals.

weight of twelve grains. 5. Household deities. 6. A famous mythological hunter. 7. One of the Muses. 8. The old Italian deity who protected shepherds and flocks. 9. The abode of the shades. 10. The goddess who presided over hunting. II. A wood nymph. "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

### DIAMOND.

1. In bayonet. 2. Furious. 3. A kind of joint. 4. In baseball, the pitcher and catcher together. 5. Dismal. 6. To do wrong. 7. In bayonet.

CHAS. D. REID.

### CHARADE.

WHEN warm suns bring my first again,  
My second will appear;  
But many years have passed by since  
My whole sailed over here.

F. G. NELSON.

### ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left hand letter, will spell the name of a famous Yorkshire school.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A play. 2. Layers of any substance covering another. 3. To go in. 4. Deep respirations. 5. To encounter with courage and fortitude. 6. Sharp points. 7. A source from which supplies may be drawn. 8. Fastening. 9. Foot-coverings. 10. Sarcastic. 11. An old word for baron. 12. Ability to perceive and perform. 13. A kind of type. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

**SUBTRACTIONS.**

EXAMPLE: Take fifty from a girdle, and leave a wager. Answer, Be-l-t, bet. The subtracted letter is not always in the middle of a word.

- 1. Subtract fifty from to stop, and leave an article of apparel.
- 2. Subtract five hundred from funny, and leave a kind of biscuit.
- 3. Subtract fifty from a jewel, and leave a fruit.
- 4. Subtract one from a Scotch lord, and leave to stuff with bacon.
- 5. Subtract fifty from a small basin, and leave a weapon.
- 6. Subtract one thousand from a servant, and leave to relieve.
- 7. Subtract five hundred from a scarcity, and leave a planet.
- 8. Subtract one thousand from something worn by a person who fences, and leave to question.

ALICE RUNNELLS.

**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

EACH of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the surname of the author of a very famous book.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.**

. . . . . \*  
 . . . . . \* .  
 . . . . . \* . .  
 . . . . . \* . . .  
 . . . . . \* . . . .  
 . . . . . \* . . . . .  
 . . . . . \* . . . . .

THE letters represented by stars spell the surname of a president of the United States.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To purchase back.
- 2. System.
- 3. Odors.
- 4. Domineered.
- 5. Propelling a boat by means of oars.
- 6. Finishing.

WINTHROP DAVENPORT FOSTER.

**PL.**

COEM of eht sodow, o gripus!  
 Chout het ragy sinceel, miste eht wrestin mogol,  
 Lilt eht mid aselis wrog gritbh twih dunsed moblo  
 Dan het rafi chears grin.

Orve het wamdose spas,  
 Gilfign hte thalew fo yam sbud, anyliff twese,  
 Ni ningish landrags dorun het chirlend's fete  
 Daim eht grispning sargs.

**GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.**

EXAMPLE: Find a city of Italy in a hero of mythology. P-rome-theus.

- 1. Find a city of France in the decorative harness of a horse.
- 2. Find a large West India island in to brood.
- 3. Find an island of the Mediterranean in concealed.

- 4. Find a famous city of ancient times in that which ruins.
- 5. Find an island belonging to England in an urgent claim.
- 6. Find an island near Scotland in an earnest appeal.
- 7. Find an Asiatic empire in a treacherous scheme.
- 8. Find a long chain of mountains in secret.
- 9. Find a long chain of mountains in consisting of more than one.
- 10. Find a South American city in the highest point.
- 11. Find a South American city in certain insects.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

**NUMERICAL ACROSTIC.**

1 . . . . .	7
2 . . . . .	8
3 . . . . .	9
4 . . . . .	10
5 . . . . .	11
6 . . . . .	12 . . . . . 18
	13 . . . . . 19
	14 . . . . . 20
	15 . . . . . 21
	16 . . . . . 22
	17 . . . . . 23

FROM 1 to 7, a pattern; from 2 to 8, a tropical fruit; from 3 to 9, farewell; from 4 to 10, an island; from 5 to 11, a metal; from 6 to 12, a goddess; from 12 to 18, a range of mountains; from 13 to 19, a famous plant; from 14 to 20, a wading bird; from 15 to 21, tawny green; from 16 to 22, to educate; from 17 to 23, a fish.

FROM 7 to 12, the Christian name, and from 12 to 17, the surname, of a famous writer.

MARY D. KITTREDGE.

**AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.**

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- 1. In Detroit.
- 2. A meadow.
- 3. Traffics.
- 4. Plants which grow in warm countries.
- 5. A portable chair.
- 6. A kind of shoe worn by peasants.
- 7. A wanderer.
- 8. Implied, but not expressed.
- 9. Coins.
- 10. Animals harnessed to vehicles.
- 11. Little.
- 12. Hail or snow, mingled with rain.
- 13. To permit.
- 14. In Detroit.

**HOOR-GLASS.**

MY centrals, reading downward, name a famous poet.  
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who lived at an earlier period. 2. A seaman. 3. A letter from Denmark. 4. Consumed. 5. An idle fancy.

MARY H. COLLA-COTT.



1



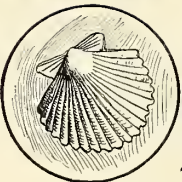
2



3



4



5





DRAWN BY HARRY ALLCHIN.

THE WOOD DOVE.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 8.

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## THE MASTERS' LESSON.

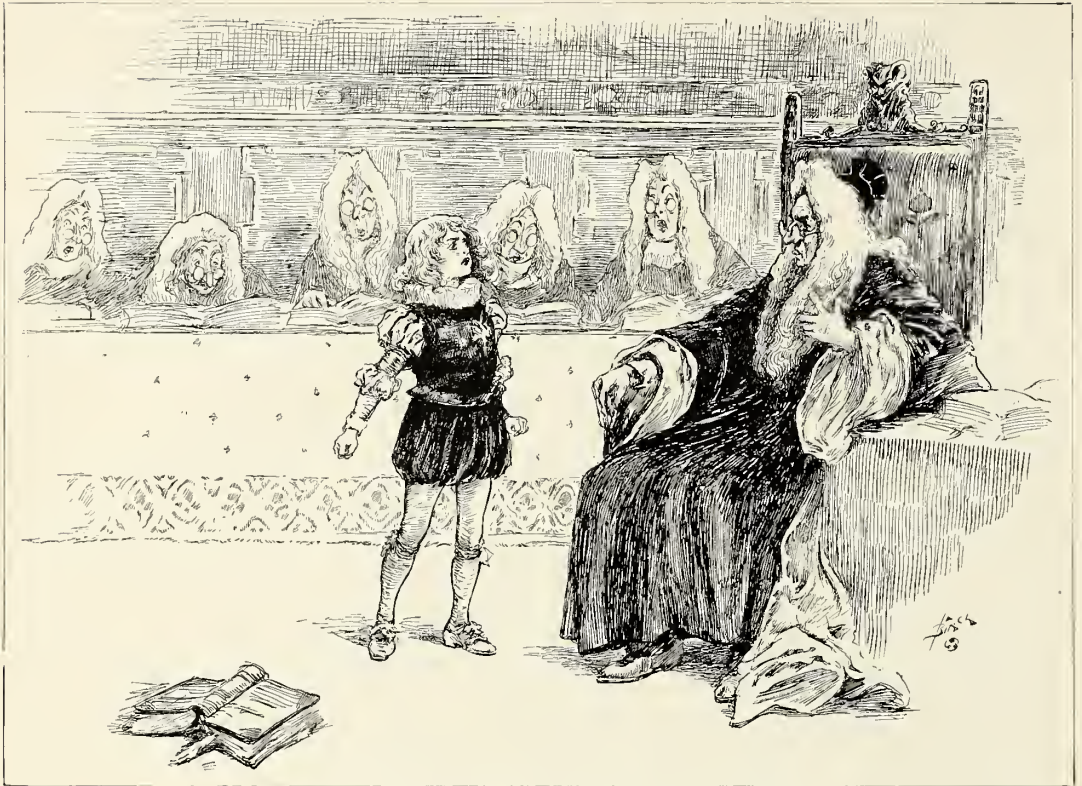
—  
BY ALICE M. LOVETT.  
—

UP within the study tower  
Sits the little gold-haired king;  
Pondering, conning, hour by hour,  
O'er the tasks his teachers bring.  
In the world beyond the window, buds and laughs a day of spring.

All about him sit his teachers,  
Ranged in silent, studious rows.  
Spectacles shine, round and gleaming,  
On each wise and lengthy nose.  
Outside sings a bird, a-darting, all the springtide news he knows.

Restless with a childish longing  
To enjoy the sweet Spring day,  
Cried the little king, upstarting:  
"Let me rest awhile, I pray;  
For a space lay by the lessons, I should like to go and play!"

Solemn glances of amazement  
Met his royal highness' whim,  
Stern they frowned them, all the masters,  
From behind each glasses' rim.  
Spake aloud the stern head master—his a presence grave and grim:



“OF THIS PLODDING I AM WEARY—IT MAY DO FOR CHURLS!”

“Know, most gracious Royal Highness,  
Till the time of recreation  
We must still adhere to study,  
And continue recitation.  
We should view the Solar System and the  
Law of Gravitation.”

Up the king stood flushing red,  
Back he tossed his curls.

“Of this plodding *I* am weary—  
It may do for churls!  
Up within this gloomy tower  
Shut with teachers stern,—  
There must be a better way  
for a king to learn!

“When we play at quoits, all know  
I may stand more near.  
I may shoot my arrow first  
When we hunt the deer.  
Things are easy made for me  
at my work or play;  
I shall seek for those who ’ll teach me  
in a king’s own way!”

Quick he tossed his silken cap  
Atop his yellow hair;  
Laughing, dancing, down he sprang  
The twisting tower-stair.

Down the stretching sunny roads,  
Blithe of heart, went he—  
Through the orchards, fair with bloom,  
laughing loud in glee.

“All things here are fresh and sweet!”  
Sang he, clear and high.

“Who shall shut a king away  
From the wide blue sky?  
Little wood-birds, sing aloud!  
Dance, green leaves, always  
Sing and dance, we ’ll all be glad—  
it is my holiday!”

O’er the wide and sunlit meadows, through  
the orchards fair,  
Sped the little King a-laughing ’neath his  
sunny hair.



"FORTH THEY WENT—A STRANGE PROCESSION." (SEE PAGE 623.)



"THROUGH THE ORCHARDS FAIR, SPED THE LITTLE KING, A-LAUGHING."

Up within the study  
tower  
Sat the teachers all  
amazed ;  
Wond'ring, when the  
king had van-  
ished,  
Down the tower stair  
they gazed.  
All their eyes rolled wide  
in wonder, every  
wrinkled hand  
was raised.

Then arising, all the  
teachers  
Donned each solemn  
gown and cap,  
Clambered, awkward,  
down the stair-  
way,  
Roused the warder  
from his nap.



"MANY YEARS, IN SOOTH, HAD VANISHED SINCE THE MASTERS' HOLIDAY!"

Each held fast a learnèd volume closely  
guarded 'gainst mishap.

Forth they went—a strange procession—  
In the glad and sunny day;  
Blinked their eyes, their feet they stumbled,  
O'er the field and orchard way.  
Many years, in sooth, had vanished  
since the masters' holiday.

Wond'ring, looked they down the valley,  
Listened to the wood-bird's call;  
Heard the brook a-dropping, dancing,  
Saw the blue sky over all.

“There are fair sights here, full surely,”  
whispered now the teachers tall.

“Pr'ythee, stay thee, Master Knowall;  
We are spent with this swift pace.  
Let us view the sights about us,  
Let us rest a little space.”  
Down they dropped them on the moss-beds,  
each exhausted with the race.

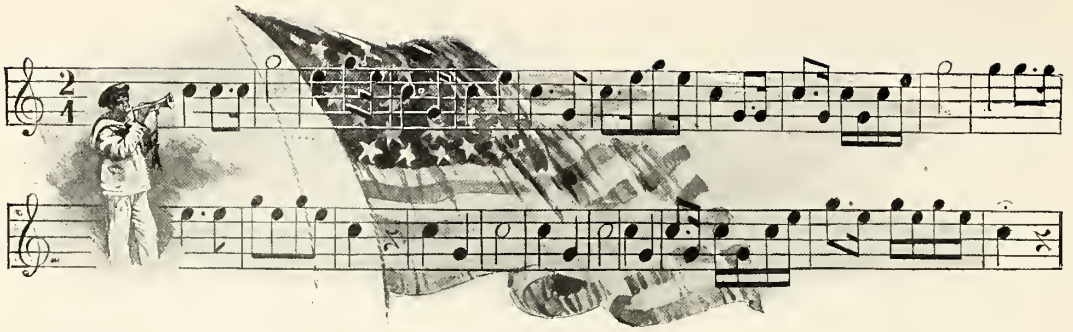
But that oldest, sternest master,  
Looking not to left or right,  
Still strode sternly up the hillside,  
On through shade and sweet sunlight.  
Far away his long cloak fluttered,  
and he vanished from their sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the king came weary-footed  
Through the falling shadows late,  
All amazed, he saw the masters,  
Not with book and solemn state,  
But in merry converse gathered 'neath the  
frowning castle gate.

Now the masters frown no longer;  
The small king ne'er runs away;  
They have taught themselves a lesson  
Which their grave books do not say.  
When the sunlight falls most fair,  
And all sweet sounds fill the air,  
King and masters lay their books by,  
and they all make holiday.





"SALUTE TO THE FLAG."

## WHAT THE BUGLE TELLS ON A WAR-SHIP.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT.

MANY of you know what an important part the bugle plays in military operations on shore: how it assembles vast bodies of men, deploys them for battle, regulates their fire, and sounds the charge, which even dumb animals understand and obey, in a desperate rush for victory. The voice of the commander gives the order; but since his voice can reach only those near him, the bugle takes it up, and carries it in piercing notes to the most distant ear.

So, too, on board of a man-of-war the bugle is used to make an order penetrate the uttermost parts of the ship, from deck to hold, from stem to stern, and from quarterdeck to mast-head. From morning till night it is calling officers and men to routine duties, and in battle it is directing nearly their every movement, and inspiring them to their utmost endeavor.

Let us spend a day on board of a man-of-war, and see how this is done. Let us suppose that she is in port. We take our place on her deck very early in the morning. The heavens are bright with stars, and about us masts and rigging, smoke-stacks and ventilators, rise up in shadowy outlines, while the big guns loom ill-defined and ghostlike. In the gangways sentinels are pacing; on the bridge a quartermaster keeps his lookout; and back and forth on the quarterdeck paces an officer, alone. By the light of a lantern he presently consults a book for the "morning orders," which have been written by the executive officer the night before; and then he directs the quartermaster to call

the boatswain's mate, the hammock-stowers, the master-at-arms, and the bugler. Then passes a period of ten minutes, during which a few shadowy figures appear on deck, and take their stand beside the long, trough-like places in the ship's bulwarks known as the hammock-nettings, opening them up and preparing them for the reception of the hammocks. Then, at the time assigned in the morning orders, the officer of the deck gives his first routine order: "Sound the reveille! Call all hands!"

At once there ring out in the hitherto silent ship those merry bugle-notes known to almost all of us:



To them have been fitted the words:

I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up in the morning.  
 I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up at all!

The captain's worse than the sergeant;  
 The sergeant's worse than the corp'ral;  
 The corp'ral's worse than the private;  
 But the major's the worst of all!

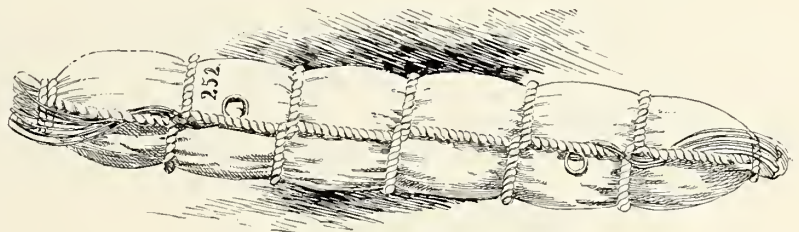
I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up in the morning.  
 I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up;  
 I can't get 'em up at all!

The last note is followed by the shrill whistle of a boatswain's mate and the prolonged, hoarse cry: "A-a-a-ll ha-a-nds!"

Then on the decks below you can hear the master-at-arms rushing from hammock to hammock, giving the sluggards a slap and a shake, and repeatedly crying:

"Heave out; heave out and lash up!"

Run below and watch the feet and legs dangling from the swinging hammocks; see the sailors drop from them to the deck, like bats from the limbs of trees, then neatly fold their blankets, roll them up with the mattress in the hammocks, and pass around the latter seven times a rope-lashing, until each resembles a huge sausage. Then, unslinging them from the hooks overhead, they carry them hastily on deck to the nettings; for in ten minutes after that bugle-call of reveille every hammock must be stowed away, and any one who comes later with his hammock is reported for punishment by the officer of the deck to the captain.



A SHIP'S HAMMOCK MADE READY FOR STOWING.

Coffee is now served out, and for fifteen minutes the sailors sit and sip it before beginning the morning work of scrubbing decks and cleaning ship. This work should be finished by five minutes to eight, when the bugle sounds the first call for colors:



upon which the quartermaster bends on the flag to the halyards of the flagstaff at the stern, and a signal-boy does the same with the "jack" at the bow, and both stand ready to hoist them at eight o'clock. A little period of waiting follows, and then eight o'clock is re-

ported by an orderly to the officer of the deck, who sends the orderly to report it to the captain. Presently the orderly returns and reports: "The captain says, 'Make it,' sir." Thereupon the officer of the deck orders: "Sound off!"

Then ring out the clear, majestic notes of the Salute to the flag,\* while all men about the deck face it as it soars with dignity aloft and floats out to the morning breeze; officers and men touching their caps in reverential salute as it comes to rest and the music dies away in long, full notes.

Breakfast follows, and upon its completion at a quarter to nine o'clock the bugle sounds



the Sick-call, when those men whose names are already on the sick-list and those seeking to get on it repair to the "sick-bay," and consult the surgeon on duty.

Meanwhile there sounds another call which means "Clean bright work."† Then tarpaulins are spread upon the decks around the guns, rags, oil, and brick-dust are produced, and the crew at once become busily engaged in cleaning and polishing the glittering brasswork of hand-rails, deck-fittings, and gun-mounts, until the call:



tells that the time for such work has expired, and they must clear up the deck for quarters.

\* See the headpiece. † See the illustration on page 627.

and drills. The call to quarters usually begins with the drum-beat and ends with the bugle-notes of "Assembly":



This is the most inspiring, rallying of all the bugle calls. Once, when encamped with one hundred men in a tropical jungle on the Isthmus of Panama, surrounded by hostile people, we were so suddenly surprised in the dead of night that our men sprang up in panic, overturning their stacks of arms without taking them, and fleeing wildly in all directions in spite of the orders and even threats of their officers. All seemed lost in a disgraceful rout, when our captain chanced to catch the flying bugler, and, holding him fast, ordered him to sound the Assembly. Then was seen the magic of that military call, reaching the ear of every panic-stricken sailor and marine with its appeal to their manhood and duty and its strangely inspiring reassurance. The flight into the jungle was instantly stayed and turned into a rush to arms, and in less than a minute every man was at his post of duty, with arms in hand, fearless and heartily ashamed of his folly.

There is one other call to quarters on board ship even more imperative than the assembly, but its notes are high and rapid, like a danger-cry.

It means: "To the guns! Cast loose and provide!" (see the illustration) and is sounded without warning by day or night. No muster is awaited then; every man flies to his station and the guns are cleared away and loaded without waiting for an order, for the call means that the enemy is at hand.

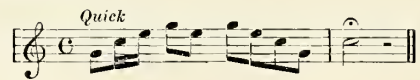
Short bugle calls then follow in action which relate to the handling of the guns, such as "Silence":



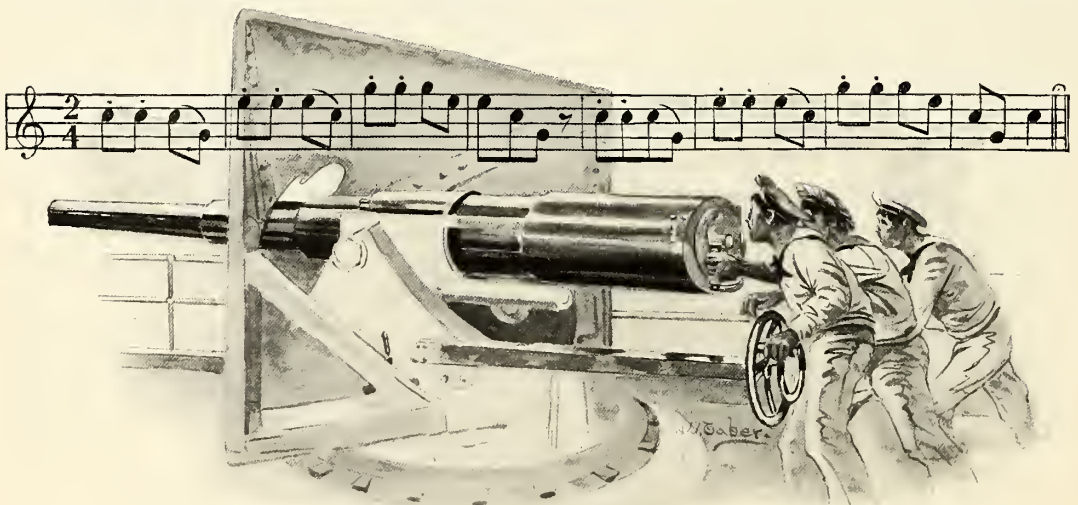
"Commence firing":



"Cease firing":



"Secure":







"CLEAN BRIGHT-WORK."

After the guns are secured and everything is made snug and tidy, the men stand quietly at their stations until they are dismissed by the call:



The call to "General quarters" is often sounded on a man-of-war in the dead of night for practice. Then officers and men spring from their bunks and hammocks; the men rush with their hammocks, half lashed, to the nettings, then hasten to their guns, cast them loose, load, and fire a blank charge (powder only); and all this can usually be done in less than ten minutes.

Another call which must be promptly obeyed is that to "Man and arm boats":



When this is sounded, boats' crews supply their boats with provisions, water, ammunition, and rifles, and the larger boats with Gatling-guns and howitzers, and prepare to make a

landing on a hostile coast, or to attack and take possession of an enemy's ship. Each boat, too, in a man-of-war, has its own bugle-call, which, when sounded, calls her crew to man that boat alone, for ordinary purposes of traffic. Thus the call for a launch is:



the call for a cutter is:



that for a whale-boat is:



that for a barge:



that for a gig:



For miscellaneous drills other than great guns, boats, or battalion, there is the "Drill call":



and the "Recall" from drill:



At noon is sounded the "Mess call" for officers' breakfast:



Sailors and soldiers alike have fitted these words to the notes:

Soupey, soupey, soup, soup  
 Without a single bean;  
 Porkey, porkey, pork, pork  
 Without a streak of lean;  
 Coffee, coffee, cof-fee,  
 The vilest ev-er see-n!

The "First call" is sounded again five minutes before sundown, when the ensign and the jack-halyards are manned, and a stay-light made ready for hoisting to indicate the ship's whereabouts during the night. Then the Color-call follows at sundown as the flag is lowered, and saluted by all as it reaches the deck. The Assembly is then sounded for evening quarters and muster, but there is no drill.

As a rule, it is just after sunset when the bugle call is sounded to "Stand by hammocks." That brings all the crew on deck, and they stand in silence close out to the ship's side beside the hammock nettings, in two ranks facing the stern, until the boatswain's mate reports to the officer of the deck, "All up and aft." The latter then orders, "Uncover! — Pipe down!"



THE BUGLER.

and that for a dinghy is sounded as follows:



The barge is the admiral's boat, and the gig is the captain's boat. If there is more than one boat of any class, one, two, or more "G's" before and after the call will indicate which boat of the class is called. When a boat is hooked on to her falls for hoisting, the notes



call every sailor on board to man the falls and hoist the boat up to her place above the deck.

and in obedience to this order and the boatswain's whistle the nettings are thrown open, and the hammocks are served out and taken below to their proper places. Each hammock has printed on it a number, and that same number is on the hooks below decks where that hammock has to be swung, so that each man sleeps in the same place every night, and that place is called his "billet."

Unless, now, a boat is called away there will be no more bugle calls until five minutes of nine o'clock. The period is one of complete relaxation, and is spent by the sailors in smoking, spinning yarns, singing, playing on musical instruments, and dancing. At five minutes of nine the First call is again sounded as a warning to the crew to prepare to turn into their hammocks and go to sleep. Then at nine o'clock comes the call known as "Tattoo":

This Tattoo is the survival of an old custom. In the "old navy" it used to last fifteen minutes, and was performed with drum and fife, playing all manner of airs and quicksteps according to the fancy or ingenuity of the drum-



CALL TO LOWER THE FLAG.

*Quick.*

mer and fifer. It is even said to have been handed down from a period of superstition, when they used to make a hullabaloo after dark to drive the devils out of the ship. At the last note of Tattoo the ship's bell is struck twice for nine o'clock, and the boatswain's whistle sounds "Pipe down." Every man must then turn into his hammock, whether he is sleepy or not, for an inspection is made by the master-at-arms to see that all have done so. Then sounds that last, long, mournful call, "Taps":

*Slow.*

## “GRIZZLY PHIL.”

BY SIDFORD F. HAMP.

ANYBODY hearing such a title as “Grizzly Phil,” and knowing that the bearer of the title was a denizen of Colorado, would very naturally suppose that the person referred to must be either a mighty hunter or a noted desperado. As it happens he was neither the one nor the other, but just a quiet-mannered school-boy of fourteen.

In a certain city which lies, like an embroidered tassel in the fringe of the Great American Desert, at the foot of the most eastern of the manifold ranges into which the great Rocky Mountains are divided, there stood, and still stands, I hope, “The St. Vrain Academy for boys and young men. Principal: The Reverend Octavius Stamford,” and when we, the pupils, reassembled after one Christmas vacation we found that a new member had been added to our company. He was a small but stocky fellow, Philip Lindsey by name, who had been sent all that long way from his home near the Atlantic coast for the benefit of living in the invigorating air of Colorado.

At first he was rather a puzzle to me; he had such odd ways. He shared my bedroom in the Chief’s house,—the Reverend Octavius was “The Chief,”—and the very first morning after his arrival, waking up while it was still almost dark, I was surprised to see him standing at the window, staring out at the mountains.

“What are you doing?” I asked. “It is n’t getting-up time yet.”

“Looking at the sunrise,” he replied. “Just come here; it’s splendid.”

“Sunrise!” I said, laughing. “Why, the sun does n’t rise in the west.”

“No, I know,” he answered; “but do just come and see.”

So I got out of bed, rubbing my eyes, and went to look. It was pretty fine, certainly. It was night yet, down where we were, but up

there in the sky, high above us, the snow-covered summit of the great Peak was shining in the light of the sun which would not rise, to us, for another hour or more, and looking, as Phil said, like a rose-colored lamp, or, as I thought, like a red silk umbrella with a candle inside it.

But standing about barefoot, at six o’clock on a winter’s morning, thinking up poetical ideas, was not much to my taste, so I hopped back into bed again, leaving Phil to admire his red lamp by himself as long as it suited him to do so.

Another time, one Saturday, when we had gone off together for a long day’s climb among the mountains, I missed my companion and, going back to look for him, found him sitting on a rock with his chin in his hands, gazing out over the plains.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

He gave a start as if he had been asleep, and rising to his feet, said: “Nothing. I was only looking at the plains.”

“The plains!” I exclaimed, rather scornfully. “What is there to look at in the plains?”

“They look like the sea,” he replied. And so they did, when I came to think of it; and the smoke of an out-going freight-train, hanging on the horizon, heightened the illusion.

That was one of Phil’s “ways”; he was always seeing things which I had had under my nose for the past year, and yet had never discovered for myself.

In the little republic of the school Phil was at once set down as “a stupid fellow.” He was extremely quiet and rather slow in his movements, and having over-grown his strength—which was the reason for his being sent to Colorado—he was, when he first arrived, easily tired out, and seemed, to those who did not know him well, both lazy and dull.

At first, I must admit, I shared the common

opinion; but, as I came to know him better,— we being thrown so much together,—I discovered by degrees that there was a great deal more in him than any of us had suspected.

For one thing, I soon found out that his silence and slowness of movement were largely the effect of his habit of watching the wild birds and animals, of which there were many that were strange to him, and of which he very soon knew more than all the rest of us put together. His patience was wonderful. He would spend a whole afternoon lying in the sun, without sound or movement, watching the antics of a group of prairie-dogs. He collected all sorts of objectionable grubs, which he kept in our bedroom — his chief treasure being a hairy old tarantula that dwelt in a glass-covered box in the wash-stand drawer. And when his museum was discovered by the matron and promptly ejected, he made no complaint but at once set about making a new collection.

Not that Phil could not get excited on occasion; but then the occasions seemed to me such odd ones.

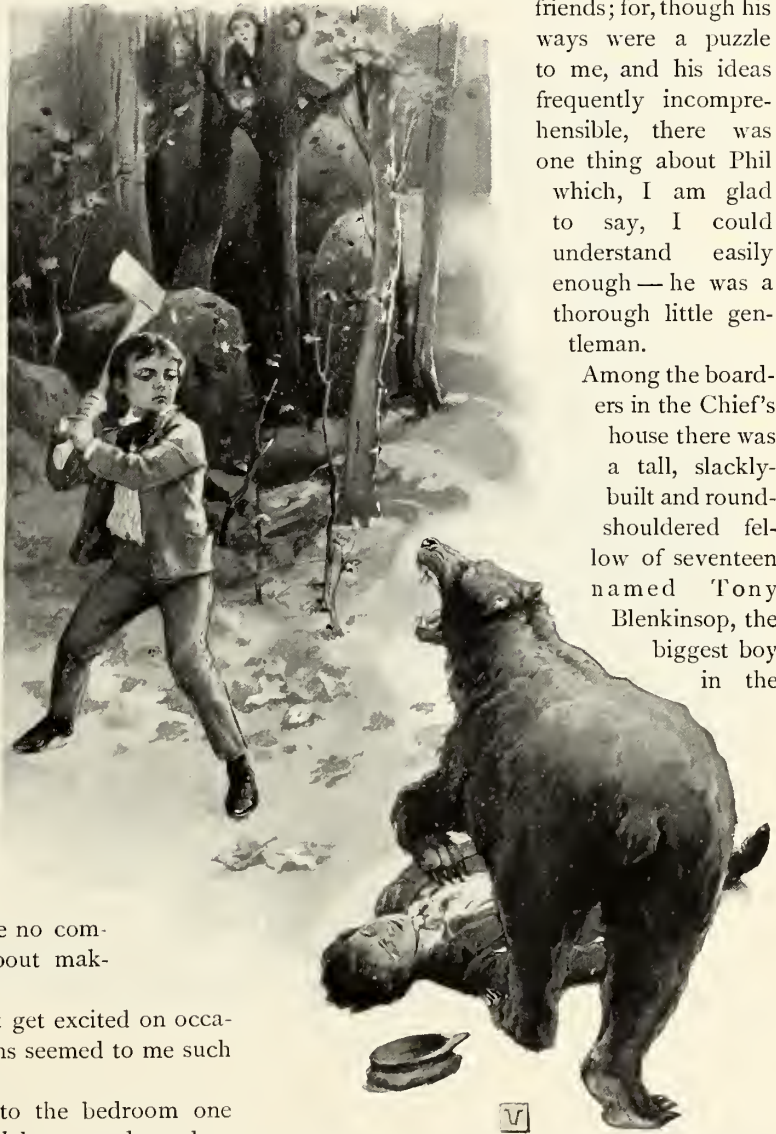
He came rushing up to the bedroom one evening in a most unusual hurry, and, producing a pill-box from his pocket, begged me to come and look. I thought he had probably found a rare bird's egg or, perhaps, even a gold nugget. Nothing of the sort; it was merely a *left-handed snail-shell*.

I am afraid he was rather disappointed by my lack of enthusiasm; but then I did not

know but that snails were as often left-handed as not!

It was evident that we were made upon very different patterns, but that did not prevent our becoming the best of friends; for, though his ways were a puzzle to me, and his ideas frequently incomprehensible, there was one thing about Phil which, I am glad to say, I could understand easily enough — he was a thorough little gentleman.

Among the boarders in the Chief's house there was a tall, slackly-built and round-shouldered fellow of seventeen named Tony Blenkinsop, the biggest boy in the



“PHIL KEPT COMING ON SLOWLY, WITH HIS EYES FIXED ON THE BEAR.” (SEE PAGE 634.)

school. He was known among us smaller boys by the name of “Blinkers,” though we took good care not to call him so to his face; for Blinkers was just the sort of fellow to keep quiet until you thought he had forgotten all

about it and then to play you some trick in revenge, generally something which made you appear ridiculous; and if there is one thing that disgusts a boy more than another it is to be made ridiculous.

For some reason of his own Blinkers chose

will, followed Blinker's lead like sheep, and so it became a received opinion in the school that Phil was a coward.

But I, the only boy in the school who really knew Phil, held the opposite opinion. I felt pretty sure that, if the occasion should ever



"EVERY BOY SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH A SHOUT." (SEE PAGE 634.)

to think or, at any rate, to say that Phil was a coward.

I believe that the origin of it lay in Phil's refusal to smoke cigarettes, for the reason that he did not care to make himself sick just for the pleasure of breaking the rule. Thereupon Blinkers called him "a young coward," and so the idea was started; and I have noticed that it is much easier, sometimes, to start an idea than to stop it. All the smaller boys, as boys

arise, Phil would be found to be a good deal pluckier fellow than Blinkers himself; and the event which proved that I was right and brought the whole school round with a rush to my way of thinking is what I set out to tell about. Some of it I know of my own knowledge, and some of it I was told, having been, part of the time, in such a position that I could not very well see for myself.

It was in September — and the Colorado sun

had done its duty and made Phil as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us — that the geology class, consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln Peak.

We went off very early by train and, after a twenty-five-mile ride, disembarked at a little wayside station, and started off on foot up into the mountains. Following a wagon-road, at first we passed a little log ranch-house, and shortly afterwards met the owner driving down with a load of fire-wood. The professor stopped and made some inquiries of the ranchman as to the best course for us to follow, and then off we started again. About a mile further on I picked up an ax which was lying in the middle of the road; it had undoubtedly fallen from the ranchman's load of wood, so I took possession of it and carried it with me, intending to leave it with the owner on the way back.

Soon we left the road and began climbing up the mountain-side among the pines and aspens. We followed a large mountain stream until we came to an open space where another stream came down, and there the professor divided his forces, sending five of us, under the leadership of Blinkers, off to the left to bring down some specimens of curiously colored rocks which we could see, far above us, on the mountain, while he and the other five continued on their course up the main stream.

Away we went,—feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independent expedition, even with Blinkers for a general,—scrambling over rocks and fallen trees, chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits, and behaving generally just like what we were — a parcel of school-boys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open park-like stretch of ground. Half way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among some high grass, and out jumped a little, dark-colored, short-legged animal, which looked like a woolly pig — if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit.

Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily engaged in digging a

tarantula's nest out of the ground with his knife; but as soon as he saw what we were doing, he came racing after us, shouting, "Look out! Look out! It's a —" We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves.

But the little animal, whatever it was, was too quick for us and disappeared into some willows while we were still twenty yards behind. The next moment the willows waved and bent and out bounced a great she-bear — a grizzly!

With a yell of dismay, we all turned and, scattering like a flock of sparrows when a cat jumps into the midst of them, fled for the nearest trees. Blinkers, quite forgetting that he was the general of the little expeditionary force, made such use of his long legs that he was safely up a tree before any of the rest of us had reached one.

As for me, I never reached one at all.

In turning to run I tripped over the axe, and though I was up again in an instant, the check made me the last of the fugitives.

The chase was very soon over. In six jumps, as it seemed, the great beast caught me, and, with one blow of her paw on the middle of my back, sent me, face downward, to the ground, with every atom of breath driven out of my body.

This last circumstance was a good thing for me; I could not have moved a muscle if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up into small pieces, as I expected, she began sniffing me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Suddenly, however, she ceased and began to growl, and I heard Blinkers up in his tree call out, "Go back! You can't do any good. You'll only get yourself killed, too." From which I concluded that Blinkers and the bear had one thought in common: they both supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my breath a little by this time, and in my anxiety to see what was going forward I made a slight movement with one arm, and in an instant the bear had that arm between her teeth. It hurt me so horribly that I fainted, and all that happened afterwards I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down, instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to

where I had dropped the ax and, picking it up, advanced to my rescue.

It was a mad thing to do, there is no doubt about that; but Phil did it—and without a thought of his own danger. It was in vain that Blinkers called to him to go back; he did not seem to hear, but kept coming on slowly, with his eyes fixed on the bear, and the ax held in readiness to strike.

The bear dropped my arm and advanced a step, standing across my body, growling and turning up her lips until all her great white teeth were exposed; but still Phil came on. At six feet distance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and then another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the moment, Phil struck at her with such force and precision that he split her skull clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear succeeded in doing some mischief.

With a last convulsive effort she struck out, and, with her great claws, tore away the front of Phil's coat, vest, and shirt, and made three deep cuts all across his chest from the left shoulder diagonally downward. Another inch and Phil must certainly have been killed. As it was, he stood for a moment swaying to and fro, and then fell forward upon the dead body of the bear.

I have no very clear recollection of how we got back to town; but I know that I was in bed for several days afterward with my arm bound up, and my back all black and blue, and so grievously stiff that I could not move or even breathe without hurting myself. But I was out again before Phil was.

It was a week later that the Chief came into the great hall one evening, just as the boys were about to disperse, and said he wished us to stay for a few minutes, as he had something to say to us. While we were whispering together and wondering what was to come he went out and, presently, returned with Phil beside him.

I had found, when I came back to school, that I was a good deal of a hero myself, but dear me! I was nothing in comparison to Phil,

naturally; and when he came in, looking rather white-faced and not able to stand up straight yet because of the scars on his chest, every boy jumped up and made a rush for him. But the Chief held up his hand and said, "Gently, boys, gently"; and so we all came up, one at a time—thirty of us—and shook hands with him and made a lame attempt to tell him how glad we were to see him again, and Phil blushed and smiled and said, "Thank you, thank you," thirty times, and then the Chief said, "Now, Lindsey, you had better go back; you must not try to do too much. And I want to speak to the boys for a minute."

So Phil went out again, and the Chief, mounting on to the little platform where his big chair stood, looked around and said, "I am glad to see, boys, that you are all so ready to welcome your school-fellow back again." There was a buzz through the group of thirty boys. "I asked you to stay over time this evening to say this to you: You all know how Philip Lindsey saved the life of his friend at the certain and great risk of losing his own. Let me tell you, boys, that it was a noble deed, a brave, noble deed"—here our good old Chief flushed up and his eyes sparkled as, stretching out his right hand, he added—"and I feel that I may safely challenge the vigorous young State of Colorado to produce a man as brave as this boy, your school-fellow."

The buzz went around the thirty again, louder this time, and we all fidgeted on our seats with anxiety to get up and shout, but once more the Chief held up his hand, and said, "One moment, boys, I have one thing more to tell you. Tomorrow will be a whole holiday in honor of Philip Lindsey."

Then, with one accord, every boy sprang to his feet, with a shout.

The old Chief smiled and nodded, and saying, "Good-night, boys," went out and left us.

I need hardly say that the idea of Philip's being a coward was swept clean away, never to be even thought of again; and from that time forth, not only in the school, but in the town as well, that silent, quiet-mannered boy was known by the absurdly inappropriate title of "Grizzly Phil."



## OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

BY ARTHUR HOEBER.



ALL of us have known bright boys or girls who had special gifts. In my time at school, I remember, there were boys who could work out the hardest sums without any trouble at all, while most of us found the answers with difficulty. There was among us a little chap who could play the piano ever so well, though he was not more than twelve years old, and another who could fill his slate with pictures, mostly soldiers, as I recall them, that were to us remarkably fine; and if you gave him a few pieces of colored chalk to touch them up—well, then, I do assure you, they were really works of art.

But not to undervalue the feats of these old schoolmates, most of them now dignified married men with boys of their own, their talents were but feeble gifts compared to the genius of some of the world-famous boys about whom I am going to tell you.

All of these young heroes were not boys, to be sure, but they either did deeds of valor that would well have become men of fifty years, or they showed for music, poetry, or art, talent of an extraordinary kind. At a time when most young men are just beginning to enter upon their modest careers, they shone out like dazzling meteors in an evening sky; and if, in some instances, their light went out early, the brilliancy of their brief glory was left as a splendid recollection.

It was only a little shepherd boy, you will remember, who delivered the Israelites from the hands of the Philistines, and saved his nation in a time of serious peril. The youth David went out alone and almost empty handed, when all the warriors of the army

were afraid, and he slew the great giant Goliath of Gath, whose height, the Bible tells us, was six cubits and a span. This boy was a born fighter, for, before he slew the giant, he had killed a bear and a lion, when they tried to steal his father's sheep.

But in later times, as well, there have been several young warriors who made great names for themselves, such, for instance as Alexander, who won the battle of the Ceranicus at twenty-two years of age. The great Napoleon was a lieutenant of artillery before he was eighteen, and a young man when he commanded the armies of Italy. Think of it!—at the age when our West Point cadets are graduated, this young Corsican had held an important command in the French armies, winning victories and laying the foundation of the most famous military career the world has ever seen.

In 1861, at the very beginning of our Civil War, a young lad named William Barker Cushing entered the Navy as a volunteer officer, though he had previously been through the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was only nineteen years old, but a braver or more reckless sailor never grasped a cutlass or stood by a gun. Never a fight but he was in the thick of it, never a battle but Cushing's name was mentioned in orders. He dared do anything that man dared. One dark night, at Plymouth, N. C., he took a boat's crew and, stealing quietly away, he crept up beside the confederate ram "Albemarle" and, taking the chances of almost certain death, he sank her by a torpedo fired from his steam launch. Then he fought at Fort Fisher with great bravery, and, what is even rarer, he used sound judgment, securing for his command all the fruits of the victory.

In one of the peaceful arts, we have the astonishing example of the Austrian musician and composer, Mozart. This lad was what we call a prodigy. He was the son of the band-mas-

ter to the Archbishop of the city of Salzburg. At four years of age—and you will admit that is truly *young*—he played the violin with the greatest ease, with an expression really wonderful. He also composed those old-fashioned dances, so quaint and sweet, called minuets, besides other simple pieces. At seven, he made a tour of Europe, giving concerts, playing before kings and queens, and surprising the whole musical world. Then, when he was about twelve, he began to write operas, and so original and delightful were these that he may be said to have founded a school or manner of writing musical compositions of a dramatic nature. After having done the work of two lifetimes, he died at the early age of thirty-nine.

These boys who draw on slates and whose time and thoughts are constantly running to pictures sometimes turn out to be great artists and leave splendid names behind them. In the great picture gallery at The Hague, which is at once the pride and joy of all true Dutchmen, hangs among other masterpieces, the most famous animal-picture in all the world. It is called "The Bull." It was painted by a very young man, whose name was Paul Potter, and who was only twenty-two when he signed this canvas. There are few paintings better known, and it is acknowledged by art critics to be the most complete work that any cattle painter has ever done.

Though this Dutchman died at the age of twenty-nine, he left behind him one hundred and forty pictures that were all out of the ordinary, while some of them were painted before he was sixteen. He made, when he was eighteen, a wonderful etching that attracted attention in the old town of Delft, and an artist in those days had to do excellent work to secure notice at all. Potter's works are greatly prized and are found in the principal galleries of the world. You may see them in the National Gallery in London; the Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna Museums; the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, the Louvre in Paris, and all the art institutions of the artist's native land.

How we all have struggled with compositions in our time, and what a bore we voted them! Sometimes, too, we thought them so unnecessary. But the ability to write well has made

many a man famous, as you all know. Away back in the middle of the last century, a young English lad, named Thomas Chatterton, was apprenticed to a lawyer of Bristol. He took his meals in the kitchen of this lawyer's house, and his life was very miserable. Finally he ran away from the town, and, like so many others, he found his way to London. Here he wrote, and here he died at the age of eighteen. In these last four years, however, he fairly devoured books, and he became interested in antiquities. He could, at sixteen, write in the fashion of the literary men of the fifteenth century, and he imitated their writing so well as to deceive some of the most learned people of London. Verses he wrote well when he was twelve, and, after he came to the big English capital, he produced with great rapidity songs, satiric poems, letters, and articles for the newspapers. He is the author of the famous "Battle of Hastings" that you will read some day; and he is considered the greatest "prodigy" in all literature.

Victor Hugo, the great French poet and novelist, is famous everywhere. He began his literary career at the age of thirteen. At sixteen he drew up his first novel, in two weeks! The Academy at Toulouse crowned two of his odes that he wrote at seventeen. At twenty, his first volume of poems was so good that he received a pension of two hundred dollars from the French government; and you are all aware how he came to be one of the greatest, as well as one of the most popular, of the French poets. His patriotism was as great as his literary gifts. His life is one of the most interesting in the literary annals of France. I saw his funeral in Paris, in May, 1885, when he was followed to the grave by a concourse of sorrowful people. The procession was miles in length. Few emperors or successful generals have had a more imposing burial, nor was ever man laid to rest who was more deeply, truly mourned than was this grand and gifted Frenchman.

Last of all in this list of youthful geniuses comes one who, I confess, has impressed me more than all the rest. How many of us have spent weary, wretched hours over our mathematics—and to those to whom figures do not come with ease, what a task it is! There was, however, a young French lad, named Blaise Pas-

cal, whose father had to hide his books so that the boy might not study mathematics too much! At the age of twelve, Pascal rediscovered for himself elementary geometry. At sixteen, he composed a treatise on Conic Sections, and at nineteen he invented a calculating machine to aid his father, who had taken a position in the Treasury Department of the French govern-

ment. You see, this boy could not be kept down, so great were his gifts. Though he died in 1662, before he was forty years old, he lived long enough to become one of the greatest philosophers and scholars of his time; to-day his writings are read all over the world, and he remains one of the most astonishing of the famous men of all times.

## THE ELEPHANT AND THE GIRAFFE.

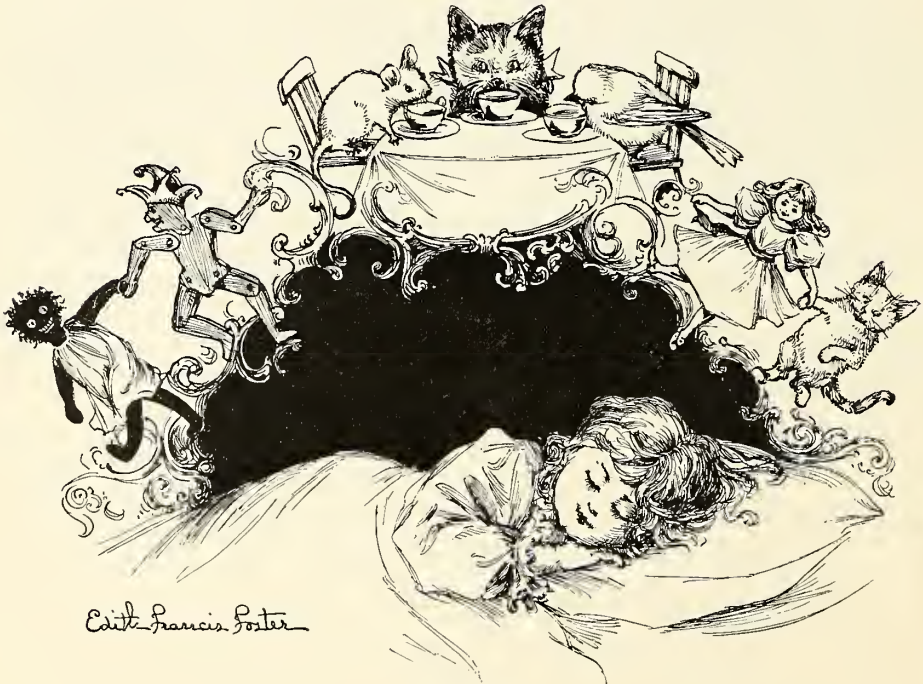
BY CHARLOTTE OSGOOD CARTER.



Said the elephant to the giraffe  
 "Your neck is too long by one half"  
 He replied "Since your nose  
 Reaches down to your toes"  
 At others you'd better not laugh."



JACK'S DREAM.



JILL'S DREAM.

# IN JUNE.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

THE rose-leaves fast are going,  
A little wind is blowing,  
It seems almost like snowing  
Under the white rose-tree;  
And oh, we all are sighing  
For June to be a-flying!  
We're anxious to be trying  
Vacation days so free.

They tell us learning's better  
Than fun, but 't is a fetter—  
I'm such a sad forgetter—  
To have to pore o'er books;  
So, June, now do please hurry,  
And make the school-days scurry,  
Bring on Commencement's flurry,  
Then—ho! for fields and brooks!

## A HUNGRY CUSTOMER.



QUOTH the Lion, "My mane is a bore,  
For I dwell in a tropical clime;  
I have called upon Barbers galore  
But—they never can get through in time!"





## THE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### CONCERNING MARCO, HIS FATHER AND HIS UNCLE.

MANY hundred years ago, in the year 1295, let us say, before Columbus discovered America, or the art of printing had been invented, a strange thing happened in Venice, Italy. Three men, dressed in outlandish garb, partly European and partly Asiatic, appeared in the streets of that city, making their way to the gates of a lofty and handsome house which was then occupied by members of the ancient family of Polo. The three strangers, whose speech had a foreign accent, claimed admittance to the mansion, saying that they were Maffeo and Nicolo Polo, brothers, and Marco, son of Nicolo, all of whom had been absent in the wild and barbarous countries of the Far East for more than twenty-four years, and had long since been given up as lost.

In those days, nobody in Europe knew much about the regions in which the three Polos had traveled; and what little they did know was from vague and few reports. Two friars, Plano Carpini and William Rubruquis, it is true, had reached the borders of Cathay, or Northern China, and had brought back accounts of the wonders of that mysterious land, of which they had heard from the subjects of the Great Khan,

who reigned over a vast empire. But nobody among the learned and most traveled people of Europe knew exactly what manner of people lived, or what countries lay, beyond the western boundary of Cathay. None knew aught of the inhabitants (or if there were inhabitants) of the regions that we now know as India, Sumatra, Japan, Corea, and the eastern coasts of Asia and Africa. It was supposed that the farthest extreme, or eastern edge, of Cathay ran off into a region of continual darkness, a bog or marsh where all manner of strange beasts, hobgoblins, and monsters roamed and howled. And it was not surprising that when the three Polos, for these were they, came back from that desperately savage country and claimed their own, they were laughed to scorn. It seemed reasonable to believe that the three, having been gone so many years, had wandered off into the Sea of Darkness and had perished miserably, or had been destroyed by the wild creatures of that terrible region.

How the three Polos so far convinced their relations, who were in possession of the Polo mansion in Venice, that they were willing to let in the new-comers, we do not know; but John Baptist Ramusio, who has written an entertaining history of the Polo family, sets forth what was done by the three Polos to prove that they were what they claimed to be, after they had

taken possession of their house. They explained that they had been in the service of the Great Khan, or Emperor, of the Mongol Empire, and that they had amassed wealth while in the region variously known as Cathay, China, Mongolia, and the Far East. This is what the good John Baptist Ramusio has to tell of the device by which Maffeo, Nicolo, and young Marco Polo finally convinced their neighbors of the truth of their marvelous story :

They invited a number of their kindred to an entertainment, which they took care to have prepared with great state and splendor in that house of theirs ; and when the hour arrived for sitting down to table, they came forth of their chamber, all three clothed in crimson satin, fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And when water for the hands had been served, and the guests were set, they took off those robes and put on others of crimson damask, whilst the first suits were by their orders cut up and divided among the servants. Then after partaking of some of the dishes, they went out again and came back in robes of crimson velvet, and when they had again taken their seats, the second suits were divided as before. When dinner was over they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company. These proceedings caused much wonder and amazement among the guests. But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining-hall, Messer Marco, as the youngest of the three, rose from table, and, going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived. Straightway they took sharp knives and began to rip up some of the seams and welts, and to take out of them jewels of the greatest value in vast quantities, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact. For when they took leave of the Great Khan, they had changed all the wealth that he had bestowed upon them into this mass of rubies, emeralds and other jewels, being well aware of the impossibility of carrying with them so great an amount of gold over a journey of such extreme length and difficulty. Now this exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement, inasmuch that they seemed quite bewildered and dumbfounded. And now they recognized that in spite of all former doubts these were in truth those honored and worthy gentlemen of the Ca' Polo \* that they claimed to be ; and so all paid them the greatest honor and reverence. And when the story got wind in Venice, straightway the whole city, gentle and simple, flocked to the house to embrace them, and to make much of them, with every conceivable demonstration of affection and respect. On Messer Maffeo, who

was the eldest, they conferred the honors of an office that was of great dignity in those days ; whilst the young men came daily to visit and converse with the ever polite and gracious Messer Marco, and to ask him questions about Cathay and the Great Can, all of which he answered with such kindly courtesy that every man felt himself in a manner his debtor. And as it happened that in the story which he was constantly called on to repeat, of the magnificence of the Great Can, he would speak of his revenues as amounting to ten or fifteen *millions* of gold ; and in like manner, when recounting other instances of great wealth in those parts, would always make use of the term *millions*, so they gave him the nickname of *MESSER MARCO MILLIONI* : a thing which I have noted also in the Public Books of this Republic where mention is made of him. The Court of his House, too, at S. Giovanni Chrisostomo, has always from that time been popularly known as the Court of the *Millioni*.

It is with the youngest of the three Polos that our story has to do ; for Marco, the son of Nicolo, was the author of the book that bears his name ; and he was the most famous traveler of his time, as you shall presently see. He was a boy seventeen years old when he first started on his adventurous journey into Far Cathay. He was forty-one years old when he returned to his native city of Venice, with his father and his uncle Maffeo ; and it was not until three or four years later, while he was a prisoner of war, that he began to write, or dictate, the tale of his wonderful travels.

The two Polo brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo, began their wanderings in the far East before Marco was born. After several years of trading and traveling in that region of the world, which was called the Levant, because the sun was seen to rise there (from the French verb *lever*, to rise), the two Polos were in Constantinople in 1260. From that city they went on a trading venture around the northern shore of the Black Sea to the Crimea and the Sea of Azov and thence into western Asia and to Bokhara, where they remained three years. While there they heard more distinct and trustworthy tales of the Great Khan, as he was called — the Emperor of the Mongols — and they resolved to go and see the splendors of his court.

At that time the Mongolian empire was one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. The Mongols, beginning their wandering life in the northern part of Asia, had overrun all of the western part of that continent, and as far

to the southward as the island of Sumatra, excepting India. To the eastward the islands of Cipangu, or Japan, alone resisted the dominion of the Great Khan, and in the west his hordes had even broken over the borders of Europe, and had taken possession of the country now known as Russia, had invaded Poland and Hungary, and had established themselves on the mouths of the Danube. During the reign of the great Jenghiz Khan and his immediate successors, it has been said that "In Asia and Eastern Europe scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the coast of Cilicia to the Amur and the Yellow Sea."

When the two Polos arrived at the chief city of the Mongol empire, Kublai Khan, a grandson of the great Jenghiz, was the reigning sovereign. The Khan had never seen any Europeans, and he was greatly pleased with the appearance of the Polo brothers. This is what Marco Polo says of the reception of his father and uncle by Kublai Khan:

When the Two Brothers got to the Great Kaan, he received them with great honor and hospitality, and showed much pleasure at their visit, asking them a great number of questions. First, he asked about the emperors, how they maintained their dignity and administered justice in their dominions; and how they went forth to battle, and so forth. And then he asked the like questions about the kings and princes and other potentates.

And then he inquired about the Pope and the Church, and about all that is done at Rome, and all the customs of the Latins. And the Two Brothers told him the truth in all its particulars, with order and good sense, like sensible men as they were; and this they were able to do, as they knew the Tartar language well.

When that Prince, whose name was CUBLAY KAAAN, Lord of the Tartars all over the earth, and of all the kingdoms and provinces and territories of that vast quarter of the world, had heard all that the Brothers had to tell him about the ways of the Latins, he was greatly pleased, and he took it into his head that he would send them on an Embassy to the Pope. So he urgently desired them to undertake this mission along with one of his Barons; and they replied that they would gladly execute all his commands as those of their Sovereign Lord. Then the Prince sent to summon to his presence one of his Barons whose name was COGATAL, and desired him to get ready, for it was proposed to send him to the Pope along with the Two Brothers. The Baron replied that he would execute the Lord's commands to the best of his ability.

After this the Prince caused letters from himself to the Pope to be indited in the Tartar tongue, and com-

mitted them to the Two Brothers and to that Baron of his own, and charged them with what he wished them to say to the Pope. Now the contents of the letter were to this purport: He begged that the Pope would send as many as an hundred persons of our Christian faith; intelligent men, acquainted with the Seven Arts, well qualified to enter into controversy, and able clearly to prove by force of argument to idolaters and other kinds of folk, that the Law of Christ was best, and that all other religions were false and naught; and if they would prove this, he and all under him would become Christians and the Church's liegemen. Finally he charged his Envoys to bring back to him some Oil of the lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem.

When the Prince had charged them with all his commission, he caused to be given them a Tablet of Gold, on which was inscribed that the three Ambassadors should be supplied with every thing needful in all countries through which they should pass — with horses, with escorts, and, in short, with whatever they should require. And when they had made all needful preparations, the three Ambassadors took their leave of the Emperor and set out.

So great was the reverence in which the Great Khan was held by all who frequented his court that he was called the Lord, or the Lord of the earth. Ramusio spells the title variously, sometimes "Kaan," and sometimes "Can." He also calls him "Cublay" at times, but most scholars give the name as Kublai. The Seven Arts which the Great Khan wanted to have brought to his court by teachers were as follows: Rhetoric, Logic, Grammar, Arithmetic, Astronomy, Music, and Geometry. These were then regarded as the sum of human knowledge; and if the people of the Great Khan were taught in these, they would know all that the Europeans knew.

Everything went well with the travelers except that the Tartar baron, who had been sent with them, fell sick and had to be left behind. The brothers reached home in 1269, and found to their great dismay that the Pope had died and that his successor had not been chosen. So they waited two years, and still no new pope was elected to the place of him who had died. They hankered after the rich field of trade which they had found in Cathay, and taking Nicolo's son, the young Marco, with them, they started again for the realms of Kublai Khan. At Acre, a noted seaport of Palestine not far from Jerusalem, they asked the advice of an eminent churchman, the Archdeacon Tebaldo,



as to how they should satisfy the Great Khan that they had done their best to fulfil his desires in the matter of bringing back priests to educate his newly acquired subjects in the Christian faith.

From the Archdeacon they got letters explaining the cause of the failure of that part of their mission; and from him they obtained some of the oil from the lamp that burns in the sepulchre of our Lord in Jerusalem. Armed with these the Polos started on their return, but they had not gone far when they were overjoyed to learn that their good friend, Archdeacon Tebaldo, had been chosen Pope. The news was sent after them and they went back to Acre, where Tebaldo, now known as Pope Gregory X., received them graciously; but he could supply them with only two priestly teachers, and these afterwards became so alarmed by the dangers of the way that they drew back. It is related that the Great Khan, in consequence of this failure to supply him with Christian teachers, resorted to Tibet, where he found holy men who brought for his unruly subjects instruction in the religion of Buddha.

## CHAPTER II.

### YOUNG MARCO AT THE COURT OF KUBLAI KHAN.

MARCO and his father and uncle were very cordially received when they reached the court of the Great Khan, which was then established at the imperial summer residence among the hills to the north of Cambaluc, or Peking. The palace was a vast group of buildings and was known as the City of Peace, or Chandu: its other names were Kemenfu, Kaininfu, and Kai-pingfu. Here is young Marco's own account of the reception which the three Venetians had in the City of Peace:

And what shall I tell you? When the Two Brothers and Mark had arrived at that great city they went to the Imperial Palace, and there they found the Sovereign attended by a great company of Barons. So they bent the knee before him, and paid their respects to him with all possible reverence, prostrating themselves on the ground. Then the Lord bade them stand up, and treated them with great honor, showing great pleasure at their coming, and asked many questions as to their welfare

and how they had sped. They replied that they had in verity sped well, seeing they had found the Kaan well and safe. Then they presented the credentials and letters which they had received from the Pope, which pleased him right well; and after that they produced the Oil from the Sepulchre, and at that also he was very glad, for he set great store thereby. And next, spying Mark, who was then a young gallant, he asked who that in their company? "Sire," said his father, Messer Nicolo, "t is my son and your liegeman." "Welcome is he too," quoth the Emperor. There was great rejoicing at the Court because of their arrival; and they met with attention and honor from everybody. So they abode at the Court with the other Barons.

Now it came to pass that Marco, the son of Messer Nicolo, sped wondrously in learning the customs of the Tartars, as well as their language, their manner of writing and their practice of war; in fact he came in brief space to know several languages and four sundry written characters. And he was discreet and prudent in every way, insomuch that the Emperor held him in great esteem. And so when he discerned Mark to have so much sense, and to conduct himself so well and beseeingly, he sent him on an embassy of his, to a country which was a good six-months journey distant. The young gallant executed his commission well and with discretion. Now he had taken note on several occasions that when the Prince's ambassadors returned from different parts of the world, they were able to tell him about nothing except the business on which they had gone, and that the Prince in consequence held them for no better than fools and dolts, and would say: "I had far lieber hearken about the strange things, and the manners of the different countries you have seen, than merely be told of the business you went upon"; for he took great delight in hearing of the affairs of strange countries. Mark, therefore, as he went and returned, took great pains to learn about all kinds of different matters in the countries which he visited, in order to be able to tell about them to the Great Kaan.

When Mark returned from his embassy he presented himself before the Emperor, and after making his report of the business with which he was charged, and its successful accomplishment, he went on to give an account, in a pleasant and intelligent manner, of all the novelties and strange things that he had seen and heard; insomuch that the Emperor and all such as heard his story were surprised, and said: "If this young man live, he will assuredly come to be a person of great worth and ability." And so from that time forward he was always entitled MESSER MARCO POLO, and thus we shall style him henceforth in this Book of ours, as is but right.

Thereafter Messer Marco abode in the Kaan's employment some seventeen years, continually going and coming, hither and thither, on the missions that were entrusted to him by the Lord, and sometimes, with the permission and authority of the Great Kaan, on his own private affairs. And, as he knew all the sovereign's ways, like a sensible man he always took much pains to gather knowledge of any thing that would be likely to

interest him, and then on his return to Court he would relate everything in regular order, and thus the Emperor came to hold him in great love and favor. And for this reason also he would employ him the oftener on the most weighty and most distant of his missions. These Messer Marco ever carried out with discretion and success, God be thanked. So the Emperor became ever more partial to him, and treated him with the greater distinction, and kept him so close to his person that some of the Barons waxed very envious thereof. And thus it came about that Messer Marco Polo had knowledge of, or had actually visited, a greater number of the different countries of the World than any other man; the more that he was always giving his mind to get knowledge, and to spy out and inquire into everything, in order to have matter to relate to the Lord.

It is pleasant to think of this bright young stranger in the court of Kublai Khan winning friends for himself by his zeal in the acquiring knowledge of the peoples and countries subject to the sway of the Khan. By his intelligence and agreeable manners he was able to command the means to explore countries which, even to this day, are very imperfectly understood by the rest of the world. Within the memory of men now living, European travelers have explored, for the first time since Marco Polo's visits, the Pamir steppes, other portions of Mongolia, Tibet, and some of the southwestern provinces of China.

He was the first traveler to trace a route across the whole length of Asia, says one of his biographers, "describing kingdom after kingdom that he had seen with his own eyes." He was the first traveler to explore the deserts and the flowering plains of Persia, to reveal China with its mighty rivers, its swarming population, and its huge cities and rich manufactures; the first to visit and bring back accounts of Tibet, Laos, Burmah, Siam, Cochin China, Japan, the Indian Archipelago, Ceylon, Farther India, and the Andaman Islands; the first to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia; the first to speak even vaguely of Zanzibar, Madagascar, and other regions in the mysterious South, and of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean in the terrible and much dreaded North. Although centuries have passed since young Marco Polo grew to man's estate while threading his dangerous way among these distant lands, we must still look back to his discoveries for much that we know about those countries; for we have

learned nothing new of many of them since his time.

Years passed while the three Polos were gathering riches and knowledge in Cathay; the Great Khan was growing old and infirm, and the father and the uncle of Marco were now well stricken in years. It was time that they took back to Venice their gold, precious stones, and costly stuffs. But the old emperor growled a refusal whenever they suggested that they would like to leave his court. A lucky chance gave them an opportunity to get away.

The Khan of Persia, Arghun, who was a great-nephew of Kublai Khan, had lost his favorite wife, and, fulfilling her dying request, he now sent to the Mongol court for a lady of her own kin. The Lady Kukachin, a lovely damsel of seventeen years, was selected to be the bride of the Persian Khan, and three envoys of the widowed ruler were told to take her to him. But the way from Cathay to Persia was very hazardous, owing to the wars that then prevailed; and it was thought best for the party to take ship from one of the ports of China to Ormus, on the Persian Gulf. The Tatars are not good sailors, and the Persian envoys, who could not get much help or comfort from their friends in the court of Kublai Khan when they planned their voyage, naturally bethought them of engaging the services of the three hardy and adventurous Venetians, who were voyagers, as well as land travelers.

The Great Khan was most unwilling to part with his favorite and useful Venetians, but, having consented to let them go, he fitted out a noble fleet of ships, and giving them friendly messages to many of the kings and potentates of Europe, including the king of England, he sped them on their way. They sailed from Zayton, now called Tsinchau, a seaport of Fuhkien, on the southeast coast of China, but were so detained by storms and the illness of some of the suite that it was twenty-six months before they arrived at their destination. Two of the three envoys died on the way, and when the three Venetians and the lady who had been confided to their care reached the court of Persia, they found that the Khan was dead and another, Kaikhatu, reigned in his stead. In that country and in those days the wishes of a

lady were not much considered in the matter of marriage, and the son of the reigning Khan, Ghazan, married the young lady who had journeyed so far to find a husband. It is recorded that the young lady wept sadly when she parted with the kindly and noble Venetians; and so they took their way homeward and arrived in Venice, as we have said, in the year 1295 — six hundred years ago.

and war vessels whenever a war was brought on; and as most of the fighting was done on the sea, the great crafts propelled by oars and called galleys were brought into service. In one of these wars the Polo family took part, for they were rich and noble; and Marco Polo, now a man of mature years, was commander of a great and powerful galley. He had the misfortune to be captured in a battle with the



THE KHAN'S FLEET PASSING THROUGH THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

At that time Venice and Genoa were rival republics, not merely Italian cities. Each was an independent state and held rich possessions in the Levant, the Crimea, and around the Mediterranean. They were almost continually at war with each other and with the republic of Pisa. It was expected and required of all rich and noble citizens of these republics that they should furnish a certain number of fighters

Genoese fleet, off the island of Curzola, on the Dalmatian coast, in September, 1298.

After that great defeat, Marco Polo was carried a prisoner to Genoa, where he was held until some time during the following year, probably in August, when a treaty of peace between the two warring republics having been signed, he was restored to his own country. If Marco Polo had not been captured at the battle of

Curzola, or in some other of the many sea-fights between the two republics, we probably never would have had his famous book to enlighten us concerning the lands he saw and described.

And this is how it happened: You have already seen that it was Marco's sensible custom to tell his adventures to those who came to ask him about his travels in the heart of Asia; and when he found himself shut up in the prison of Genoa, he speedily made the acquaintance of his fellow prisoner, one Rusticiano, of Pisa, who was also a captive of war. Luckily for us, Rusticiano was a writer of some repute, and, hearing from Marco's lips many tales of marvelous adventure, he besought the traveler to set these down in writing. But noblemen, and indeed gentlemen of high degree, in those days did not think well of writing; it was no disgrace to be unable to write anything more than one's name; and the high and mighty of the land looked down with contempt upon "scriveners and scribes," as writers were called. The world has gotten bravely over that notion.

Howbeit, Marco agreed to dictate his story to Rusticiano, having recourse to his own memory, and perhaps to the note-books which he must have written when he was in the service of the Great Khan, and which may have been sent to him while he was in the Genoese prison. It is to the book written by Rusticiano, as the words fell from the lips of Marco Polo, that we are indebted for the valuable information and the entertaining knowledge of the East which is now spread over many books. And it is because it was dictated, or recited, and not written by Marco's own hand, that we find that in it Marco is always spoken of in the third person; he never says "I did this and that," but always "Messer Marco Polo"; or he uses some such modest terms.

As the art of printing had not then been invented, Rusticiano was obliged to write on parchment the story of Marco Polo; and for many years afterward copies of that book were very precious, for every one of them had to be written out with infinite labor: and some of them were illustrated with drawings and paintings of the wonders described in the book. The oldest and most valuable of these manuscript

books in existence is in the Great Paris Library, and as it was undoubtedly written during the lifetime of Marco Polo, and may have been revised by him, it is regarded as the most authentic, as it is the oldest, of all the manuscript copies of Marco Polo's book. It may be the original book. There are, all told, more than seventy-five manuscript copies of Marco's book in various parts of Europe, and written in various languages. The original work was written in French, then one of the commonest languages of the commercial world. The first printed edition of the book was in German, and was produced in Nuremberg in 1477. There have been several editions printed in English, the most famous and best of which, "Travels of Marco Polo," was translated and edited by Colonel Henry Yule, an English officer and scholar of renown. It is from his book that we derive all the information collected for the readers of these chapters of ST. NICHOLAS.\*

The strange knowledge of the world which the book of Marco Polo contained confirmed, among other things, the tales brought from the East by the Friars Plano Carpini and William Rubruquis in 1246 and 1253, respectively. People now learned that the eastern part of Asia did not run off into an impenetrable swamp covered with clouds of perpetual darkness; for the three Venetians had sailed from the south-eastern coast of Cathay, or China, around to the Persian Gulf. Scholars and travelers were a long time, however, trying to digest the vast amount of geographical knowledge brought back by the Polos. They learned that there was an ocean east of Asia, as well as an ocean west of Spain and England; why did n't they begin to think of crossing westward from Spain to the Cathay of which such exact accounts had been brought by Marco Polo?

As written books were all that readers had, and these works were few and costly, the book of Messer Marco Polo did not have a wide circulation. As we have seen, people traveled very slowly in those days, and news and information of all kinds also made its way with even greater slowness. When Christopher Columbus, who lived in the very city where Marco Polo had been imprisoned and in which he

\* By permission of the publisher, John Murray, London.

wrote his book, began to pick up information about the world, some two hundred years later, he must have come across some portion of the tales told by Marco. But there is no certainty that he ever saw a copy of Polo's book. Columbus derived from other sources, or at second-hand from Polo, the facts that confirmed him in his belief that the sea between Europe and Cathay—the ocean sea—was very narrow, and that the world was not so big around as most people supposed.

But when Columbus finally set forth on his voyage into "the Sea of Darkness," bound for India and an unknown land, he carried with him letters written to the Great Khan by the sovereigns of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella. When he lighted upon what we now know as the islands of the American continent, he supposed that he had touched the dominions of the Great Khan; and he was continually on the lookout for the land of Cipangu, spoken of by Marco Polo, where there were such riches of gold and gems and fabulously gorgeous commodities.

In his lifetime, and indeed long after, Marco Polo was regarded as an inventor of idle tales. Even within fifty years, thoughtless and ignorant writers have alluded to him as a great liar; but time has set him right, and recent explorations and rediscoveries have proved that he told the truth about things and places that he saw. If he gave currency to fables and traditions, he never adopted them as his own; he told his readers what he had heard, and then left them to judge whether these things were true or not. And some of the wonders that he described, and which seemed unbelievable, are now proved to be not so wonderful, after all. Now that we understand what a volcano is, we can well believe that those who never saw or heard of a volcano would be slow to believe a traveler who told of a burning mountain that continually sent forth fire and smoke from its inside. To this day, some of the natives of tropical regions refuse to believe that water becomes a solid mass in the winter of the North, so that men and boys can walk on it, and drag heavy weights over it.

Marco Polo was not a great genius inspired with a lofty enthusiasm, as Christopher Colum-

bus was; but he told the truth, and he deserves a very high place among those who have made notable additions to the knowledge of the world. Perhaps he suffered some slight from the people who lived during his own time because they found it hard to believe that the world was inhabited by human beings all around it; that there was no sea of perpetual darkness, as they had been taught; and that the people of Asia were really ingenious and skilful traders and workers, and not savages and cannibals, as they had supposed. Perhaps, too, the big, swelling words and bombastic style with which the worthy Rusticiano set forth Marco's book caused some people to regard it with contempt and even suspicion. We cannot better conclude this chapter than with Rusticiano's prologue, or preface, to the book of Marco Polo:

GREAT Princes, Emperors, and Kings, Dukes, and Marquises, Counts, Knights, and Burgesses! and People of all degrees who desire to get knowledge of the various races of mankind and of the diversities of the sundry regions of the World, take this Book and cause it to be read to you. For ye shall find therein all kinds of wonderful things, and the divers histories of the great Hermania, and of Persia, and of the Land of the Tartars, and of India, and of many another country of which our Book doth speak, particularly and in regular succession, according to the description of Messer Marco Polo, a wise and noble citizen of Venice, as he saw them with his own eyes. Some things indeed there be therein which he beheld not; but these he heard from men of credit and veracity. And we shall set down things seen as seen, and things heard as heard only, so that no jot of falsehood may mar the truth of our Book, and that all who shall read it or hear it read may put full faith in the truth of all its contents.

For let me tell you that since our Lord God did mould with his hands our first Father Adam, even until this day, never hath there been Christian, or Pagan, or Tartar, or Indian, or any man of any nation, who in his own person hath had so much knowledge and experience of the divers parts of the World and its Wonders as hath had this Messer Marco! And for that reason he be-thought himself that it would be a very great pity did he not cause to be put in writing all the great marvels that he had seen, or on sure information heard of, so that other people who had not these advantages might, by his Book, get such knowledge. And I may tell you that in acquiring this knowledge he spent in those various parts of the World good six-and-twenty years. Now, being thereafter an inmate of the Prison of Genoa, he caused Messer Rusticiano of Pisa, who was in the said Prison likewise, to reduce the whole to writing; and this befell in the year 1298 from the birth of Jesus.

(To be continued.)



BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THE bells are clanging in the shady vale;  
 "Co-boss," she cries, "co-boss."  
 The cattle crop the lush grass in the trail;  
 "Co-boss, co-boss."

Now with a jangling rush they crowd  
 along;  
 "Co-boss," she cries, "co-boss."  
 And now they linger as she drops her  
 song;  
 "Co-boss, co-boss."

They stand and low and loiter in the lane;  
 "Co, co, co-boss."

And now they start and dash their bells again;  
 "Co, boss, co."

And now they pass serenely in a line;  
 "Co-boss, co, co, co-boss."  
 The clangor falters and the voice benign;  
 "Co, boss, co."

And some one calls "good-night" beside  
 the bars;  
 "Co-boss, co-boss."  
 The dewy dusk is pierced with early stars;  
 "Good-night."  
 "Co, boss, co."



# TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THEMSELVES.

BY MRS. M. BERNARD.

## I.

### WHAT YOUR BODIES ARE MADE OF.

ALL of you, healthy boys and girls, every day of your lives, are constantly using some part of your bodies,—running, jumping, eating; seeing all the beautiful things in the world around you, hearing the birds sing and your playfellows talk; shouting with joy sometimes, and sometimes crying with pain. I wonder if you ever stop to think of what these bodies of yours are made, and how it is that they can do so many wonderful things with so little trouble on your part? Perhaps you fancy that it is only grown-up people that can understand about such things—that you need not trouble your heads about them. But I think you are quite able to understand some of the wonders that are going on every day and every hour inside of you, and I am sure you will find, if you listen to what I have to tell you, that the little palace you live in, your body, is quite as interesting as any fairy palace that you have read of in your story-books.

You all know what your bodies are like outside. If you were asked what are the different divisions of your body which you can see at once, I think you would say your head, your two arms and your two legs, and the thick middle part on to which all these are joined. Your arms and legs are often called your limbs, and the middle part your trunk; so we may say that your body is made up of a head, trunk, and four limbs.

Now there is one great difference between your head and trunk, and your limbs. Your head and trunk are both like boxes filled with curious kinds of machines, which must work properly if you are to remain alive and well. But your arms and legs are not boxes; there is not any space inside them. They are added on to the trunk,

and used for defending it and the head, and for moving them from place to place.

Feel your arm and try to think what is inside it, before you read any further; then when you read on, you can see if you are right. You can all tell me what its outside covering is—what it is that you touch when you pass your hand over your arm. You know that it is your *skin* which is the smooth outside covering. It *feels* smooth to you, I am sure; but if you have a magnifying glass in the house, just hold it near your finger and look through it, and you will see that your skin is not really very smooth. On your hands and fingers it looks raised up into many ridges, and is folded and wrinkled wherever it has to bend. On your arm the skin is smoother, yet finely wrinkled, and pitted with numbers of tiny holes. In some places it seems to be peeling off, and hairs, which you can hardly see without the glass, stand up all over it.

What you see as the covering of your arms and of the rest of your body is only the outer skin; underneath it is another, much darker in color—quite red, in fact, like blood. There is one great difference between your outer skin and this lower one. If you prick the top skin with a needle, taking care not to pierce below it into the lower, you will feel no pain. The little girls among you have probably often run their needle through this upper skin while sewing, and you boys have no doubt sometimes had blisters on your hands from doing some hard work, digging in the garden, or rowing in a boat, or on your feet from the rubbing of a badly-fitting boot. Have you tried to prick them to let out the water that is in them? These blisters are made by the upper skin rising up from the lower, and the space left between them gets filled with what looks like water. It does not hurt you to put a needle through the upper skin; but if you prick deeper, and go through the lower skin, you feel pain, and blood comes out of the hole that is made.

This shows you that there must be something in the lower skin which is not in the upper: something that feels pain, and some blood. If you could only see well enough through that little hole, you would find running through the lower skin a kind of network of very fine white threads, and another network of tiny pipes with blood inside them. The tip of the needle touched one of these little white threads, which are called nerves, and so you felt pain; it broke some of the little pipes which hold blood, and so a drop of blood came out of it.

When you get a bad cut, the knife passes through both the skins, and then what does it enter? Something firm and red which lies beneath the lower skin. This is your *flesh* or *muscle*, and through it in every part runs a network of fine white nerve-threads, and another network of tiny blood-pipes, very like those in the lower skin. So you feel pain, and blood rushes out; more pain and more blood than before, because, by going deeper, you have touched more nerves and pricked more blood-vessels.

The flesh, or *muscle*, as we must call it, lies in great pads and often in what seem like bands and ropes, everywhere under your skin, between it and the hard bones. Sometimes there is a great thick pad made up of many muscle-bands (as in the upper part of your leg), and sometimes only so thin a pad that you can quite well feel the hard bone beneath (as in your chin).

So now we have gone through two skins, a pad of fat, which in some of you is much thicker than in others, and a pad of red muscle, and at last we come to the hard bone which lies beneath them all and forms the stiff middle part of your arm or leg.

Just think for a moment of what use your bones are to you. What would your body be like without them? It would be nothing more than a soft bag, which could have no special shape and could not stand upright. If you want to make a straw man — as a scarecrow, perhaps — you would have to run a stick right through him to make him stand. As a straw man does not need to sit down or bend, one straight stick through him is enough; but you have not only to stand, but to sit and to walk, and so you have a kind of prop down your back, your backbone, and other bones down your legs

and arms, which can move separately. When you think how very many parts of your body you want to move, you will see why you need to have a great many different bones. Have you ever tried to count, through your skin, how many bones you have? You could not count them all, however much you tried, because they are joined together in many places where you cannot feel the joint as you can feel it at your elbow or knee. But if you try to count all the different hard pieces that you can feel in different parts of your body, you will find, I am sure, far more than you expect. My little girl of seven has been able to count more than one hundred! If some of you will try to count your bones in this way, and write down the number, I will tell you in my next talk how many you really have, and how many I think you ought to be able to feel.

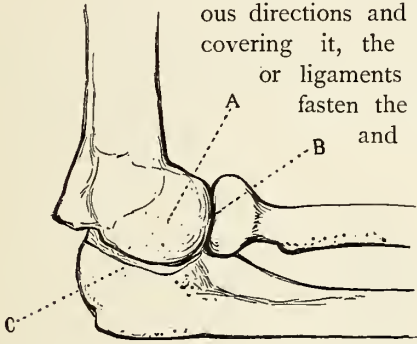
Your bones would not be of much use to you if they all lay loose in the flesh, and so they are very well joined together. Do you know how? Have you ever looked at the bones of a chicken's leg after you have taken off all the meat? Next time you have a chicken at dinner, ask to be allowed to keep the two bones of its leg, the drumstick and the thigh bone, and when they are quite dry you can scrape off any little bits of meat or gristle still on them, and see the shape of their ends, which made a joint before you separated them. When they are quite clean, see how neatly they fit into each other at the joint. One bone has a rounded end, and the other a scooped-out end, and the round part fits into the hollow. The one moves easily upon the other because there is always a little oily fluid at the joint. In the living chicken, tough, tapelike bands, called *ligaments*, tie the ends of the bones together, in such a way as to allow them to move, but not to come apart.

Your own bones all fit into each other at the joints something in the same way. Look at the two figures I have drawn of the elbow-joint. Fig. 1 shows you what your elbow would look like if the skin and flesh were all scraped off, and nothing but the bare bones left. At the part marked *a* you see the rounded end of the upper bone of your arm, and at *b* and *c* the scooped-out ends of the two bones which stiffen the lower part of your arm, and you see how easily



the round end can move in the hollow made by the two scooped-out ends, especially as there is a little oily fluid between the bones. But in Fig. I there is nothing to hold the bones together.

Fig 1.



Now look at Fig. II and you will see, twisted round the elbow-joint in various directions and partly covering it, the bands or ligaments which fasten the upper and lower

bones together. Now if you imagine the bones and ligaments you see in Fig. II covered with red muscle, then with a layer of whitish fat, and then with your two skins, you will have an elbow made just like your own.

We have now talked of your skin, fat, muscle, and bones, and the fine blood-vessels running all through the lower skin and the flesh, and even entering the bone; we have also mentioned the fine white nerve threads, which help you to feel, and also, as we shall see later, to move. All these — skin, fat, muscle, blood-vessels, and nerves — are to be found not only in your arms and legs, but all through your body.

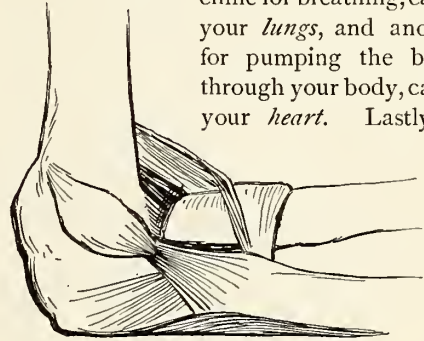
We have already described your trunk and head as boxes. But what is inside these boxes? Something that is not to be found in your arms and legs: — a whole set of wonderful machines which you are constantly using, and some of

which go on working even when you are fast asleep!

Your trunk is divided into two parts — into an upper and a lower box, as it were. In the lower box of your trunk, which is made of skin and muscle, so that it can change its shape, you have a very large machine with many different parts for receiving the food you eat, and changing it. The name of this machine I think I need not tell you, for all little boys and girls have at some time or other had pain after eating something that was not good for them, and were told that it was *stomach-ache*. Then, in the upper box, which is like a basket with

Fig 2.

your bony ribs for its sides, you have a machine for breathing, called your *lungs*, and another for pumping the blood through your body, called your *heart*. Lastly, in



the very solid, bony box, the sides of which you feel as you pass your hand round the upper part of your head, is the most wonderful and precious machine of all, which helps all the other machines in your body to do their work. This is your *brain*.

There are many other curious machines and arrangements in your bodies, and when older, I hope you will learn about them; but these are all we need mention now, so that you may follow what I want to tell in our other talks.

## OUT OF SEASON.

Down the garden path walked Nancy,  
Under summer skies,  
Seeing everything around her  
With her eager eyes.

Soon she spied a caterpillar—  
Great surprise is hers:  
“ See, Mama, this funny fellow  
Still has on his furs ! ”

A. L. Bunner.

# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER XI.

### ON THE ROAD.

As they walked toward the village together, Sindbad said, glancing at his watch :

"That 's the shortest of all my voyages. Dear me ! I don't like to rush things in that way."

"How long was your longest journey ?" asked Tom.

"A trifle over two hundred years," replied the explorer.

"Two hundred years !" cried Tom, almost incredulously.

"Yes, but most of the time I was incarcerated in a jail on the coast of Spain, under sentence of imprisonment for life for some crime against the State ; I forget exactly what, now, but I think it was for stepping on the tail of the royal cat on the occasion of one of my visits to the king's palace. That term of imprisonment was an odd experience," and Sindbad smiled at the recollection. "You see, having partaken of the Fountain of Youth, I really could n't die, even to oblige the prison authorities, who grumbled a good deal about the cost of my keep — I always was a hearty eater. I outlived jailer after jailer, and thrived and grew fat under the prison discipline. For several generations I did n't really mind it much, for after my exciting career I needed complete rest ; but at the end of my second century in prison I decided that a change would do me no harm. So I brought suit against the government for illegal imprisonment. My lawyers — instructed by me — took the ground that I had been sentenced for life, not for ever ; that as the longest ordinary human life is but one hundred years in duration, I had served just five-score years too many. I won the case, was released, and recovered very heavy damages. Of course I went back to Bagdad with my money, resolving to indulge in no more voyages ;

but I did, just the same — it was n't long before I was off for Balsora, as usual."

"But," said Tom, who had listened to this recital with deep interest, "you really were sentenced to imprisonment for life — not for the average life, but for *your* life."

"The lawyers on the other side raised that point," replied Sindbad, "and they had a discussion upon it which lasted four days. I regret that I can't repeat their arguments to you, but I was asleep most of the time ; that sort of thing bores me excessively."

They were now near the village, and were standing on a cool, shady road.

"Do you see that woman in the kitchen doorway of yonder house ?" said Sindbad, changing the subject with an abruptness that startled Tom. "She has a good-natured look, and I believe she 'll give us something to eat."

"I don't like to ask her," said Tom, coloring ; "she 'll think we 're tramps."

And he glanced at the enchanted trowsers, which really seemed to have deteriorated since the previous day.

"She won't think so when she sees one of *these*," laughed Sindbad, drawing a gold eagle from his pocket, and tossing it high in the air — so high, in fact, that, to Tom's surprise, it did not come down at all. "Come on, Thomas, my lad."

Tom followed his partner to the kitchen-gate and along the narrow board path that led to the door, and finally paused with him before the presiding genius of the establishment, a young woman of rather prepossessing appearance, whose spread elbows nearly filled the doorway. She had been watching them with an expression of countenance in which suspicion and determination were about equally mingled ; now she said :

"Wa-al, what d' yeou want ?"

"Food, my dear young lady," replied Sind-

bad, with a smile. "Circumstances over which my partner and I have had no control have made it necessary for us to fast many hours. We are very, very hungry."

"Dew yeou see that barn over there?" asked the damsel, pointing to a large red edifice about twenty rods from the house.

"I see the barn much more clearly than I do the connection between your query and my previous statement," answered Sindbad.

"Wa-al, there 's a dog in that barn bigger 'n yeou tew put together. He bit a tramp once, an' he kin dew it ag'in. Ef I call him he 'll come, an' yeou 'll find he 's 'baout ez hungry ez yeou be. I'm alone in the haouse, but I ain't unperteckted by a long shot, an' I cal'late it 'll be jest abaout ez well fer yeou tew tramps tew move on."

"You are mistaken, Miss," said Sindbad, flushing slightly. "We are neither tramps nor beggars. We are willing to pay for any refreshment you may see fit to give us, and for your trouble as well; in proof of which allow me to offer you this."

And he took from the pocket of the enchanted trowsers a shining gold eagle, which he tendered to the young woman. The expression upon her face changed, and she exclaimed in surprise:

"Wa-al, I never saw the like of that!"

"I can readily believe it, Miss," smiled Sindbad.

"An' yeou ain't tramps, arter all?"

"We are not."

"Wa-al, mistakes will happen."

"Of course they will; but take the money."

"I dunno," hesitated the girl; "I don't b'lieve there 's ten dollars wuth o' vittles in the haouse, an' I ain't got change."

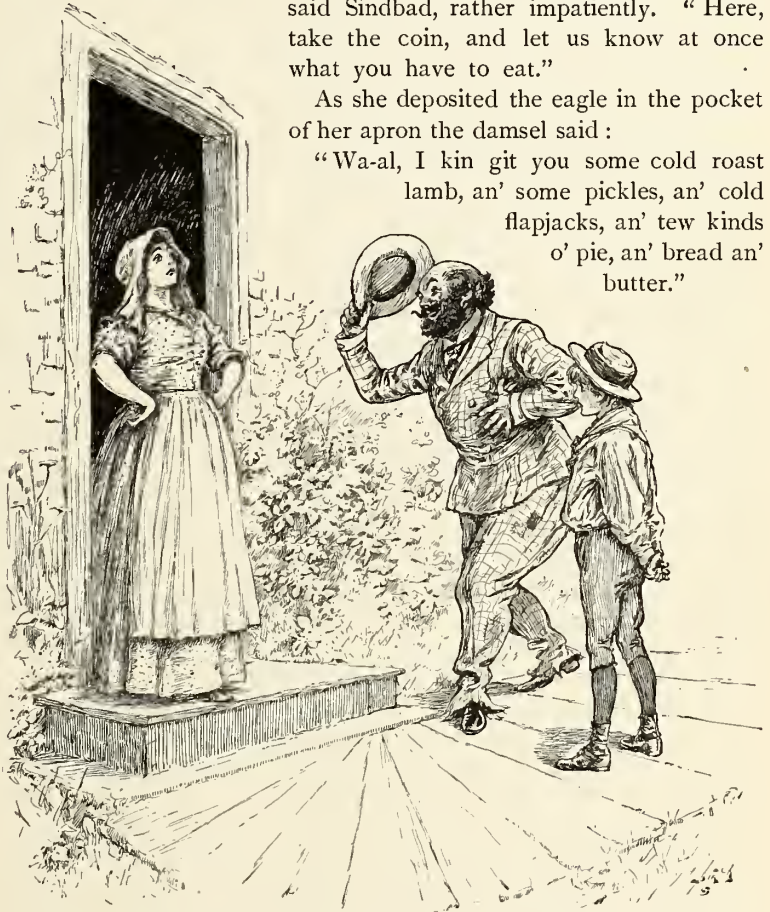
"We do not wish any change; keep it for yourself," replied Sindbad.

"I don't b'lieve I dare take yeou intew the dinin'-room, neither," added the maid, peering apprehensively down the road, "I 'm expectin' the folks on a mornin' train, an' they may be back enny minnit."

"The kitchen will do well enough for us," said Sindbad, rather impatiently. "Here, take the coin, and let us know at once what you have to eat."

As she deposited the eagle in the pocket of her apron the damsel said:

"Wa-al, I kin git you some cold roast lamb, an' some pickles, an' cold flapjacks, an' tew kinds o' pie, an' bread an' butter."



"YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MISS," SAID SINDBAD, "WE ARE NEITHER TRAMPS NOR BEGGARS."

"That 'll do first-rate," cried Tom, his mouth watering. "I 'll take the flapjacks and some pie."

"Wa-al, come right in an' set daown," smiled the domestic, leading the way into the kitchen. "I 'll clear off the table and spread a cloth, an'

then I wish you 'd eat ez fast ez you kin, fer she would n't like to see you here."

Tom was well enough acquainted with New England and New Englandisms to know that "she" meant the girl's employer, but Sindbad asked:

"Who 's 'she'?"

"Why, the woman I live with," replied the maid shrilly.

"Oh, your mistress."

"Mistress!" screamed the girl. "Yeou ain't in Russia or over in Africa, an' I ain't nobody's slave!" Then she added more mildly, "Will yeou hev a piece o' sage-cheese with your pie? I kin git yeou a glass o' cider, tew, ef yeou want it."

The diplomatic Sindbad applied the healing balm of flattery to the wounded feelings of the cook; and by his judicious management he and Tom were willingly served with a very substantial and satisfactory meal.

"We are greatly indebted to you," said the explorer, as they rose from the table.

"Wa-al, I dunno but the shoe 's on the other foot," was the reply. "I cal'late yeou 'd git a better meal daown tew the hotel fer a good deal less 'n quarter o' the money. I 'spose I ought tew run over tew Mis' Wilkins's an' see ef she can't change this ten-dol — Why, sakes alive! it 's gone!"

"What is gone?" inquired Sindbad with a hypocritical look of concern.

"The — the money yeou give me — the big goldpiece. I never had one afore in my life, an' naow it 's gone!"

The girl's face was flushed, and her blue eyes were suffused with tears.

"You can take your time about finding it," said Sindbad, "but, as you may not, permit me —" and he forced another of his vanishing coins into her hand.

"I don't s'pose I ought tew take it," almost sobbed the maid, "but I will ef yeou leave me your address so I kin send it back ef I find the other after you are gone."

"Oh, you need n't take that trouble," replied Sindbad lightly; "ten dollars more or less makes very little difference to me. I may be in this neighborhood again before long: if I am, and I should remember it, I 'll call, and you can return the eagle — if you find it."

"All right, sir; thank you, sir."

When Sindbad and Tom were on the road again the latter said:

"It was too bad to take in the girl in that way, Mr. Sindbad."

"Eh? I don't think I quite catch your meaning," said Sindbad, with raised eyebrows.

"Why, she gave us a good square meal, and she ought to have been paid for it."

"Well, *was n't* she paid for it?" cried Sindbad wildly. "It seems to me that twenty dollars for a plain luncheon like that was — well, it was an exorbitant price, that 's what it was."

"You know well enough what I mean," said Tom, rather hotly. "The money melted away soon after she put it in her pocket."

"Well, is that *my* fault?" asked the explorer. "Certainly not. You know that as well as I. But I must not allow myself to become excited after eating. To satisfy your scruples, my boy, and give you an idea of my own ridiculously honorable nature, I will inform you that I have kept a list of the persons to whom I have given those gold eagles, and I mean to pay every one of them, or their heirs, executors, or administrators over again just as soon as I am able. Talk about *your* scruples! — why, they 're not a circumstance to mine."

"I did n't know —" began Tom, apologetically.

"Well," interrupted Sindbad, in his severest manner, "never again attempt to discuss a subject with which you are not thoroughly conversant. Follow that bit of advice, my lad, and very likely you 'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

Tom made no reply. For some minutes they walked on in silence.

"In Bagdad," said Sindbad presently, "it used to be, as you are aware, my habit, after a hearty meal, to tell the story of one of my voyages. Ah, those days are long since past!"

Whether or not the explorer intended this for a hint, Tom did not know, but he said eagerly:

"I wish you felt like telling me about one of them now, sir."

Sindbad smiled benignantly.

"Oh, I 'll do so if you insist!" he said, "though it 's really a great bore to me to go over all that ground again. Is there any particular style of voyage that you 'd like to hear about? Because I 've had all sorts, and could

probably fill the bill, no matter how exacting were your demands."

"I wish you 'd tell me about the time you learned to change the color of your eyes," said Tom.

"Why, of course I will," replied Sindbad. "That was my twentieth voyage; and a very interesting one it was, if I *do* say it. Let's sit down on this big stone; it's nice and shady, and we can lean against the fence."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TWENTIETH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

WHEN they were comfortably seated, Sindbad began the story of his twentieth voyage in these words:

"Upon my return to Bagdad after my nineteenth voyage I resolved never to venture upon the sea again; nor did I do so for nearly two years. But at last my longing to do something else than retail the stories of my previous voyages to my friends proved too much for me, and I settled my affairs, provided myself with a large and varied stock of merchandise, and journeyed to Balsora, where I took passage under an assumed name."

"Why did you do that?" interrupted Tom.

"Don't you understand? I was looked upon by this time as what we nowadays call a 'hoodoo,' and was obliged to disguise myself to be received on any ship. Why, there was n't a seaman in any part of the country who would sail on the same ship with me if he knew it; and really, after all, you can hardly blame the poor fellows, for the vessel was absolutely certain to be wrecked, or captured by pirates, or something of the sort.

"The first four days of the voyage were monotonous in the extreme. Everything went so smoothly that I became positively alarmed. Was it possible, I asked myself, that I had degenerated into a mere ordinary merchant? that the elements no longer thought it worth their while to take any notice of me? I became greatly depressed, and consequently I spent almost all of the fourth day seated on the deck bemoaning my hard fate.

"What is the meaning of this?' I cried, losing control of myself, and throwing my new turban on the deck and stamping on it. 'Have I sunk so low that the vessel upon which I am a passenger can get through unharmed? Ah, I am indeed the most unfortunate of mortals!'

"My agitation attracted the notice of the captain, who approached me, saying:

"What is the matter, O Selim? are you not feeling well?' Selim, I should tell you, was the name I had assumed.

"Before I could reply, the light of the sun was suddenly obscured. Both the captain and myself looked up to see the cause, and perceived an immense giant approaching us; he was wading in the sea, and it was his head that had come between us and the sun. You can form some idea of his size when I tell you that although the water at that point was about one thousand fathoms deep it scarcely reached the tops of his boots."

"Do you really mean to say, Mr. Sindbad," cried Tom, aghast, "that his lower leg was six thousand feet long?"

"Well," replied Sindbad, coloring and speaking in a slightly raised voice, "all this happened a good while ago, and I can't be exact as to details. Anyhow, I'm sure the water did n't come much above his waist."

"Oh, that's different," said Tom, in a tone which Sindbad evidently did not like, for he said very irritably:

"Maybe I had n't better go any further with this voyage; your constant interruptions mix me all up."

"I won't speak again, sir, unless I forget," said Tom.

"Very well; with that understanding I'll proceed. As soon as the captain saw the giant he began to tear his clothes and beat his head with his clenched fist; at the same time uttering despairing cries, in which he was joined by the sailors.

"I was the only person on board who was not half mad with fear; I was in my element. Unable to restrain myself, I exclaimed aloud:

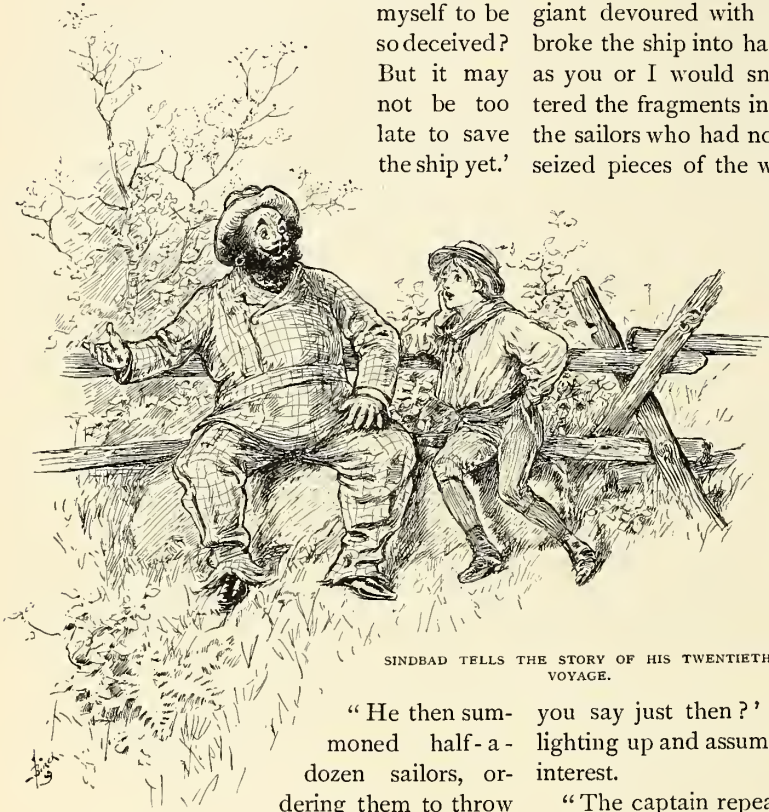
"By the beard of the prophet, Sindbad's reputation will not suffer from this voyage after all!"

"The captain turned upon me in a fury.

“‘Are you Sindbad?’ he demanded.

“I began to stammer out something about its all being a mistake, but he would not listen to me.

“‘I know you now,’ he cried. ‘Alas! why did I allow myself to be so deceived? But it may not be too late to save the ship yet.’



SINDBAD TELLS THE STORY OF HIS TWENTIETH VOYAGE.

“He then summoned half-a-dozen sailors, ordering them to throw me overboard.

“The giant was now within a few furlongs of the ship; he was uttering cries of rage, compared with which the loudest thunder you ever heard would be but as a mother’s lullaby.

“The sailors hurried me to the side of the ship and tossed me into the sea. I made but little resistance, preferring to trust myself to the mercy of the waves to remaining on board the vessel, which the giant was evidently bent upon destroying.

“I had swum but a few rods from the ship when the monster reached it. He bent over and picked it up in one of his immense hands. With the other he brushed the captain and crew from the deck, and they fell into the sea, uttering the most heartrending cries.

“Paying no attention to their supplications for mercy, the giant inserted the end of one of his fingers in the open hatchway and tore up the deck, revealing the entire cargo. It happened that we had a quantity of fruit and several bales of confections on board; these the giant devoured with evident relish. Then he broke the ship into half a dozen pieces as easily as you or I would snap a dry twig, and scattered the fragments in all directions. Those of the sailors who had not sunk beneath the waves seized pieces of the wreck and clung to them.

The captain himself gained possession of a section of the mainmast, crying as he seized it:

“‘Woe is me!’

“‘Well, you look it,’ said the giant, heartlessly.

“‘Oh, that I ever permitted that wretch, Sindbad, to embark in my ship!’ went on the captain, the tears pouring down his face.

“‘Eh? I beg your pardon, but what did

you say just then?’ asked the giant, his face lighting up and assuming an expression of eager interest.

“The captain repeated the remark.

“‘You don’t mean to say,’ cried the giant, ‘that you actually had Sindbad on board?’

“‘We had,’ replied the captain, ‘and it is to him that I attribute all my misfortunes.’

“‘Well,’ said the giant, ‘it ’s very kind in you not to blame *me*, for I did imagine I had a hand in the matter. I guess you ’re about right, however. But I have business with this man Sindbad; where is he?’

“Now,” asked Sindbad, turning abruptly to Tom, “where do you suppose your Uncle Sindbad was during this dialogue?”

“I don’t know; hanging on to a piece of the wreck, I suppose,” replied the youth.

“He was doing nothing of the sort; he was in one of the pockets of the giant’s coat. Yes, my boy, while the monster was breaking the ship

in pieces I had climbed up his right leg and entered his pocket; I had arrived at the conclusion that I was safer there than on the ocean clinging to a bit of the wreck, particularly as I saw that a storm was brewing.

"But when I heard the giant say in that hard, cold, metallic voice that he had business with me, I regretted what I had done, for I saw that his feelings toward me were not of a friendly nature. My head was sticking out of his pocket at the time, and I hastily pulled it in; but I was too late.

"My dear sir,' said the captain, 'I am really surprised at your lack of perspicacity.'

"What's that?' asked the giant.

"I mean that you don't seem to keep your eyes open. If you'll spare my life and take me home with you, I'll tell you where Sindbad is.'

"Agreed!' said the giant. 'Where is he?'

"You'll find him in the right-hand pocket of your coat,' replied the treacherous captain.

"The giant thrust his hand into his pocket. I tried to clamber out and leap into the sea before he could get hold of me, but was unable to do so. Seizing me between his thumb and forefinger, he drew me out, saying: "So we meet at last, do we, my fine fellow? I've been looking for you a good many years.'

"I feel honored, I'm sure,' I said as politely as I could. 'Have we met before? Your face seems familiar.'

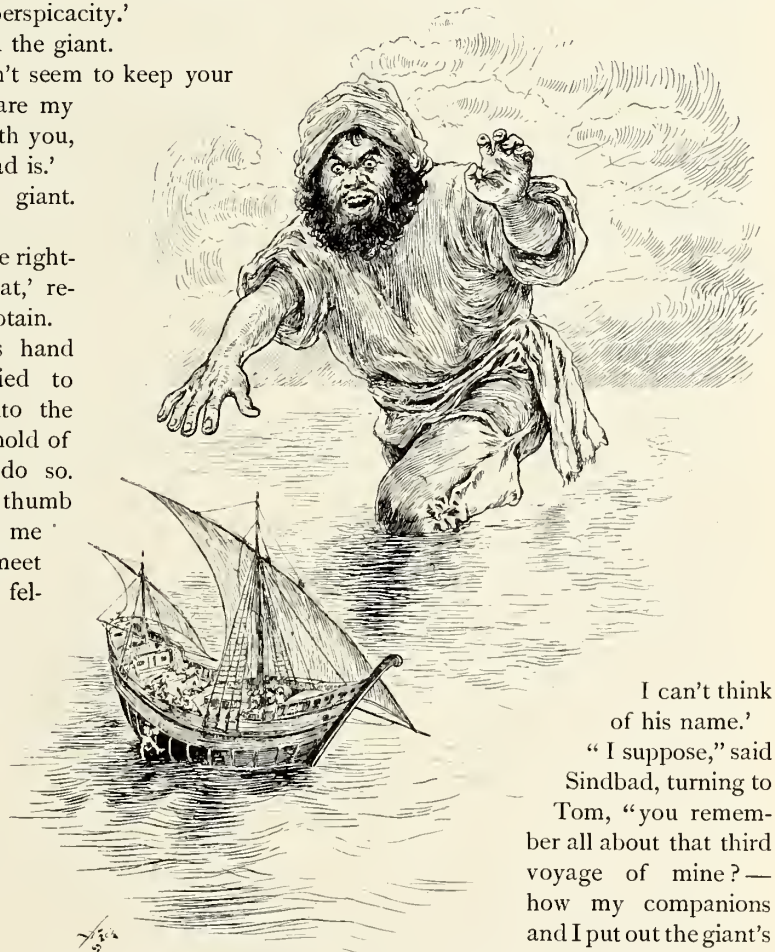
"No, we have n't met before,' replied the giant fiercely, 'and our acquaintance is likely to be very short unless you keep a civil tongue in your head. Don't you be sarcastic with me.'

"Nothing could be farther —' I began, but the giant interrupted me. 'Have you for-

gotten the incidents of your third voyage?' he asked.

"I think I must have turned pale when he made this inquiry; I remembered that third voyage only too well. But by a strong effort I concealed my emotion as well as I could and replied with forced animation:

"Third voyage? dear me, yes! Why, it was on that voyage that I met that really delightful person, the black giant with one eye in the middle of his forehead. Charming fellow he was — perhaps you know him? It's queer



"THE GIANT BENT OVER AND PICKED UP THE SHIP IN ONE OF HIS IMMENSE HANDS."

I can't think of his name.'

"I suppose," said Sindbad, turning to Tom, "you remember all about that third voyage of mine? — how my companions and I put out the giant's one eye with red-hot spits?"

"Oh, yes," replied Tom.

"Go on, please."

"Well, my words did not have the desired effect upon the giant. With a very extensive and disagreeable sneer he said: "I know

him — or I did know him; he was my grandfather.'

"'Indeed?' said I. 'How interesting! There 's not a great family resemblance, though. He had only one eye, while you have two; but you 're rather swarthy. I think you look like him about the mouth, though. So he 's dead, is he?'"

"'He 's been dead a good many years,' replied the giant.

"'Dear me! how time does fly; I suppose you 've often heard him speak of me?'"

"'Yes,' said the giant, giving me an extra squeeze between his thumb and finger, 'I have.'

"'Of course,' I responded with what I meant for a light laugh. 'Oh, we were great chums.'

"'So I understand,' returned the giant, giving me a very unpleasant look; 'but don't you think you presumed a little on his good nature when you put out his eye?'"

"'When I *what?*' I cried, trying to look amazed and horrified. 'Oh, this is really too good! — I mean, too bad. Why, my wicked companions did that; surely your respected

grandfather never for a moment suspected *me* of having taken any part in that outrage?'"

"'He knew perfectly well that you were the ringleader in the business,' said the giant. 'You were the only one to escape, but my grandfather made me promise that I would find you and revenge him. I 've found you, and — well, just wait till we get back to my country — that 's all.'

"'Say,' interrupted the captain at this point, 'how long have I got to hold onto this mast? If you 're a giant of your word, you 'll take me home with you and reward me for the valuable information I have given you.'

"'Oh, I'll take you home,' said the giant; 'and as for your reward, don't you worry about *that.*'

"'So saying, he picked the captain up with his thumb and forefinger; holding me, meanwhile, between his third and fourth fingers. Then he dropped us both into his pocket.

"'This done, he began to wade in the direction from which he had come, each of his strides covering many ship's lengths."

(*To be continued.*)

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## SAID THE ROSE TO THE PINK.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

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"Do you see that child who is coming this way?"

Said the Rose to the Pink;

"What can it be that makes her so gay —  
What do you think?"

"'T is the frock that she wears, as I believe,"

Said the Pink to the Rose;

"A pretty frock, as you can perceive,  
Wherever it grows."

"I think she is proud that her eyes are blue,"

Said the Rose to the Pink;

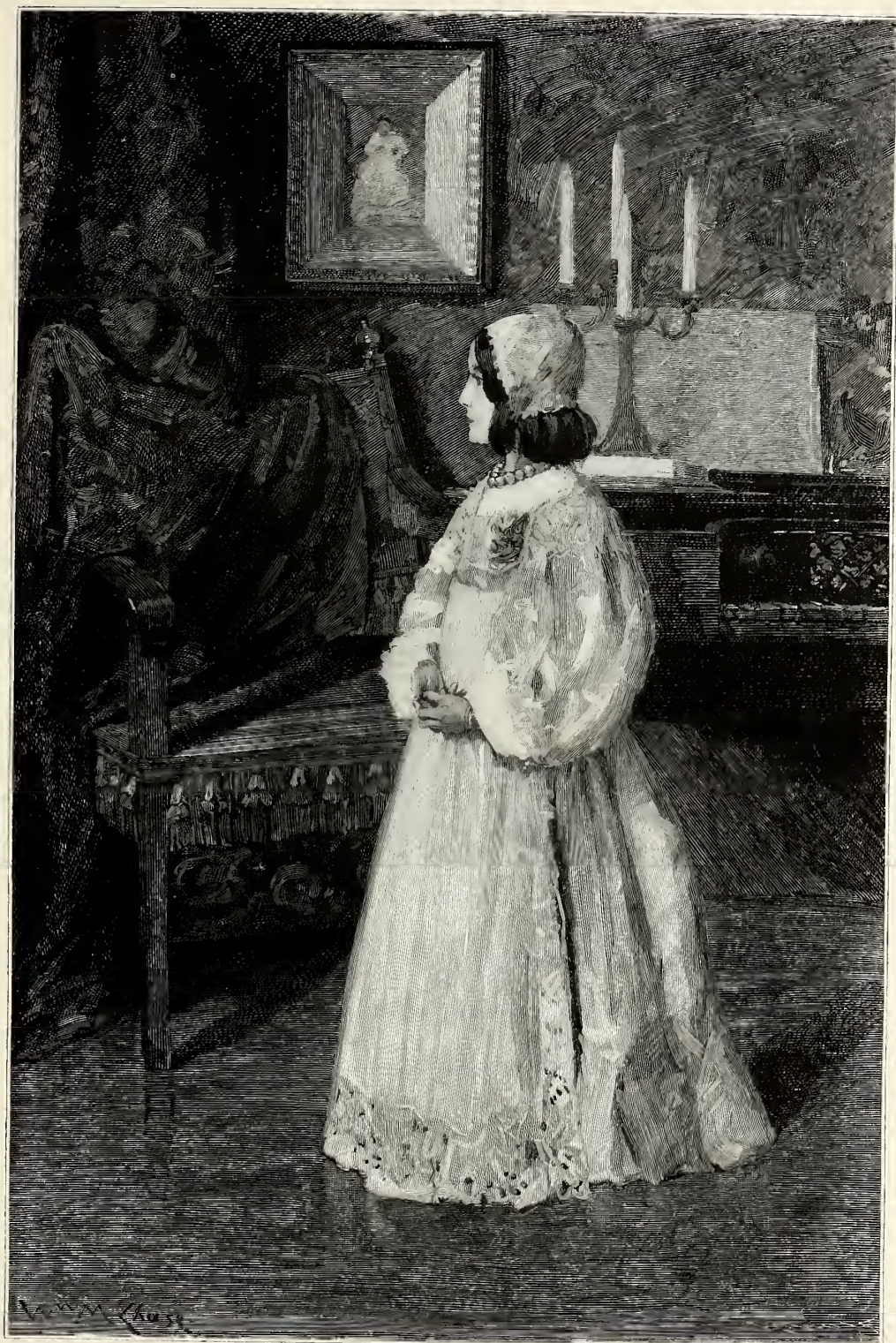
"For a prettier frock she can see on you,  
Or me, as I think."

"Perhaps she is glad because we are here,"

Said the Pink to the Rose;

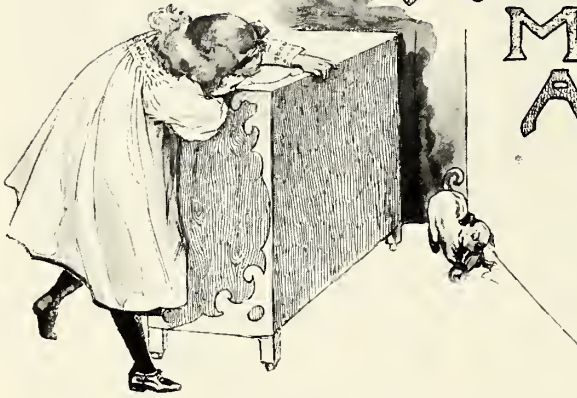
"Let us smile our brightest on her, my dear,  
Before she goes."





THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

(FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.)



**L**ittle **M**iss **C**rewe

**H**as lost her shoe,

**A**nd can't tell where to find it.

**M**ove out the chest,

**A**nd cease the quest,

**F**or doggy

and shoe 

are

behind it.



**F**inish your meal, then softly steal,  
**T**o see my fine lady try her new wheel.

She's bumps on both elbows,

**A** scratch on her nose;

**B**ut she doesn't care

**I**f her wheel only goes.

Dorothy G. Rice



# A Curious Stairway.

By Rev. G. H. Hubbard.



It was early in the month of April, and Fred Kent was spending a few days with his uncle in Taunton. Fred's home was in a village among the mountains in New Hampshire, and, being only ten years old, he had not often traveled. This was his first visit to the State of Massachusetts, and he saw many things that were interesting.

One fine, warm day, his Uncle James drove up to the door, and said, "I'm going to drive into the country on business this morning. Would you like to go with me, Fred?"

Fred said he would, and went into the house for his hat.

"Where are we going?" Fred asked as he scrambled into the buggy.

"To Squawbetty," replied his uncle.

"Squawbetty!" echoed Fred. "That's a funny name for a village! Where in the world did they ever get such a name?"

"The name is n't so strange," was the answer, "when you know how it came to be given. When the town of Taunton was first settled, the land in what is now its east part was owned by an old Indian squaw named Betty, and was

known as 'Squaw Betty's Land.' Later it was purchased by the settlers; but it has ever since borne the name of Squawbetty. Once there were large iron-works at the village; but they were burned down years ago. The village is a quiet place now. At present the only object of interest is a curious stairway that I am going to show you."

"Is it a stairway in one of the early settlers' houses?" said Fred. "I have read of hidden stairways in old castles, by which persons used to escape when the castle was captured. William Wallace had one leading to an underground passage that went from his home to an old monastery near by. Did the settlers of Taunton have such stairways to escape from the Indians?"

"Oh, no," said Uncle James, laughing at the notion. "This stairway is more curious than those; and it is out of doors, where everybody can see it."

"I guess I know what the stairway is like, then," Fred went on, for he was fond of guessing. "It can't be any more wonderful than one I saw once near home, cut out of the solid rock. We were having a picnic where the river runs in a deep cut between two high rocks, and the only way to get down to the riverside was by steps cut in the cliff. I guess your stairway is something of that sort."

"You will have to guess again, and then you won't guess right," said Uncle James mysteriously, but with a smile. "The stairway we

shall see is made of wood, and it was built for the fish, so that they could make their way up stream over the dam."

"You must be making fun of me," said Fred.

They soon reached the village of Squawbetty, and after hitching his horse to a convenient post, Fred's uncle led the way through a large gate near a bridge into what had formerly been the foundry yard. Not far from the gate there was a dam across the Taunton River, and only a few feet above the water a row of small buildings extended the entire length of the dam. They entered this building, or row of buildings, and as they walked along they could look down between loose planks into the water below. In some of

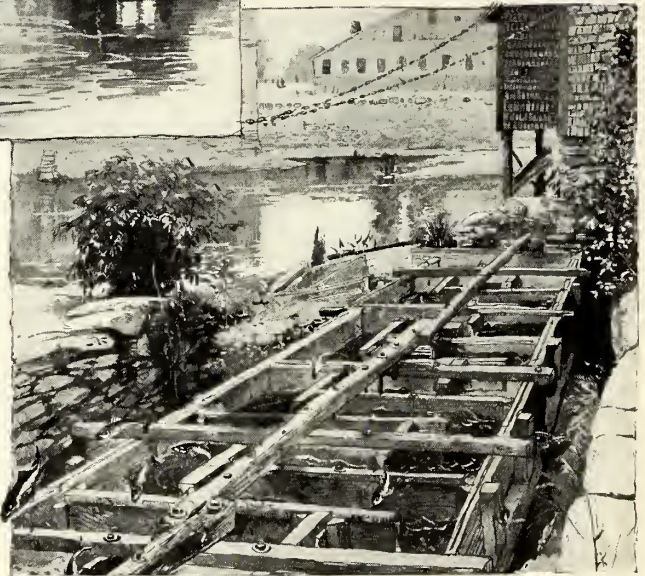


"I know that fish cannot climb stairs. And, besides, they don't need to. There are no stairways in our streams in New Hampshire, and there are a great many fish in them. I have often caught plenty of fish just above a high fall in one of the brooks on my father's farm."

"No," persisted Uncle James, "I am not making fun of you; I mean what I say. The fish in your streams at home are trout and other strong swimmers that can go up the swiftest rapids and falls without help. But herrings and alewives are not good swimmers. They are found only in streams that have no natural falls. Every year great numbers of them come up from the salt waters to hatch their eggs in the ponds of Middleboro. Many of the people who live near the river depend on the herring-fishery for their livelihood. When the dam was built, it was found that the herring could not go up as usual, and as that would bring a serious loss to the people, the mill-owners were compelled to put in a stairway."

"What is it like?" asked Fred.

"You can see for yourself in a few minutes."



TWO VIEWS OF THE FISHES' "STAIRWAY" AT SQUAWBETTY.

the quiet nooks they saw hundreds of fine herring swimming about in search of an easy passage upstream. Fred had never seen so many fish before, and he wanted to stop and watch them; but Uncle James told him this sight was nothing to what he would see further on.

Then they walked out on the stone dam of the new mill, and Fred was wild with excitement when he saw the smooth water below densely crowded with herring so close to one another that there was little room to swim about. And when some bigger fish, like a shad, broke through the crowd, he could see that

they were in an almost solid mass of one or two feet in depth. "How I would like to fish here!" said Fred. "Yes," said a man who was standing near, "I would give a thousand dollars for the privilege of fishing from this dam; and it would be cheap at that, too."

After a few minutes Uncle James said, "Come, let us go over to the other side of the river."

Returning through the buildings to the opposite bank, they found a crowd who were watching something with great interest. What that something was, Fred could not at first see.

"Where are the stairs you told me about, Uncle?" he inquired.

"Here they are," said his uncle, going down to the bank of the river. As Fred followed, he saw a long wooden box, or trough, extending from the top of the dam to the level of the river below, with a gradual slope. This trough was about two feet deep, ten or twelve feet wide, and perhaps seventy-five or a hundred feet in length. Across the trough were placed stout planks, six or seven feet long, the first fastened to the right side, the second to the left, and so on, with short cross-pieces at the free ends. Thus the water, as it came from the dam, instead of flowing down the trough in a straight course, was forced to wind about the ends of the cross planks from one side to the other, breaking the swiftness of the current, and leaving quiet pools in all the corners.

But Fred scarcely thought about the trough at all; for the herring were coming up in such numbers that the stairway seemed to be almost one solid mass of fish. Not a few in their struggles to get upstream actually jumped over the side of the trough and fell on the ground.

A man who said he had always lived near by told Fred that he had seen the trough so full of fish that one might walk over on their backs. Fred was ready to believe anything after the wonders he had seen; but Uncle James laughed, saying it would do very well for a fish story. Fred could easily have caught some of the fish in his hand; but an officer who was always on the watch told him that there was a fine of five dollars for doing so.

"Why is that?" asked Fred.

"Because if the people were allowed to catch them, the fish would be frightened and would not come up the stairway, and soon the herring would entirely disappear from the river," Uncle James explained.

When they reached the city, Uncle James took Fred to a store where they sold silverware, and showed him a "Taunton spoon," with the Brick and Herring on the handle. He told Fred how in the early days the people of Taunton made their money chiefly from the herring-fisheries and the manufacture of brick. Indeed, at that time, if a vessel from Taunton was sighted anywhere, other captains knew without asking that she was loaded with brick and herring!



TOMMY'S IDEA: "IF THEY ARE GOING TO PITCH CURVED BALLS, WHY NOT HAVE THE BAT WITH CURVES, TOO?"



IN the olden time there was a happy land ruled over by a good king and a beautiful queen. One day it was announced that a prince and princess—twin children—were born, and the people would have been happier than ever if that had been possible; but, as they could not be happier, the subjects of the kingdom had to be joyful in a new way. So they set all their artificers to work making rattles and rings, dolls and whistles, and whatever could keep a baby from crying or make one laugh.

All those citizens of the capital who had twin children gave themselves airs over their neighbors and expected to be made dukes and duchesses at least.

But when the little prince and princess were six weeks old, there came an anxious time for their parents. It was the need of christening the children that made the trouble. Really, they should have been christened before; but the queen had again and again put off the day. For a while she refused to give any reason for the delay, but at last she was compelled to confess that she had a dread of the christening dinner.

“Afraid of the christening dinner?” said the

king in surprise. “I am astonished to hear so trivial an excuse. I supposed you had some good cause for your hesitation, my dear. Surely there is nothing about a mere dinner to frighten a queen.”

“Alas!” answered the queen, sadly, “I have known so many misfortunes to come from leaving out fairies, wizards, witches, and other people of that class of society when sending invitations to these christening dinners. Do you remember what cruel charms offended witches have wrought upon princes and princesses for that very reason?”

“Oh, if that is all,” replied her husband, “we can easily provide against any such blunder in the case of our two darlings—bless their golden heads! We will not have any christening dinner at all—just omit it.”



THE ROYAL TWINS.

“But that would never do,” objected the queen. “I should offend not only the magical folk, but all the nobility and gentry. No; you must manage somehow to include every one. Can you not issue a proclamation inviting all the people in our dominions?—they are not so very extensive.”

“I might do that,” answered the king thoughtfully. “If they should all come, though, I don’t see how we could provide for so many.”

“It can be managed,” the queen insisted;

“and I don't see what else will be so certain to keep the twins from harm. Our subjects will gladly help us, for they are loyal and devoted.”

“I see no other way,” the king remarked; “so I will speak to the prime minister about it this very afternoon.”

Before many days it was known throughout the whole kingdom that every man, woman,



CONSIDERING THE CHRISTENING DINNER.

and child was invited to the christening dinner of the young prince and princess; and when the great day came, tables were brought from miles around and arranged upon a vast meadow that surrounded the palace. The tables were set, the dinner was served, and then all sat down to enjoy the delicate dishes. From the highest noble in the land down to the ragged street-boy, every person was provided for. No one was even to wait upon the guests—for where all were guests none could be waiters.

The dinner was a joyful one. Speeches and merrymaking came after the feast, and just as the sun was setting, the king arose to bid his guests farewell. He made them a little address, and ended by saying that he was rejoiced to see that all were satisfied, and that all could join with good will in wishing the prince and princess a long and happy life. This sentiment was received with cheers.

“And now,” the king added, “if any of the magical folk present desire to say a few words, we shall all be glad to listen to them.”

Then two or three fairies, who had offered to be godmothers to the royal children, arose one after the other, and with pretty speeches conferred upon their little highnesses the gifts of beauty, truth, and goodness. But so far as they knew there were no very powerful magical beings

in that kingdom, and the gifts, therefore, were not of superior quality; and indeed the prince and princess were so beautiful, noble, and good already that the gifts made little impression.

“I thank you heartily,” the king replied to these kindly fairies. “And now farewell. It is sunset, and night will soon be here. Good night, and pleasant dreams to all!”

So saying, he made a sign to the royal nurses; the nurses took up the pretty babies, the king and queen rose from their thrones under the yellow silk canopy and were about to return to the palace—when the sun's red disk dropped behind a distant mountain and at once a harsh voice was heard crying aloud:

“Oho, aha! Too late—too late!”

At once all turned toward the sound; and all looked upward, for the sound came from the air above their heads.

There above the king's table hovered a black cat. It descended, alighted upon the table, and at once changed into a little, wrinkled old man wrapped in a black cloak lined with scarlet. While all shrank from this strange figure, the little fellow made wild gestures in the air with his skinny, claw-like fingers, and meanwhile croaked to the king.

“Aha, you crafty, selfish fellow!” he cried, “so you thought to honor all the beings of your kingdom except the creatures of the night. You



THE BLACK DWARF.

believed yourself very clever to give your great dinner by daylight, and to leave out all of us—the lords of darkness. But you waited too long! The sun is set, it is night, and I am here!”

So rapidly were these words thrown out that

no one could say a word in reply. The king, as the little man paused, began to say:

"I assure you —"

But the dwarf spitefully interrupted him.

"Silence!" he cried out shrilly. "It is too late to make excuses. I have read your proclamation, and you say, 'To all my subjects, and to all within my dominions *who enjoy the light of day.*' Not a word about *us.* You knew well we did not enjoy the blinding sunlight."

"Why," said the poor king, while the little spitfire paused to catch his breath, "I never even heard of you!"

But this speech only made matters worse.

"Never heard of me?" cried the enraged dwarf. "You *shall* hear of me!" Dancing up and down on the table in his rage, while his eyes glowed like hot coals, he began to sing:

"Hither, dwarfs and elves and sprites!  
All that best love darkest nights,  
Cloud the sky, extinguish lights!  
Let none see save owls and cats,  
Muffled moths and flitting bats.  
While I seize a dainty prize  
Hoodwink close all human eyes!"

While he sang, the sky suddenly became overcast with thick clouds, all the lights went out, and darkness covered everything. When it was black dark, a cry was heard and a rush of wings.

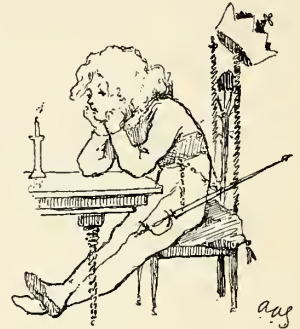
As the song ended, the clouds cleared away, and here and there a torch was relighted. Then it was seen that the nurse who had carried the princess no longer had the child in her arms. The little old man in the black cloak had disappeared also.

Search was made everywhere; but, toward midnight, the king, being convinced that the princess was gone, gave orders to return to the palace. The sorrowing people dispersed, and for twice nine days nothing was talked of except the disappearance of the little princess.

At the palace the grief was greatest. The poor queen could not have borne her trouble except that she feared the prince, too, might be taken from her; and indeed there seemed reason for the fear, for often at night there came a flight of bats around the castle windows. The queen believed these creatures to be sent by the wicked dwarf who had stolen away the twin sister; and she had a silver network put

over the prince's nursery windows, and faithful servants were ever on guard.

But although nothing was heard of the missing princess, the prince was left in peace. For ten years he grew wise and strong and noble, and then was all that a young prince should be. He had but one sorrow. He saw that his mother was sad, and had learned the cause from the king. Thereafter the young prince thought day and night of restoring his sister to her mother and father.



"HE THOUGHT DAY AND NIGHT."

Upon the night of his eleventh birthday, he dreamed that his sister came and stood by his bedside, and spoke to him, saying:

Cease to grieve, my brother twin;  
With the day the search begin.  
First, the Green Magician seek —  
Learn the words all creatures speak.

Then she seemed to melt into darkness, and the young prince slept dreamlessly.

In the early morning the prince went to his father, told his dream, and repeated what the princess had said. The king at first was inclined to attach little importance to this vision; but he told the queen what the prince had said, and she begged that the prince might at once set out to find the Green Magician.

"It is all very well," the king replied to her entreaties, "to talk of the 'Green Magician'; but who knows who or what or where he is? I am sure I never heard even the name mentioned. How are we to find him?"

"That I cannot tell," the queen replied, sadly; "but I would do anything in the world to find the princess again. And I am sure that if we try our very best, we may find some one to help us. We have for ten years done nothing."

"I have sent everywhere," said the king. "I have had the wisest men in the kingdom at work, but they have accomplished nothing."

"I have a belief," the queen answered, "that



no one can find the princess but her brother. If we are willing that he should seek her, I believe she can be found."

Just as the queen spoke, the prince went toward the window, and as she finished, he cried out suddenly:

"Oh, mother! See!"

The king and queen turned toward him, and saw that he was pointing to a beautiful green butterfly that was bumping and fluttering against the pane.

"I believe," said the young prince, "that the little creature wishes to get in—" and, so saying, he opened the sash, and stood back from the window.

At once the green butterfly winged its way into the room, and alighted upon the arm of the queen's chair, where it immediately took the form of a small green-clad elf, and bowed most politely.

"I am the Green Magician," the elf announced.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried the queen, clapping her hands; "and now will you help us to rescue the princess?"

"I came for no other purpose," the elf declared, with a second low bow. "Indeed I should have come long ago, if it had been possible; but only one person can rescue the lost princess, and that is her twin-brother. The Black Dwarf who still holds her in captivity is shrewd and powerful and cunning. He guards her in a magic tower so curiously contrived that none can enter it save by overcoming great difficulties. I have long sought some way of outwitting him, and restoring the princess to you."

"But why have you tried to aid us?" asked the king.

"Because," answered the Green Magician, "I was formerly a poor boy running about the streets of your capital city. When you invited all to your christening feast, I went with the rest. There I was grateful for your kindness, and touched by your grief. I made up my mind to bring back your daughter to you. I studied magic, beginning as an errand boy in the service of a great Persian enchanter. Now I am a magician. But enough of my own story. Let us begin the great work. By long

study I have found out a way that may win success even against the Black Dwarf and his helpers. But I must have the aid of a young boy, and one who is entirely devoted to the princess."

"I will go," answered the prince.

"There speaks my brave son!" exclaimed the king proudly; and the queen put her arm around the boy, and drew him to her side caressingly.

"What did the princess say to you in your dream?" asked the Green Magician, turning to the boy with a smile of approval.

"Learn the words all creatures speak," repeated the prince.

"So I thought," answered the magician, nodding his head approvingly. Then, turning abruptly to the king and queen, the little elf asked, "Will you give me the charge and care of your boy for four years?"

"Yes," said the queen, at once. "Yes," repeated the king, after a moment.

"Very well," answered the magician. "You need have no fears about him, but during four years he must be given into my hands. Will you go with me?" he asked the prince.

"Willingly," the boy answered bravely, holding out his hand.

The magician tapped the prince softly on the shoulder with a green hazel-twig that he drew from beneath his cloak, and instantly both vanished.

The prince found himself flying through the air beside the green butterfly, and the prince himself was changed into a blue butterfly. He was particularly pleased to find that he had two pretty golden spots upon his wings.

As they flew through the summer air, the Green Magician suddenly swerved to one side, and called to the prince to follow him.

"Hurry!" he said to the prince, "for I see a bird coming. He eats butterflies, and would never know that we were a royal prince and a magician."

So they hid under a bunch of leaves until the bird was past. Then they resumed their journey, and soon arrived at the magician's home.

"Here we are," said the Green Magician, as he fluttered down beside a rock at the foot of

an old oak-tree. The prince also alighted beside him, and both recovered their true shapes, except that the prince was no larger than the elf magician—about as tall as a daisy.



“AS TALL AS A DAISY.”

With his hazel-twig the magician tapped upon the rock, and in its side a little doorway opened. Two swinging-doors lined with tufted green silk spread wide apart, and were held by two respectful toads who bowed their master a welcome. Entering, in obedience to a gesture, the prince descended a crystal flight of stairs and found himself in a spacious hall hung with green silk and lighted by small lamps swinging from golden chains. Around the walls were divans upon which were embroidered pillows, arabesques of golden thread upon a silken ground that matched the hangings. In the center of the hall was a table whereon lay an old book bound in snuff-brown leather and closed with gold clasps.

The prince, obeying a second gesture, seated himself upon one of the divans, and looked inquiringly at the Green Magician.

“I have brought you here, my boy,” said the little elf, “in order that you may learn what is necessary before setting out to rescue your sister. You remember she advised you to learn the words that all creatures speak. Now, I suppose you wondered what she meant.”

“Yes,” the prince answered; “I tried to think what she meant, but could not imagine.”

“I have a little confession to make,” the magician said, as he turned to lay aside his

cloak, and to put his hazel twig carefully into a carved steel casket that lay beside the book on the table. “I was guilty of some deception in respect to that dream of yours. The sending of that dream was *my* work. It was n't really your sister who appeared to you, but a messenger of my own. But do not be uneasy,” he went on, seeing that the prince seemed a little alarmed by this confession of deceit; “I mean you only good. I honestly desire to save your sister from that wicked dwarf, and you must now be willing to follow my directions exactly. To-day you must lay aside all your garments, and robe yourself anew in green from top to toe. Come with me.”

So saying, the elf drew aside a curtain, and ushered the prince into a room paved and tiled with serpentine. Ceiling, walls, and floor were all of polished stone; and in the middle of the room was a wide basin into which a spring bubbled from below, making a dainty bath. Into the cold spring water the prince was plunged, after he had laid aside his own clothing; and then he put on a suit of green silk outlined with embroidery in gold thread.

Then a great drowsiness came over the prince, and he was conducted to a sleeping apartment, and, lying upon a cushioned divan, he slept a dreamless sleep that refreshed him greatly.



“‘I AM THE GREEN MAGICIAN,’ THE ELF ANNOUNCED.”

When the prince awoke, he found himself alone. He arose and made his way to the hall he had first entered; here he found the elf bending over the great book, and tracing curves and

curious figures upon a sheet of crinkly parchment that was spread out upon the table.

"Ah! you have awakened," cried the elf, rising to greet the young prince. "It was high time, for the sun has been up an hour, and you must waste none of your hours with me."

"How long have I been asleep?" asked the prince.

"It is a new day," answered the Green Magician; "and you have plenty to learn. When you have eaten something, I will set you the first of your tasks."

He clapped his hands, and the two toads entered, carrying golden trays upon which were dishes. They set down the dishes on a corner of the table, and the prince made an excellent breakfast upon cakes, and honey, and sugar-plums, and macaroons, and pistachio nuts. When he had finished, the toads removed the golden dishes, and the Green Magician put on his cloak. The prince then followed him out of the rock, and as soon as the door was closed behind them there was nothing to show whence the two had come. But the prince had no chance to look closely at the rock, for the elf was striding away as fast as he could go, and the prince almost ran to keep up with him. It was hard to see the elf where the grass grew tall, for his suit was the same color as the blades.

After going through a little wood they came to a river, and upon its bank the Green Magician halted to await the prince. When the prince arrived, the Green Magician dipped the end of his hazel-twig just below the surface of the water and waved it to and fro. Instantly a smooth-sided pickerel slid into view, and remained motionless near the twig, moving only the flukes of his tail, as a lady lazily waves a fan.

"I have brought you a pupil, Lurker in Sedges," said the magician to the pike; and then, turning to the prince, he pointed to the river and said briefly, "Jump in."

The prince answered never a word, but sprang from the bank. But as he sprang, he changed into a slim young pickerel; and he glided beneath the surface without splashing so much as a drop, poising himself at the side of the other fish.

"Take him with you for a day," said the

Green Magician, "and make him know the ways and the words of the fishes."

Then the fishes swam away, and the elf went back to his great book until the evening. At evening the elf went again to the river bank, and no sooner was he there than a young pickerel shot up from a pool before his feet and changed, in falling, into the prince.

"And have you learned the life of the fishes?" asked the elf as they went homeward.

"Every fin-stroke," answered the prince.

The next day the Green Magician led the



THE GREEN MAGICIAN'S MESSAGE.

prince to a lofty cliff, and, waving his hazel-twig in the air, brought an eagle hovering before them.

"I have brought you a pupil, Air-Cleaver," said the magician; and, turning to the prince, he pointed over the edge of the cliff, and said, "Leap forth!"

The prince answered never a word, but sprang forward into air; and as he leaped he changed into an eaglet, hovering beside the other bird.

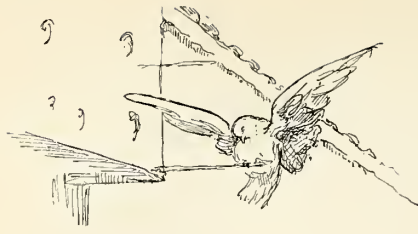
"Take him with you for a day," said the magician, "and make him know the ways of the birds and their language."

As the elf returned to his studies, the two eagles shot away into space, and were gone until the evening, when the elf received them again.

"And have you learned the ways of bird-folk?" asked the elf as they went homeward.

"To the last feather," said the prince.

On the third day, the prince became a fox, and knew by evening all that the beasts could



"THE PRINCE SPOKE SOFTLY AND COOINGLY."

tell him; and the fourth day he spent with an ant, deep in the earth or down among the grass roots. And to the elf's inquiry the prince replied that he now knew the ways of all animals, and was again sent to bathe in the crystal basin of the tiled room.

On the morning of the fifth day, the elf bade him dress himself again in his own court costume — "for," said the Green Magician, "we will to-day return to the palace."

As they came from the rock the prince and his companion were butterflies once more, and flew over the sunny fields to the palace. When they reached the palace, the prince and the magician fluttered against the queen's windows until she opened the sash and let them in.

When they were once within the room, each of the butterflies took his own shape again, and stood before the queen.

"Why, my boy, how you have grown!" exclaimed the queen, as she embraced the prince; "and how long the years have seemed since you went away!"

"Years?" repeated the prince; "why, mother, what are you speaking of? Only four days ago, I saw you."

"My child," said the queen, "You are dreaming or bewitched. Four years ago you left me in this very room."

"But —" the prince began, when the queen interrupted him.

"See," she said, "the young trees that were planted upon the edge of the moat. They were but saplings, and now they are — And see," she went on suddenly, "there is little Marie, the gardener's daughter. She was two years old when you went away. Look at her now." The queen pointed to a little girl who was plainly more than five years old at the very least.

But the prince could not believe that the "four days" at the home of the Green Magician had been four years. He turned from the window, meaning to question the little elf, but the magician was nowhere to be found. Where he had stood there was only a scrap of parchment on which was written:

Prince, thou knowest the speech of all.  
Now, where rises the tower tall  
Thou must journey by land and sea.  
There thy sister waits for thee.

And the prince hid the piece of parchment in his wallet.

He was now a well-grown young fellow of fifteen, strong and active; and after a few days at home, he began to make preparations for the long journey the elf's rhyme predicted. Meanwhile, he must find out where the tall tower was. So he went into the yard of the

palace, and he climbed the ladder that led up to the pigeon-house. The pigeons began to flutter and chatter and fly about as he came near; but as the prince bent to the door of the pigeon-house, he spoke softly and cooingly. At once the pigeons ceased to fear him, flying closely down in a throng around his head, and seeming much excited, but not disturbed in the least.

Then, as the prince descended the ladder, there was seen a curious sight. The flock of pigeons rose into the air in a body, and, as they reached a height, they separated, and flew every one in a different direction, like the spokes of a wheel. Further and further away they flew, until only a wide ring of black dots was seen; and at last, one by one, these dots went out.

That evening as the sun went down, the tired pigeons, one by one, returned to the cote. The prince sat up in an open window of the palace looking down on the courtyard; and whenever a new pigeon arrived, a beautiful white fantail would fly from the cote straight to the window, and seem to say something to the prince. But the prince seemed more disappointed each time the white pigeon came.

And when the sun went down all the pigeons had returned except one. An hour—two hours went by without news from the missing bird. At last the prince went to bed very sad, fearing that one of his messengers had been caught by a hawk, or shot by some huntsman.

But about the middle of the night there came a tap, tap, tap against the glass of his window. The prince sat up and rubbed his eyes. Tap, tap, tap, tap! There was no mistake. The missing bird had returned, and was at the window with the fantail pigeon.

The prince hurried to the window.

"Well?" said he.

"Master," answered the fantail, "here is Highflyer, and he brings news."

"Speak, Highflyer," exclaimed the prince.

"I flew," said tired Highflyer, "straight to the edge of the sea, and then out far from the land. Until near sunset I flew on, resting but once on top of a ship's mast. And when the sky was red, I saw against the bright west a tall, straight tower where never was tower before. Still I went on, and came near the tower. But as I came very near, there flew out from one of its lower windows a fierce hawk that screamed at me. I turned and flew home, finding rest on a bit of driftwood."

"Did you see any one in the tower?" asked the prince.

"Just before the hawk flew out, I thought I saw a face in the topmost window; and the face was like yours, my master."

"I thank you. Here is a little token for your neck," said the prince; "for I think you have found the dwarf's tower."

Then he put a golden chain upon Highflyer's pretty neck, and the pigeons flew away.

*(To be concluded.)*

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## A WEATHER RECEIPT.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

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WHEN it drizzles and drizzles,  
 If we cheerfully smile,  
 We can make the weather,  
 By working together,  
 As fair as we choose in a little while.  
 For who will notice that clouds are drear  
 If pleasant faces are always near,  
 And who will remember that skies are gray  
 If he carries a happy heart all day.

# THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE GREAT DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

LONG were the conferences that Sabbath day between Ezra and his children, for they talked until late in the evening.

Ezra had much to relate of all that he had seen and done since he and Cyril parted on the slope of Mount Gilboa. Cyril and Lois, on the other hand, had endless questions to ask, concerning not only the past, but the future. But Ezra's deepest interest was in what they had to tell him concerning Jesus of Nazareth.

"He is the true Son of David," Ezra at last exclaimed. "Cyril, thou wilt follow him. I trust that thou wilt yet be a captain in his army. He said to me, 'It is but a little while.' We must be ready. I am thankful that my own hand can once more swing the hammer and draw the sword! Thou art grown tall and strong; and thou hast studied the Roman legions. Thou wilt yet throw a pilum as far as Pontius himself, but thou hast yet to learn to put a legion in line, and thou knowest little about the handling of a shield."

"I have practised with a wooden shield," said Cyril. "I could catch whatever the Capernaum fisher-boys could throw. We made a game of it on the beach."

"That is well," said Ezra, soberly; "but the battle-shield is heavier. Thou must harden thy left arm for it with boxing and lifting. Not many men can lift quickly the buckler of a Roman legionary."

"The soldier I pelted across the Kishon could handle his shield well," said Cyril, "or he would have fared ill."

When it was time to rest, Ezra went to

the house of a friend, a disciple of John the Baptizer.

All day, and into the evening, the Master had been preaching and healing, and people said that in the morning he would be on the shore of the lake.

"I shall be there," Ezra had said. "I must hear him once more before I return to Judea. I think I shall have somewhat to send to the Baptizer, in the dungeon of the Black Castle."

Just as Cyril and Lois parted, she said:

"I wish you could see the tallith I am working for Nathanael of Cana. He ordered it when he came here to listen to the Teacher. He was here again to-day. He and Isaac are not friends any more. Isaac has quarreled with him."

Already, therefore, there were bitter factions forming for and against the doctrines of the prophet of Nazareth. Many who had been friendly were becoming enemies; and it was said that in some of the families of Capernaum and elsewhere even near kindred were taking opposite sides.

"I don't see how anybody can be against one who does only good," said Lois.

"All Herod's people oppose him," said Cyril, "and rabbis like Isaac."

Ezra and his son and daughter were among the great crowd that gathered on the beach the next morning.

Closer and closer pressed the eager multitude, and the little company of disciples with whom the Master stood was compelled to give way. They were at the head of a little cove and there were several boats there, pulled up on the sand.

"That is Simon's boat," whispered Cyril to Lois. "There are no fish in it, and he has left his nets there. Perhaps he means to try again."

"Look!" she replied. "The Teacher is getting into the boat with his disciples. He can preach from the boat without being pressed upon by the multitude."

The Pharisees and other enemies were there, listening as intently as did even Ezra. Every now and then Ezra's right hand was thrust out as if it were grasping something, and more than once it went to his left side, where a sword might hang; and his face glowed with enthusiasm. Cyril and Lois glanced back and forth from their father's face to that of the Master.

Simon pushed his boat into the lake, aided by other fishermen, for it was large and heavy, and they anchored it not many feet from the shore. The land came down around the little cove somewhat steeply, and all the throng on the grassy slope, down to the gravel of the shore, could both hear and see.

Parable after parable was told, like so many pictures painted in words.

At length the discourse was at an end, and the Master spoke to Simon the fisherman:

"Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught."

"Master," replied Simon, "we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net."

The Master sat silently at the stern of the boat while the fishermen made their cast. It was a large, heavy net, that required three or four men to handle it. No wonder even strong men should grow weary, casting such a net as that, and dragging it back empty, through the water. There came a shout from the boat, the moment after the net was thrown, and then another.

"Lois," exclaimed Cyril, "it is so full they cannot pull it in! Father, let us get John's boat! It belongs to him and James. Quick!"

Simon and the rest were already beckoning and calling, and the second boat started as if of itself, so prompt and vigorous were the hands that sent it from the shore.

All the people along the shore could now see that the great net was actually breaking with its multitude of fishes, and the fishermen of both parties were lifting out the catch with their hands.

"This boat can carry no more," said Cyril, a

few minutes later. "She is deep in the water now."

Simon, in the other boat, fell upon his knees before the Master, saying, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

The others looked on in astonished silence, but the answer was heard by all:

"Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

The boats were pulled to the shore, towing the net with the fishes that remained in it, but when it got there the catch had to be cared for by others, for Simon and Andrew and John and James and the rest who were of the Twelve seemed to care no more for boats or nets or fish. They at once left all behind them and walked away with Jesus into Capernaum.

It was late that evening when Ezra and his son stood face to face in a lonely, rocky place, a mile or so south of Capernaum.

"I think they have already ordered my arrest," said Ezra. "Once in prison, I should never be released. They might send me to the galleys, for they need strong rowers and care little whence they come."

"We shall drive them all out some day," said Cyril, bitterly. "They treat us worse than if we were dogs."

"Our day is coming," replied Ezra. "I shall be ready, whether it be sooner or later. Be thou also ready, and leave the day and the hour to the Leader. A soldier must wait for orders."

They bade each other farewell, and Ezra disappeared among the rocks and shadowy trees, while his son turned toward Capernaum. The boy's heart was hot and angry, full of hatred for the men who were ready to slay his father, and, indeed, were oppressing his entire people.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE STORM THAT WAS CALMED.

THERE were long intervals when even the friends of Jesus in Capernaum, which they regarded as his home, had but uncertain information as to what precise part of the country he was visiting. News of his intended return at any time, however, was sure to come well in advance of his arrival. There came a day

when such an announcement had been bringing into the town crowds of people. Some of them had come at a venture from long distances. It was a day for suspending ordinary work and trade; but it was more than ever manifest that the enemies and detractors of Jesus were bitter and busy. Of these, the more active, if not the greater number, were men who, like Ben Nasur, were in the habit of speaking with something of authority. They had been greatly encouraged by assurances coming from Jerusalem that the prophet of Nazareth was not recognized by the learned doctors, the priests, and dignitaries of the Holy City.

The crowd began to gather early at the shore of the lake, and Jesus was already there to heal the sick, and to put into the minds of men, those who came out of mere curiosity, such parables as could not be easily forgotten.

Greater grew the throng, and it pressed him more and more closely. There was no means for compelling order or forbearance. Friends and enemies alike jostled one another for the nearest places. If there was a kind of lull at noon, it was only that the struggle might begin again soon afterwards.

Lois listened until weariness overcame her, but only once did she come near enough to see the Master's face. Cyril, too, was there, and late in the day, Simon Peter, standing near the Master, saw the boy in the crowd and beckoned to him.

"Go thou," said Simon, speaking low to Cyril, "and get my boat. Have it ready at the shore. The Master will cross to the other side. They press upon him."

Away went Cyril, glad indeed of such an errand, for it seemed like a beginning of service to the Master. As for the boat, he knew where it lay. It would have been too heavy for him to manage in the open lake, but he could loosen its fastenings and slowly scull it along until he reached a place opposite the little point to which Jesus and his disciples were making their way, hampered by the eager multitude.

It was growing late, but the Teacher could hardly have retreated into Capernaum. It would have been of little use to have sought rest or retirement in any house. So it was really as to a kind of refuge that he stepped

into the boat when it was sculled to the shore. He was at once followed by certain of his disciples, and they promptly took the oars.

The day's work was done, both its healing and its preaching, and the boat went swiftly over the water.

The Master was in sore need of rest, after so long a toil, and before many minutes Cyril heard one of those in the boat whisper to another:

"See; he sleeps."

"How tired he must have been!" was the other's reply.

The gentle motion of the boat, rising and falling over wave after wave, had caused the Master to fall asleep, and he lay on a pallet-cushion in the stern.

It was the first time that Cyril had seen the Master's face when it was at rest. Cyril had always seen him either speaking or listening to others, or intent upon some happening.

The face was uncovered only for a moment, for one of the disciples gently spread out a scarf to protect it from the flying spray carried on the wind, which was rising fast. It was one of the sudden storms so common on the Sea of Gennesaret, which were so dangerous to the light fishing-craft, as well as to the gaudy pleasure-boats of the dwellers in the palaces along the shore. Fierce hurricanes would at times sweep down upon the little sea, almost without notice, and dash its surface into foaming billows as difficult to deal with as those of the great seas.

On toiled the rowers, but they made slow headway; and manifestly the storm was increasing. The creaking of the oars, the crash of the waves, the roar of the tempest, the shouts of the frightened crew made no impression upon the over-wearied sleeper at the stern of the boat.

He slept soundly even when the waters came surging in over the gunwales, and the oarsmen were almost hurried from their seats.

Cyril was not rowing, and he had therefore perched himself at the prow, where he could look back upon all in the boat. He could make out only terrified faces dimly visible between blinding drifts of sea-spray.

"Master!" he heard shouted loudly by one of the disciples, and then he saw another actu-



## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE RABBI'S CURSE.

ally seizing the sleeper's hand to awaken him, while he exclaimed:

"Lord, save us: we perish!"

The sea was pouring into the boat, and it seemed all too late for any power to oppose that tempest.

"We shall surely go down!" thought Cyril; but he saw the awakened Master arise and look calmly around upon the tossing water.

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" he said to the disciples.

Then Jesus seemed to rebuke the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. No man among those in the boat said a word to the Master as they took to their oars and pulled away; but Cyril heard them murmur, reverently, astonished, to one another: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!"

The night was far spent when the boat touched the shore on the easterly side of the lake. It had been a night of great apparent peril, and such was the wonder at the Master's power that all on board were thoughtful and silent. Hardly a word was spoken now, as they one by one stepped ashore. The Master himself was evidently recovered from his great fatigue, and he led the way up the sloping shore, followed by his disciples.

"Thou canst put up the light sail safely," said Simon Peter to Cyril. "Therefore take thou the boat back to Capernaum. We can obtain another if we need one."

So he walked away, and Cyril prepared to do as he was bidden, but he sat by the boat for a while, trying to recall the picture of the hurricane in the night, the terrified disciples, the half-filled boat, and the Master speaking to the waves and rebuking the fierce gusts of the storm.

The idea was taking shape in Cyril's mind, although he was hardly conscious of this, that he whom even the elements obeyed was something more than man.

Cyril put up the sail. It was small, and it could be used to advantage only when the wind was favorable. There was so little wind that not only was there no danger, but hour after hour went by tediously while the boat floated homeward, hardly leaving a ripple in her wake.

ANOTHER summer had passed, and the pleasant autumn weather had arrived. With it had come abundant crops for those who raised them, but there was little profit to the landholders, because of the excessive taxes and other exactions which their oppressors laid upon them.

As for the Prophet, the Teacher, the Man of Nazareth, the Roman officers and the servants of Herod were not disturbed about him. There was no danger to the Romans from him, for, month after month, he devoted himself to healing the sick and to preaching. There was not so much as a sword or a shield displayed among all who followed him.

The Jewish rulers, priests, and scribes, however, felt differently; for even the most learned rabbis understood that their influence over the people was lessening. Here was one, they had learned, who in all his teachings hardly ever quoted from any rabbi, but spoke as if he himself were the only authority required, except when he referred to the Scriptures themselves, the books of the Prophets, or the Psalms of David. John the Baptizer had done the same, in part, for he had denounced even the highest Pharisees. John was now safely shut up in the Black Castle; but what was to be done with this man, who did not scruple to compare the Pharisees to vipers?

These men were growing more bitter and more threatening every day; and each new exhibition of power seemed only to harden their hearts against the Man of Nazareth, because it increased his influence over the people.

Cyril was beginning to be impatient for the restoration of the kingdom of David, and he grew more and more dissatisfied and restless until, one evening, he came to Lois, at Abigail's, with a very determined look on his face. He had said but a few words before he suddenly declared:

"I mean to go to Jerusalem to keep the Feast of Tabernacles."

He may have expected her to be surprised, but a pleased light sprang into her face, and she was silent for a moment. Then she replied with cordial sympathy:

"I did not tell thee, but I had thought of it—for thee, not for me. I have thought thou mightest find father. He would be so glad, and so wouldst thou."

more thought to his personal appearance than had Cyril himself. He told her, when she showed him the new abba, that the only change of costume he really longed to make was to

change his turban for a helmet, and his tunic for a coat of mail.

"I saw father in armor once," exclaimed Lois, "when I was a little girl. It was like a Roman centurion's, and I thought he looked so brave! I am glad he was a warrior, but I hope thou wilt not have to put on mail. Father would be as good a soldier as any Roman, now his right hand is whole. But thou wilt be prudent, Cyril? Thou wilt not do anything foolish? Thou wilt come back safe from Jerusalem?"

"Many go safely every year," said Cyril, reassuringly. "But I shall find father—I know I shall—and I must do as he says. A host of Galileans will attend the feast this year."

The large number of visitors to Jerusalem was because of the excellent harvests, for the Feast of the Tabernacles among

the Jews somewhat corresponded in character to the American Thanksgiving Day. It came earlier, because the season in Palestine is earlier. It was celebrated in October, after all the principal crops had been gathered in the colder hill country as well as in the warm and fertile valleys.

Simple were the preparations required by



"CYRIL SAT BY THE BOAT FOR A WHILE."

"I have saved money enough," Cyril said.

"Thou wilt need it all," said Lois, thoughtfully; "but I have made thee a good new abba, out of some material Abigail gave to me. Thou canst buy thee a new tunic. Then thou wilt not look like a beggar, on the way or in the city."

Cyril thanked his sister, but she had given

Cyril, a hardy fisher-boy. With new sandals, robe, and tunic, and with more than ten shekels, in varied coin, hoarded for his traveling expenses, he was well equipped. He did not need to leave money with Lois, for she was prospering. She was justly proud of the praises lavished upon her embroidery, and she had been entrusted even with the decoration of a costly scarf ordered by a Roman lady.

It was painful when the time for parting came for Lois to say farewell to her brother. She controlled herself, however, and made him promise to return as soon as he could, bringing with him a full account of all that he should see or hear in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem was the center of the world, almost of heaven and earth, to the Jews, and from all corners of the known world there came to it pilgrims who had heard of its beauty and splendor.

Cyril decided to travel by way of Cana and of Nazareth. Beyond that, southerly, he did not intend to pass nearer the city of Samaria than he could help. Lois had argued that her brother would be safer and his journey pleasanter in company with the party of his friends and kinsfolk, of which Rabbi Isaac Ben Nassur would be the head. In this Lois proved to be mistaken.

Cyril did indeed reach Cana, walking cheerfully all the way and not spending a denary. He did not need to pay out anything for refreshments by the way, when such delicious figs and grapes could be had abundantly, either for the asking, or wherever the ripened fruit hung out beyond a boundary wall. Such was the Jewish custom, and Cyril also looked forward to a hearty and hospitable welcome at Cana.

He would have been welcomed in some of the houses, for instance in that of Nathanael; but Cyril went to the wrong door. It was the same which had opened to him so freely during the wedding feast, after his escape from Samaria and his exploit at the crossing of the Kishon. Both of those happenings had made him doubly welcome there, but latterly he had been doing that of which Ben Nassur disapproved. Cyril had been much with the Man of Nazareth, and Rabbi Ben Nassur was offended.

Cyril did not think of this as he walked up the sloping street toward the house of the rabbi.

There was the well, unchanged, and there, close by it, stood the six great water-jars of stone, just as they had been on the day of the wedding. One of them was full, and Cyril paused to wash, preparatory to presenting himself at the house.

"Cyril, my son!"

It was the voice of old Hannah, Ben Nassur's wife, and Cyril turned suddenly to greet her, hardly noticing the frightened tone in which she spoke.

Her look and manner were by no means unkindly, but she cried, "Go not into the house, Cyril, or Isaac will curse thee! He will not permit any follower of Jesus of Nazareth to enter. One such was here the other day."

"He did not forbid him to come in?" exclaimed Cyril. "Who was it?"

"I know not his name," she said. "A short, spare man. He crossed the threshold, and as he did so he said, 'Peace be unto this house, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth.'"

"And did Isaac —" began Cyril, but Hannah interrupted:

"Do not thou ask what he said, for his words were cruel. And the disciple of Jesus did but take off his sandals and strike them against the doorpost, saying something I did not hear. He went away to Nathanael's house, but Isaac will not speak of him."

"Get thee hence!"

Angry, fierce, threatening were the words that came from the porch of Ben Nassur's house at that moment. Under the vines from which the purple clusters had so recently been gathered stood the tall, dignified form of the rabbi. Cyril had never before seen him so well dressed, for his robe was new and embroidered, his tallith also was new and fine, and on his head was a spotless turban of fine linen. He was evidently more prosperous than formerly, and he had more than ever the air of authority which of right belonged to the wisest, most learned man in Cana.

It had recently been asserted, also, that Ben Nassur was more learned in the Law than any rabbi in Nazareth, and it was said by some that he had greatly strengthened the Nazarenes in their zeal against their law-breaking fellow townsmen. Jesus could not now have found a safe home in Nazareth, neither could his boy

follower be admitted to the house of his learned kinsman. It did not soften Ben Nassur even when Hannah explained to her husband that Cyril was on his way to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of Tabernacles, in compliance with the law. Peace had departed from that house, so far as the new Teacher and his disciples were concerned, and terrible indeed were the words, quoted in Hebrew from the old Scriptures, which Ben Nassur hurled at Cyril.

Cyril was really frightened, for the swordmaker's son had been brought up with deep reverence for all rabbis, and especially for Ben Nassur. He regarded him as a great authority in all matters of religion and the Law, and the curse of such a dignitary was a thing to be feared exceedingly. It made the young traveler, a moment before so joyous and so hopeful, stand pale and trembling by the well before the house he might not enter. He was as one cast out by his kindred; for such a curse would be known, soon, to all of the family connection, near and far, and such of them as revered the rabbi would refuse to receive Cyril.

"Jesus of Nazareth hath despised the Law!" shouted Ben Nassur. "He hath defied the priests of his people. He hath denounced the chief scribes and rulers. He hath denied the teachings of the rabbis. Get thee hence! thou art no longer of my kinsmen. Thou art of the disciples of the Nazarene!"

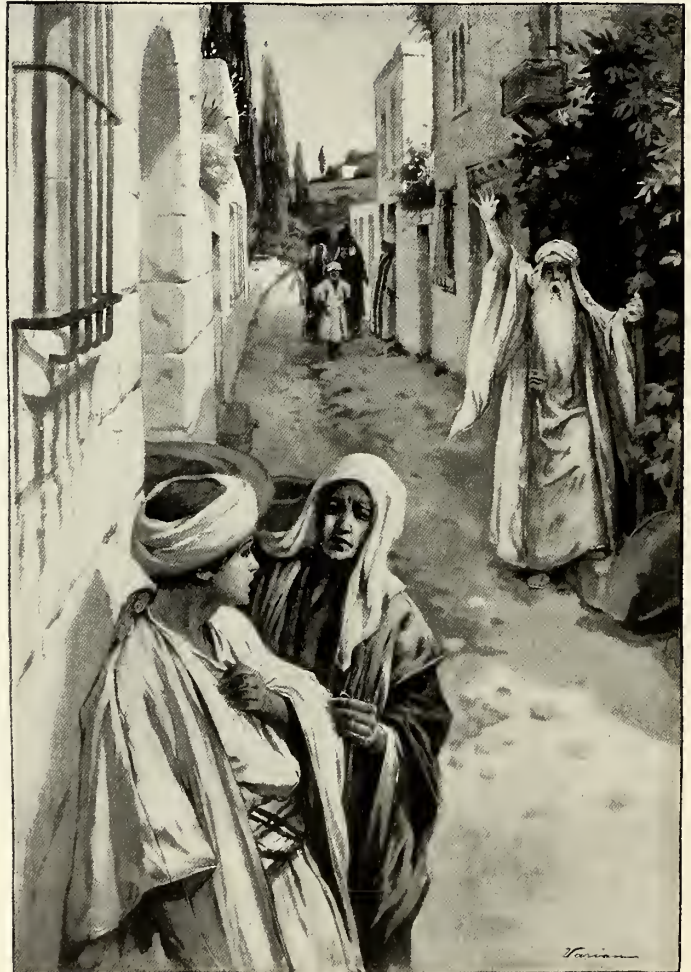
The rabbi was vehement in his wrath, but Cyril suddenly remembered something that he had hardly noticed at the time it occurred. It had been Ben Nassur himself who would have openly forbidden Jesus to restore the hand of Ezra, on the Sabbath, in the synagogue of Capernaum.

His mandate had been openly ignored by the Master, and there might be therefore a personal bitterness in Isaac's denunciation.

Cyril raised his head and felt as if he were growing stronger.

"Do not answer him," pleaded Hannah, hardly more than whispering. "He is a good man. When thou seest the Man of Nazareth tell him we all love him for the good that he has done. Do not regard Isaac—"

But Cyril's blood was rising somewhat angrily, for Isaac was saying more while the



THE RABBI DENOUNCES CYRIL. "GET THEE HENCE! THOU ART NO LONGER OF MY KINSMEN!"

young man waited, and his maledictions now included Ezra the swordmaker and Lois and all the disciples and followers of the Master.

"I must speak," he said to Hannah, and he turned toward the porch.

Very imposing, in dignity and authority, appeared the large form of the white-robed, white-turbaned rabbi, while his deep, sonorous voice was thundering his wrath.

"Isaac Ben Nassur," said Cyril, much more sturdily than he had thought he could speak to so great a man, "I go to Jerusalem, to the Feast of Tabernacles. I go to the Temple, but I go not with thee. Seest thou these water-pots? They witness against thee. So witnesseth the right hand of my father Ezra. Thou knowest that Jesus is the son of David, and I — the son of Ezra the Swordmaker — I am of his disciples, even as thou hast said. I believe he is the king who is to redeem Israel. My father also believes in him."

Bitter and terrible were the Hebrew words hurled after Cyril as he turned and strode down the street again. Hannah went into the house, weeping; but her young kinsman did not pause in his rapid walking until he was more than a mile beyond the gate of Cana.

There he stood still for a moment, and looked back, as if in deep thought. Then he said aloud:

"I will go on to Jerusalem alone. I do not need the company of Isaac and his Galileans. I will worship in the Temple, and I will offer my sacrifices. I will see my father. But on my way I will enter into no house nor sleep under any roof, lest it fall on me. I shall be safe from the curse of Isaac Ben Nassur and the Law, after I have offered my lamb on the altar of burnt offering."

*(To be continued.)*

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## RAIN SONG.

---

Rain, silver rain,  
 Twinkling on the pane!  
 The earth drinks softly what it needs,  
 The gray sky lowers like a pall,  
 The bare twigs string the drops like beads,  
 And still the silver showers fall.  
 Rain, rain, rain,—silver, dropping rain!

Rain, pearly rain,  
 Gliding down the pane.  
 The fence-rails have a crystal edge,  
 The brimming spouts pour fountains free,  
 The flowers on the window ledge  
 Are fresh and bright as they can be.  
 Rain, rain, rain,—pearly, gliding rain!

Rain, sparkling rain,  
 Shining on the pane.  
 A bit of blue in yonder sky,  
 Swift signs of clearing all about,  
 Some broken clouds drift quickly by,  
 And lo! the sun is shining out.  
 Good-by, rain,—shining, sparkling rain!

# UNCLE TED'S MASCOT.

BY VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER.



THE RACE. "UNCLE TED! GO IT—OH, GO IT!"

It had been decided that Bob should not go to see the races on Thanksgiving Day. As Bob was only four years old, there had not been much doubt felt in the family as to the impropriety of allowing "the kid" to witness the athletic games. "Uncle Ted," as Bob called him, Theodore, as he was known to the rest of the world—had determined views on the subject. He was to be one of the contestants in the 440-yard dash (to the uninitiated, the quarter-mile dash), and he was certain that the youngster ought to stay at home.

The truth of the matter was that Bob's mother was Theodore's favorite sister, and the young athlete was afraid that the doting mama would be too much absorbed in looking after

her small son to note the triumphs or failures of "the fellows."

Theodore Ballard had been in training for a month past. He went into town daily to college, but every evening was conscientiously devoted to practice in running; and yet, as he confessed frankly, although nervously, to his interested sister, there was "hardly a show" for him. Until a fortnight ago he had been rather hopeful; then his high hopes had been crushed by the appearance in the quiet town of Milton of a young collegian famous in his set for his muscle and staying powers. At the earnest appeal of the captain of the Milton Athletic Team, he had entered his name on the 440-yard dash. He was a senior in college, but for some weeks

past his eyes had given him so much trouble that he had been obliged to suspend all study, and was now visiting friends in Milton. Theodore's private opinion was that he had been sent home because of some bit of mischief; but of this he was not sure. The fact that he belonged to a rival college added intensity to Ballard's desire to see him beaten. He himself was only a sophomore, with, consequently, two years less of such athletic work as college-life brings with it.

Outsiders little guessed how great was Theodore's chagrin at the entrance upon the lists of so strong a rival.

His sister had always been his confidante, and into her ears he poured forth his complaint shortly after her arrival at the Milton homestead on Thanksgiving eve. She lived in the neighboring city, in which her husband was a prosperous lawyer; but all holidays were spent at the old home.

"I declare," confessed the would-be victor, "if it were not for the shame of the thing I would back out of the whole affair. It would look mean to desert the team now at the last minute. But I am sure I shall be wretchedly beaten."

"Oh, perhaps not," was the soothing reply, which, however, did not raise the boy's depressed spirits.

"But, Anna, I *know* I shall be. That fellow Thorndyke and I have had several friendly trials of speed, in practice, you know, and I vow he beats me every time! And of course he glories in it. He is as confident of success to-morrow as I am of defeat. I'm completely discouraged!"

It was here that Bob, the only grandson and the pet of the entire household (with the exception of Theodore, who was just at the age when he imagined he "did not like small children"), put in his feeble plea.

"Mama, may n't I go and see Uncle Ted wun waces?"

"Not much, you don't!" growled the uncle. "Not if I know it! I want all your mother's attention for our team to-morrow. Kids are desperately in the way at such a place. They stand in the track and very likely they get knocked over, and bring down upon their in-

nocent heads the maledictions of all interested spectators."

Theodore was only eighteen, and consequently intolerant. His nephew was sufficiently impressed by this outburst to hold his peace, and resign himself to a morning at home with his nurse.

Thanksgiving Day dawned cool and fair, but not cold.

"Just the weather for running," exclaimed Theodore, as the household assembled in the cheerful breakfast-room.

There were not many to celebrate Thanksgiving, but the few were all there — Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, Theodore, Mrs. Newman (Sister Anna), little Bob, and Tom Newman. The last named was a rollicking, jolly fellow, who was, as Theodore acknowledged, "the best kind of a brother-in-law."

"Well, young man," said Tom, "we shall all turn out in force to see you win the race this morning."

"Win? No such luck!" was the discouraged rejoinder. "I wish that man Thorndyke was in the Desert of Sahara! If he was out of it I might stand some chance against the other fellows."

"Oh, come, my son," said his father, "keep up a brave heart."

"Yes, dear," urged Mrs. Ballard, gently, "the race is not always to the swift."

"But it *is* to the fellow who has had most training, and whose wind holds out best," answered the boy. "I say,—with an abrupt change of subject,—“why can't the kid say grace this morning? He is the youngest member of the party.”"

All heads were bowed as Bob's round and curly pate bent low over the tray in front of him, and then the childish treble broke the silence.

"Bwess, O Lord, we pway thee, this food to our use, and us to Thy service, and let Uncle Ted win the wace to-day. Amen."

Grandma frowned down the father's and grandfather's smiles of amusement at this unique petition, and stern Uncle Ted said, with a queer little choke in his voice:

"I say, kid, you 're a nice little chap, and you deserve to go to the races this morning. May n't he go, Anna?"

Mrs. Newman refrained from reminding her impulsive brother that it was he, not she, who had objected to Bob's joining the party, and readily promised that he should go.

The runner's breakfast was a slight affair and soon over.

"It does not do for a fellow to eat much before he runs," he explained in reply to his mother's anxious objections.

But the family thought that he did not seem very hungry.

After breakfast they took Mr. Ballard's two double carriages, and drove to the Milton Club-House, in front of which stretched the half-mile of straight, smooth, dirt road which was to serve as race-track. Here they alighted, that they might be as near the scene of action as possible.

The games were called for ten o'clock, and promptly at that hour the tests of skill in hammer-throwing, shot-putting, and jumping began. To all of these Bob paid little heed. His only thought was for Uncle Ted and the forthcoming trial of speed. After the 75-yard and the 100-yard dashes were over, the Captain of the Team announced that The Event of the Day, the 440-yard dash, would now take place. All Milton had turned out on this holiday. From the operatives in the mill to the richest landholder in the township, all were there with their families, and all were eager to see how "that Thorndyke" could run. The contestants for "The Event" were Smythe, Gordon, Thorndyke, and Ballard. As the four emerged from the club house a murmur arose among the spectators. The four were clad in regulation running costume, which, Bob whispered to his mother, "made them look awfully undressed." Finding that they were to be driven to the start, they all donned their ulsters, and with an air of great importance jumped into Mr. Ballard's carriage, in which the coachman sat grinningly waiting to convey them the quarter-mile up the road to the starting-place.

Just before the race began, Bob caught his father's hand convulsively.

"Papa," he whispered, "could n't you lift me up on top of that fence, so I could see the end of the wace?"

Milton did not possess a grand stand, so the people were sitting and standing as close to the course as they could get. One side of the road was guarded by the committee of arrangements, who kept too eager youths from infringing upon the track. The other side was separated from a field by a stout board fence, and it was to this post of observation that Bob longingly aspired. His father, willing to humor the little fellow, fought his way through the crowd and set the delighted child upon the fence, about fifty yards from the end of the track.

A shout from the crowd told that the start had been made. Down the road they came, four abreast for a few yards, heads bent, elbows at sides, and feet beating the track as if in unison. Then Smythe fell behind, and in a moment Gordon twisted his ankle and subsided into a limping dog-trot. Smythe still struggled pluckily onward, although many yards behind the others.

So the race was really between Ballard and Thorndyke. For an eighth of a mile they were side by side, and then easily, as if without effort, Thorndyke gained a yard on his opponent. A shout of mingled disappointment and delight went up from the spectators. The air rang with cries of, "Ballard! — brace up, Ballard!" and "Thorndyke! Thorndyke!"

Nearer and nearer they drew to the finish. To Theodore it seemed as if he could never make up the difference between himself and the senior athlete. At his side, just that little distance in front, the fellow stayed, and Theodore felt that there he would remain, as he was sure that his own muscles were strained to the utmost. The blood surged to his ears, the many voices seemed all blended in one subdued roar. The people on each side of him were a confused mass.

Suddenly from out of the tumult he heard one clear, shrill voice. He glanced quickly up, and in that second saw Bob, held on the top rail of the fence by his father's restraining arm, his whole little body quivering with excitement, the curly head glistening in the sun as he waved his cap wildly. His eyes were fastened with an expression of desperate eagerness on the man who was being beaten, and it was little Bob whose voice Theodore heard.



"Uncle Ted! Uncle Ted!" rang out the clear voice. "Go it! Oh, *go it!*"

The young man's head was suddenly thrown back with a defiant fling, his broad shoulders seemed to leap forward, the muscles in his legs and arms tightened like whip-cord, and, before the astonished crowd could catch their breath, Ballard had come in ahead of Thorindyke by two yards, winning the great race!

"I never thought the fellow could spurt like that!" panted the vanquished collegian. "He never did it before!"

Friends pressed about Ballard all eagerly congratulating him upon his remarkable victory, and exclaiming,

"I say, old fellow!" queried an admiring chum, "how under the sun did you make that gorgeous spurt?"

With a shaky laugh Theodore forced his way to where Tom Newman stood with Bob in his arms. Seizing the child, the victor set him on his shoulder, exclaiming with grateful voice:

"This is the little fellow who won the race! Bob was my Mascot!"

Bob's eyes grew round with wonder at dinner when Uncle Ted slipped on his plate one choice morsel of turkey after another. And when darkness fell, and he sat in Uncle Ted's lap in the firelight listening to marvelous stories of the Olympian games and the Greek athletes, he was the happiest little man in Milton.

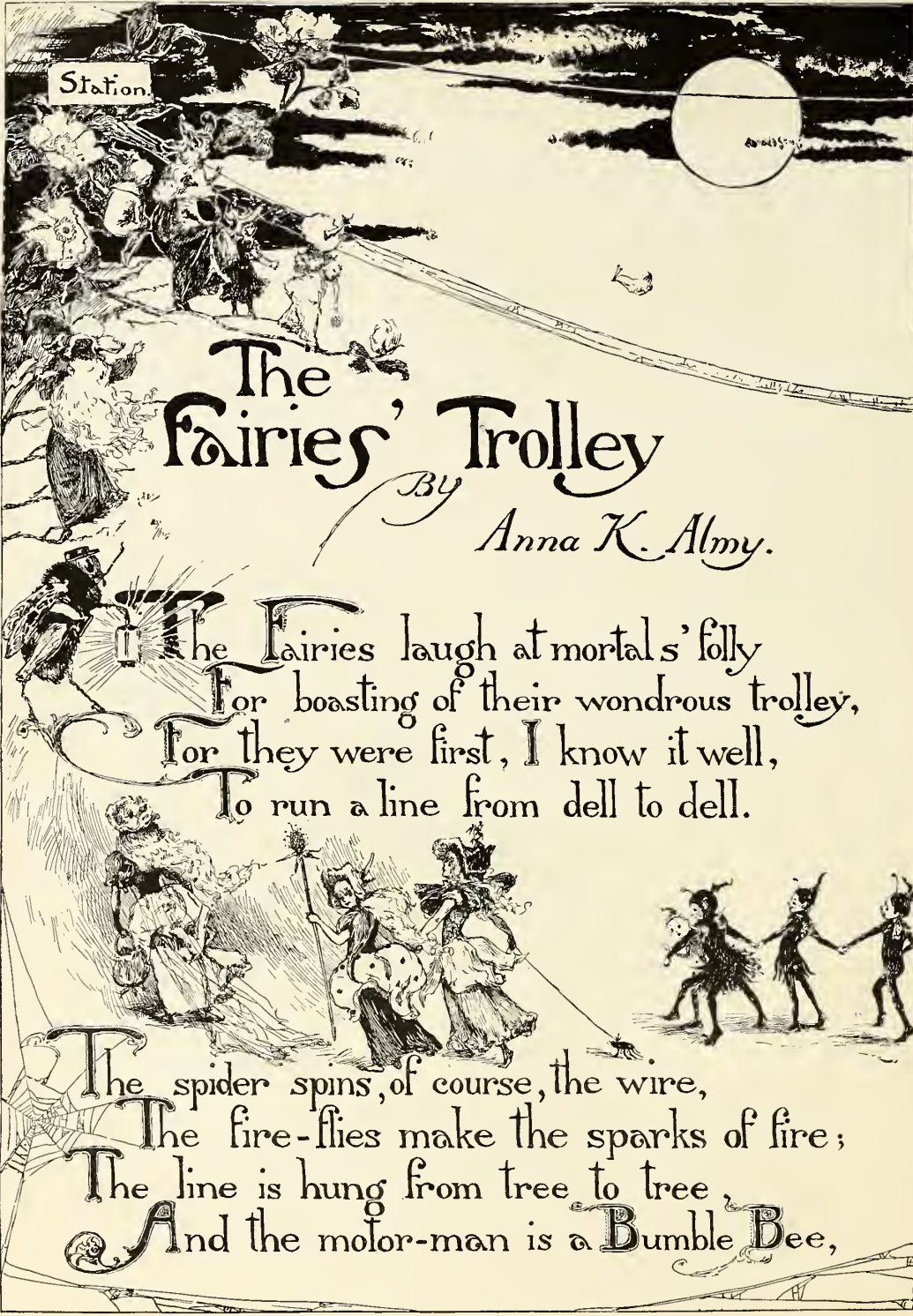
"Oh!" sighed the child as he kissed his mother good-night at eight o'clock, and stretched himself out in his little bed, "this has been a lovely Thanksgiving, because Uncle Ted beat the other man. If he had n't, Mama, I am afraid I should just have died!"

Down in the parlor at the same moment Theodore was saying:

"Mother, what a nice little chap that is of Anna's! I never noticed him much before, for I don't care for youngsters. But I tell you, that kid is a regular star!"




THESE SIGNS DO NOT TROUBLE MR. KINGFISHER.





Station

# The Fairies' Trolley

BY  
*Anna K. Almy.*



The Fairies laugh at mortals' folly  
For boasting of their wondrous trolley,  
For they were first, I know it well,  
To run a line from dell to dell.



The spider spins, of course, the wire,  
The fire-flies make the sparks of fire;  
The line is hung from tree to tree,  
And the motor-man is a Bumble Bee,



For he can hum and buzz, as well  
 As clang the gong, a big blue-bell:  
 His uniform is black and yellow,  
 He really is a handsome fellow.

The conductor's place the Wasp must take  
 For he can stinging speeches make.

"All aboard! Don't take all night!"

"Step lively, please. Go ahead! All right!"



So if you find the Fairy Dell,  
 Listen for the big blue-bell;

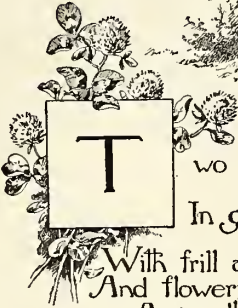
You'll hear the train go whizzing by,  
 But it's hidden, of course, from mortal eye.



To



# Cloverley.



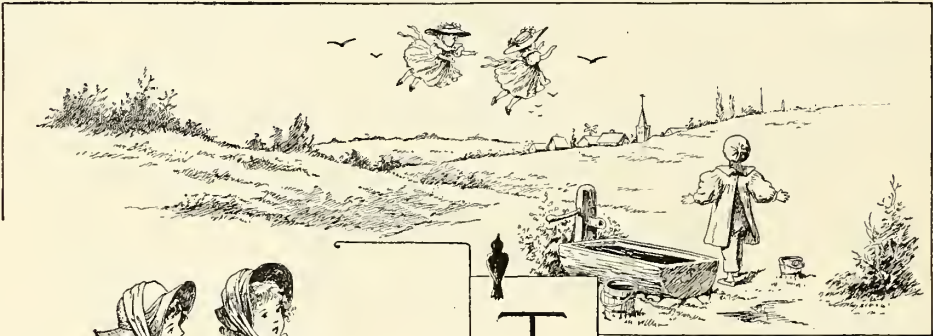
T

Two airy, fairy maids  
 they were,  
 In giddy gowns of  
 gossamer,  
 With frill and fluff and silken puff,  
 And flowery hats quite broad enough.  
 A goodly sight indeed to see  
 As they went down to Cloverley.



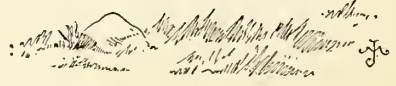
A

Breeze it was - a saucy breeze,  
 That caught their billowy draperies,  
 And like two puffs of thistle-down  
 Went floating with them into town.  
 A wondrous sight indeed to see  
 Above the roofs of Cloverley!



T

Two sober maids that  
 night they were  
 Who doffed those  
 gowns of gossamer!  
 They'd had enough of frill and puff,  
 They cared no more for silken stuff,  
 And now they look as here you see  
 When they go down to Cloverley!





## MAKE-BELIEVE TOWN.

BY CLAUDIA THARIN.

OH, Make-Believe Town is a place of delight  
 Where wondrous things happen from morn-  
 ing till night.  
 You may go there in tatters, when, lo and be-  
 hold!  
 In an instant you 're decked out in velvet  
 and gold!

You take there a broomstick, and, quick as a  
 flash,  
 It 's transformed to a charger, all fire and  
 dash!

Or a lovely white pony with long, silky mane,  
 Side-saddle, gilt stirrups, and blue-ribbon rein!

The old rocking-chair, without arms or a back,  
 Can be changed to a chariot, engine, or hack.  
 The plain, wooden floor in five minutes can be  
 A race-course, a circus, a desert, a sea!

And the closet, a castle where big giants wait  
 To capture the first one who comes to their gate!  
 In a wink it 's a cave where bold bad robbers  
 hide,  
 Or a den where fierce dragons and ogres  
 abide!

You 've only to wish it, when lo! at your feet  
 Is a fine desert island, rock-bound and com-  
 plete!

You 've only to speak,—in an instant you can  
 Be Robinson Crusoe, or Friday, his man!

Whatever you wish for, it 's waiting for you;  
 Whatever you dream of, that dream will  
 come true!

You can be what you will, from a king to a  
 clown,  
 If once you gain entrance to Make-Believe  
 Town!

# CLARISSY ANN AND THE FLOOD.

By L. E. CHITTENDEN.

CLARISSY ANN sat in the field on a stump, and looked about her dejectedly.

The prospect was well calculated to depress one, for all around was mud—slimy, oozy mud, such as the Mississippi bottomland is capable of turning into under prolonged rains; and there

meanwhile; and just then a portly colored woman came to the cabin-door, and shouted:

“Clarissy Ann! Come in, chile. Solomon John ’s cryin’, an’ I ’m chillin’ ag’in. An’ dey ’s a shower comin’ up, an’ you mus’ git suppa—dough dey ain’t much to git, sut-tinly!”

So Clarissy Ann, at this cheerful confirmation of her thought, shouldered her hoe and, with a heavy sigh, went in.

It was very cheerless in the cabin. The fire was nearly out, and the ashes on the hearth had the discouraged look that dead ashes always have; and altogether, for a moment, Clarissy Ann felt inclined to bury her head in the pillow beside the howling infant Solomon John, and cry, too. And that afternoon Mr. Jones, their landlord, was to come for the rent.

A month or two before this, there had rapped at Mr. Jones’s door, one day, a small colored girl. Her hair was in tight rolls, like small sausages, and stuck straight out in all directions. It may have been because these were so tight that her eyes were so very wide open.

When Mr. Jones, who was a rich, eccentric, and crabbed old bachelor, saw her, he sharply demanded her errand.

“I ’s wantin’ to rent dat cabin on de bot-tomlan’ from you, sah,” she announced, promptly, with a wide, amiable smile.

But the smile met no response on Mr. Jones’s face. Instead, he frowned wrathfully.

“Rent the cabin?—you? Where ’s your father and mother?”

“Paw he ’s done died, an’ maw she ’s chill-in’, mos’ly. Whaw we live, down below on de ribba, da ’s a right sma’t er chills. So I projected roun’ some, an’ I come ag’in-st dat place ob yourn, an’ I reckoned I could make a right peart giardin dere, an’ sell my craps to de folks at Alton. I jes’ natch’lly got to do some-thing ’ca’s’e Solomon John he cayn’t, ’ca’s’e he ’s



“YOU RENT THE CABIN? YOU?”

had been a steady downpour of rain for many of the days since Clarissy Ann and her mother had moved into the bottoms.

“Ef maw did n’t chill allus, an’ it did n’t rain allus, an’ Solomon John did n’ cry allus, I would n’ feel so beat-out, an’ mout git in my craps; but laws! wot ’s gwine to be done in sech a sloo es this ’n?”

Thus she thought, shaking her kinky head

a little fella, an' he cries continuoal, so dey 's only me."

Here Clarissy Ann paused for breath.

Mr. Jones caught his breath, also, as this startling plan was rapidly unfolded by the small farmer, and he said: "Well, of all things I ever heard, this is the 'beater'! A kid like you farming or gardening!" And he laughed at the idea—a silent, shaking laugh. "Very good; you can have it for three dollars a

the mournful farmers in saying, "Sholy dere nebba was a spring like dis befo'!"

Clarissy Ann was washing the supper things when Mr. Jones called. Her mother was in bed between the blankets, and Solomon John was propped up in the armchair looking at the tearful world outside, and trying to rival it, while Clarissy Ann was making a cheerful clatter with her dishes, and singing loudly, "You humpbacked sinna, git out ob de wildaness!"



"'I RECKON I KIN HELP YOU EF YOU 'Grees TO A FEW THINGS,' SAID CLARISSY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

month. But mind, now, I want my money regularly," he added, after a while.

"Yessah; yes, indeedy. It 'll be paid ef de craps tu'ns out well; an' ef dey don't, I 'll wuk fo' you all till it *is* paid."

And Clarissy Ann's errand being done, she walked to the door with much dignity.

That afternoon they moved their possessions, from a wagon drawn by a sad-faced mule, into the cabin; and that night the rains began and continued persistently. So Clarissy Ann joined

by way of cheering up Solomon John, when Mr. Jones knocked.

When Clarissy Ann opened the door and saw who was there, her heart went down considerably; but she shut the door carefully, so her mother should n't hear, and went outside.

"Well," said Mr. Jones, regarding the downcast face curiously, and with a twinkle in his eye that his little tenant did not see, "I suppose you know it 's rent-day."

"Yessah," she said, with a feeble attempt

at a smile; "but it 's b'en de cu'iouses weatha dat I ebba see, an' I ain't had a chayance to make a smitch of a gyardin. So I ain't got it, jes' to-day. I 's pow'ful sorry."

"How do you suppose I 'm to live if I let this postponing go on?" asked Mr. Jones sternly. "Now, be sure and get it next time, or we 'll have trouble."

So saying, he walked off, silently shaking, so that Clarissy Ann took a feeble comfort in the thought that he, too, was "chillin'"; and then she went and knocked her head three times against the side of the cabin, as was her fashion when troubles came very fast indeed. It seemed to help her in some way.

That night, when the vocal powers of Solomon John were hushed in sleep in his mother's arms, Clarissy Ann, from her pallet on the floor, dreamed that she was in a leaky boat, floating gently off to a land where there were no landlords, no failures of crops, no chills, nor weeping babies.

Then she suddenly opened her eyes. "De laws a gracious! we 's floated off into de ribba!" she cried out; for there were three inches of water on the floor, and it was steadily rising.

Clarissy Ann flew to the bed, and shook her sleeping mother by the arm. But she was heavy with fever and sleep, and only moaned, refusing to wake. Whereat Clarissy Ann's long-taxed courage departed, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, she cried bitterly.

"Ef I had a boat, I could do somefin'!" she thought, and wild visions of taking to the wash-tub, with the broom and mop for oars, floated through her mind. But all at once she heard something softly bumping against the cabin door. She cautiously opened it, and there—oh, the joy of it!—was a fine new rowboat, which she at once recognized as belonging to her nearest neighbor, and landlord, Mr. Jones.

Clarissy Ann now felt perfectly safe, for she knew all about boats. So she went again to her mother's side, and tried to arouse her; but again she failed.

"I 's got to go an' git someone hea to he'p me," she said finally; so, taking Solomon John, who, rolled up in a blanket, was still sleeping, she stepped into the boat and started rowing with all her might toward Mr. Jones's house, as

nearly as she could tell the direction through the great spread of waters.

"Dah ain't no lan' nowha!" she said, peering through the darkness, in a vain attempt to get her bearings.

Presently, over the sound of the rushing waters, she heard a cry, and she turned and rowed in its direction, sending out an answering call of her own.

The signal of distress proved to be from Mr. Jones himself, who was sitting on top of the pump in his own yard while everything that could float was floating; for the water was everywhere.

"De law sakes!" said Clarissy Ann when she found this out; and then in spite of her anxiety she leaned on her oars, and laughed a long silent laugh of pure enjoyment.

"Who 's there?" queried Mr. Jones, peering anxiously forward.

"You' tenant, sah," replied Clarissy Ann, with fitting dignity.

"What on earth are you doing there? Whose boat have you got?—and can you help me down from this thing?"

"I ain't doin' nuffin' special jes' now, 'cept takin' a boat ride wid Solomon John," she answered airily, "an' it 's a boat dat come floatin' up at precisely de right time to keep we-all from drownin' plumb. I reckon I kin he'p you ef you 'grees to a few things."

"What are they?" inquired Mr. Jones grimly. "You have me where I 'm liable to 'gree' to most everything!"

"You remember when I rented you-all's place, I said I 'd pay prompt *ef de craps was good*. Well, dey wa' n't; an' you-all knowed it; but you come a pesterin' roun', nebba waitin' wid de leastest smitch ob Christian patience. Now, I 'd like you to 'gree in the futua to be the leas' mite mo' patienter."

No answer for a minute, but the top of the pump was hard and slippery; so presently the landlord said in a queer, suppressed voice, "You can live there forever without paying a cent if you 'll take me off from this pegtop."

"Does you promise that by de Gre't Ho'n Spoon?" asked Clarissy Ann, her teeth and eyes gleaming in the darkness.

"Yes, and by the bones of my ancestors; and



if the cabin floats off, you can come — you all, that is, — and do my housework, and stay in the big house.”

With skilful hand Clarissy Ann shot the boat under the pump-handle. Down this slender bridge Mr. Jones, thankful that the darkness hid the spectacle, managed to slide. He landed with a jar that awoke Solomon John, who immediately, after one peaceful moment of surprise, rent the air with his cries.

Back to the cabin they went, and on the way Clarissy Ann heard how Mr. Jones, fearing the flood, had that night moored his boat in the barnyard. Later, going out to find it, he had wandered around bewildered until he had been forced to climb up on the pump to escape the rapidly rising waters. The boat, becoming in some way untied, must have floated off.

The water was half-way up the cabin walls when they reached it; and on the roof, forgetting chills and everything else but fear, sat the mother, rocking to and fro, and convinced that the day of judgment had come, or at least that her children were lost to her forever.

They got her down with difficulty, and the added burden made the task of rowing any-

thing but easy; while Mr. Jones, having in some way sprained his wrist, could give little or no assistance to the brave little oarswoman. It seemed a long, long way to where the lights, dancing about, showed the city of Alton, but they reached there at last, and poor Clarissy Ann, for the first and last time in her life, fainted away.

It was many weeks before they could live in the great house — for the cabin was completely wrecked; but when they did go, the rest, and proper food and clothing, soon made them all right again; and they took care of Mr. Jones and his house in such an admirable way that he many times congratulated himself on the good fortune the flood had brought him.

As for Solomon John, that dreadful night of the flood he cut his eye-teeth, and, after that, ceased his vocal efforts somewhat, though still an infant of a gloomy turn of mind.

Clarissy Ann’s “craps” after that were so good, and life altogether so much pleasanter and easier, that she used to say, “I ’s plumb thankful to dat flood, fo’ sence ’den ebbiy single ting, eben Mistah Jones hese’f, is cured plumb up!”

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## SPRING HAS COME ACROSS THE FARM.

— — —  
 BY ISAAC A. POOL.  
 — — —

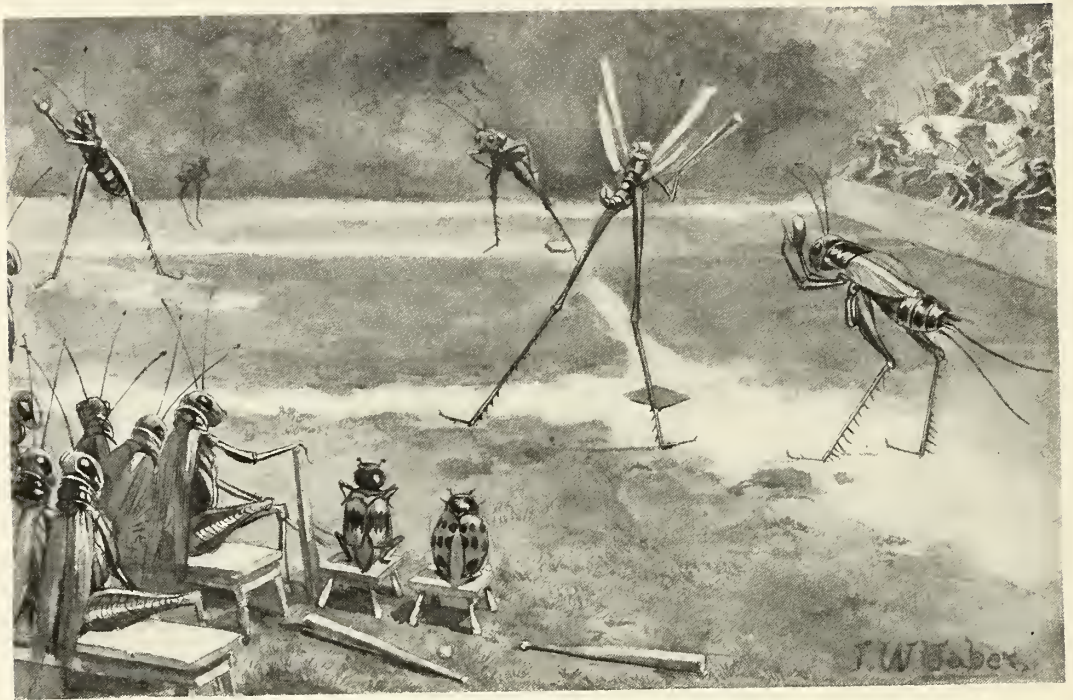
THERE is music in the orchard,  
 There is sunlight on the hill  
 Where the bees are making honey,  
 Though the winter lingers still;  
 For the blossoms in the valley  
 Catch the living breath of spring,  
 And the robins ’mid the branches  
 Build their cozy nests, and sing.

Oh, the ice has left the valley!  
 And the brooklet from the hill  
 Wakes the busy world to duty  
 With the rumble of the mill;  
 There the noisy kine, a-lowing,  
 To the distant pastures pass,  
 For they know the coming summer  
 In the odor of the grass.

Little boys with naked ankles  
 Patter in the muddy pools;  
 Little girls without their bonnets  
 Playing “hookey” from the schools;  
 While the plowman turns the furrow  
 Far across the steaming field,  
 Making ready for the harvest  
 That the glowing sun will yield.

Out among the peeping chickens  
 Frisk the lambkins in their play,  
 While the buttercups and daisies  
 Make the Mother’s garden gay.  
 And the children in their gladness  
 Never mind “Jack Frost’s” alarm;  
 They are sure the winter ’s over —  
 Spring has come across the farm.

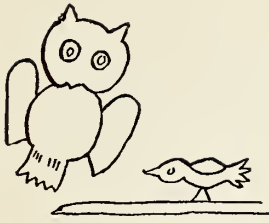
BASEBALL.  
GRASSHOPPERS VERSUS CRICKETSVILLE.



SCORE 9-9, LAST INNING, MAJOR AT THE BAT.

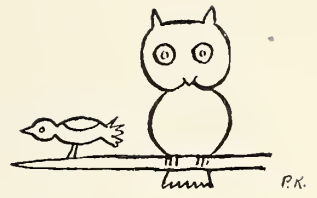


HOME RUN BY THE MAJOR. SCORE, 10-9. GREAT EXCITEMENT.



# PAPER-DOLL POEMS.

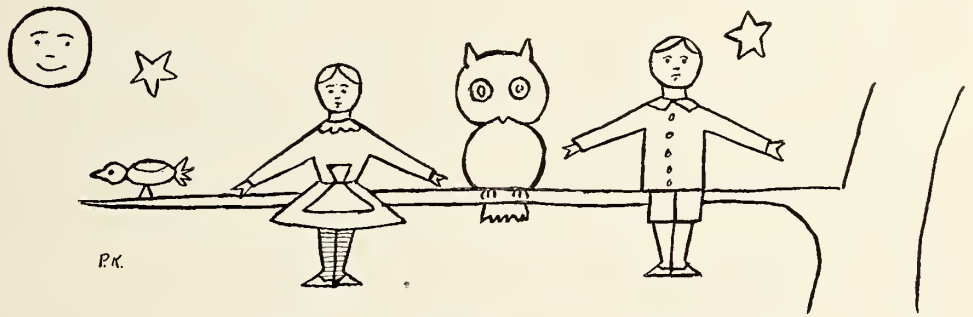
BY PAULINE KING.



## THE ADVENTURES OF PETER AND PATTY.

PETER and Patty ran away,  
Out of the Box, one summer day,  
And mother tells us every night  
About their wand'rings and awful fright.

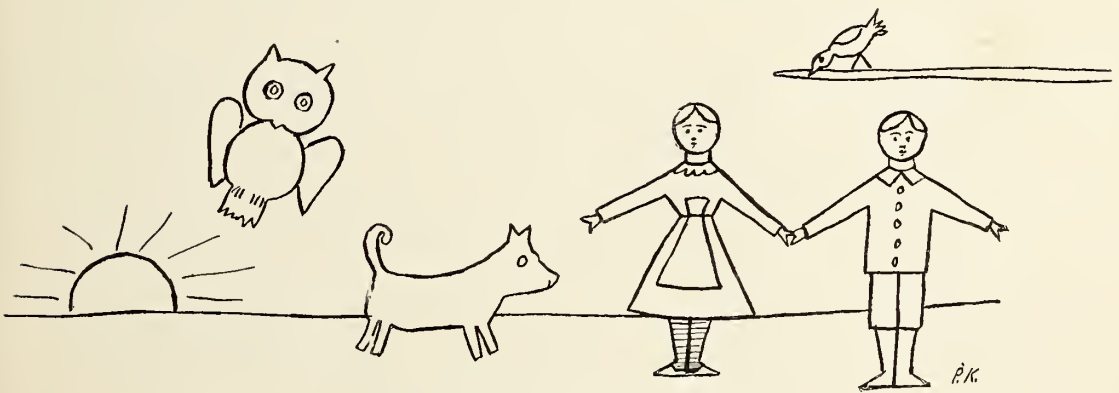
Who thought them a kind of harmless  
fowl.  
He rolled his eyes like balls of light,  
And politely passed the time of night.



PETER AND PATTY SEEK LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.

They rode and rode, all the afternoon,  
But somehow it got to be night quite soon.  
And here they were under a great, dark tree,  
And were, oh! so hungry without their tea.  
  
Then they climbed the tree to be out of sight  
Of bears and creatures that prowl by night.  
There, perched on a branch, sat an amiable owl,

And when it grew daylight, the owl flew  
away  
With a queer sort of look on his counte-  
nance gray.  
He 'd been thinking all night of the whys  
and the whethers,  
And he could n't decide what they 'd done  
with their feathers.



PETER AND PATTY MEET THE SMALL BOW-WOW.



THE RESIDENCE OF THE NOAH FAMILY.

They climbed to the ground, and were so  
stiff and sore  
That they vowed they would never leave  
home any more.

Then they saw a small bowwow come out  
of the wood.

He was wagging his tail, and looked friendly  
and good,  
And they cried, "Little Doggie, we two  
ran away

From the Paper-Doll Box, just to run and play,  
And now we have lost our track,—  
Do help us to find our way back!  
There are none so sad and unhappy as we,  
For we perched all night on the limb of  
a tree."

The Little Dog answered, "I do not know  
The Paper-Doll Box, or the way to go.  
But I know some people not far from here—  
Mrs. Noah and her children dear.  
The Paper-Doll Box they must have found,  
For in their ark they have sailed all 'round.

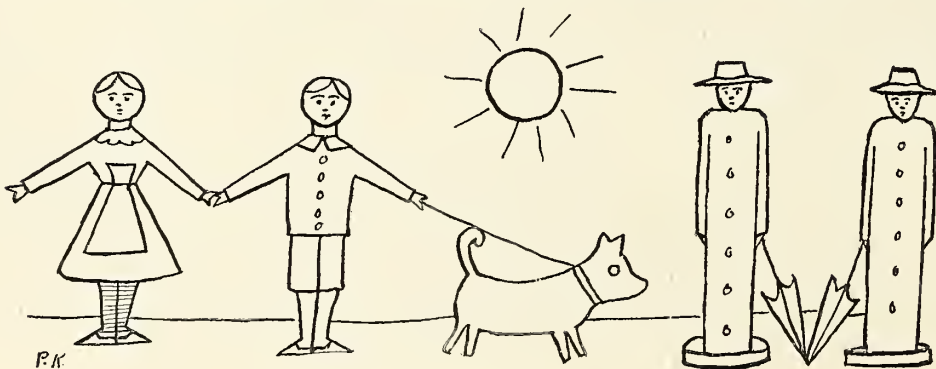
So he led the way, and they trotted behind;  
And they thought he was most polite and kind.  
When they came near the house of Mrs.  
Noah,

They could hear the lions and tigers roar,  
And their knees began to shake with fear  
At thought of animals fierce and queer.

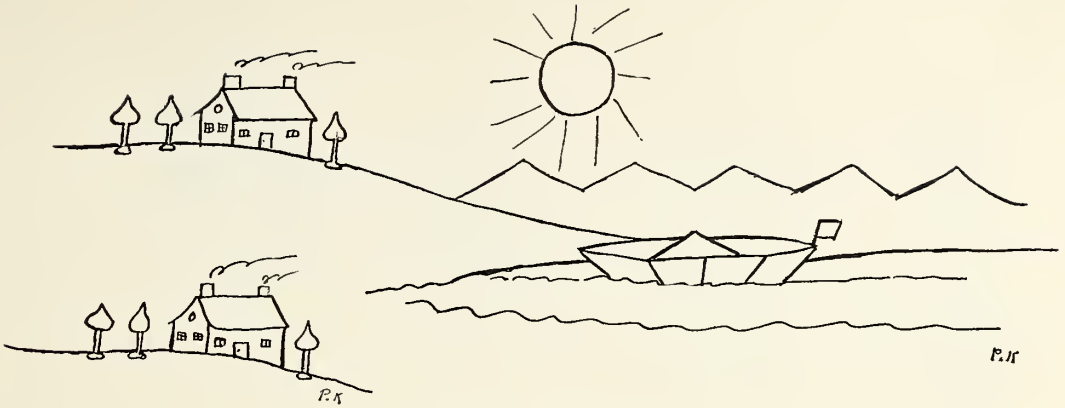
But the Little Dog said, "There 's no cause  
for alarm ;  
They are just little pets that they keep on  
the farm."

The house was the color of summer seas,  
And stood in a grove of Christmas-trees.  
A great brass knocker was on the door,  
And a beautiful garden stretched out before;  
Behind the house was a nice large park  
For all the creatures that went in the Ark.

The Noahs were standing on top of the hill,  
Watching them come as country folks will ;  
And the Little Dog introduced them all  
With a beautiful bow he had learned for a ball.



PETER AND PATTY MEET MR. AND MRS. NOAH.

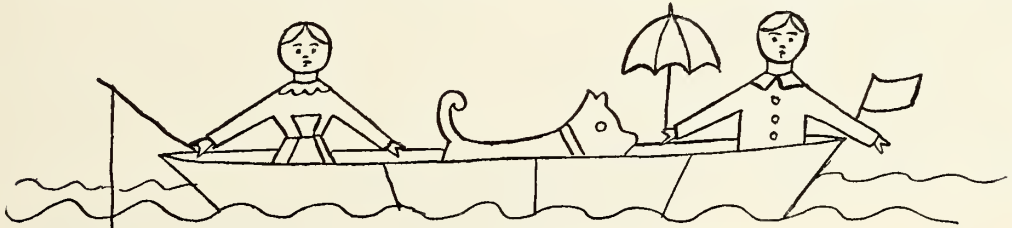


THE GREAT WATER-PAIL COUNTRY.

The Noahs were so cordial, and kind as  
 you please —  
 Though they never can bow 'cause they 're  
 stiff in their knees.  
 And they don't take their hats off even in  
 bed,  
 Because each one is glued tight to the head.

The way was all briers, and brooks, and  
 stones,  
 They hurt their shins, and they banged their  
 bones.

The Little Dog trotted on ahead,  
 And they followed slowly, feet like lead.



THE VOYAGE. PATTY TRIES FISHING WITH SUCCESS.

They took the paper dolls  
 straight to their hearts,  
 And fed them on cream and  
 Banbury tarts.

Then Mr. Noah said, "Of  
 course we know

The Paper-Doll Box, and how to go;  
 But children who run away from home  
 Can never get back the way they have  
 come.

You will have to travel o'er ditch and dale,  
 Until you come to the Great Water Pail.  
 And there is a skiff in which you can float,  
 Just as we did in our big house-boat."

They gave them a parcel of sandwiches,  
 All made of crackers and old green cheese;  
 And though the day was remarkably fair,  
 An old umbrell' that belonged to the bear.

They walked for a week by day and night  
 Before the Water Pail came in sight;  
 And there was the boat so stanch and trim,  
 All painted gold with a silver rim.

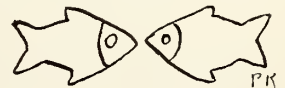
The dog was ballast, and Patty was crew,  
 And Peter was captain, and cargo, too.

The sun was warm, and the sky was blue,  
 The little birds over the water flew;  
 The boat drifted on in the happiest style,  
 And the dog regained his cheerful smile,  
 And Patty fished

in the end of  
 the boat,

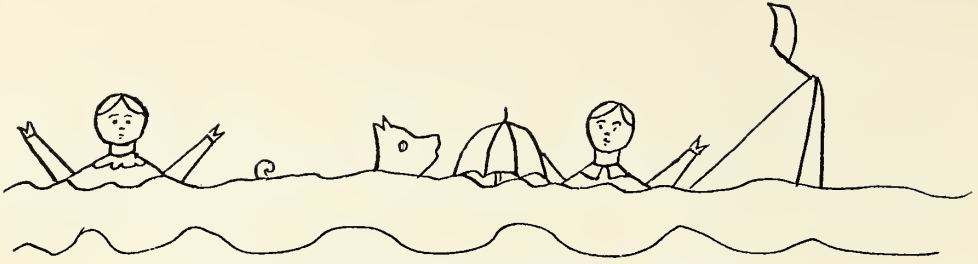
While Peter sang

in a dulcet note :



TWO FISHES.

"There's no place in all the world like home.—  
 The Paper-Doll Box is the place for me."



PETER AND PATTY AND THE LITTLE DOGGIE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE.

The land is all very well, I 'm sure,  
 And so, indeed, is the sea.  
 But there 's nothing like the Paper-Doll  
 Box  
 In all the world to me!"

But then he stopped singing — the boat had  
 a shock,  
 And gently turned over upon a rock.  
 Down to the depths of the sea went the  
 boat.  
 The two little dolls and the dog were afloat;  
 They raised their hands, and shouted for  
 help —  
 The Little Dog set up a terrible yelp —  
 But no one was near — not even a bird,  
 And the shore was so far that no one heard.

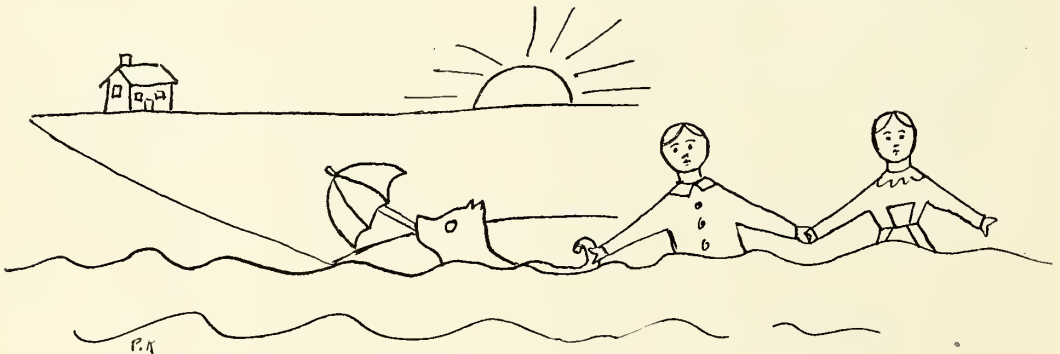
Then the Little Dog said, "Cling on to my  
 tail,  
 And I 'll use the umbrell' by way of a sail.  
 Don't mind if your feet are a little wet,  
 Somehow or other we 'll get home yet."  
 The Little Doggie was stanch and brave,  
 He struck right out at a great high wave.

He swam till he ached, and was stiff and  
 sore,  
 But he landed the Paper Dolls safe on  
 shore.

They were, oh! such pictures of despair!  
 The ink had run in their eyes and hair;  
 Their clothes were nearly washed away,  
 And they 'd been quite new that very day.  
 They had such a funny, watered look  
 That they had to be pressed in a heavy  
 book.

And then in the morning, with ink and pen,  
 We made them like their old selves again.  
 And you can believe that, since that day,  
 They have never wanted to run away,  
 For they 're always singing a little song,  
 Over and over all day long:

"There 's no place in all the world like home,—  
 The Paper-Doll Box is the place for me!  
 The land is all very well, I 'm sure,  
 And so, indeed, is the sea.  
 But there 's nothing like the Paper-Doll Box  
 In all the world to me!"

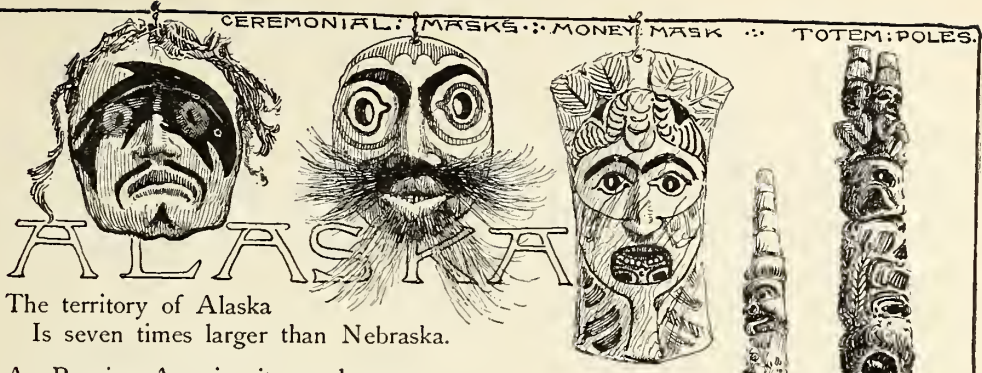


HEROIC RESCUE BY THE LITTLE DOGGIE.

# RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

CEREMONIAL MASKS •• MONEY MASK •• TOTEM POLES.



## ALASKA

The territory of Alaska  
Is seven times larger than Nebraska.

As Russian America it was known,  
Until we bought it for our own.

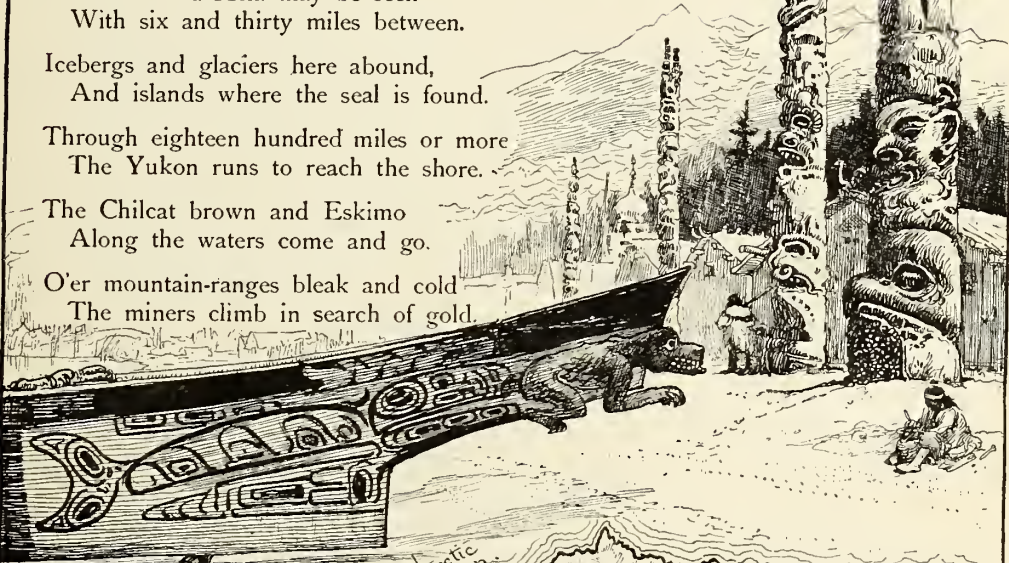
This land and Asia may be seen  
With six and thirty miles between.

Icebergs and glaciers here abound,  
And islands where the seal is found.

Through eighteen hundred miles or more  
The Yukon runs to reach the shore.

The Chilcat brown and Eskimo  
Along the waters come and go.

O'er mountain-ranges bleak and cold  
The miners climb in search of gold.



# "THE FAIRY GODMOTHER."

## REPORT CONCERNING THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

THE Fairy Godmother Puzzle has proved a great success. Difficult as it was to solve, hundreds of ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls all over the country attacked it bravely, and as a result there were received about a thousand very creditable sets of answers.

Lois Dowling, of Rochester, N. Y., wins the first prize (Ten Dollars), with a record of thirty-seven out of a possible thirty-eight correct answers.

To Gertruda Vroom is awarded the second prize (Nine Dollars), for thirty-six correct answers and general excellence.

George Beers King takes the third prize (Eight Dollars), Marjorie Byrne the fourth (Seven Dollars), and Mary Conwell the fifth (Six Dollars).

The five five-dollar prizes are awarded to Francis Gifford, Katharine Repplier, Mildred Bennett, Anthony Hunt, and Helen French.

The ten three-dollar prizes go to: Ethel York, Clevia Wheeler, Gertrude Vaile, Chester Lane, Grace Norton, Isabel Pontefract, Norman Connor, Lucretia De Schweinitz, Richard Northrup, and Junius Brown.

The fifteen one-dollar prizes are awarded to: Harriet Moss, Ellen Townsend, William C. Mann, Elizabeth Sargent, Helen Holbrook, Eloise Runyon, Lewis Tooker, Bess Kelly, Edward Lyon, Estelle Coleman, Pauline Mackay, Elsie Marshall, Albert Crocker, Rosamond Allen, and Margaret Griswold.

### THE CORRECT ANSWERS TO THE FAIRY GODMOTHER PUZZLE.

1. Telemachus, son of Ulysses.
2. Stephen of Cloyes, the boy-preacher of the Children's Crusade, 1212 A. D.
3. Chesterfield ("Charge, *Chester*, charge!" — Mar-mion).
4. Florence Nightingale — (See "Santa Filomena," by Longfellow).
5. "Master Betty." William Henry West Betty, who made his debut in London in 1803.
6. Pandora's Box, which held many troubles and the one precious gift — "Hope."
7. The twelve Proverbs that rhyme in six couplets :

All roads lead to Rome.  
The longest way round is the shortest way home.

The more haste the less speed.  
A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Turn about is fair play.  
Every dog has his day.

Fast bind, fast find.  
As the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined.

Rome was not built in a day.  
Where there 's a will there 's a way.

Well begun is half done.  
Two heads are better than one.

8. The horse-hair that supported the sword hung over the head of Damocles by the tyrant Dionysius of Sicily.

9. Maximinus the Thracian, Emperor of Rome, A. D. 235.
10. The *Planta Genista*, or broom-plant, from which is derived "Plantagenet." Geoffrey, Prince of Anjou, was surnamed Plantagenet because he wore in his bonnet a sprig of flowering broom, *plante à genêt*. From him sprang the long line of Plantagenet kings, who ruled England for centuries.

11. Bucephalus (bull-headed), the favorite horse of Alexander the Great, was shod with gold.

12. The Rosetta Stone.

13. Elixir of Life — a ruby stone sometimes called the Philosopher's Stone.

14. Solon, Thales, Pittacus, Bias, Chilon or Chilo, Cleobulus, Periander.

15. Arachne, the weaver whom Minerva changed to a spider.

16. Penelope, who at night unraveled her day's weaving in order to gain time for Ulysses to arrive (Homer's *Odyssey*).

17. Said of "Cassius" in Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," Act 1, Scene 2.

18. Said of "Hamlet," in Shakspeare's "Hamlet," Act 5, Scene 2.

19. The toad, referred to in Shakspeare's "As You Like It," Act 2, Scene 1.

20. Shakspeare's "Macbeth," Act 5, Scene 1.

21. Milton's "Paradise Lost," line 302.

22. Houseleek — is known as "Jupiter's Beard."

23. Thin strips of orange peel or walnut skin.

24. Hero of Edmond About's "L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée."

25. "Goetz von Berlichingen" — Goethe.

26. Herod, the murderer of the Innocents.



- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 27. "Sweet Alice"—in the song "Ben Bolt."                           | 32. "Bluebeard."                    |
| 28. Bishop Hatto—who met his death in the Mouse tower of the Rhine. | 33. Pope.                           |
| 29. The Flying Dutchman—Vanderdecken's ship.                        | 34. Hood.                           |
| 30. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"—Browning.                           | 35. Early (The late General Early). |
| 31. "The Marchioness" in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop."            | 36. The Lorelei.                    |
|   | 37. Mandrake (man—drake).           |
|   | 38. The Sentinel of Pompeii.        |

Many correspondents gave Nicholas of Cologne as the answer to the second question, and this was admitted as correct. Nicholas preached the Children's Crusade in Germany during the time Stephen of Cloyes was preaching it in France. (See article, "The Children's Crusade," printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* in January, 1875.)

Number 4 was sometimes given as "Santa Filomena," whereas the question plainly required a more explicit answer.

Numbers 5, 9, 26, 28, 31, and 37 were taken too seriously by the majority of puzzle-solvers.

The "flower of the sun" was supposed to endow with long life, happiness, and prosperity all on whom it shone.

Although our readers were specially requested to give "short accurate answers" to each question, many of them sent in manuscripts almost as long as the puzzle itself. It would be well for them to note the conciseness of the printed answers to the puzzle.

The writing and spelling were in a few cases so careless as to deprive the writer of a place on the Honor roll, but, generally speaking, the work—especially of the very young people—proved very creditable.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Otho Kean, Isabel McCurdy, Margaret Horsfield, Jack Armstrong, Olive Dame, Elsie Keppler, Hubert Merryweather, M. Bell Dunnington, May Dougan, Francis M. Loud, Lewis R. Graham, Reta M. Dowie, Albert P. Benners, Beatrice Lodge, Katharine Chambers, Mabel Hancock, Edith Lindsay, Sadie Frantz, Katharine Campbell, Sara Fitz, Harold Brynner, Lucy C. Carr, Phebe Luther, Mary Guest Smith, Lawrence Generelly, Sigourney Ninninger, Evelyn Swain, Charlotte Brewster, Marion Foster, Minnie Hart, Minnie Naetling, Arthur Stott, Jr., Eleanor Monroe, Janet Pease, Christine Saunders, Abbie Newton, Bessie Ellsbree, Helen Lodge, Eleanor Allen, Joseph Eastman, Cora Stanton, Mary Coggeshall, Robert Gibson, Clara Gardiner, Amy Einstein, Mary Blakey, Fanny Dougherty, Katharine Portman and Grace O'Rourke, Marian Homans, Mary Geisler, Helen McLean, Frances Lee, James Hassler, Helen Moody, Henrietta Drury, Appleton Nutter, Eleanor Cook, Constance Knowler, Georgie Leake, Elizabeth Randolph, Duncan Elliot, Selden Noyes, Emma Pratt, Hamilton Bradshaw, Charlotte Prime, Nathaniel Hill, Joseph Swain, Alice Wood, Helen Carman, John S. Burke, Margaret Lantry, Ruth Whitney, Audrie La Villebeuvre, Wyllie Hart, Louise Hart, Juliet Adee, Laura Armstrong, Marguerite Barnes, Kendrick Wilson, Jr., Julia Morse, Elsie Pond, Stephen Douglass, Georgia Kendall, Harriet Johnson, Ernest Davies, Sue Leonard, Elizabeth Bates, Bertha Hill, Ada Darby, Clara Anthony, Mary Carolyn Smith, Hubert Webb, Annette Young, George Sicard, Clinton Burns, Kathryn White, Grace Young, Margaret King, Henry Colgan, P. S. Freret, Louise Banks, Alden Griffin, Clara Oliver, Helen Young, Hubert Lewis, George W. Lount, Charles Stevenson, Helen Horne, Elise Marstelles, Joan Rawle, Bridget K. Smith, Florence Goldschmidt, Arthur Brown, Alice Wild, Frances Moore, Paul Jones, Helen Ford, Helen Bagley, Ella P. Huey, Francis Hammond, Olive Young, Logan Clendenning, Walter Howard, Laura Kennish, Constance Miles, Charles Doak, Linda Dows, Olive Geer, Marian Dorr, Ethel Atherstone, Kenneth Robinson, Grace Atkin, Clarence King, Margaret Telford, Elsie Lyle, Mary Kirkbride, Harold Foster, Mary Biller, Helen Van Ingen, Edith Van Ingen, Margaret March, Willie Nichols, Marjorie Hughson, Elizabeth Jackson, K. C. Hodge, Caroline Piers, Gertrude Hill, Margherita Sargent, Towner Webster, Hilda White, Grace Gregory, Erle Meredith, Fanny Norris, Mabel Goodman, Sarah Sanborn, Edwin Haines, Elfrida de Renne, Alice Dyer, Genevieve Butler, Graham Stewart, Angela Terrara, Olive Walters, Edith Walters, Madeleine Murtha, Gertrude Jewett, Ellen B. Rice, Mildred Woolworth, Mary Dean, Harold Washburn, Inez Fox, Josephine Tryon, Cicely Leach, Annie Champlin, Henry Stevens, Albert Dickerman, Wellington Scott, Clifford Clark, Anna Curtis, Ella McElvin, Maud Ashurst.

Laura Hibbs, Francis Shields, Annette Roseshine, Louis F. Moody, Virginia Bartlett, Katherine Frost, Hawley Cook, Upton Sinclair, Jr., Beatrice De Coppet, Gertrude De Coppet, Edward Rich, America Moore, Alice Mongin, Bertha Schefer, Helen Ingham, Parker Filmore, Effie Fortune, Ralph Lowry, Anna Jungman, Martha Foster, Louise Grove, Maria Snowden, C. F. Collis, Sophia Stearer, Florence Smith, Edith Spencer, Edith Preble, E. Stewart, Henry Guy Carleton, Selma Schricker.

Elizabeth Higgins, Mary A. Barber, Edwina Abbot, May Logbon, Ned Butler, Katharine Creedon, Emilie Scoullar, Ruth Lawrence, Margaret Lunt, Emily Dinwiddie, Katharine McCormack, Louise Dargon, Mitchell Wilby, Elsie Ilfeld, Janet Sherman, Stanley Wilson, Grace Merry, Nellie Morris, Florence Payne, Anna Barnard, Hanna Adair, Beth Harrington, J. M. Semmes, A. S. Graham, Chauncey Drisco, Grace Kitt, Frances Nelson, Victor Garrett.

Lena Miller, Philip Tomas, Nora Stillwell, Dorothy Brooke, Emma Cobb, Philip Alexander, Rachel Mosse, Leila O'Neill, Helena Nye, Elizabeth Bleacher, Henry Emerson, Mary Merrill, Allein Guiteau, C. K. Van Horn,

Phelps Tyler, Mary Spencer, Nora Matnard, Simon Stern, Eileen Mitchell, Eugene Wilkerson, John C. Black, Mark Schriver, Harold Baylis, Alexander Guild, Raymond Barker, B. H. Bailot.

Emma Long, Alice Kendall, Grace Matthews, Harriett Walsh, Lawrence Campbell, Isabel Noble, Florence Sullivan, Evelyn Jackson, Carl Birkenbine, Estelle Hunt, Bertha Earll, Alice Graham, Mabel Haddock, Charles Woods, Clara Margedank, M. Z. Bain, Arria Griffith, Augustus Soule, Blanche Kelly.

Clara Gillett, Helen Taylor, Elizabeth Barber, C. R. George, Cleveland Palmer, Frank Ruppert, Oscar Ives, Lillian Donvan, Edith D'Orville, Fred Brown, F. L. Humphrey, Mary Giles, Mabel Maycomb, Louise Trimble.

Margery Hoyes, Laura Henderson, Elsie Murray, Agnes Dean, Bertha Martin, Jessie Henry, Bertha Goding, Elsa Tamsen, F. H. Sutton, Grace Medes, Virginia Dorsey, Katherine McDonald, Sallie Powers, Natalie Preston, T. O. Metcalf, Clare McClure, Minnie Flack, Philip Newton, Caroline Goodman, Edith Ishan, Ellen Alden, Nellie Edwards, Jennie Thomas, Anna Conner, Geo. Stevenson, Mary Dunbar, Margaret Bailey, Elbert Smith, Jr., Henry Hathaway, Emily Colquhaun, Muriel Phillips, William Le Baird, J. Clay, George Harris, Elizabeth Ward, Elsie Bethune, Esther Tabor, Gertrude Lane, James Burleigh, Annie Mayo, Jerome Chambers, Helen Russell, May Samok, Charles Crosley, Worthington Bonner, Helen Kinch, Clara Greuning, Frieda Hermann, Miriam Johnson, Ruth Nichols, Rosalie Jones, Marguerite Frechette.

Maud Otto, Burns Thompson, Lillian Bang, Adele Carroll, Marion Calvin, John Welsh, Anna Waller, William Costello, Charlotte Thayer, Laura Ryan, Elizabeth Pratt, Jeanette Baum, Grace Patterson, Sophia Moeller, Mary Johnson, Mary Fisk, Stanley Roetlinger, Edward Lond, Caroline Baldwin, Lillian Davis, Elizabeth Briden, Emily Van Cott, Helen Weman, Fred Sultzbach, Bonnie Kellogg, Louise Berry, Henrietta King, Raymond Hill, Dora Lee, Phoebe Morgan, Marguerite Sutherland, Graham Woodward, Rebecca Drake.

#### COMPETITORS UNDER 13 YEARS OF AGE DESERVING HONORABLE MENTION.

May Barry, William White, Mary Henking, Roger Huntington, Josephine Wilson, Benjamin Day, Jr., Henry Sargent, Sallie Barber, Katheryne Van Sycle, Hilda Hibbler, Florence Rice, Allen Van Eps, Nancy Burgurman, Seth Reed, Anna Oathout, Henry Fish, Augustus Soule, Clarence Kearfortt, Winsor Soule, Nora Wilkins, Sherman Winslow, Jane Parks, Bernardine Barnett, Mary Carolan, Ernest Manning, Roy Bradshaw, Louis Breckon, Ruth Vinning, Ruth Palmer, Hugh Morgan, Hattie Boynton, Rose Brenner, Bessie Buell, Pauline Curran, Lawrence Hall, Maud Ringold, Carrie George, Maud Leake, Agnes Edwards, Maggie Brown, Ellen Barras, Hubert Quinn, Jessie Hewth, Edna Hill, Alexander Pratt, Ernest Barnes, Hazel Brown, Catharine Roads, Harry Haile, Helen Weiman, Helen Baine, Edith Crish, Faith Lyman, Orison H. Smith, Margery White, Harold Cadmus, Edith Alter, Lucille Lawton, Margaret Long, Virginia Verplanck, Emma Schwenck, Fauchon Borie.

#### ENGLISH PRIZE LIST.

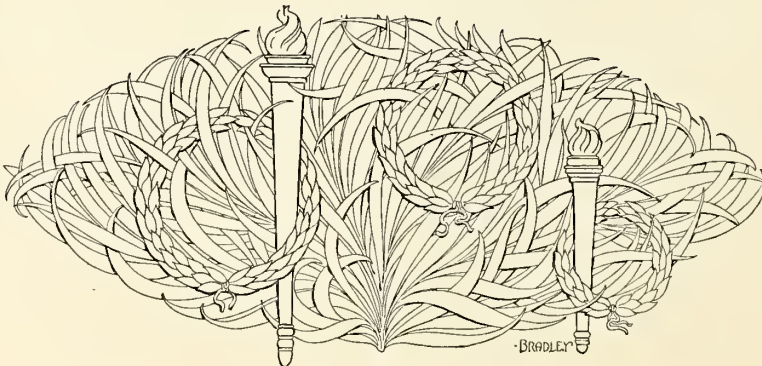
The English Prizes are awarded as follows: One prize, £2 sterling, to Margery Darbyshire.

Three prizes, one guinea each, to Dorothy Brown, Enid Brown, and Marion E. Paris.

Ten prizes, of a half-sovereign each, to Dorothy E. Silk, Cordelia Pease, Amelia Daisy Bate, Louisa Brown, Marion Dunlop, Dorothea Pease, Margaret I. Dunlop, Dorothea Faraday, Mary Beaumont, Avis T. Hicking.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Sylvia Milman, Marie Bradley, Nora E. Fisher, Mabel Allwork, Dorothy Firth, Dorothy Ross, Marjorie E. Mather, Helen Mead, Celia de Zouche, Katie Leitch, Barbara Drummond, Margaret and Alethea Awdry, and Mary Brown.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

IN the page of "The Rhymes of the States" that contains the rhyme "Alaska," the artist has introduced careful studies of the "totem poles" that stand at the doorways of the Thlinkit Indians' houses, and of the masks used in their dances. The poles are so carved that they tell to one skilled in reading them the family and personal history of their owners. The bow of an Indian boat is shown also, copied from the real boat in the New York Museum of Natural History.

A LITTLE boy surprised his papa with the following question, which contains food for reflection:

"If three boys who don't know very much say a thing is so, and one boy who knows a good deal says it is not so, which would you believe?"

We print this letter from a little French reader just as it was received:

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of thirteen years old. I am a french girl, but my governess is American, and tells me of that interesting country. I walk in the Bois de Boulogne every day with my governess and my little sister Rosette. She will have five years next June. I have a black caniche who I love. His name is William after an american gentleman that Maman knows. Maman and I think it is a very original name but my governess says it is a little ordinary in america. Please pardon my english if you find many faults. As I have never seen a letter from a french girl in your magazine I hope you will print this one.

With many compliments your little french friend,  
ANDRÉE DE B——.

CORBETTSVILLE, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I composed this little poem especially for your Letter-box.

Your admiring reader, ALICE E——.

JOHNNY'S "ST. NICK."

A GENTLEMAN asked Johnny  
If he had ever seen ST. NICK;  
And Johnny said, "Yes, sir,"  
And he said it very quick.

"I have seen him—let me see!—  
Twelve times this very year."  
"How is that?" said the gentleman.  
Said John, "T is very clear."

Then, walking to the bookcase,  
He took down a volume new.  
What was it?

Why, ST. NICHOLAS, 't was you.  
ALICE E—— (aged fourteen).

PATERSON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have often wanted to write you, but somehow we never seemed to have anything real interesting to tell you.

Now we have, and it 's about a bird. We were staying at a farm-house at Greenwood Lake. The farmer had a very large cat who hunted birds and squirrels. One day he brought a little phoebe-bird and dropped it at our mother's feet, purring, and arching his back to be petted, as if he thought he had done a brave and noble deed.

We took the poor little bird, who was not hurt a bit, up to our room, where we kept him all day until sunset, when we brought him down on the piazza to see if he could fly.

He hopped about, and fluttered his wings, and was so cunning we hoped we could keep him always. Pretty soon he began to peep or chirp, and we heard an answering chirp from a tree in front of the piazza. Then our bird peeped again and again, and the bird in the tree always answered. Presently down it flew beside our bird on the piazza, and was off again like a flash, back again, and off, several times. Mama said it must be the mother-bird; so we put baby-bird on top of a tall gate-post, and the mother-bird flew right down beside it, rested a moment, and then flew away, and was gone several minutes. When she came back she had a worm in her bill for baby-bird, who promptly opened his mouth and swallowed it. The mother kept on feeding the little bird for a while, and then coaxed it to fly away with her. We were so pleased for the baby-bird to find its mother again that we forgot to be sorry about losing our phoebe.

We like ST. NICHOLAS more than we can tell.

Your true friends, CALVERT AND ARTHUR.

MARION, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have been sick nearly all my life, and have traveled a great deal for my health. I have been all the way from Maine to California, and also to Mexico. We have a very nice home here, of about one acre, and it is full of fruit-trees; and in the summer it is so green and pretty.

I was born in the mountains of Colorado, where the snow was very deep, so that the surface of the snow was level with the porch roof. I was born in March, and in April I had to go to Denver, so there had to be a road dug through the snow, ten feet deep, to let the sleigh come up to the door to take me to the station, one mile away.

My papa was the superintendent of a large coal-mine there. In January there was a great explosion in the mine that killed many men. My mama has often told me of what a dreadful time it was.

Your faithful reader, HUGH B. R——.

CORONADO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old; I live on Coronado Beach.

I have always wanted to write a letter to you, and at last I am going to do it, and in it I am going to tell you about our "Christmas Cabin" that we had last winter instead of a tree.

It was a frame. In the middle it was seven feet high, and it sloped down to about four feet. It was covered with white cloth. It had a pole with a flag on it in front, and strings of popcorn and ribbons draped from the pole to the back of the cabin.

I forgot to say that it was built in front of the fire-

place, so that we hung our stockings up just the same, only they were inside the cabin.

The cabin was decorated with pepper branches. The leaves are something like a coarse fern, with big clusters of red berries on them. Then there were cornucopias pinned all over it, and we gave one to each one that came to see the cabin.

I want to tell you what my little brother Edwin said, three years old. When mama and papa were fixing the cabin Christmas eve, he thought it was very nice, and then he said: "We must put a little table in the cabin, and put some lunch on it for Santa Claus, because he will be hungry."

And papa asked him what we should put on the table, and he said, "A glass of milk and some cookies"; so papa did it, and after Edwin went to bed papa drank the milk and ate the cookies.

In the morning Edwin saw the table and the glass, but no milk, and the plate and three small pieces of cookies; and he said, "Santa Claus will have to come back and eat the rest of the cookies."

Mama thinks that this is quite long enough, so I must stop. Your devoted reader,  
ANNA M. S.—

—

NAGOYA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For a long time a friend has been sending us the ST. NICHOLAS; but when the American mail came, behold! there you were, a Christmas present from my papa, and I was very happy to meet you. Now I hope you will come every time, and I will pay you by telling you stories about Japan. This time I will tell you about a procession.

One day a procession (*matsuré*) went along the street. First came a lot of boys each dressed in a drab-blue suit made to imitate a mouse. Then came a cart which was drawn by the boys, and which had on it a pine-tree covered with money made from gold and silver paper, in imitation of the old-time money. In the cart were a lot of men beating drums and playing fifes. Then followed men that had circulars to give to the people. These were followed by men carrying banners with something written on them in Japanese. On the top of the cart sat a man beside a pile of boxes with a slit in the top; he would hand these out to the people. Now what could all this fuss mean? Why, the opening of a bank! You would say this was a very queer thing, but you stay here a year and you would see many more queer things. Good-by.

Your friend and faithful reader,  
HARRY JAMES S.—

—

LA BORDE, TOURS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little French girl, eleven years old. I have a sister two years younger than I; she is called Suzan. We live in a castle near Tours; it is called La Borde.

I have a pet Swiss cow named Schwitz. It comes to me when I call it, and it eats in my hand, but it is not very mild with the other persons.

Mama has a very big dog named Cora: it is the nicest beast you can imagine. It is so intelligent, so faithful, it understands everything one says to it. It is a Danish dog, so you see it is a very large one. It barks when strangers intrude, but would not bite them. Suzan also has a pet dog. It is a pretty collie, black and yellow, named Scan; it is not so intelligent as Cora.

I have a garden. I work in it very often and I like it very much. It is not a large one, but I asked papa's permission to have it enlarged, and he consented to do so for me. Every year I plant pretty seeds; I like so much to see them grow and to make pretty nosegays for mother when they are in bloom. Yesterday I took some ferns to put in it, but I do not think they will grow as

well as in the park. I have an apple-tree in the middle of my garden; it gave me about twenty large apples last autumn. I ate them with Suzan.

I should like very much to see my letter printed in your journal. Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS,  
Your fond reader,  
GENEVIEVE A.—

—

PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is now the fifth year that I have taken you.

My sister and I are very fond of horses. We raise hackneys, three of which we are breaking in this year, namely: "Lady Random," "Dr. Jim," and "Thunderbolt." We have a pony each; my sister's is called "Marquis," and mine "Prince Charlie." We have twenty horses altogether; we have no hunting here, although there used to be some.

We have three collies and two retrievers. One of the collies is mine; I call her "Lassie." My sister and I have four doves, which are very tame. They are kept in a cage in winter and fly about out of doors in summer.

Twice a year we all go to Glen-Isla, a place eighteen miles from here; we like climbing the hills very much. Mount Blair, which is 2440 feet, is in front of our house. I have been up it five times. Not far from the house we have a loch, with Loch Leven trout in it. The largest trout caught in it weighed five pounds.

Your interested reader,  
ETHEL O. K.—

—

LAS LOMAS RANCHO, BUENA PARK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little fox-terrier, "Feather" is very cunning, and, we think, very clever. Last summer he used to disappear every evening, just at dark. One day we found him down near the ranch-house playing with a little ground-owl. Feather would run after the owl, and the owl would fly over his head from the fence-post on which it had been perched. They would do this again and again, and play together for a long time.

I am a little girl eight years old and live on a beautiful ranch. The house has wide piazzas. On one side we can see the mountains, and on the other Catalina Island.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS as long as I can remember.  
HELEN S. E.—

—

NEW BRIGHTON, CHESHIRE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Scotch girl, though we always spend the winter here in New Brighton. We are near the river Mersey, and we can see all the large vessels that pass us. We always spend our summer holidays in our house in Dumfriesshire, near Moffat. I have a pony there of which I am very fond. I call him "Prince Charlie."

I must tell you about my goldfish. I have four very pretty ones. Their basin stands about four feet from the ground. One day a friend of mine on entering the room found one of them lying on the floor. It had jumped right out. She quickly put it back in the water, out of which they cannot live more than two minutes, so it was a narrow escape for its life. I remain ever your interested reader,  
FLORA GORDON S.—

—

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Dudley J. Morton, II. B. David Burnet, Alice Curran, Arthur E., Jessie Dey, Emily M. Harrison, Ina M. Ufford, Nellie Dase, John B., William Henry Miller, Alice Marguerite Law, Vincent K. Newcomer, Mary W. Clark, Neva T., Frederica White Eldredge, William R. Dart, Francis Cecilia Reed, Phyllis H. Rosenthal, Mabel S. G.

# RIDDLE

## THE

## BOX



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

QUADRUPLE SQUARES. I. 1. Turn. 2. Unio. 3. Riot. 4. Note. II. 1. Tonc. 2. Omer. 3. Nebu. 4. Eros. III. 1. Tonc. 2. Over. 3. Nero. 4. Eros. IV. 1. Tear. 2. Edda. 3. Adit. 4. Rate. From 1 to 3 and from 1 to 7, turnstone; 3 to 9, and 7 to 9, crostrate; 2 to 8, and 4 to 6, sot.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. HyMen. 2. OrEad. 3. MoMus. 4. ObOle. 5. LaRes. 6. Orlon. 7. ErAto. 8. PaLes. 9. HaDes. 10. DiAna. 11. DrYad.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Mad. 3. Mitre. 4. Battery. 5. Drear. 6. Err. 7. Y.—CHARADE. Mayflower.

ZIGZAG. "Dotheboys Hall." Cross-words: 1. Drama. 2. cOats. 3. enTer. 4. sigHs. 5. bravE. 6. barBs. 7. stOre. 8. tYng. 9. Shoes. 10. sHarP. 11. thAnE. 12. skiLL. 13. pearL.

SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Ha-lt. 2. D-roll. 3. Pear-l. 4. La-ird. 5. Bow-l. 6. M-aid. 7. D-earth. 8. M-ask.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Stowe. Cross-words: 1. biSon. 2. waTch. 3. moOse. 4. toWel. 5. shEll.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Monroe. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Redeem. 2. Method. 3. Scents. 4. Lorded. 5. Rowing. 6. Ending.

HOURLY-CLASS. Centrals, Dante. Cross-words: 1. Elder. 2. Tar. 3. N. 4. Ate. 5. Dream.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Helen C. McCleary—M. McG.—"Jahoo"—G. B. Dyer—"Jersey Quartette"—"Dondy Small"—L. O. E.—Paul Reese—W. L.—Clive—"Edgewater Two"—Marguerite Murch and Co.—"Sand Crabs"—"The Three Brownies"—Josephine Sherwood—Edward Arthur Lyon—"Ida"—Paul Rowley—Blanche and Fred—Nessie and Freddie—"Merry and Co."—"Two Little Brothers"—W. L. and H. A.—Greta Simpson—Jo and I—"The Brownie Band"—Kathlyn B. Stryker—Grace Edith Thallon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Mollita B. Donohue, 1—Annie E. Gregory, 2—Louisa Barker, 3—Lawrence Gilboy, 1—Chas. V. Briggs, 1—Marian J. Homans, 8—Ethel Potter, 1—Lulu C. Shearman, 1—Chas. A. Greene, 1—Mary K. Rake, 2—Warren Barton B., 2—Georgia Stipp, 3—J. R. Cox, 2—"Kearsarge," 4—"The Grasshoppers," 5—Scott Nearing, 2—W. B. Kell, 1—Margaret A. Hobbs, 1—"Midget," 1—Mollie Spicer, 2—Kittie Corbitt, 3—Carl Fred, 4—Fred G. Rockwell, 6—Owen Thomas, 1—Kathryn Jordan, 5—W. Putnam, 5—Belinda and Charly, 4—H. P. Sweeney, 2—Ray Hines, 5—Ralph W. Kiefer, 1—Bertha P., 1—Helen M. Shriver, 4—"Girl from Maine," 2—Jessie Dey, 5—J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 3—"Tiddiewinks," 2—Gladys De Forrest, 2—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Carleton McDowell, 1—"Spooks," 2—Hallock and Co., 3—Mary Anne Spencer, 2—"Jane," 6—Emily Norris Vaux, 1—Caroline B., 1—A. E. and H. G. E., 8—Albert P. Weymouth, 5—Alice M. Law, 1—"Iron Mask," 4—Geo. S. Corlew and Aunt Pollie, 3—F. Goyeneche, 3—Alma L. Knapp, 1—Amelia MacDonald, 2—Marion Duncan, 1—Frederica Yeager, 8—Evelyn Walker, 3—Gertrude Klein, 5—Stirling Schroder, 3—Bessie Flett, 4—Elizabeth Gundrum, 2—Van Neste and Franklin, 8—Frances D. Radford, 4—Helen Ford, 3—Mary H. and Ernest T. Rossiter, 7—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Addison Neil Clark and G. and M., 11—Laura M. Zinser, 8—"Teddy and Carrots," 3—E. Everett, Jr., 2—Joseph D. Zahm, 2—"Embla," 9—"Kilkenny Cats," 11—Daniel Hardin, Jr., 4—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 11—Merrick Estabrook, 2—"Daughter of the Regiment," 4—Oskeytel H. C., 2—Katharine Dunbar Parmly, 10—Lucy and Eddie H., 4—"The Butterflies," 10—T. W. Riker, 5—Bessie and Percy, 3—"Chiddingstone," 11—"Charles Carroll," 9—Clara A. Anthony, 11—Truda Vroom, 6—"64," 7—S. Stankowitch, Jr., 6—M. J. Philbin, 4—Helen Lake, 5—C. W. Adams, 4—R. W. Murray, 3—"Princeton Tigers," 8—Bessie Prosser, 7—E. C. C. E., 6—Olive Lupton, 9—Seth Evans Hodge, 1—Odie Oliphant, 11.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. A HIGHWAY. 2. A masculine name. 3. A particle. 4. A large cupola. EMILY B. DUNNING.

### CHARADE.

BETWEEN your eyes  
My *first* one lies.  
Merry with glee  
My *second* you 'll be.  
Fragrant and sweet  
Behold me *complete*.

ELIZABETH SCHWEFEL.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to make shorter, and leave to span.
2. Behead a dialect pronunciation, and leave a knave.
3. Behead to extend, and leave every.
4. Behead at large, and leave wide.

Pi. Come to the woods, O Spring!  
Touch the gray silence, smite the winter's gloom,  
Till the dim aisles grow bright with sudden bloom,  
And the fair arches ring.

Over the meadows pass,  
Flinging the wealth of May buds, faintly sweet,  
In shining garlands round the children's feet  
Amid the springing grass.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES. 1. Ca-Paris-on. 2. In-Cuba-ite. 3. Se-Crete-d. 4. Des-Troy-er. 5. De-Man-d. 6. Ad-Jura-tion. 7. Ma-China-tion. 8. Cl-Andes-tine. 9. Pl-Ural-ity. 10. C-Lima-x. 11. Mus-Quito-s.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 7, Model; 2 to 8, Mango; 3 to 9, Adieu; 4 to 10, Hayti; 5 to 11, Brass; 6 to 12, Diana; 12 to 18, Andes; 13 to 19, Lotus; 14 to 20, Crane; 15 to 21, Olive; 16 to 22, Train; 17 to 23, Trout; 7 to 12, Louisa; 12 to 17, Alcott.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. I. D. 2. Lea. 3. Deals. 4. Aloes. 5. Sedan. 6. Sabot. 7. Nomad. 8. Tacit. 9. Dimes. 10. Teams. 11. Small. 12. Sleet. 13. Let. 14. T.

5. Behead a mixture, and leave a tree.
6. Behead to degrade, and leave a foundation.
7. Behead a near relative, and leave opposite.
8. Behead a character in one of Shakspeare's plays, and leave part of the head.
9. Behead incensed, and leave a fixed allowance.
10. Behead agreeable, and leave a kind of dessert.
11. Behead a coarse linen cloth, and leave foolhardy.
12. Behead formal speeches, and leave food.
13. Behead a mechanical power, and leave always.
14. Behead not any, and leave a unit.

The fourteen beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous American.

LOUISE AND MILDRED HARDENHOOK.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY PRIMALS and finals each name an American author.  
CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ply the whip. 2. A masculine name. 3. Healthy. 4. A kind of cheese named after a town of the Netherlands. 5. Tardy. 6. Young boys. MAXWELL F. LAWTON.

**RHOMBOID.**

ACROSS: 1. A geometrical figure. 2. Pitchers. 3. A water nymph. 4. To postpone. 5. To restore. DOWNWARD: 1. In water. 2. A pronoun. 3. To acknowledge. 4. A tract of level grass land. 5. A prickly plant. 6. Secure. 7. A cave. 8. A musical tone. 9. In water. L. M. Z.

**RIDDLE.**

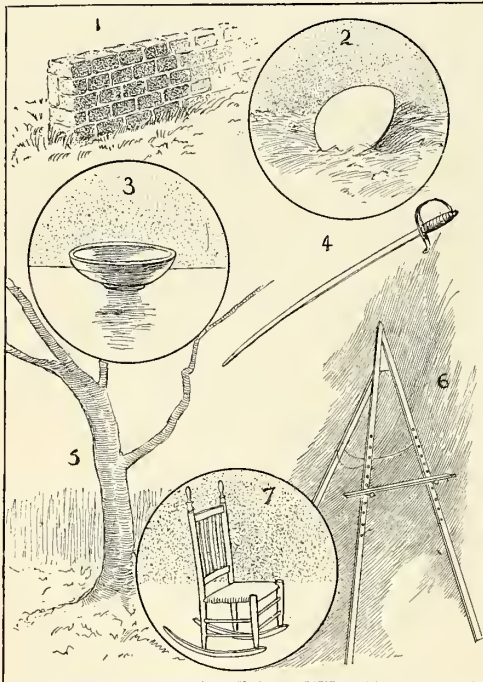
THE farmer uses me as a hindrance and a protection; I am of interest to those who study heraldry; every seaman dreads me; every reputable lawyer belongs to me, yet if he frequents me he ceases to be reputable; to be summoned before me is often a calamity; yet by musicians I am considered a necessity.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

**DIAMOND.**

1. IN laziness. 2. To entreat. 3. To furnish with regular meals, for compensation. 4. Ardent. 5. To moan. 6. Of a dark color. 7. In laziness. "SCHOOL BOYS."

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**



EACH of the seven small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished American statesman.

ROBERT M. MATHEWS.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of ninety-eight letters, and form a four-line verse by Richard Henry Stoddard. My 18-70-37-61 is one of the United States. My 84-65-8-6 is to appear. My 42-75-54-90 is no one. My 97-

68-25-13-78 are melodies. My 26-48-58-31-3 is a very large animal. My 87-76-44-11-51 is damp. My 94-56-33-52-23-29 was a Hebrew prophet. My 35-5-19-12-80-72 is to call. My 39-20-15-82-63-74 is the state of being well in body. My 41-28-47-92-49-17-1 is to allure. My 95-50-38-53-66-21-9 is lank. My 85-79-45-32-40-88-59 is bombastic. My 98-71-22-14-89-30-93 is a public thoroughfare. My 55-7-83-96-67-36-43 is a precious stone. My 4-34-77-91-24-73-2-86 is direct. My 81-46-27-69-64-10-62-57-16-60 is luster. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

**GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

(Cities.)

1. ENGLAND and France once strove for me,  
A stronghold of great fame.
2. A patriot martyr, noble maid,  
In history bears my name.
3. I sit beside a summer sea  
Near by a fateful mount.
4. The pig-tails run around in me  
In numbers hard to count.
5. My palaces luxurious  
Abound in rugs most rare.
6. A commerce vast and rich is mine,  
My windmills beat the air.
7. A quaint old gabled city, I;  
My wares the children love.
8. A great apostle born in me  
Preached of the life above.
9. In my old castle, highland lairds  
Once danced in tartans gay.
10. And when my edict was revoked,  
The Huguenots fled away.
11. I watch and wait the crescent's fall  
Beside the Black Sea's wave.
12. "City of Palms" of old was I;  
My queen, Zenobia brave.
13. By vengeful Sepoys, English blood  
Was shed within my walls.
14. Near me, a fair but fated queen  
Held court in castle halls.

A city old these primals spell—

She holds the Orient's key;  
Fair, with her domes and minarets,  
She sits beside the sea.

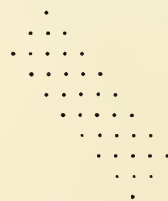
F. A.

**DIAGONAL.**

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter), will spell the name of a Roman statesman and warrior.

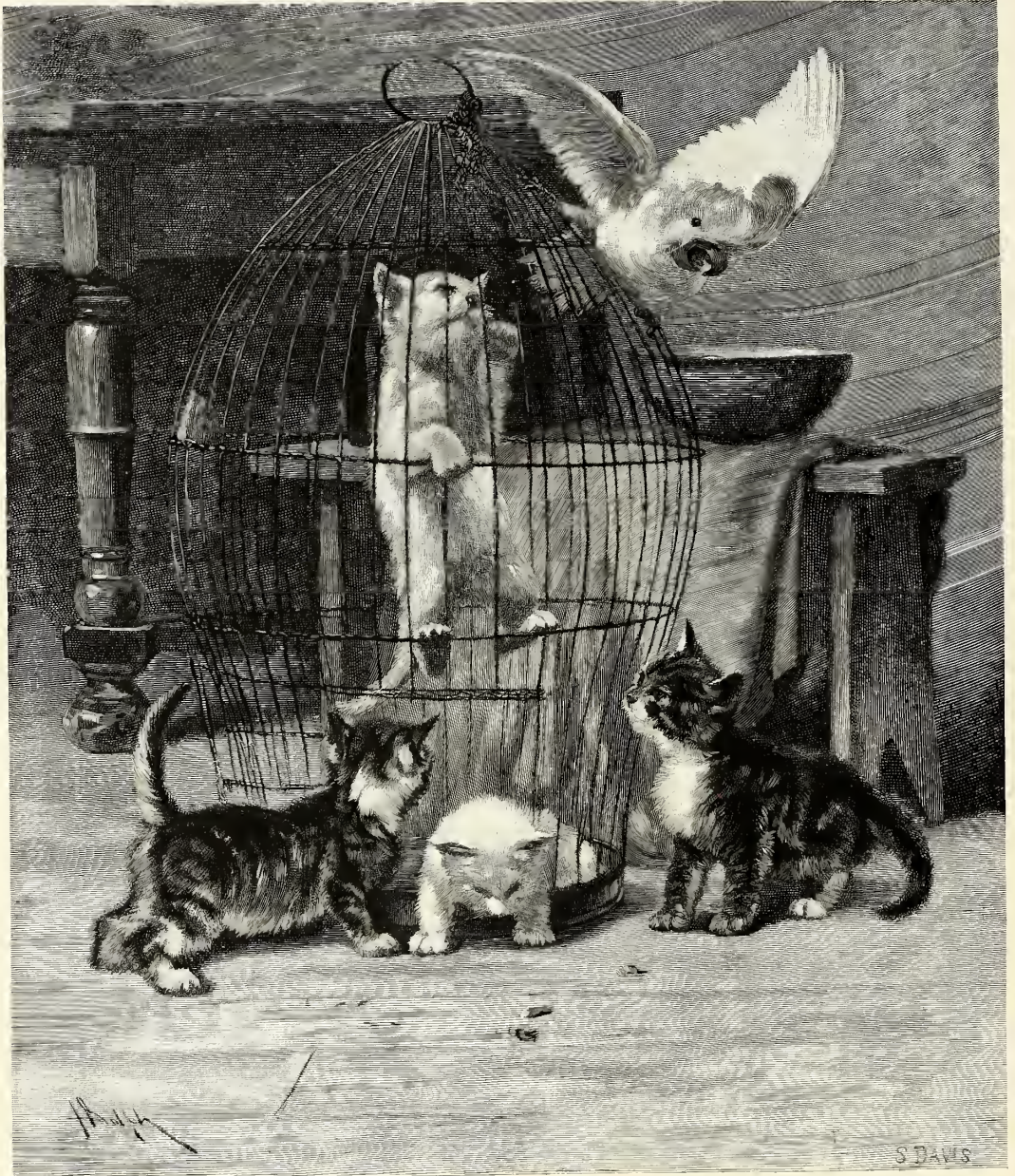
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A stately mansion. 2. Salty. 3. Any violent agitation of the mind. 4. Brought to an end. 5. A college for women. 6. A coin. "BETSY."

**AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.**



1. In school. 2. Timid. 3. A domestic animal. 4. Divisions of time. 5. Arrogant. 6. One who appears in a stage spectacle. 7. To put off. 8. A noisy feast. 9. A color. 10. In school. M. L. R.





ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS FROM A PAINTING BY J. H. DOLPH.

"HELD BY THE ENEMY."



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

JULY, 1896.

No. 9.

## MAURICE AND HIS FATHER.

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

---

BY SARA KING WILEY.

---

"WH—WHEN shall we ar—rive?" said little Maurice Terraine, the words being fairly joggled out of him by his bumping up and down on his pony. Sir Lawrence Terraine turned slightly in his saddle, and surveyed with displeasure the absurd figure behind him. Flat on his stomach, with both arms wound in the pony's mane, Maurice was urging on that lazy little beast by rapid kicks from two small heels. He raised a face scarlet with heat, but glowing with excitement, and surrounded by a tangle of damp curls, for his hat had gone long before.

"Maurice," said his father, severely, "hold yourself upon your horse in a more seemly posture. Is it possible that you never have ridden before?"

"Yes, sir. I never did ride before," answered the boy, struggling obediently to sit up, but not daring to loose his grip on the pony's mane, "and I do not com—comprehend how you match with his hops."

Sir Lawrence, looking at the little figure which was bunched up in the position of a monkey on a stick, could not refrain from smiling.

"Aunt Dawson," continued Maurice, encouraged to freedom by his father's smile, "would

not permit me to mount a horse. I—I did ride a cow once, but the g—gait is different."

"I will hold you, my son," said the stately gentleman, and, reining in his horse, he put one arm around the boy, and began to show him how to ride.

It was a warm day in August, 1780; and the detachment of English cavalry with which Maurice and his father journeyed were taking some American prisoners to Charleston, South Carolina. The Revolutionary War had been going on for nearly five years, and in spite of the courage of the Americans, the outlook for them was a dark one. The Continental Army in the North was in a sad condition—unpaid, and in want of food. And in the South the English had taken Charleston, and Lord Cornwallis and Major Tarleton were expected very soon to put an end to the war.

Maurice was in a strange position for so small a boy; but his father, who wished to keep his child with him, believed that the fighting was really over, and had brought Maurice on from his home in St. Augustine.

Sir Lawrence Terraine was in no way connected with the English army. He had been

obliged to make a business trip to the North; and on his return had consented to accompany this expedition as far as Charleston, more for the pleasure of traveling with his friend Captain Debrow than from any desire for protection. It was the general opinion of the British at the time of our story that the poor and ragged bands of Americans, who, commanded by Marion, wandered about in the woods, would soon be captured or put to flight.

"Were you happy with Aunt Dawson, Maurice?" said Sir Lawrence suddenly to his son. "Why, you were with her in London eight whole years. When I left you to come to America after your mother died, you were only three years old."

"Ye—s, sir," said Maurice, slowly; "I was happy. She was very good. I like this better, though. She was very quiet, and I had to be still most of the time." Then, with a sudden burst of confidence, "Of course, I loved her. She was the only relation I had; but, father, I've only been with you three months,—it is just three months since you came to England for me when Aunt Dawson died—and, father, I love you more in three months than I loved her in eight years."

"I am rejoiced to hear that you care for me, my son," said Sir Lawrence. "I hope that your affection will continue in proportion. If you love me eight ounces in three months—I shall suppose that you loved your aunt one ounce a year—how many ounces will you love me in eight years?"

"I do not measure my love by ounces," said Maurice, gravely. "I am a gentleman; not a merchant."

His father laughed, patted the boy on the cheek with his gloved hand, and, turning to the officer who rode on his left, he resumed the conversation which his little side-talk with Maurice had interrupted.

"You must have perceived already, Captain Debrow," he said, "though your courtesy will not acknowledge it, that I am sadly ignorant of this country, and, indeed, of the causes and conduct of this whole rebellion. My absorption in my work, and my manner of life, have brought this about. As you know, I am much more a student of books than of men."

"Still," urged the persistent captain, "you must perceive the right of England to rule her own colonies. It is my opinion that you should form your opinions without longer delay. I am assured besides that you would make a good soldier; for, despite your cold manner, you have already as much influence with these men as I—nay, more."

"I have neglected this matter too long," said Sir Lawrence, slowly. "I will form my opinions. I see plainly the claims of England. And after I have heard the other side, if I become convinced that it is my duty to do so, of course I will offer my services to the king."

"You will be wise to do that," answered Captain Debrow. "We shall soon put down this rebellion, and it will then be inconvenient to be on the American side."

He spoke these words in a harsh manner, which was disagreeable to his auditor. The contrast was great between the delicate features of Sir Lawrence Terraine and Captain Debrow's rather coarsely molded face; but nevertheless a sincere friendship existed between the two men.

"Lord Cornwallis will, I am sure, treat the conquered gently," answered Sir Lawrence. "And this General Washington,—what sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, an untutored savage," said Debrow. "At least he has gathered what he knows here in the wilderness—was a surveyor at sixteen, and with Braddock later."

The progress of the horses through the sandy soil was necessarily slow. Upon both sides stretched away rolling land, covered with a mass of low spike-palms, their fan-like leaves coated with dust.

At this point the conversation of the gentlemen was stopped by sounds of wailing ahead.

"What is that?" said Sir Lawrence Terraine, looking forward anxiously.

Captain Debrow did not answer, but smiled a little, as if he knew. Maurice's face exhibited such repressed questions, that his father said:

"Well, my son? What have you to say?" in answer to his eager glances; and a torrent of words broke forth.

"I heard that before, sir, some time ago. Is it Indians? Will they try to scalp us? Shall

we fight them? Oh, may I borrow a gun? Please, father, let me have a gun! I know how to hold it, and I can pull the trigger, I'm sure. And I would be careful not to aim it at you, indeed I would!"

"I should think your looks would be sufficient to startle even a savage, Maurice," said Sir Lawrence, glancing at the boy's wild hair and dirty face.

"Anyway, he did not forbid me to take a gun at all," thought Maurice; and he stowed away for future reference the mental note: "Father has not forbidden me to take a gun."

At this moment the cause of the noise became apparent. On the right side of the road was what had been a fine farm, now the scene of havoc and destruction. The pretty front garden was trampled to mud, the flowers lay, pitifully dying, uprooted in the scorching sun. The house was no longer there; in its place

searching the ground in hopes of finding the few treasures which had been flung from the windows the previous night, while others were weeping forlornly. Sir Lawrence Terraine's pale face flushed with indignation.

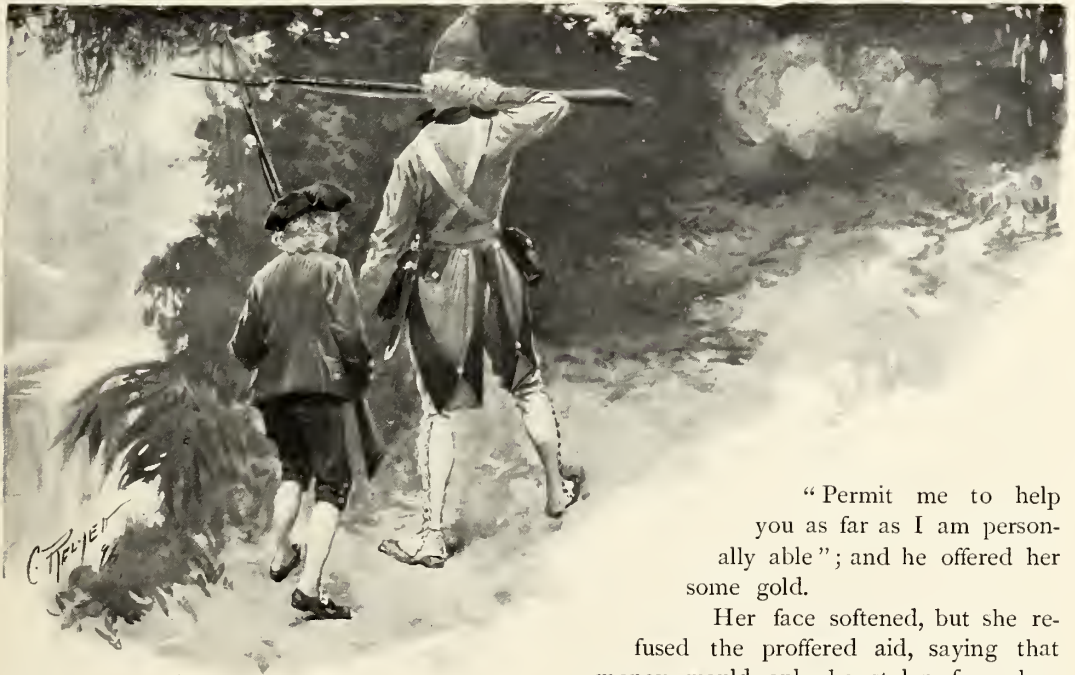
"Who has done this? Is it the Cherokees? Infamous! Outrageous!" he cried, and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped over to one of the wretched groups, followed by Maurice.

"Madam," said Sir Lawrence to one of the women, who sat with several children huddled about her, "from whom and why have you suffered this injury?"

The poor creature raised a tear-stained face, but answered with flashing eyes:

"Why? Because my husband is with Marion, fighting for his country. From whom? From the army of his Majesty, King George."

"I feel sure this is some mistake, madam," answered the Englishman, much troubled.



MAURICE AND SERGEANT ANDREWS UNDER FIRE.  
(SEE PAGE 711.)

were smoldering embers from which still rose a thick black smoke; and, most woeful of all, wandering distractedly about the ruins was a miserable band of women and children, some

"Permit me to help you as far as I am personally able"; and he offered her some gold.

Her face softened, but she refused the proffered aid, saying that money would only be stolen from her.

"Surely, the king's officers would respect your sorrow," said he, attempting to force the coins into her hands.

"Come on, come on, Terraine!" shouted Captain Debrow; and the kind-hearted gentleman, assuring the woman that her case should

not be neglected, was obliged to ride forward. Maurice lingered, stripping off his coat.

"Please take this for that little boy," he said, hurriedly thrusting it into the woman's hands; "his is burnt, is n't it? I can get another to-night."

Then, without waiting for thanks, Maurice kicked his pony and hastened off, his round face red and sober.

"Debrow," said his friend, "this is unbearable! I shall complain to Major Tarleton as soon as possible."

"My dear fellow," was the careless answer, "these people are only one case. Why, the order of Cornwallis to Clinton was, 'No good faith or justice is to be expected from the rebels, and we ought in all our transactions with them to act upon that supposition.'"

Sir Lawrence Terraine set his thin lips with a rather unpleasant expression.

"I shall have no part in such warfare," he answered; "it is unmanly, unsoldierly, and unchristian"; and drawing away from Debrow as if conversation with him was now become distasteful, he began to ask Maurice questions about his life in England, which that young gentleman answered eagerly. This talk lasted until the party halted for the night. Maurice occupied a room in a neighboring farmhouse, and was bidden to go to sleep at once, as they would rise very early in order to cross the Santee before daybreak.

In the cold and crystal air of the early morning, when there was yet no color in the landscape, and only a paling streak in the east, the guard with their prisoners started to ford the river. Maurice, standing on the bank beside his father, was watching the proceeding with great interest.

Suddenly a cry rang out from the shore opposite to Maurice, and one of the foremost men ran to the party which was there landing. Some of the prisoners were already across, and the first movement was to surround these. The sharp crack of a musket was heard. Maurice started, and his eyes shone. Then a chill ran down his spine as he saw one of the soldiers pitch forward on his face.

Now black figures sprang from the woods, and the noise of the firing came faster and

faster, filling the air with din and rattle. Little puffs of smoke rose here and there among the bushes by the shore, telling whence a bullet had sped. Other shots hit the water and sent up jets of foam. A man rushing past shouted:

"T is Marion! Marion is upon us!"

Disorder began to spread among the British on the further shore. The prisoners in the transport on its way across were struggling with their guards. Another boat was about to put out from the nearer bank. A soldier approached Sir Lawrence Terraine and said a few words hastily. Maurice's father turned with him and approached his boy.

"Maurice, the men over there are frightened. I must go to them. If the prisoners get freedom it will be bad. You are quite safe here. Sergeant Andrews will stay with you. I will—return—" and the grave, steady voice faltered.

"Yes, father." Maurice's voice sounded far away to his own ears; he was glad to hear it ring out so clear. Sir Lawrence stooped suddenly and kissed the boy's lips; then, without another word, he turned and strode away.

Maurice stood watching the familiar back with a lump in his throat; then he thought, "This is my first battle!" It was a splendid thought, and quickly brought with it a second, "I must have a gun." Andrews, however, differed from him on this point; but not far from them a musket had been dropped by some panic-stricken man, and Maurice possessed himself of it, assuring the sergeant that his father would allow it, he knew; which was, indeed, a slight changing of the mental note, "Father did not forbid me."

Meanwhile the terror and confusion increased every moment among the British troops. The prisoners were rapidly freeing themselves and joining in the fray. Those on the transports had come to hand-to-hand conflicts; Maurice saw two men clinch, and, tugging together, fall over into the water and disappear. He was standing close by the bank, when he perceived that the Americans had captured a boat and were crossing the stream. The sergeant saw it, too, and his face paled.

"We 're as safe here as anywhere," he muttered half to himself, half to Maurice; "we 're out of range and hidden by the bushes."

A few minutes more and the boat touched the land and the men leaped ashore.

"We 'd best go further off," said the sergeant excitedly. He was a brave man, but his responsibility for this little boy's safety was terrible to him and unsettled his nerves. He seized

heard another shot and he wondered in a flash if it would hurt if it hit him, and where it would strike. Then his own gun went off with a tremendous crash and a recoil that sent him on his back. As he fell, he loosed his hold on the musket. It dropped with a great splash into the water, and Sergeant Andrews, as he sank to the ground with a bullet in his ribs, thought in his last conscious moment, "The boy's gone down on the stream."

Maurice, rising, beheld his friend apparently lifeless before him, a great crimson stain spreading fast on his white shirt. The boy saw the enemy approaching from beyond; before and behind there was danger. Suddenly, wild with fear, he turned and darted into the woods. How long he ran, while every twig that cracked behind him seemed an approaching foe, he never knew.

At length he stopped to get his breath. The noise of the firing was faint in the distance, and it occurred to him that his best plan was to strike for the river in order to be sure of his situation. He therefore took what he thought to be the right direction and toiled on for some time, the perspiration running from his face, and his legs trembling from fatigue. Soon he came to a swamp and attempted to cross by jumping from one tuft of grass to another. Several times he slipped and went into the oozy mud over his shoe-tops. At length the marsh became what seemed to be an immense lake, with the forest trees and even bushes growing out of the water and casting long wriggling black shadows upon its surface.

Keeping to the marsh in order to avoid this strange water forest he changed his course, and finally came again to hard ground. He sat down under a pine-tree, and, searching his beloved pocket, found some biscuits which he had saved from breakfast. Tiny black flies annoyed him by stinging his hands. He felt warm and sticky, but the shade was pleasant, and he was very tired; so he laid his head down at the foot of the tree and closed his eyes. The southern night fell like a cloak cast suddenly from heaven, and the thought went through Maurice's head that he knew how his bird felt when he covered his cage. In the growing darkness the boy saw what he thought was an immense nest



"THEY FELL TO FIGHTING, AND THE LITTLE DOG WATCHED THEM." (SEE PAGE 713.)

Maurice's arm and they started from their cover and ran along the bank, which just here was much higher than the river. They had gone some distance when, amid all the uproar, they heard the sound of footsteps near at hand and two men leaped from the woods a few rods ahead. Maurice knew one instant of rigid terror, then his courage came. He raised his heavy musket unsteadily, and pulled the trigger with all his strength. As he did so, with the rapid consciousness of the intense moment, he

of snakes coiled near him. He sprang up with a cry, and as he did so perceived that they were only the smooth gray roots of a curious tree. But with that start of fear his courage was gone.



ON THE WAY TO ST. AUGUSTINE.

“Father!” he shrieked, “father!” and called and called with some wild idea that his father must hear him, and ran desperately on until another great root caught his toe and he fell forward upon a pile of moss and lay quite still, sobbing distractedly.

The forest seemed alive with tiny noises. A bird hopped from branch to branch above his head and set the leaves shaking lightly together. Then he heard some little creature scurrying through the underbrush and the far-off cry of a soaring night-bird in search of prey. Cuddling close to the tree trunk in the darkness he ceased his crying.

It was, however, a long and restless night with wild dreams and frequent awakenings, and it was long before deep slumber finally came upon him.

On waking Maurice felt fresh and brave again. He decided, as he saw the sun, to guide his course by it and to keep steadily to the east. He had not gone far before he saw a bonfire gleaming between the trees and several men sitting about it. Delighted at the thought of rescue he ran forward. One of the men jumped to his feet and pointed a gun at him, then lowered it and called to the others, “Only a boy!”

Maurice advanced and looked at the group of men around the fire. “No uniforms,” he thought. “They could not be soldiers; too rag-

ged to be farmers or hunters.” He picked out one who had a pleasant face, and asked him for some breakfast, explaining that he had lost his father and that he was very hungry.

A lost boy was no novelty in those disordered times, and the man, who was a good-hearted fellow, grunted for answer, and, poking about in the ashes which had been raked from the fire, brought out three potatoes, which he tossed to Maurice, shaking his fingers with a muttered word about their heat. Maurice seated himself, having made him a little bow, and said he thanked him for his hospitality. This was a piece of good Aunt Dawson’s training, and it had its effect. The man, staring, asked him his name. Maurice gave it, and, seeing the man had no more questions to put, in his turn requested to be

told who the party were.

“Marion’s men,” said the man. “Did n’t you know that?”

Maurice was more excited than frightened by this news, and he decided not to tell his story until he knew more of his surroundings.

“Where is the—er—general?” said the boy. It stuck in his throat—little Englishman that he was—to call this “rebel outcast” a general; but Maurice was wise.

“Over there,” said the ragged soldier.

Maurice rose, having finished his potatoes, thanked the man courteously, and started in the direction indicated. He had gone but a short distance when a little white dog leaped from the bushes, followed by a tall, freckle-faced boy, who cried, “Who are you?”

Maurice felt very grand because he had refrained from telling his story to the soldier; and he thought himself above this plainly dressed boy, so he answered, rudely enough:

“It’s none of your business, boy!” for which ill-mannered act he had to pay dearly. The muscles of the stranger’s lower jaw jerked as he set his teeth.

“I am an American soldier, dirty face,” said he.

Maurice drew himself up, and forgot his prudence.

“I am the oldest son of Sir Lawrence Terraine, and with the army of Lord Cornwallis.”

"Oh, you are, are ye?" cried the young American. "Well, I 'll show ye what we 're going to do to every one of the British! Take off your coat."

Maurice began to draw it off at once.

"I don't know how to fight," he said; but there was not a trace of fear in his tone. He merely stated it as an interesting fact.

"Ah," said the American, with a grin, "I 'll teach ye"; and without another word, they fell to fighting. The plump little dog rose on his haunches, and watched them, with one ear up, and the other down, and his forehead wrinkled as if he were thinking deeply.

Maurice was a strong little fellow, and he did not fail to strike a number of good blows; but superior skill was against him, and before long he was quite at his enemy's mercy.

"You 'd better say 'down!'" said that worthy,

"Your nose is bleeding," said the young American, as he rose to his feet, and allowed Maurice to do the same; then, noting the slightly worried expression of his plucky adversary, he added kindly, "Oh, that 's nothing, unless you 've broken your nose. Let me see."

With perfect trust Maurice gave himself into the hands of his late enemy, who felt and moved the small nose with anxious thoroughness. At this moment a step close at hand startled them.

"Boys, boys! Have you been fighting?" said a deep voice; and, as the young American turned, with the quick word, "The general!" Maurice saw a short man in a worn continental uniform.

Though Francis Marion was small of stature, there was something in the fine, strong face, and quick bright eyes, which commanded respect, and Maurice bowed low.

"Jack Harwood," said the officer sternly,



"MAURICE, SPRINGING UP, PUT HIS FOOT PROUDLY UPON HIS ADVERSARY." (SEE PAGE 716.)

firmly holding him. "You can't help it, and I don't want to hurt you. You fought real well."

"Did I?" cried Maurice; and, in spite of his many bruises, he smiled joyously.

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"I am ashamed of you! I thought you considered yourself a soldier. If you were one, instead of a small and foolish boy, I should be severe with you. Because our camp is in the

wilds is no reason that it should lack discipline. Who is this little boy you have been abusing?"

"If you please, sir," said Maurice, bravely, "he hath not abused me. I am of the king's army, and it was a fair fight."

General Marion's eyes twinkled.

"Well, Jack," said he, "I'm glad you are no bully; but no more fighting, boys." And he turned away. Maurice followed and touched his arm.

"General Marion, may I speak to you for a minute?"

"Well, what is it?"

Maurice told his name, and then related his story as clearly and as briefly as he could, and the general listened attentively.

"H—m," said he, "I hardly know what to do about this. It would not be safe for you to go wandering about in those dangerous regions, even if I could spare men to take care of you. I'll do the best I can for you, my child. I'm very sorry about your troubles. We will try to find out where your father's party has gone, first of all. Meanwhile, Jack will take care of you. Won't you, Jack?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the young American, heartily. And the general, with an approving nod, strode quickly away.

The boys now stood surveying each other, awkwardly; but the little dog broke the ice. He trotted up to Maurice, and snuffed about his legs, and, as the boy stooped to pat his pretty smooth head, he became immensely excited over nothing at all, wriggled, rolled, and bit softly at Maurice's hands, making a noise between a gurgle and a bark.

"What's his name?" said Maurice.

"Barney," answered Jack; "that is, his real name is Benedict Arnold; but it was too long to call, and it became Benny Arnold, and then B. Arnold, and then plain Barney. It does not matter, though, if you never say it without remembering what it really is. He was named in honor of the great General Arnold, who won the battle of Stillwater."

"Pooh!" said Maurice, his conceit again rising, "I know more about your battles than that, Yankee Doodle. General Gates won the battle of Stillwater."

Jack laughed good-naturedly.

"You're putting on airs because you don't know much," he said. "General Gates *did* have the honor, but my general did the fighting. He had been treated meanly by Congress, and he had no command; but he just spurred his horse ahead of our men, right in the midst of the shot and shell, and, waving his sword over his head, he cheered them on, one line and then another, till they won the day. Father says he's not a good man: that he cares more for his own glory than he does for serving his country; but I think he's splendid, and General Washington admires him."

Jack's boyish voice fell as he spoke that name, and his eyes shone. If Maurice had had any thoughts of speaking of the American chief as an "untutored savage," he wisely put them aside then and there.

"Can Barney do any tricks?" he said, looking at the dog, who sat with his pink tongue out, gazing at them from his great brown eyes.

"Yes," said Jack; and taking a stick he held it over his head. Barney became frantic at once; he danced about, barking furiously.

"Speak for it!" commanded Jack.

"I should think he *was* speaking—loud enough!" said Maurice, with a laugh.

"Yes, but not the right way.

"Ow—ow—ow," gurgled Barney.

"Good dog! Now beg."

Up went two little paws for an instant; then the jumping began again.

"Turn around," said his master; and the little dog turned and turned, trying to keep his bright eyes every minute on the prize. Then Jack threw it, and he leaped and as quickly returned; and after chewing it awhile laid it at the boys' feet, and wagged, not his tail alone, but at least half of his excited little body. They soon left off this amusement and started through the woods. At length they reached the hut where Jack then lived, and there they spent the day together. They found much to talk about, for Jack's home also was in St. Augustine.

The next day General Marion sent for Maurice, and told him that a recently captured Englishman had said to one of his men that Sir Lawrence Terraine had returned to St. Augustine. The poor boy felt greatly depressed at



this strange news; he had been certain that his father would try to find him, and would remain somewhere near.

"I don't understand, sir," said he, "but I am sure my father never went away without some reason. Anyway, now I know he's alive and well."

"This is not so bad as it looks, Maurice," said the kind-hearted general. "Jack's father, Captain Harwood, is going to St. Augustine to see about an exchange of prisoners, and to investigate the case of Mr. Christopher Gadsby, a noble patriot who has been seized by the British. He will look after all our other poor captive friends. There is an Indian here named Menawa, who has come from a friendly tribe, with a wampum and a speech, and he can guide you all back."

Maurice thanked General Marion, delighted at the prospect. And as he and Jack turned away he said: "Why don't you talk about General Marion, Jack? — I think he's fine!"

"Oh, yes, of course," was the careless answer; "but then we see him all the time, and he's nothing wonderful. And then, he's so strict. Now, General Washington —" and Jack launched into stories of the surprise at Trenton, when his hero had kept on his way through ice and snow with frightened and discouraged soldiers, and, when he was told that the muskets were wet and useless, had answered, "Then give them bayonets; the town must be carried!"

Maurice listened, much impressed, and then he answered with tales of British valor.

The little party began that long journey of nearly three hundred miles a few days later. Maurice was eager to start before, but the Indian sachem was not going to move until every ceremony which he thought proper had been performed.

However, Menawa was satisfied at last, and after saying farewell regretfully to kind General Marion, Maurice, Jack and his father, Menawa, and two or three hunters started for St. Augustine. What a wonderful journey that was to the little English boy! Daily they made their way through forests where the trunks of the tufted palms were overgrown with brilliant green mosses and pink lichens. At night they sometimes slept beneath the great trees, whose

snake-like roots fell from the branches, and made a sort of summer-house about them. The weird gray moss hung from every littlest twig and waved from the larger boughs in heavy masses, strange and ghostly in the moonlight. They passed down rivers where the water was so crystal clear that they could see the fish swimming by in schools, and now and then a great turtle steering a rapid course. Sometimes the branches, dripping with the moss, met over their heads, and often they saw on the banks big alligators looking like immense fallen tree trunks.

Late one afternoon they saw the roofs of St. Augustine gathered between the blue lines of water, and having said good-by to Menawa, they approached the two stone pillars of the gate.

Through that long journey the constant thought of Maurice was, "So much nearer my father; so many miles before I reach him." The boy did not speak of this even to Jack; but day after day he grew more eager, more restless, and when at last, after a day and a night that seemed unending, he saw the city before him, it seemed as if he could not remain quiet for a moment.

By the gate stood an English sentry to whom Captain Harwood stated his mission. The man was rude and stern, seized them, and called on three other soldiers to come to his assistance.

"I would have you remember," said Captain Harwood, "that I come on business from General Marion, and have credentials."

"Pshaw!" was the answer. "One of the wretched rebels that follow the 'Swamp Fox'. Take him up to the fort, men, and keep him close; the boys, too."

Maurice could wait no longer. With trembling lips he asked the man for Sir Lawrence Terraine. He knew of no such person. A sudden fear seized the boy, and he was silent.

In spite of protests they were walked through St. Augustine, down streets so narrow that the trees met across, past queer old Spanish houses, till the moat of the fort and its dark walls were before them. They passed under the gateway, through the damp stone passage, into the open sunlit square within. Here several officers came forward, and their captors gave their report. No attention was paid to anything the prisoners said, and they were

roughly bidden to hold their peace. Captain Harwood was led away, and then Maurice and Jack were pulled across the court, past the doorway of the tiny old chapel, to the opening of the next cell. Maurice knew the spot all too well. He knew that beyond this was another yet smaller one, which the Spaniards, when they held the town, had used for a torture chamber.

"Stop!" he screamed to the soldiers. "If you put us in there, it will choke us. I am the son of Sir Lawrence Terraine."

"There is no such person here," said the guard. "Be quiet. In you go, whether you like it or not."

Maurice became frantic. He threw himself suddenly on to his back, and spun around like a beetle, striking out with his feet. One of the soldiers jumped at him from each side. Another stood looking on; he was a very tall man. Maurice, before either of the soldiers could grab him, leaped up and ran under this man, seizing a leg in each arm. The attack was so sudden that the big soldier had no chance to defend himself. Down he went, and, striking the back of his head, lay still, blinking fast, while his small enemy, springing up, put his foot proudly upon the chest of his adversary. The soldiers around joined in a shout of applause; and Maurice took the chance to demand to see his father's friend, Captain Debrow. As it happened he was not far off, and Maurice fairly ran into his arms with delight. The captain stared with amazement.

"Maurice Terraine! We thought you were drowned in the Santee! Where have you come from?"

"My father! Where is he?"

"It is a long story, child. Tell me where on earth you have kept yourself?"

"Oh, no, no; not till you tell me about my father. Is he well?" Maurice was trembling and white.

"Yes, yes," said the captain, quickly, "well enough, but far from here. He is with Washington."

"What!" Maurice gaped with amazement.

"Yes. He hath left us. You see, child, your father became wroth at the way we treated the people in the country. He went to Ma-

yor Tarleton and then to Lord Cornwallis and told them what he thought, and they were annoyed, and did not satisfy him; so then he talked to Mr. Gadsby and to the other American prisoners, in order to learn their side of the question, he said. The end was that they convinced him that the American colonies had been treated unjustly, and he became so wrought up that he left us. The next thing we heard he had offered his sword to Washington, and was become Colonel Terraine of the Continental Army."

Gone again! The boy felt that there was something cutting at his heart—some keen steel that he could not stay. At last, he said, slowly:

"But why did not he try to find me?"

"Andrews was with you, and he said that just as he was shot he saw you fall into the river."

Captain Debrow then heard Maurice's story, and procured the release of his two friends, taking them all to his own house. He seemed unfeeling in regard to the sufferings of poor farmers; but the case of his friend's child was another matter.

At length it was decided to send Maurice on to New York, by water; and he was then to find General Washington, and to learn where his father was. He was, therefore, put in charge of the captain of a vessel, and not many days later Maurice stood on the wharf with Captain Debrow and Jack by his side, and Barney leaping about them.

"Time to come on board!" shouted the captain, from the deck of his vessel, which was just weighing anchor. Jack threw his arms around Maurice, and gave him a real bear's hug; then, suddenly, he grabbed up the wriggling Barney, and held him out to his friend.

"You'll be lonely. He's just as fond of you as he is of me."

Maurice hardly believed for a minute that Jack meant to give him the pretty dog; then he seized him quickly enough, and with bashful, but very sincere, thanks, he jumped on board, as the ship slowly veered round in the stream, caught the wind, and sailed away across the bright water, till Jack and Captain Debrow were only tiny dots of black.

Maurice was lonely, but Barney was a great

comfort; and as they neared New York the thought of his father drove away every other feeling. At that city he learned that the American chief was to be at Hartford in two days, to have an interview with his French friends, and would then go on to West Point. Maurice's friend, the captain of the vessel, started him on his way to this place, and on September 23 the small traveler stood upon the bluff above the beautiful Hudson River.

Maurice was informed that General Washington was there showing the works to General Lafayette, and his heart began to flutter and thump within him. Barney was sitting beside him, looking at his master with bright and loving eyes, his little black nose quivering.

"Barney," said the boy, "we're afraid, but we're not going to stop if we are."

And, picking up the dog, he took his way, through the rustling leaves that lay like heaps of gold, toward the house which one of the soldiers, from whom Maurice ventured to ask for directions, had pointed out to him.

"Yes, General Washington is there and alone," he was told.

Could he see him?

"Sure, no, ye little bye," said the Irish sentry. "It 's wore out the poor gintleman is, already, and it 's mesilf would n't bother with all thim jabbering Frinchmen!"

Maurice was desperate.

"Oh, please!" he said. "Beg, Barney; you beg, too."

The little dog sat up at once with drooping paws.

"Sure, me own name 's Barney. And is your dog's name O'Reilly, too?" said the sentry.

"Oh, if he is your name-sake," exclaimed Maurice, "you *must* let him in! Oh, see, you can hold him while I go in!" Maurice thought no one could resist such an offer.

"I 'll see," said the soldier, and he stepped within, and returning said, "Go on."

Maurice yielded up Barney and stepped into the hall, went along it, and paused just inside an open door. He was trembling. A voice said: "What is your errand?" — a voice even, grave, and rather severe.

Maurice raised his eyes. Just before the fireplace stood the great commander; to the boy's excited thought he seemed even larger than he was. Washington's hands were behind his back, his handsome head bent a little forward.



"BEFORE THE FIREPLACE STOOD THE GREAT COMMANDER."

"What is your errand, my lad?" said he again, with a note of command in the tone.

"Oh, my father—my father!" he said. "I have been lost from him so very long!"

Something in the thrilling child's voice, something in the piteous and forlorn expression of his face went straight to the warm heart that the general carried beneath his calm exterior. He crossed the room in quick strides, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said kindly:

"My poor child!"

This was too much. Maurice had borne bravely the long strain of waiting, the repeated disappointments, but the unexpected sympathy broke down his self-possession. He put his head in the crook of his arm and sobs came fast, sobs that shook him from head to foot. The general drew him aside, sat down in an armchair, and taking the little hanging hand in both his own, said: "There, there, stop crying, and tell me all about it."

Maurice choked down his sobs and told his story. At his father's name the general rose quickly.

"Colonel Terraine's son! Why, then, your father was here a short time ago—he may be upstairs now!"

Maurice forgot even the great chief and sprang for the door. But Washington caught him by the arm.

"My dear boy—he does not know—I will go."

Maurice stood still in the center of the room, and pressed his hands hard together. The general went out, and upstairs; it seemed to Maurice that he stepped very slowly.

Colonel Terraine sat in an upstairs room writing; he laid down his pen and rose as the general entered.

"Colonel," said Washington, "I have some wonderful news for you." He paused; the officer took a step forward and opened his lips, but did not speak.

"Come downstairs with me," continued the general slowly, "and remember as you go that passage in the Scriptures, 'But the father said, Let us be merry, for this my son'" — Colonel Terraine caught the back of a chair — "'for this my son —'" went on the sweet grave voice,

"'was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is — found.'"

Colonel Terraine stood an instant with wide, questioning eyes; then he rushed through the doorway and down the stairs. The general followed him quickly. There was a loud cry as the colonel entered the room and Maurice sprang into his father's arms. General Washington closed the door and stood guard over it himself. Barney, having escaped from the soldier, tore in, and the general stooped from his great height to pat the little dog. If Barney had been a man he would have seen that there were tears in the bright blue eyes.

The only time that Maurice saw the great chief again, for many years, was at Fishkill the next day. Maurice was with his father, and the general passed with a number of officers, all walking very rapidly. Washington's face was set and gray, but his eyes were restless, fierce, and burning; a like expression of pain and of anger was on the faces of his companions. Two gentlemen, passing, spoke to each other, and Maurice overheard them.

"General Washington loved him," said one.

"Ay," answered the other, "but if he catches the traitor —" and the sentence ended with a meaning look.

Colonel Terraine crossed the street and spoke to one of the officers, and when he returned his own face was white and drawn.

"Father! what is it?" cried the boy.

"My son, I cannot explain it now. General Arnold is a traitor! He has tried to sell his country to the enemy. Thank heaven he has not succeeded!"

Colonel Terraine took Maurice to Boston in order to leave him with friends until the close of the war. There he remained for just one year, and on that great and glorious day when peace was proclaimed, when men embraced in the streets for very joy, when the name of Washington, joined with blessings, was on every lip, Maurice and his father stood on the deck of a vessel bound for St. Augustine. Maurice was very happy, and was full of thoughts of seeing Jack again, but for some minutes he had seemed troubled. At length the shadows broke away, and he caught his father's hand, crying:

"May I tell you something, sir? It has troubled me a long time."

"Well, Maurice?"

"It's about Barney. Look at him."

The little dog sat near them, his head on one side, his forehead wrinkled, his bright eyes watching every motion of his master.

will be named in honor of Barney O'Reilly, the general's man. And you know"—very earnestly—"Jack himself said that it did not matter what you called him, if you never did it without remembering just what the name really meant."

So this last trouble was disposed of, and



"MAURICE SPRANG INTO HIS FATHER'S ARMS."

"Does n't he look as if he understood every word? I cannot have him named after Benedict Arnold—he's such a faithful little dog! But I knew he'd be so confused if I called him anything else. Now, I've found the best plan: I'll call him 'Barney,' just the same, but he

Barney stopped wrinkling his forehead, and jumped at Maurice with a joyous bark, quite as if he understood that he no longer bore the name of a traitor, but was to be called Barney in honor of Barney O'Reilly the loyal servant of the great Washington.

## THE CROWNING FEATURE.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

BEFORE the Fourth our father said  
That we had been good boys,  
And so he bought a lot of things  
All full of fire and noise.

Among them was a gorgeous one  
We did n't know about;  
So at the last we lighted it:  
It sputtered and—went out.

# OWNEY'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD



BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

READERS of St. NICHOLAS need no introduction to "Owney," as the magazine has printed several articles about the clever and popular post office dog.\* You remember that Owney has traveled over almost every postal route in North America, and that tags and medals, collected from his friends along the way, amounting to a bushel or more, are kept in the Post Office Department at Washington.

In 1895 he visited Postmaster A. B. Case, of Tacoma, Washington, having just returned from a trip to Alaska, and one day it happened that Owney rode down to the wharf of the Asiatic steamer, when the great vessel was taking her cargo.

Owney was evidently much impressed with her size and beauty, and so plainly expressed a desire to go aboard that it was determined to send him on a flying trip around the world, and to let him break the record if possible. So, some

few days later, on August 19, 1895, his friends said farewell to Owney, as he walked up the gangway of the good ship "Victoria" of the N. P. S. S. Co., and was welcomed by Captain Panton, whose guest he was to be. Owney had his credentials in a traveling-bag, and he carried also his blanket, brush, and comb, his medal-harness for full dress, and letters of introduction to the postal authorities of the world. As the steamer backed out from the dock, hundreds of people waved their hands, and wished Owney a safe and prosperous voyage; and so the trip began.

Owney was soon the pet of the crew, and after an uneventful voyage he arrived at Yokohama on October 3. Here his baggage was examined, with no little curiosity, by the officials, as no dignitary had before entered Japan who owned so many decorations that he was obliged to carry them about with him in a bag!

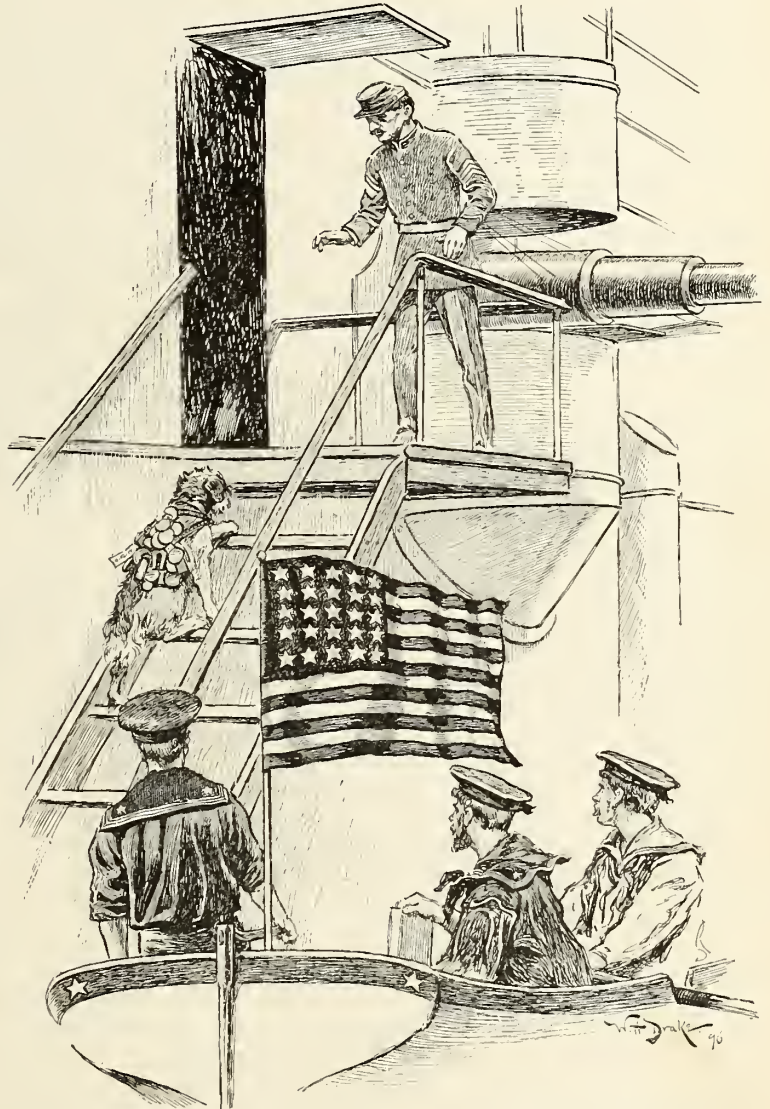
\* See the numbers for March, 1894, and for December, 1895.

It was concluded that Owney must be either a dog of very high rank, or the property of a distinguished person; and an account of him was promptly forwarded for the information of his Imperial Majesty, the Mikado.

A few days later an official waited upon Owney, and presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the Mikado. It was addressed to the American dog-traveler, and in very flowery language extended to him the freedom of the interior country. There were some stipulations which, in all probability, Owney would have agreed to had he made the trip. Some were as follows: “The bearer is expressly cautioned to observe in every particular the directions of the Japanese government printed in Japanese characters on the back of the passport, an English translation of which is given herewith; and he is expected and required to conduct himself in an orderly and conciliatory manner toward the Japanese authorities and people.” The passport also forbade him to “attend a fire on horseback,” warned him not to write “on temples, shrines, or walls,” and politely requested him not to “drive too fast on narrow roads.”

There was no time for side trips, and, after meeting many officials, Owney sailed from Yokohama, arriving at Kobi on October 9, where he received medals and a new passport from the emperor. He was at Maji, October 19, Shanghai, October

26, and Foochow, October 31, where also he received more medals and was the subject of an ovation. His fame had preceded him, and at the latter port he received an invitation to visit the U. S. S. “Detroit,” which was lying in the harbor. One day the marine at the gangway of this fine man-of-war was astonished to see a bemedaled shaggy dog come



OWNEY'S VISIT TO THE CRUISER "DETROIT." "THE MARINE WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE A BEMEDALED SHAGGY DOG COME UP THE LADDER."

up the ladder, wagging his tail and showing all the delight that a patriotic American should at the sight in foreign lands of the Stars and

Stripes. The marine almost laughed as Owney stepped aboard and ran up to the officer of the deck as though he had known him all his life.

Owney dined in the mess-room, ate plum-duff and lobscouse before the mast, and — I could not begin to tell you of all the good things he enjoyed. When he reached Tacoma again he weighed several pounds more than when he started, and I am confident that his trip with the Boys in Blue on the cruiser Detroit had something to do with it. When he bade his countrymen farewell, he was decorated with the ship's ribbon, and he received a letter of introduction to other officers of the Asiatic squadron from Lieutenant-Commander E. Floyd of the Detroit.

From Foochow the dog sailed to Hong-Kong, where he was unfortunately delayed and prevented from making a speed record around the world. He visited the consulate, made a round of visits to the rich tea and silk merchants, and received many curious pieces of Chinese money, which were strung to his collar. From the emperor of China, Owney received a passport bearing the royal crest and dragon, permitting him to travel in the country. But Owney did not go beyond the city, and so much red tape was employed on his departure by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer that Captain Panton of the Victoria finally decided to take the dog-traveler back to Kobi, Japan, from which port he finally sailed to



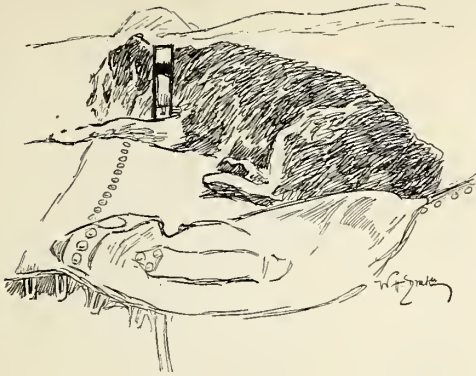
"FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, OWNEY RECEIVED A PASSPORT."

New York as the guest of Captain Grant, of the steamer "Port Phillip."

Owney soon knew all on board, and, as on the Victoria, was a member of both starboard and port watches, and dined in the cabin and before the mast with equal satisfaction.

At Singapore, Owney went ashore with an officer, to the wonderment of the natives, who, noting his decorations, concluded that he was a personage of high rank. Some of the native dogs, it is said, looked upon him with distrust, and more than once they rushed out from narrow alleys and pounced upon the Yankee dog; but it is not on record that Owney was ever defeated. On November 30, Owney sailed from





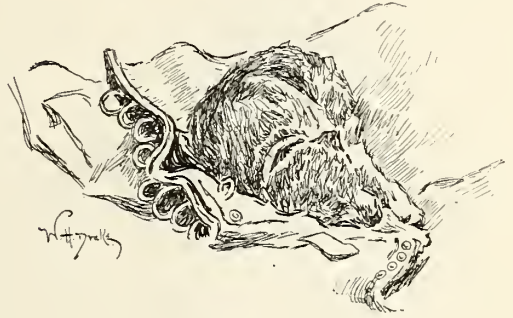
OWNEY ON THE MAIL-BAGS. FIRST DAY OUT.

Port Said, where he put to flight more native dogs, and on the trip through the Suez Canal he attracted no little attention from the various vessels and from postal authorities. Many of the clerks gave Owey some memento.

Finally Algiers was reached, and the quaint

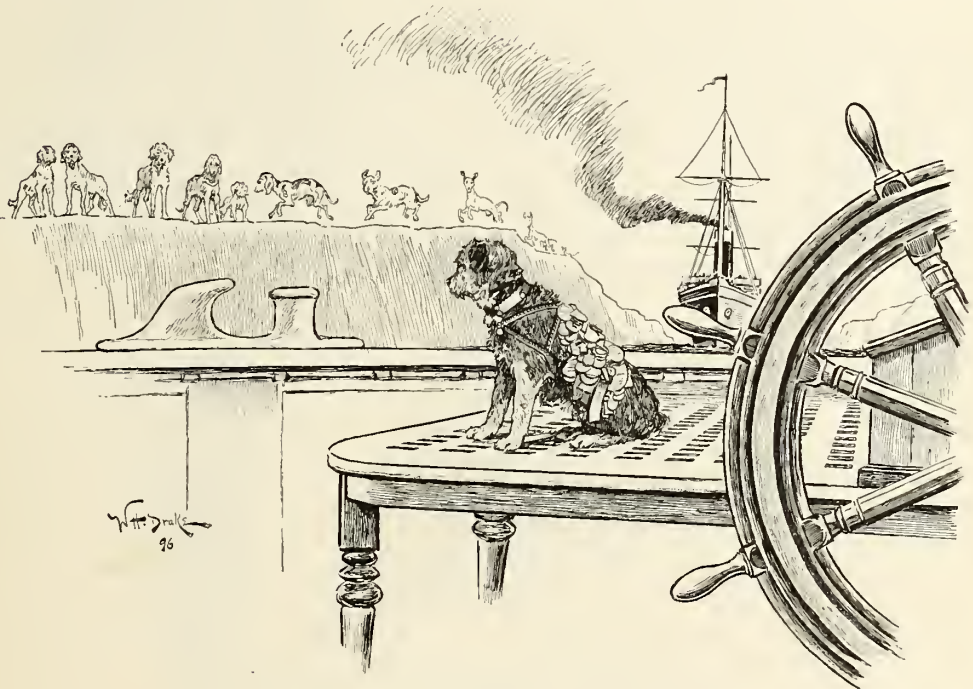
to the American people. On December 13 Owey reached St. Michaels, the beautiful port of the Azores, spending a few hours there.

The trip from the Azores across the Atlantic was a rough one; but there was no evidence to



SECOND DAY OUT.

show that Owey did not thrive in all kinds of weather. Finally the lookout of the Port Phillip



OWNEY VIEWING SOME NATIVES OF THE ORIENT.

shipping-port visited, where Turks, Nubians, and others looked upon Owey with amazement. They handled his decorations, and some, though perhaps they did not understand just why, fastened to his collar medals which were thus sent

sighted land, and a few hours later Owey's baggage was being examined by the custom-house officers, who had never seen so strange an assortment of trophies. But, having looked at his credentials, they decided that the collec-

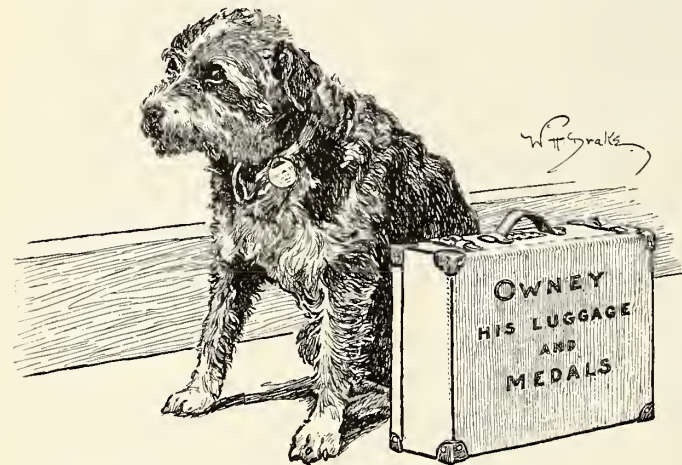
tion of medals and tags, though representing a large amount of metal, was personal baggage, and so passed it.

Like all distinguished persons, Owney was

take the dog to the post-office, and start him on his journey westward at once.

As may be expected, this announcement created no little interest among the young people at Tacoma, and Owney was the hero of the hour.

Owney arrived in New York December 23, at noon. He was taken immediately to the post-office, and after a short reception by his many friends, started again by the New York Central for Tacoma, which he reached five days later, having completed the circuit of the globe in 132 days — a rapid rate of traveling for a dog who attracted so much attention. Owney was visited by hundreds, young and old, and so universal was the demand to see him that Post-



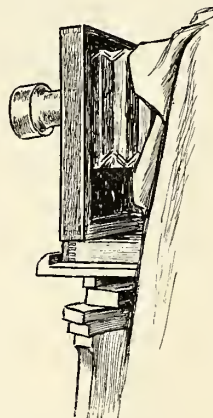
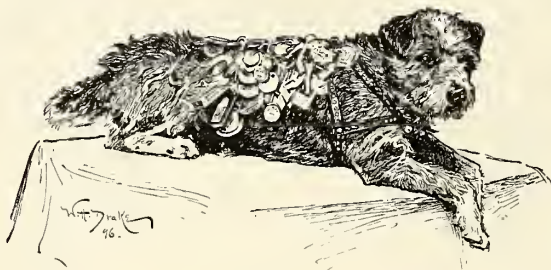
READY FOR THE JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

met by the reporters and "interviewed," and from the bag of decorations and letters his story was probably obtained, and the news of his arrival telegraphed to Tacoma papers as follows:

Owney, the postal-clerks' dog, has arrived at quarantine from China, having completed the circuit of the globe. The steamer will dock to-day, and Captain Grant will

master Case placed him on exhibition in a public hall, and people, for miles around, made his acquaintance.

At the end of his trip Owney had over two hundred tags, medals, and certificates to add to his collection, and he is to-day, in all probability, the best-known and the most universally popular dog in the world.



DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ELMER CHICKERING.

"OWNEY WAS PHOTOGRAPHED."

# An Absent-Minded Man

BY CAROLINE F. NEEDHAM.

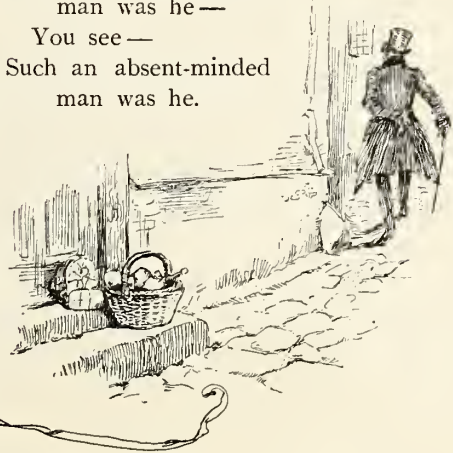


I WILL tell you while I can  
Of an absent-minded man,  
And an absent-minded man was he  
Who forgot an unkind word  
Just as soon as it was heard,  
Such an absent-minded man was he.

In political debate,  
Now, I can most truly state,  
Such an absent-minded man was he,  
His opponent on the street  
With a hand-shake he would greet,  
Such an absent-minded man was he.

Once he left a goodly store  
At a poor old widow's door,  
Such an absent-minded man was he;  
And, although 't was all the same,  
Quite forgot to leave his name,

Such an absent-minded  
man was he —  
You see —  
Such an absent-minded  
man was he.



## WHY CHERRIES GROW.

"WHY do cherries grow?"  
Said I, "Robin red,  
Chirring overhead  
In the gleam and glow,—  
Why do cherries grow?"

Paused he perkishly  
While he plucked at one  
Flushing in the sun;  
Then said he, said he,  
"Cherries grow for me!"

# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SINDBAD'S TWENTIETH VOYAGE—CONTINUED.

SINDBAD paused to light a cigar.

"I hope I don't bore you," he said. "It was all I could do to keep Hindbad awake during the recital of most of my voyages."

"I could listen to you all night," replied Tom. "Please go on."

"You are a lad of taste and discrimination," said Sindbad, with a smile. "I will, then, continue my narrative.

"The storm I had foreseen burst almost as soon as the giant started; but he did not seem to mind it in the least. At each thunder-clap he laughed loud and long; once, I feel sure, he was struck by lightning, but he was too tough to be affected by a trifle like that.

"I climbed up to the top of the pocket again and looked out. A few of the sailors were clinging to the giant's garments; but one by one they were swept away by the waves. Presently I felt something touch my elbow. Turning, I found that the captain had ascended, and taken his place beside me.

"'Rough night, is n't it?' he said.

"I turned my back upon him without replying.

"'You are n't mad, I hope,' he went on. 'Don't you see that I have, from the very first, been working in your interests?'

"'Well, I confess I did n't suspect it,' I answered, in my most sarcastic tone.

"'I am indeed surprised,' said the captain. 'Why, I had you thrown overboard on purpose to save your life; I saw that the giant was going to destroy the ship, and I determined that I would do the little that lay in my power in your behalf.'

"'Indeed?' I said, with a sneer which I

made no attempt to conceal. 'And I suppose it was with the same laudable desire to serve me that you informed the giant of my presence in this pocket?'

"'Why, of course it was,' answered the audacious captain; 'I thought you understood *that*. I knew he 'd find you sooner or later, and I resolved that I would go with you, and share your dangers and protect you.'

"He made this statement with such a plausible air that I confess I was for a moment staggered.

"'But why did you manifest so much excitement when you learned that I was Sindbad?' I asked.

"The captain laughed heartily.

"'Why, could n't you see through *that*, my boy?' he said, clapping me on the back with one hand while he clung to the edge of the giant's pocket with the other. 'Well, that 's a good joke on you! Why, I knew you all the time; what I said was intended only for the ears of the sailors—you know how ignorant and superstitious sailors are. *Now* you understand the situation, don't you?'

"At this moment a careless swing of the giant's arm knocked us both, heels over head, back into the pocket. When I had regained my breath I said:

"'I *do* understand the situation perfectly. We have been thrown together by circumstances and a giant, and we must therefore make the best of it.'

"'That 's the idea precisely,' said the captain. 'I 'm glad you follow me with such exactness. You stand by me and I 'll stand by you.'

"'I 'll stand by you if I can't find anywhere else to stand,' I said.

"The captain seemed to feel hurt.

"'You don't appear to have any confidence in me,' he said in an injured tone.

“‘I have n’t any,’ I replied. ‘You fight your own battles, and I’ll fight mine.’”

“‘In plain words, you don’t want to have anything to do with me?’”

“‘That’s it exactly.’”

“‘All right,’ said the captain; ‘*all* right. The giant has a grudge against you, but he has n’t against me, and we’ll see who comes out ahead. I’ve nothing more to say.’”

“For the next half hour we were both silent; at the end of that time the sound of loud voices and of music aroused me from the gloomy reverie into which I had fallen. I hastily climbed up to the top of the pocket again, and saw that the giant was within a few rods of a large city, every building in which seemed to reach to the clouds.

“The storm had now subsided, and the full moon, which hung directly over our heads, made the scene as light as day. The immensity of the edifices I beheld fairly appalled me. Why, the largest mosque in Bagdad would have looked like a toy-house beside them.”

“Why, maybe it was Brobdingnag!” exclaimed Tom, for he knew much of “Gulliver’s Travels” by heart.

“It was nothing of the sort,” replied

Sindbad. “I wish you would n’t keep interrupting me. Brobdingnag was an imaginary city, but this was a real one. Now listen, and be quiet. The giant waded out of the water, and walked up one of the streets at a very rapid rate—about a mile a minute, I

should think. He presently entered one of the houses, and stepped into a well-lighted room, where was seated another giant almost as large as himself.

“‘Back, are you?’ said Monster Number Two. ‘Have you had any luck?’”

“‘I should say I had!’ replied my captor. ‘Whom do you think I have in my pocket?’”

“‘I give it up,’ said the other giant.

“‘Well, it’s Sindbad.’”

“Number Two sprang to his feet so suddenly that the house shook.

“‘You don’t mean the wretch that put out our grandfather’s eye?’ he yelled, in an awful voice.

“‘That’s just what I *do* mean!’ replied Number One, exultantly.

“‘Let’s see him.’”



“‘BOTH THE GIANTS LAUGHED HEARTILY AS THEY STARED AT US.’” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

“The giant drew me from his pocket, and held me uncomfortably near one of the torches with which the room was illuminated.

“‘Well, what do you think of him?’ said the monster whose prisoner I was, with a sneer.

“‘He’s not much to look at,’ replied Num-

ber Two, with an air of cold contempt that made my blood boil. 'The idea of grandpa allowing a little creature like that to put his eye out!'

"'You must remember,' said Number One, 'that the old gentleman was asleep at the time, and that there were ten or a dozen other little ruffians with this one. By the way, that reminds me that I have another of them in my pocket.'

"And he hauled the captain out and placed him on the table beside me.

"Both the giants laughed heartily as they stared at us; and, to tell the truth, I suppose we did present a rather ludicrous appearance in their eyes, for we were drenched to the skin, and shivering from head to foot with cold and fear.

"'Well, what are you going to do with them?'" asked Number Two. 'We can't have them running round Xyz' (that, I should inform you, was the name of the giants' country).

"Here the captain had to put in his oar.

"'You promised me—' he piped.

"'I promised that I'd take you home with me, that's all,' interrupted the giant. 'I did not say what I'd do with you after I got you here. And I'm too tired to settle that question to-night. Let's get to bed, brother, and dispose finally of these vermin in the morning.'

"'That'll suit me,' replied Number Two, rising from his chair with a yawn, the immensity of which terrified me. Where shall we leave these creatures?'

"'Right here,' replied the other. 'I'll show you what to do with them.'

"He stepped to an immense buffet, and took therefrom two large basins, which he brought to the table, saying:

"'We'll put Sindbad under one of these and his companion under the other, then we'll know just where to find them in the morning.'

"'That's a good idea,' replied Number Two. 'But they look so much alike that you'd better mark the basins so that we shall know which is which in the morning.'

"The captain and I did look somewhat alike, and our garments were almost identical.

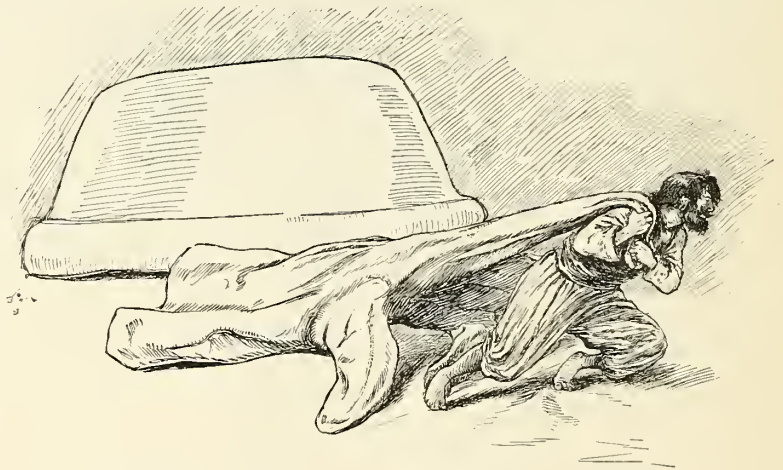
"'You have a great head,' said Number One—which was the truth. 'I'll lay my glove before the basin under which we place Sindbad, then we can make no mistake. We'll settle *him* in the morning.'

"'Suppose some one should move the glove in the night,' said the captain in a tremulous tone. 'Really, gentlemen, if I might be permitted to offer a suggestion—'

"'Well, you might n't,' said Number One gruffly; 'we've no time to bandy words with you. Come along, now.'

"Seizing the unlucky mariner by the waist, he placed him in the center of the table and put the basin over him; in another moment I was under the second inverted basin.

"'Pleasant dreams, gentlemen,' remarked Number one, sarcastically. 'We shall see you in the morning—possibly sooner, if we happen to have a restless night, or should feel the need of amusement.'



"'IT WAS NO CHILD'S PLAY TO MOVE THE GLOVE THE NECESSARY DISTANCE.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Then the giants both thundered out of the room and locked the door.

"Of course I was a good deal agitated, but my discomposure was as nothing compared with that of the captain. I could hear him rending

his garments and lamenting his hard fate; after a while he began reciting verses from the Koran. But presently his voice grew fainter, and I knew he had succumbed to exhaustion and was asleep.

"While he was engaged in making all this useless noise I was thinking up a means of escape. The basin under which I was imprisoned was slightly warped, and on one side it did not touch the table; I was sure that I could crawl through the opening between the rim of the dish and the surface of the table. When all was quiet I made the attempt, and had little difficulty in accomplishing my purpose.

"With wildly beating heart I stood on the edge of the table and gazed about me. The room was still illuminated by half-a-dozen torches, which had been carelessly thrust into the clay of which the floor was composed. That *was* a room, I can tell you! Why, you could have put the New York City-Hall in one corner, and you 'd hardly have seen it."

Tom happened to cough slightly at that moment, at which Sindbad interrupted his story to ask suspiciously:

"Eh? what 's that?"

"I only coughed," said the junior partner.

"I heard you," replied Sindbad; "but there are coughs and coughs. I don't suppose you meant anything in particular by that cough—now did you?"

"Oh, no, sir; please go on with your story," said Tom earnestly. "Let 's see! where were you?"

"I was on the table," answered the explorer. "Well, I 'll continue, but please try not to cough again—it was a habit of Hindbad's, and I don't like it."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### SINDBAD'S TWENTIETH VOYAGE—CONCLUDED.

TOM promised that he would not cough if he could possibly help it, and Sindbad continued his story.

"As I was saying, it was quite a large room; but I did not waste much time in staring about me; my attention was directed to the immense glove which the giant had placed before my improvised prison.

"I never saw such a glove; I don't like to tell you how large it was, for fear you won't believe me. It seemed to be made of dog-skin; but, if it was, the dog must have been as large as a house, and possessed of a hide as thick as the walls of a fortress.

"As I gazed upon it my heart sank; I began to think that I should be unable to accomplish my purpose."

"I suppose," broke in Tom, "you meant to move the glove over in front of the other basin?"

"Exactly," said Sindbad; "but at first sight the task seemed impossible. However, I determined to make the attempt; I did so, and found to my inexpressible relief that the glove was not nearly so heavy as it looked. The skin of which it was composed was soft and spongy, and its weight was by no means what one would have supposed from its bulk.

"Still, it was no child's play to move it the necessary distance, and I pushed, and pulled, and tugged and strained for fully an hour before the task was accomplished.

"But it *was* accomplished at last, and I sank down upon the table, panting and perspiring from my exertions, but smilingly triumphant at the thought that I had outwitted the villainous captain. In the morning he, not I, would be 'settled,' as the giant had tartly put it."

"I should think," interrupted Tom, "that you would have been afraid that the giant would remember which basin he put the glove in front of."

"I had not the slightest apprehension on *that* score," said Sindbad. "You cannot have read much about giants if you don't know that they are the stupidest creatures on earth. All I feared was that he would forget all about his reason for leaving the glove there."

"He *might* have forgotten why he inverted the bowls at all," suggested Tom.

"Possibly, but I did n't like to take any chances on that," replied Sindbad; "and, as it turned out, it was well that I did n't.

"But, to go on with my story: after I had moved the glove I began to look out for a means of escape. I slid down one of the legs of the table and walked about the room more

than an hour, trying to find some way of exit. The conviction was at last forced upon me, however, that it was impossible to get out until the door was opened, and that I might as well make myself comfortable for the night.

"So I curled up on the floor near one of the torches, which had burned low and was sending out a genial warmth, and fell asleep."

"I don't see how you *could* sleep under such circumstances," said Tom.

"Oh, of course you don't!" replied Sindbad with an air of immensely superior wisdom; "but you must remember that you have only been exploring a few hours, and are a good many years younger than I am. I can sleep under almost anything except Mrs. Pettibone's so-called 'comfortables.' But to resume once more: I was awakened by the sound of the giant's key in the lock; I sprang up and concealed myself behind one of the legs of the table—there was really no other hiding-place.

"The two giants entered together, evidently much refreshed by their sleep.

"'Now, then, my fine fellows,' said Number One,—to this day I do not know his name,—'what sort of a night have you had?'

"As he spoke he lifted both the basins; the next moment he uttered a cry of rage.

"'The captain has escaped!' he yelled.

"'Never mind,' said his brother, 'Sindbad is here, and we'll find the other easily enough.'

"At this the captain, who had been staring about in stupid bewilderment, found his voice.

"'Why, my dear sirs,' he cried, 'I am not Sindbad. This is really a good joke on you.'

"And he tried to laugh, but it was a very feeble attempt, and did more harm than good.

"'Very funny, is n't it?' said Giant Number One, squeezing him so hard that he howled aloud. 'Don't try any of those tricks on us. Why, I'd know you as Sindbad a mile off—would n't you, brother?'

"'Of course,' said the other giant.

"'Why, gentlemen,' interposed the captain, 'This is a ridiculous mistake!'

"'Do you dare insinuate,' cried Giant Number One, 'that my brother or I could possibly do anything ridiculous?'

"'No, indeed,' quavered the captain, 'it's a peculiar state of affairs—that's all. But I have

letters in my pocket which will prove my identity, and if you will kindly look at them—'

"'Well, we *won't* kindly look at them,' interrupted Number Two. 'Very likely you stole them from the captain during the night. Anyhow, my brother and I have n't had breakfast yet, and so we're in a hurry. Oh, don't look alarmed, we're not cannibals, and we have n't the slightest intention of eating you. Times have changed since the days of our grandfather.'

"'Don't spend all the morning talking,' interrupted Number One impatiently. 'The broiled rhinoceros must be done to a turn now, and you know it is n't fit to eat if it stands too long. Our idea, Sindbad'—addressing the captain—'is to serve you exactly as you served our grandfather.'

"The captain howled with terror, but the giants paid no attention to him. I won't harrow up your feelings by giving you the details; suffice it to say that they carried out their threat.

"Then Giant Number One took an immense sling from his pocket—just such an one as you boys use nowadays—placed the captain in the strap; and, standing in the open doorway, gave him a send—*such* a send! Peering from behind the leg of the table, I saw him tearing through the air at a mile a minute; in a very short time he had disappeared.

"'That's the last of *him*,' said Number One. 'Now let's go to breakfast.'

"'But,' said Number Two, 'had n't we better look for the captain?'

"'Oh, bother the captain!' snarled his brother. 'Do you want that rhinoceros to be stone-cold? Come along!'

"They took their leave, closing the door.

"Then I began to try to devise a way of escape. After a long and careful investigation I became convinced that my only chance lay in climbing up to a crevice in the logs of the house, about twenty feet above my head, crawling out, and climbing down on the other side.

"I began the ascent, and almost reached the spot at which I had hoped to make my exit when I lost my hold, fell, and was stunned. When I recovered my senses I was once more between the thumb and forefinger of Giant Number One.

"'Why, it's the little captain!' he ex-



claimed, addressing his brother, who stood in the doorway. 'I thought we 'd run across him before long. Well, my little fellow, what do you think we ought to do with you?'

" 'Gentlemen,' I said boldly, ' your reputation for courtesy and forbearance, and the sense of justice which adorns your natures —'

" 'Hold on!' interrupted Number One, 'it seems to me I recognize that voice! Why, it 's Sindbad's, and this is Sindbad himself! Brother, we 've punished the wrong man.'

" 'It was all your fault,' growled Number Two, evidently sleepy after his breakfast.

" 'My dear sir,' I said, trying to disguise my voice, 'how can you make such a mistake? I look no more like Sindbad than you do.'

" Giant Number One was evidently shaken in his conviction as to my identity.

" 'This is a queer business,' he said, to his brother. 'What do you think I 'd better do?'

" 'Oh, don't bother me,' said Number Two, 'I want to go to sleep.'

" 'I 'll take the law into my own hands then,' said Number One. Then he looked at me with an expression so fierce that I could not help trembling, and said: 'I don't know whether you 're Sindbad or not, but I believe you are; and anyhow, you 're just as bad,' he said, 'for you 've been guilty of treachery to a friend. You betrayed Sindbad, hoping to escape at his expense, and I 'll punish you for that. Your punishment shall be the same as his.'

" Well, partner, if I were *writing* this story of my voyage I should insert a long line of stars; as I 'm not, you must imagine them.

" The giant put out my eyes, placed me in the sling, and gave *me* a whirl, and off I went.

" Never, in all my long and varied experience, had I traveled so fast, not even when I was tied to the roc's leg. I abandoned hope, and believed that my career was at an end.

" But suddenly my speed greatly decreased. I felt as if I were being borne along and supported by some protecting power, a feeling of tranquillity for which I could not account took possession of me, all my fears departed, and I said to myself:

" 'Sindbad, old man, your luck has n't deserted you yet!'

" Well, after being wafted along for a time like thistledown in a breeze I began to descend. In a few minutes I reached solid ground, being deposited with the utmost gentleness.

" Reaching about in all directions, as a blind man will, I cried aloud:

" 'To what country have I been brought? Am I among friends or enemies?'

" A soft hand took mine, and a gentle voice said:

" 'You are in the midst of friends, Sindbad, who esteem it an honor to entertain an explorer of your world-wide reputation.'

" She — for the speaker was a lady — said a good many other complimentary things which my modesty will not allow me to repeat; she was really very flattering.

" Well, to make a long story short, she told me that I was in a certain province of Fairyland which had for some time been at war with the nation of giants by which I had been taken prisoner. One of the fairies had seen me propelled from the sling, and had taken pity on me, as I have related.

" 'You need not worry about the loss of your eyes,' said the fairy queen — I had been brought before the ruler of the province — 'for I can give you a better pair.'

" In a few minutes I had been furnished with a brand-new pair of eyes really better than the old ones.

" I won't take time to describe to you the glories of the wonderful land in which I remained an honored guest for several days; but soon, having been furnished with a vessel and crew, I set sail for home.

" Of course, during the voyage we picked up all the bales of merchandise with which I had embarked from Balsora; as usual, they had been floating about, waiting for my return trip. I sold all the stuff at immense profit, and in due time reached the city of Bagdad, wealthier than ever."

" And what became of the captain?" asked Tom.


" Really, I never took the trouble to inquire," replied Sindbad.

" Well," said a hoarse voice behind them, "that 's what I call a first-rate story."



# TOBY HINKLE PATRIOT

BY PAULINE WESLEY.



EVERY Monday, if the day had been a good drying one, Mrs. Caleb Winters sprinkled her freshly laundered clothes, and rolled them into little bundles for the night. She was generally tired at such times, so she drew her mouth into an ominous pucker, and spread out each piece of apparel upon the kitchen table with a vicious thump, before she gave it a cold shower-bath.

In honor of these tasks, Mrs. Caleb Winters always wore a brown and white checked dress, which was so accustomed to shrinking that it seemed to grow a little shorter each week.

Toby Hinkle—Mrs. Winters's nephew—often secretly regretted that the town meeting, which was "called" once in two months, invariably occurred on a Monday evening; for he hated to be left alone with his Aunt Abiah when she was sprinkling clothes.

Sometimes the woman never spoke at all on "washing day" evening. But she opened her mouth one Monday night in a certain month of March, and made a remark to Toby. "It beats all," she said, querulously, "how your father and your uncle Caleb hang around that town-meeting! They always say it has n't amounted to anything; and nobody else goes as often as they do; but those two men—my! they 'd rather starve than leave that hall before the last gun 's fired."

Toby Hinkle sat in a broad stuffed chair that had been wheeled to a corner of the kitchen. It was Toby's especial chair. He always sat in it, because he never walked or ran as other boys do. When he went upstairs somebody carried him; when he came down to breakfast he was either mounted in state on a pair of broad shoulders, or borne along in a sort of sedan chair—made by four crossed hands—like a distinguished nobleman of Japan.

His blue eyes were large, and always looked very wise; and he had a round, bright, little

face, topped with tow-colored hair. Just now the blue eyes lighted.

"Do they fire guns at the town-meeting, Aunt Abiah?" he asked.

"Oh, mercy, no, child! Some of 'em never saw a gun, most likely. Don't catch me up on every word I say," she added, sharply.

Toby discreetly withdrew into himself, and presently turned for solace to a book in which he frequently read about the camp at Valley Forge, and which was tucked conveniently beneath the chair cushions. He was not much depressed, for he knew that his aunt Abiah would be quite sweet-tempered by Tuesday evening, and he looked forward to the baking at the end of the week, which was always rather pleasant.

When Lemuel Hinkle and his brother-in-law returned home late in the evening, they tilted their chairs against the kitchen wall and chatted about the town meeting; and, as Mrs. Winters had finished her labors, she seated herself and unbent a little. "Did it amount to anything?" she asked grimly.

"Well, no; it did n't," her husband reluctantly admitted. "'T was 'bout gettin' up a Fourth o' July celebration, an' there seemed to be a good deal of opposition, one way an' another. Job Pepper wanted to get a brass band over from Denham, an' have some fireworks on the green. But Deacon Bunce, he got up an' proposed for 'em to buy a new flag for the liberty-pole, 'cause the old one 's a disgrace to the town, an' that dished the whole business. Everybody was scairt to pieces about expense, an' you 'd 'a' thought, to hear 'em talk, that Swamp Corner would be blown to atoms if a single rocket went up at the town's expense."

"Poverty 's stronger than patriotism in Swamp Corner," Toby's father remarked.

"Oh, they think since they put a furnace into the town-hall, an' painted the fence round the green, that they 're a lot of martyrs."

Toby Hinkle had put away his book and was listening eagerly.

"Well, Caleb," said Mrs. Winters, "If you 've got any surplus money to throw away in buyin' a flag, why did n't you get up an' say so?"

Caleb Winters smiled indulgently. "I can't buy no flag," he answered; "but I would n't mind seein' a proper-sized an' bright-colored

'Old Glory' floatin' over Swamp Corner, an' I told 'em so, out an' out!—did n't I, Lemuel?"

A valorous break in the old man's voice when he uttered this confession gave Toby Hinkle a swift thrill. "Hurrah!" he cried suddenly in a sweet, gay, little shout, waving his handkerchief; "hurrah!"

Lemuel Hinkle burst into a pleased laugh, and the boy's uncle turned to Toby with glowing eyes. "I told 'em," he continued warmly, "that 't was a purty poor town that had to hoist a faded old flag on Independence Day, an' I said that I, for *one*, would pay my share; an' I moved that the committee purchase a flag twelve feet long an' six and a half feet wide—an' Lemuel he got up an' seconded the motion."

Mr. Hinkle was sitting near his youthful son, and at this flattering tribute from Mr. Caleb Winters Toby leaned over and hugged his father. "Hurrah!" he shouted again, with his radiant face hidden on Lemuel's breast. There was another volley of laughter, and even Mrs. Winters smiled.

"Well," said she, more leniently, "did n't they carry the motion?"

"Carry it? No," Caleb drawled; "some was in favor of it, but the others said 't would cost more 'n fifty dollars, an' then there 'd have to be the band, that would n't come short o' twenty more, an' the fireworks an' refreshments, an'—oh, land! they buried it out o' sight."

Toby's heart fluttered excitedly. A strange thought had come to him, and presently he put it into words, without leaving his father's close embrace. "Uncle Caleb," he said, gravely, "don't you care. I ain't got anything to do but to sit around; an' I 'll make a flag for Swamp Corner."

"What!" cried three astonished voices.

Toby's twinkling eyes emerged from their retreat, and shone upon his surprised relatives. "I 'm goin' to make a flag," he repeated. "I 'm goin' to sew it with needle and thread. You just leave it to Aunt Abiah an' me; you must n't ask a single question. I 'll make a flag."

Caleb Winters's chair dropped forward as he rose to his feet clumsily. "Land!" he ejaculated. "Leetle Toby-boy—you can't, can ye?"

The color in Toby's cheeks deepened, and he laughed and clapped his hands. "Yes," he cried, exultingly; "I 'll work on it every day. I 'll never rest. I 'll make it so long, so wide, so beautiful, that when you see it on the liberty-pole you won't believe its stars are edged with Aunt Abiah's button-hole stitch. Hurrah!"

He threw one of his small pillows in the air, quite as other boys sometimes toss their caps, and he looked so bright and eager that his father, filled with pride, stooped, and, lifting him, swung him to his shoulder.

"Hoo-ray!" echoed Caleb Winters, feelingly, with a hoarse emphasis on the first syllable; and Mrs. Winters, who had dropped a furtive tear, rose, smiling, and stood with the men, her enthusiasm instinctively aroused by the wave of patriotism that seemed to be sweeping over the dingy little kitchen.

The following afternoon, before the ironing was entirely finished, Lemuel Hinkle drove his sister to the village, which was several miles from the Winters farm, where he and his motherless Toby lived. She went into the largest store—there were only two at Swamp Corner—with the ends of her mouth relaxed a few degrees from Monday's pucker, and asked for red bunting. Groceries and brooms and knitting-silk were sold every day, but there was very little demand for red bunting, so Mr. Mills, the proprietor, spread a roll of this material on his counter with a good deal of pride.

It chanced to have a warm, rich color. Toby's Aunt Abiah tested its quality between her thumb and finger, then she stepped to the door, and called in her brother Lemuel. "This is twelve cents a yard," she remarked. "What do you think of it?"

Toby's father pressed his lips together, and rubbed the goods with his knuckles, while Mr. Mills looked on, anxiously. "Have you got as good a shade of blue?" he inquired at last, blushing.

Mr. Mills's spirits rose as he hurried away to dig out the only piece of genuinely blue bunting in Swamp Corner. Queerly enough, it proved to be a superb shade, untarnished by the light of day. Indeed, it seemed as if the needs of Swamp Corner's liberty-pole had been in Mr. Mills's mind when he made

the purchase years ago. It was a clear, true blue that deserved the embellishment of stars, and could certainly uphold its honors in a substantial, independent manner.

Toby's messengers wore preoccupied expressions while the bundles were being tied, and though Mr. Mills rejoiced in the sales, he wondered what they were going to do with two shades of bunting.

At the other store they stopped and bought white bunting. Before starting for home Mrs. Winters's brother drove around the village green encircled by white houses in the midst of which stood the town-hall, with a couple of white churches; and they took a look at the old liberty-pole towering straight and still into the heart of fierce winds. The air was extremely sharp to-day, and Fourth of July was a long way off, but Swamp Corner had learned to take time by the forelock.

Some boys about the size of Toby ran across the green, noisily. Mrs. Winters hugged her parcels with a proud complacency, and her brother kept his kindling eyes on a bit of brass at the tall pole's summit, and thought of his little son.

Wednesday morning Toby's plans—developed in the night when lying awake—were unfolded to Mrs. Winters in the kitchen, and the first steps toward their fulfilment were begun. Nancy Riggs, who sometimes helped Mrs. Winters about the housework, settled herself on the floor beside the bunting, while Mrs. Winters gesticulated with a pair of shears, and Toby advised thoughtfully. The girl was seventeen years of age and large for her years.

Toby Hinkle had as much knowledge of sewing as most boys have of spinning tops, but the cutting and planning were a little beyond his powers.

"There 's forty-five States, Nan," said he, "and forty-five stars multiplied by two will be ninety. I 'll —"

"Mercy sakes!" Nancy interrupted, staring upward through her spectacles, "you ain't goin' to multiply 'em, Toby Hinkle — you ain't!"

Toby smiled condescendingly. "I 've got to," he returned. "A star for each side of the flag, you see, an' then they 're sewed together. If I make three stars every day, it won't take

but thirty days. I figured that on my slate," he added proudly.

"Gracious!" stammered Nancy, "button-hole stitch?"

Toby nodded.

"Don't discourage him," said Mrs. Winters, feeling a peculiar interest in the subject now that her laundry work was done. So Nancy humped her back over the bunting a moment, and then asked suddenly, "Be you goin' to put red strips on to the white, or white on to the red?"

"Mercy, Nancy Riggs!" Mrs. Winters exclaimed, "neither. We're goin' to cut 'em even, an' sew 'em together, double-sided. This is n't goin' to be a slimsy flag. But you must not say 'strips'; they're stripes."

Poor Nancy's face reddened, but she would have borne anything for Toby's sake. She spent the entire day upon the floor at his feet, and nearly all the stars were shaped before Mrs. Winters came in and lighted the lamps.

"Sakes alive!" Nan declared at last, "there can't be many more States, anyhow — that's a comfort."

"Well, you can't tell, Nancy Riggs," Toby answered solemnly. "This republic is goin' to keep on growin' an' growin'. Perhaps you'll live to see ninety states multiplied by two."

"Gracious!" the girl gasped, her eyes widening behind the spectacles.

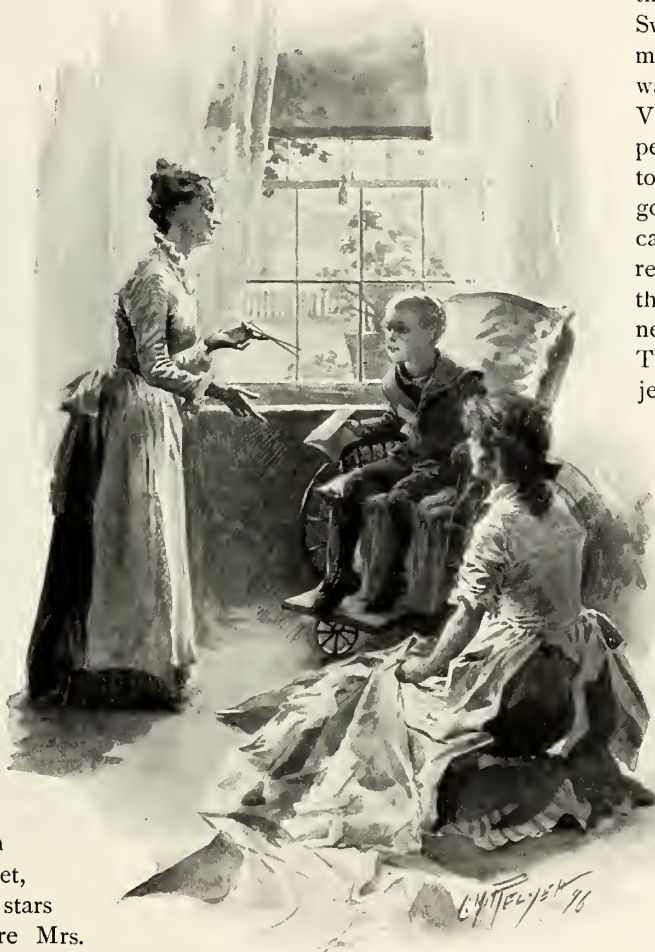
"I tell you, it's a great thing to be an American," Toby remarked solemnly, as he bid his friend a cordial good-night.

It would take considerable time to relate the various troublesome details and the whole number of stitches through which the Swamp Corner flag marched slowly toward completion. Village boys dropped in occasionally to see the good work go on, and they came oftener and remained longer as the enormous banner grew apace. They grinned and jested with one another, yet somehow it seemed

a glorious thing to make a United States flag, and their eyes betrayed the fact. Nancy forced them to sit on barrels and tables at one side of the room, to keep their muddy feet at a safe distance.

By the time that June arrived the weather

was so warm, and the flag so large, that Toby and his retinue were moved into the "best room," among the china ornaments and worsted work; this was a great favor from his aunt Abiah, for eager boys had filled the kitchen and now stood the whole length of the stairs, gazing over the banisters into the "best room."



"THIS IS N'T GOIN' TO BE A SLIMSY FLAG," SAID MRS. WINTERS."

And the flag was truly a pleasant sight. Of course it was very different from the flags for sale in the cities, but to those who surveyed its bright stars and stripes this difference seemed to increase its value.

Finally, Mr. Job Pepper—one of the town selectmen—called at the Winters house and asked to see the flag. Through the following week he spoke about his visit to somebody in the village. All at once the story of Toby Hinkle's flag ran through Swamp Corner like a prairie fire. Men stood and talked it over in little groups in front of the liberty pole.

bright donation toward fire-works for the green. The fervor of the members of the town committee was awakened and did not go to sleep immediately. They planned what was called a "speechifying celebration," to be held in the town-hall the evening before the fourth. An eloquent lawyer from Denham agreed to give an address, and when the men who belonged to the brass-band heard about the flag, they offered to attend the "speechifying" gratis. The important evening found a flag twelve feet long, and about six and a half feet wide, draped before the speaker's table on the platform of



"A CHEER STARTED SOMEWHERE, AND, GATHERING STRENGTH, SWEEPED THE CROWD WITH A MIGHTY SHOUT!"

The women and children chatted of nothing else, and Mills's store and the post-office under the town-hall overflowed with excited villagers. At last, another meeting was assembled at the town-hall; and there it was voted to hire a brass band to come over from Denham on July fourth, at the town's expense. The committee felt that such a banner should be illuminated; therefore, after another vote, Deacon Bunce passed around his hat, into which dimes and half-dollars tumbled with a generous jingle,—a

the town-hall. Toby sat in the stuffed chair at home, glowing with a joyous satisfaction, but there was no enthusiasm, and the house was quite still; his aunt Abiah sat near him knitting. Nancy Riggs had gone to the "speechifyin'."

Suddenly a faint sound of martial music was wafted through an open window, and Mrs. Winters looked questioningly at Toby, who leaned forward.

"Why, it 's the band!" he cried joyfully, — "it 's the band! Don't you hear it?"

Mrs. Winters stood up quickly, with her finger on her lips. "Listen," she whispered. And they listened. Each recognized the tune that was being wafted on the warm night air with increasing clearness:

"T is the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Denham's band, marching five miles over a rough road toward the Winters farm, sent forth the shrill notes in a superbly earnest manner.

"Toby Hinkle," said Mrs. Winters, in her most elated tone of voice, "they 're comin' here, sure 's I 'm alive! I guess they 're goin' to serenade you."

By the time the band, with its attendant throng of Swamp Corner people, had reached the house, a lamp was burning in the "best room," and Toby's stuffed chair had been dragged to the front door. Some of the men carried torches, and all the road in front of the fence was brilliant with the red glare of burning powder.

Presently the music ceased. The people pressed nearer. They saw a little tow-headed boy in his chair on the threshold.

Then a trembling cheer started somewhere, and, gathering strength, swept along the crowd with a mighty shout! Toby's eyes were alight with a great happiness; he bent forward and shook his handkerchief. At the same moment a girl darted past the gate toward the house; she was followed by Lemuel Hinkle, who had fought his way through the crowd, and finally reaching the door, raised Toby high in his arms. Cheer followed cheer; the same "Hurrah!" that had burst from a boy's throat four months ago, was repeated by more than a hundred sturdy voices, and answered again and again till

the oak-leaves above the gables quivered. The patriotism of Swamp Corner ran wild.

"Land! 't wa'n't nothin' to the speeches," Caleb Winters said afterward. "That lawyer from Denham — my! he told 'em 'bout leetle Toby-boy in sich a tender sort o' way that I, I declare, I could have hugged him; he sez, sez he, 'Patriotism nowadays is somethin' finer 'n fightin'—'" and old Caleb's voice broke with a kind of smiling sob.

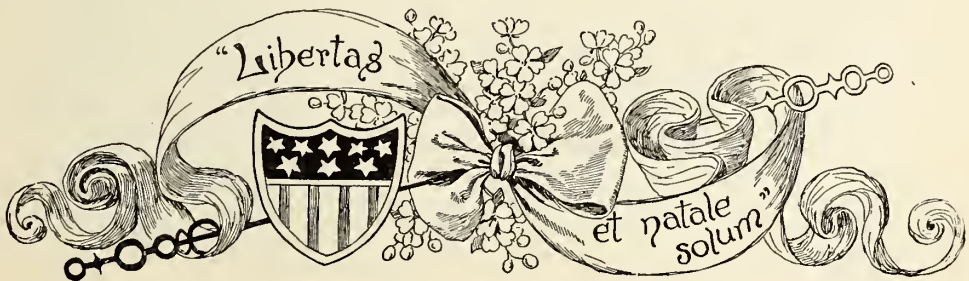
Fourth of July night, after the last rocket had soared past Swamp Corner's new flag, and then into the heavens where Toby Hinkle had feasted his eyes upon it from an upper window, Mrs. Winters tucked him into his bed. She rarely cuddled him for fear of "breaking down," but to-night she lingered. "Does your back ache very much?" she inquired.

Toby hesitated. "Well, some," he replied; "but not a *very* great deal. I don't mind, though. Brave folks don't mind aches."

Mrs. Winters kissed him silently, and took the candle out of the room, down the stairs; she showed that she was cheerful, too, by humming a bit of a stirring tune in her quavering voice, as she descended. Toby heard and smiled in the dark.

It helped him to see more clearly, in imagination, the stars and stripes — *his* stars and stripes, unfurled above Swamp Corner green. He remembered how brilliantly Denham's band had played the triumphant, bold refrain and the vibrant sweetness of its last four notes. Many boys fell asleep that night with the same refrain ringing in their ears —

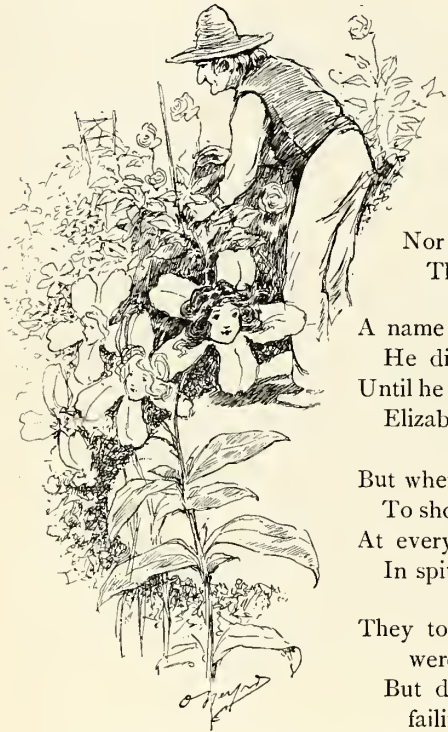
"T is the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"





# A Very Wild Flower.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.



WITHIN a garden once there grew  
A flower that seemed the very pattern  
Of all propriety; none knew  
She was at heart a wandering slattern.

The gardener old, with care and pain,  
Had trained her up as she should grow,  
Nor dreamed amid his labor vain  
That rank rebellion lurked below.

A name sufficiently high-sounding  
He diligently sought for her,  
Until he thought that the "Rebounding  
Elizabeth" he should prefer.

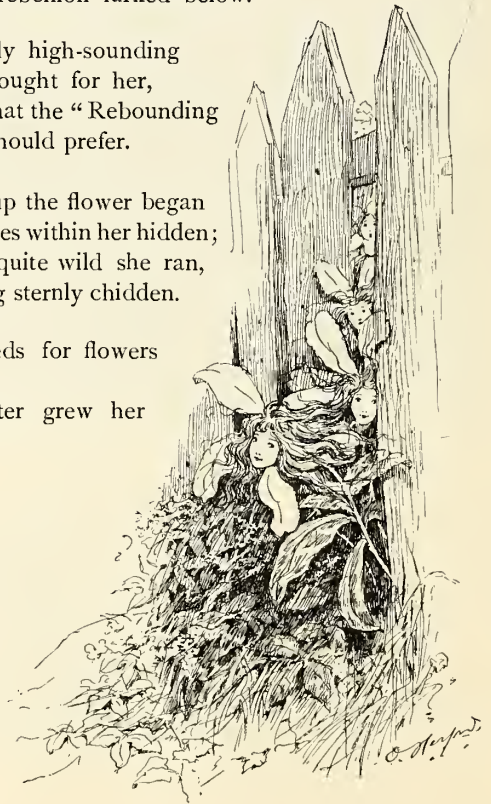
But when grown up the flower began  
To show the tastes within her hidden;  
At every chance quite wild she ran,  
In spite of being sternly chidden.

They told her beds for flowers  
were best;  
But daily greater grew her  
failings;

Up to the fence she boldly pressed,  
And stuck her head between the palings.

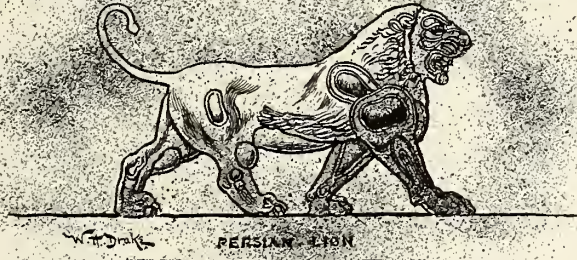
Then to the street she struggled through,  
Tearing to rags her silk attire,  
And all along the road she grew,  
Regardless quite of dust and mire.

You'll find her now by country ways,  
A tattered tramp, though comely yet,  
With rosy cheek and saucy gaze,  
And known to all as "Bouncing Bet."





# THE STORY OF MARCO POLO



BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER III.

### MARCO DISCOURSES OF ANCIENT ARMENIA.

IN the former chapter we had the preface to Marco Polo's book as it was composed by Rusticiano. In reading the first chapter of the book itself we can imagine the prisoner and illustrious traveler pacing back and forth in his place of confinement, and dictating to his companion the words that are to be set down. And this is the first chapter of the work as dictated by Marco :

#### HERE THE BOOK BEGINS ; AND FIRST IT SPEAKS OF THE LESSER HERMENIA.

THERE are two Hermenias, the Greater and the Less. The Lesser Hermenia is governed by a certain King, who maintains a just rule in his dominions, but is himself subject to the Tartar. The country contains numerous towns and villages, and has everything in plenty ; moreover, it is a great country for sport in the chase of all manner of beasts and birds. It is, however, by no means a healthy region, but grievously the reverse. In days of old the nobles there were valiant men, and did doughty deeds of arms ; but nowadays they are poor creatures, and good at naught. Howbeit, they have a city upon the sea, which is called LAYAS, at which there is a great trade. For you must know that all the spicery, and the cloths of silk and gold, and the other valuable wares that come from the interior, are brought to that city. And the merchants of Venice and Genoa, and other countries, come thither to sell their goods, and to

buy what they lack. And whatsoever persons would travel to the interior (of the East), merchants or others, they take their way by this city of Layas.

By "Hermenia" we are to understand that the traveler is speaking of the country now known as Armenia, a province of Turkey in Asia, lying to the westward, embracing the regions of the valley of the Euphrates and the mountainous Ararat. The subdivisions of the greater and the less Armenia are not known and used nowadays. Here is what Marco has to say about the other division of Armenia :

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE GREATER HERMENIA.

THIS is a great country. It begins at a city called ARZINGA, at which they weave the best buckrams in the world. It possesses also the best baths from natural springs that are anywhere to be found. The people of the country are Armenians, and are subject to the Tartar.

The country is indeed a passing great one, and in the summer it is frequented by the whole host of the Tartars of the Levant, because it then furnishes them with such excellent pasture for their cattle. But in winter the cold is past all bounds, so in that season they quit this country and go to a warmer region where they find other good pastures. [At a castle called PAIPURTH, that you pass in going from Trebizond to Tauris, there is a very good silver mine.]

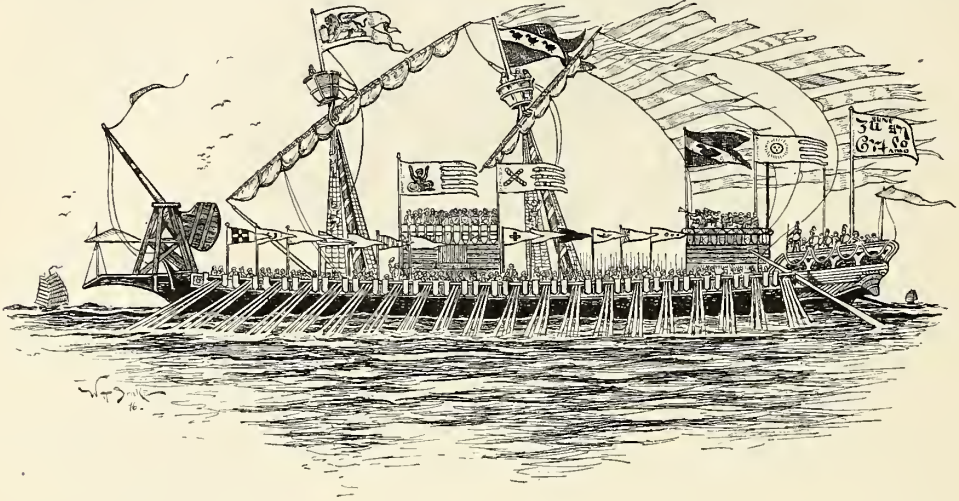
And you must know that it is in this country of Hermenia that the Ark of Noah exists on the top of a certain great mountain, on the summit of which snow is so constant that no one can ascend ; for the snow never melts,

and is constantly added to by new falls. Below, however, the snow does melt, and runs down, producing such rich and abundant herbage that in summer cattle are sent to pasture from a long way round about, and it never fails them. The melting snow also causes a great amount of mud on the mountain.

The country is bounded on the south by a kingdom

until as late as 1829, when it was ascended by Professor Parrot, a German traveler.

Every school-boy knows that Bagdad was the seat of Arabic learning in ancient times, and that its name often appears in that most delightful book, "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"



MARCO POLO'S GALLEY.

called Mosul, the people of which are Jacobite and Nestorian Christians, of whom I shall have more to tell you presently. On the north it is bounded by the Land of the Georgians, of whom also I shall speak. On the confines from Georgiania there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, insomuch that a hundred ship-loads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but 't is good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries round about they have no other oil.

Between Trebizond and Erzerum was Pai-purth, which must be the Baiburt of our day. Even in Marco Polo's time, it appears that they knew something about petroleum, or coal-oil; for the fountain of which he speaks is doubtless in the petroleum region on the peninsula of Baku, on the western coasts of the Caspian Sea, from which many ship-loads of oil are now annually exported, chiefly to Russia, under whose rule the country is now held. Even later than Marco's day it was believed that Noah's Ark, or fragments of it, rested on the top of Mount Ararat; but as that mountain is nearly 17,000 feet high, and is covered with perpetual snow, nobody had the courage to go up and find the ark,

with that of the Caliph, the good Harun-al-Rachid. That famous personage died long before Marco Polo visited Bagdad; but the stories of the Arabian Nights were commonly believed by the people of those parts, as we shall see later on in Marco's book. In Marco's day, Bagdad was known as Baudas; and one of the chapters of his book runs thus:

OF THE GREAT CITY OF BAUDAS, AND HOW IT WAS TAKEN.

BAUDAS is a great city, which used to be the seat of the Calif of all the Saracens in the world, just as Rome is the seat of the Pope of all the Christians. A very great river flows through the city, and by this you can descend to the Sea of India. There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way; they descend some eighteen days from Baudas, and then come to a certain city called KISI, where they enter the Sea of India. There is also on the river, as you go from Baudas to Kisi, a great city called BASTRA, surrounded by woods, in which grow the best dates in the world.

In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and gold brocades, such as *nasich*, and *nac*, and *cramoisy*, and many other beautiful tissues richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds. It is the noblest and greatest city in all those regions.

Now it came to pass on a day in the year of Christ 1255, that the Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, whose name was Alaü, brother to the Great Kaan now reigning, gathered a mighty host and came up against Baudas and took it by storm. It was a great enterprise! for in Baudas there were more than 100,000 horse, besides foot soldiers. And when Alaü had taken the place he found therein a tower of the Calif's, which was full of gold and silver and other treasure; in fact the greatest accumulation of treasure in one spot that was ever known. When he beheld that great heap of treasure he was astonished, and, summoning the Calif to his presence, he said to him: "Calif, tell me now why thou hast gathered such a huge treasure? What didst thou mean to do therewith? Knewest thou not that I was thine enemy, and that I was coming against thee with so great an host to cast thee forth of thine heritage? Wherefore didst thou not take of thy gear and employ it in paying knights and soldiers to defend thee and thy city?"

The Calif wist not what to answer, and said never a word. So the Prince continued: "Now then, Calif, since I see what a love thou hast borne thy treasure, I will e'en give it thee to eat!" So he shut the Calif up in the Treasure Tower, and bade that neither meat nor drink should be given him, saying: "Now, Calif, eat of thy treasure as much as thou wilt, since thou art so fond of it; for never shalt thou have aught else to eat!"

So the Calif lingered in the tower four days, and then died like a dog. Truly his treasure would have been of more service to him had he bestowed it upon men who would have defended his kingdom and his people, rather than let himself be taken and deposed and put to death as he was. Howbeit, since that time, there has been never another Calif, either at Baudas or anywhere else.

The Bastra of Marco Polo is the modern Basra, which is situated below the meeting of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and is still famed for the abundance of its delicious dates. The beautiful cloths called by Marco *nac, nasich*, and *cramoisy* were woven of silk and gold threads, and when they found their way to the courts of Europe, long afterward, they were worn by the rich and great. In tales of the time of good Queen Bess you will find references to *cramoisy*.

Many modern writers have made use of the story of the miserly Caliph of Bagdad who perished so miserably in the midst of his gold; and it is clear that our own poet, Longfellow, had in mind the tale told by Marco Polo when he wrote in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" the poem of "Kambalu," the chief part of which runs thus:

I said to the Caliph: Thou art old;  
Thou hast no need of so much gold.  
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here

Till the breath of battle was hot and near,  
But have sown through the land these useless hoards,  
To spring into shining blades of swords,  
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,  
And left him there to feed all alone  
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:  
Never a prayer nor a cry nor a groan  
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,  
Nor again was the Caliph seen alive.

This is the story strange and true,  
That the great Captain Alaü  
Told to his brother, the Tartar Khan,  
When he rode that day into Kambalu  
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE THREE KINGS AND THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

DOUBTLESS all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have read the story of the visit of the Three Kings, or Magi, to Bethlehem, when the Sav-



ior was born. There is an ancient Christian tradition that the three men set out from Persia, and that their names were Melchior, Balthazar, and Kaspar; these wise men of the East, as they were called, are supposed to have returned to Persia after their visit to Palestine; and Marco Polo tells this tale as it was told to him:

OF THE GREAT COUNTRY OF PERSIA; WITH SOME  
ACCOUNT OF THE THREE KINGS.

PERSIA is a great country, which was in old times very illustrious and powerful; but now the Tartars have wasted and destroyed it.

In Persia is the city of Saba, from which the Three



Magi set out when they went to worship Jesus Christ; and in this city they are buried, in three very large and beautiful monuments side by side. And above them

there is a square building, carefully kept. The bodies are still entire, with the hair and beard remaining. Messer Marco Polo asked a great many questions of the people of that city as to those Three Magi, but never one could he find that knew aught of the matter, except that these were three kings who were buried there in days of old. However, at a place three days' journey distant he heard of what I am going to tell you. He found a village there which goes by the name of Cala Ataperistan, which is as much as to say, "The Castle of the Fire-worshippers." And the name is rightly applied, for the people there do worship fire, and I will tell you why.

They relate that in old times three kings of that country went away to worship a Prophet that was born, and they carried with them three manner of offerings, Gold, and Frankincense, and Myrrh; in order to ascertain whether that prophet were God, or an earthly king, or a physician. For, say they, if he take the Gold, then he is an earthly king; if he take the Incense he is God; if he take the Myrrh he is a Physician.

So it came to pass when they had come to the place where the Child was born, the youngest of the Three Kings went in first, and found the Child apparently just of his own age; so he went forth again, marveling greatly.

The middle one entered next, and like the first he found the Child seemingly of his own age; so he also went forth again and marveled greatly. Lastly, the eldest went in, and as it had befallen the other two, so it befell him. And he went forth very pensive. And when the three had rejoined one another, each told what he had seen; and then they all marveled the more. So they agreed to go in all three together, and on doing so they beheld the Child with the appearance of its actual age, to wit, some thirteen days. Then they adored, and presented their Gold, and Incense, and Myrrh. And the Child took all the three offerings, and then gave them a small closed box; whereupon the Kings departed to return into their own land.

And when they had ridden many days, they said they would see what the Child had given them. So they opened the little box, and inside it they found a stone. On seeing this they began to wonder what this might be that the Child had given them, and what was the import thereof. Now the signification was this: when they presented their offerings, the Child had accepted all three, and when they saw that, they had said within themselves that He was the True God, and the True King, and the True Physician. And what the gift of the stone implied was that this Faith which had begun in them should abide firm as a rock. For He well knew what was in their thoughts. Howbeit, they had no understanding at all of this signification of the gift of the stone; so they cast it into a well. Then straightway a fire from Heaven descended into that well wherein the stone had been cast.

And when the Three Kings beheld this marvel they were sore amazed, and it greatly repented them that they had cast away the stone; for well they then perceived that it had a great and holy meaning. So they took of that fire, and carried it into their own country, and placed it in a rich and beautiful church. And there the people keep it continually burning, and worship it as a god, and all the sacrifices they offer are kindled with that fire. And if ever the fire becomes extinct they go to other cities round about where the same faith is held, and obtain of that fire from them, and carry it to the church. And this is the reason why the people of this country worship fire. They will often go ten days' journey to get of that fire.

Such then was the story told by the people of that Castle to Messer Marco Polo; they declared to him for a truth that such was their history, and that one of the Three Kings was of the city called SABA, and the second of AVA, and the third of that very Castle where they still worship fire, with the people of all the country round about.

In Marco's further account of Persia and its wonders we find the hero Alaü again mentioned by name. It was Alaü who captured the castle of the miserly caliph; and he it was also who put an end to the crime of the wicked Old Man of the Mountain. Here is his chapter concerning the matter:

## CONCERNING THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

MULEHET is a country in which the Old Man of the Mountain dwelt in former days; and the name means "*Place of the Avam.*" I will tell you his whole history as related by Messer Marco Polo, who heard it from several natives of that region.

The Old Man was called in their language ALOADIN. He had caused a certain valley between two mountains to be enclosed, and had turned it into a garden, the largest and most beautiful that ever was seen, filled with every variety of fruit. In it were erected pavilions and palaces the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting. And there were runnels, too, flowing freely with wine and milk and honey and water; and numbers of ladies, the most beautiful in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sung most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold. For the Old Man desired to make his people believe that this was actually Paradise. So he had fashioned it after the description that Mahommet gave of his Paradise, to wit, that it should be a beautiful garden running with conduits of wine and milk and honey and water; and sure enough the Saracens of those parts believed that it *was* Paradise.

Now no man was allowed to enter the Garden save those whom he intended to be his ASHISHIN. There was a Fortress at the entrance to the Garden, strong enough to resist all the world, and there was no other way to get in. He kept at his Court a number of the youths of the country, from twelve to twenty years of age, such as had a taste for soldiering, and to these he used to tell tales about Paradise, just as Mahommet had been wont to do, and they believed in him just as the Saracens believe in Mahommet. Then he would introduce them into his garden, some four, or six, or ten at a time, having first made them drink a certain potion which cast them into a deep sleep, and then causing them to be lifted and carried in. So when they awoke they found themselves in the Garden.

Now this Prince whom we call the Old One kept his Court in grand and noble style, and made those simple hill-folks about him believe firmly that he was a great Prophet. And when he wanted one of his Ashishin to send on any mission, he would cause that potion whereof I spoke to be given to one of the youths in the Garden, and then had him carried into his palace. So when the young man awoke, he found himself in the Castle, and no longer in that Paradise; whereat he was not over-well pleased. He was then conducted to the Old Man's presence, and bowed before him with great veneration, as believing himself to be in the presence of a true Prophet. The Prince would then ask whence he came, and he would reply that he came from Paradise! and that it was exactly such as Mahommet had described it in the Law. This of course gave the others who stood by, and who had not been admitted, the greatest desire to enter therein.

So when the Old Man would have any Prince slain,

he would say to such a youth: "Go thou and slay So-and-So; and when thou returnest my Angels shall bear thee into Paradise. And shouldst thou die, nathless even so will I send my Angels to carry thee back into Paradise." So he caused them to believe; and thus there was no order of his that they would not affront any peril to execute, for the great desire they had to get back into that Paradise of his. And in this manner the Old One got his people to murder any one whom he desired to get rid of. Thus, too, the great dread that he inspired all Princes withal, made them become his tributaries in order that he might abide at peace and amity with them.

I should also tell you that the Old Man had certain others under him, who copied his proceedings and acted exactly in the same manner. One of these was sent into the territory of Damascus, and the other into Curdistan.

Now it came to pass in the year 1252, that Alaü, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, heard tell of these great crimes of the Old Man, and resolved to make an end of him. So he took and sent one of his Barons with a great Army to that Castle, and they besieged it for three years, but they could not take it, so strong was it. And indeed if they had had food within, it never would have been taken. But after being besieged those three years they



ran short of victual, and were taken. The Old Man was put to death with all his men, and the Castle with its Garden of Paradise was leveled with the ground. And since that time he has had no successor; and there was an end to all his villainies.

The region in which, according to Marco Polo, the Old Man of the Mountain lived and

reigned was the mountainous part of Persia, in the far North. But in the time of the first Crusaders, which was some two hundred years earlier, the chief of a band of scoundrels and man-slayers, one Hassan-ben-Sabah, had his stronghold in Mount Lebanon, in the southern part of Syria; and he was also known as the Old Man of the Mountain.

It is interesting to know that the story of the Old One was current all over the East, and that we get our word "assassin" from the vile practices of that wicked man, who really did exist, and whose followers are still to be found in remote corners of the East. The drug which he gave to those whom he desired to enlist in his band was hashish, or *Cannabis Indica*.

This is a learned name for Indian hemp, from which the drug is derived. Men who used the hashish to give them pleasant sleep and beautiful dreams were called "hashishiyyin"; and it was easy to make the word "assassin" out of hashishiyyin.

That this is the true origin of the English word, nobody need doubt. As Marco passed by the castle of the Old Man of the Mountain not long after his defeat by the Prince Alaü, we can believe that he heard a true account of what had happened; and it is not unlikely that the followers of this chief, the Assassins, as they were called, were a numerous band of fanatics who were spread over a considerable part of the East.

(To be continued.)

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## JAMES SMITH.

BY W. C. McCLELLAND.

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You may explain it as you will,  
I leave you to your choice,  
But this I know: James always had  
A most appalling voice.

One day, while lying in his crib,  
He whooped with such a clang,  
The pictures trembled on the walls,  
The door shut with a bang.

The cat rushed up the chimney-flue,  
The dog barked from the shed,  
The cage of the canary swung—  
That night the bird was dead.

When James was four, and went to church,  
And something stirred his ire,  
You could n't hear the preacher, and  
You could n't hear the choir.

As he grew up his voice increased;  
Its strength more fearful grew,  
Till strangers trembled at him when  
He only questioned "WHO?"

A maid came in at breakfast time  
As James began the grace;  
She dropped her tray, the people say,  
And so she lost her place.

He dared to use a telephone  
To wish his cousin luck;  
She fell as dead, and then she said,  
"Ah, me, the house is struck!"

Next day he cheered a candidate;  
That hour James' time had come:  
The echo smote him in the throat,  
And now he 's deaf and dumb.



A TRAGIC INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEMIMA COBBS.

## STORMS.

BY MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

WERE you ever in the wake of the wild cyclone,  
 Where the doors would shake, and the tim-  
 bers groan,  
 And all aghast,  
 When the storm was past,  
 You fainted in the wake of the wild cyclone?  
 I have never been the toy of that dreadful  
 ghoul;  
 But I 've seen a hungry boy come home  
 from school,  
 And the walls would roar,  
 As he trod the floor,  
 And rumble with the raging of the boy from  
 school.

WERE you ever in the dread of the fierce  
 simoon,  
 When the air burned red in the blaze of  
 noon,  
 And you held your breath,  
 In the fear of death,  
 And trembled in the dread of the fierce si-  
 moon?  
 I have never felt the dread of a simoon wild;  
 But I have put to bed a cross little child;  
 And the air was mellow  
 With the battle and the bellow  
 Of that dear little, sleepy little, cross little  
 child.

# THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(*A Story of the Year 30 A. D.*)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE TOWER IN SILOAM.

ONLY a few days after his parting with Hannah at the well in Cana, and on a brilliant October morning, Cyril stood upon a mount from which he could look across the valley through which the brook Kidron runs, and see the white walls and the towers and the Temple of the holy city—Jerusalem. Around him on the hill were scattered groves of olive-trees.

“No,” he thought; “I will not go into the city now. I must find my father. I must eat the Feast of Tabernacles with him. I will go down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and go to the southern side where is the road to the Cave of Adullam.”

In the valley was a road which made the circuit of the city, following the course of the brook Kidron on that side. There was only just room, it seemed, for road and brook, so densely was the valley occupied by buildings, and by villas and the gardens of the great. It was a broad, perfectly kept driveway; and foot-passengers must make way for the splendid chariots which went sweeping by. There were horsemen also; and Cyril, as he walked, saw several squadrons of cavalry. He was deeply interested in a cohort of Roman legionaries whose polished arms and perfect drill surpassed anything of the kind he had ever seen. There was a more terrible attraction in a band of trained gladiators that were said to belong to Pontius Pilate. They were enormous men, physically, and were evidently selected from several different races.

Cyril admired exceedingly the vast walls of the city which rose above him on his right, as he went onward. It was plain that no enemy could so much as assail the battlements that

frowned along the edge of the high cliff—Mount Moriah—that formed part of the site of the city. The entire area was a fort, with walls of its own separating it from the rest of the city, and the Temple itself was near the middle of it.

Cyril walked on until he was far down the valley, southeast of the city between the brook and the wall.

Near what Cyril knew was the Pool of Siloam he saw many laborers at work. They seemed to be erecting a tower; and there was a great throng of people looking on. It seemed as if something more than the building had brought the people there, for near the parties of workmen were gathered throngs of Jews, talking loudly and gesticulating excitedly. When Cyril came nearer he learned the cause of their excitement.

Pilate was really a man of ability, a statesman as well as soldier, or the Roman emperor would never have trusted him with the government of Judea. Pilate had found Jerusalem greatly in need of water, and had planned aqueducts; he had also decided that the Jews should pay for them. Other taxes not being sufficient, he had seized large sums of the treasures of the Temple, the contributions made by pious Jews all over the world for the support of the Temple worship. As a Roman and a heathen, he believed good water for the city more important than the Temple services.

The entire Jewish people felt differently, however, and the rabbis declared Pilate's project profane and sacrilegious. So here they were looking on at the erection of the great line of towers that were to support the aqueduct, bringing water from the hills to the city.

Cyril, as he stood and looked at the great tower, heard the stentorian tones, furious in anger, of a voice he at once remembered.



There indeed, as Cyril turned, he saw Ben Nassur cursing Pilate and his aqueduct, as so recently he had cursed his young kinsman at the well.

The tower represented to Isaac the stolen treasures of the Temple, the plunder of the altar and the priesthood, and Pilate's utter defiance of the rabbis. Even Cyril felt deeply that a heathen foreigner had no right to interfere in any manner with the Temple of God, and his sympathies for the moment were with his learned kinsman and the score or so of angry priests, rabbis, and scribes by whom he was surrounded.

No attention whatever was paid to the prolonged eloquence of Ben Nassur by the Roman architect or his workmen. Perhaps not one of them understood his torrent of old Hebrew words. The architect, however, had been fatally at fault in excavating for the foundation of that tower. Down a little deeper than the picks and shovels of his workmen had gone there was a quick-sand. Now, therefore, as the great stones of the tower were placed in series, tier on tier, the weight grew heavier and heavier, until it became too much for the crust of earth above the quicksand. On the side toward the valley the ground sloped, so that there was really nothing to sustain the enormous wall of stone.

A loud cry came from Cyril as he looked up at the toppling tower, and Rabbi Ben Nassur stopped and turned angrily toward him.

"See!" shouted Cyril. "The tower! It is tottering!"

Pitching forward like a falling man, the tower that was to have stood for ages came crashing, thundering down!



Varian

"THE TOWER CAME CRASHING, THUNDERING DOWN!"

There was a moment of awestruck silence, and then the multitude who saw uttered a kind of inarticulate roar, made up of innumerable

exclamations; for it was the curse of Rabbi Isaac and the other rabbis, as many thought, which had brought down the tower of the Romans. Buried under the fallen tower were eighteen of the officers and servants of Pontius Pilate.

"It is the vengeance of the Law!" shouted Ben Nassur, tossing his arms wildly; but a detachment of soldiers, which had been stationed there to guard the construction of the aqueduct, marched steadily forward with leveled spears, and the multitude turned and fled before them. The fall of a tower could not shake the nerves of Roman legionaries, even if they had no idea of what caused its fall. At all events, now it was down the danger was over.

Ben Nassur and Cyril had looked each other in the face for a moment; but Cyril did not wish to have the rabbi speak to him again. On he went, therefore, down the valley and past the Pool of Siloam. He stood still for several minutes when he came to the place marked by a fort and tower where the valley of Jehoshaphat, along which the Kidron ran, was joined at the right by the long, deep, and dreadful valley of Hinnom. Away up that valley, at intervals, Cyril could see the smoke arising from the fires which were burning the refuse materials from the city and the Temple. "The fires of Gehenna!" he exclaimed. There they had burned through ages, never going out night or day.

Cyril appeared to be searching for something as he walked along.

"That is the landmark," he said at last, as he stood before a tall stone pillar at the roadside. "The road to Bethlehem turns off there. I mean to go there, some day. It is the city of David, and Jesus of Nazareth was born there. Mary has told Lois and Abigail all about the shepherds and the angels and the wise men who came from the East." Cyril plodded on steadily southward, being guided from time to time by some prominent landmark — rock, or hill, or tree, or running water — which his father had described as a means whereby Cyril was to find his way to the Cave of Adullam.

There was no general "shop" or salesroom in the house of Abigail the tallith-maker. There was, however, a front room where she received her customers, some of whom were people of

rank, and a rear room where most of the varied needlework was done, and some kinds of weaving.

Here sat Lois that long afternoon. She was at work upon an abba — the flowing outer robe of white linen, worn by Jews of good degree and fair circumstances. Though not embroidered nor ornamented, it was of peculiarly fine texture.

"I wish I knew whom it is for," said Lois. "I suppose for one of the rabbis."

"So it is," said the pleasant voice of Abigail; "and thou mayest know, but thou must not tell others. Too many of the other rabbis oppose him, and it will not do for a working-woman like me to make enemies."

"Abigail," exclaimed Lois, "is it then for the Master? Have I worked for him?"

A noble-looking woman was Abigail, with closely folded masses of nearly white hair above her high forehead. Her face told of trouble which may have whitened her hair before its time; but her smile and her eyes were very sweet in their expression as she answered:

"Salome and some other women brought the materials. It is for him to wear when he goes to Jerusalem to the next Passover. And there is something else. Come!"

Lois put aside her work and followed Abigail into another room — a small one, at the right of the workroom. She could not have told why such a feeling of awe came over her as she watched the actions of her employer and friend. A large box, covered and fastened, lay in a corner of the room, and Abigail went and opened it. It contained many articles of apparel; but these were lifted out, and Abigail took from the very bottom of the box a light casket made of some odorous wood with which Lois was not familiar.

"Look," she said, as she held back the lid of the casket. "I need not take it out. It is his inner robe. It is woven without a seam. It is such as the high-priests wear in the Temple at Jerusalem."

"Where did it come from?" whispered Lois, looking at it with admiration.

"Nobody must know," said Abigail. "One evening, not long ago, when there were neither stars nor any moon, I was called to the door,

and a stranger handed me this. He was a tall strong man, in a robe that covered him all over, and he had come on horseback, for his horse stood by him. 'This,' he said, 'is for Jesus of Nazareth, who is called the Christ. Finish it thou, and keep it for him. He will be told that it is here.'

"Did you speak to him?" exclaimed Lois.

"'Who art thou?' I asked," said Abigail. "But the man answered me: 'I am told that thou art discreet. I am from the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and from the women who are with her. That is enough for thee to know. They who made that garment for him dwell in the king's house.'"

"Then Jesus has friends," answered Lois, "where nobody would think of seeking them. But what nature of man was the messenger?"

"It was too dark to see plainly," said Abigail. "I suppose he did not wish to be seen. There were scars on his face. He may have been one of Herod's soldiers. I took the casket from him and he went away. Now I must wait until it is sent for."

"There is no robe too fine for the Master," said Lois, with reverence. "I shall enjoy every stitch I take, now I know the abba is for him. But what a beautiful vesture this is! It is from the ladies in the palace. It is of fine wool, woven without a seam, and as white as snow!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### CYRIL AND THE OUTLAWS.

THE sun was setting at the close of Cyril's somewhat anxious day's pilgrimage. He had met no enemy since leaving Jerusalem, but he

had met many wayfarers. Cyril had preferred not to make acquaintance with any, but at last he stood facing a man who was evidently determined to find out something about the young



"'WHO ART THOU?'"

traveler before he would let him pass. The stranger was short and of a sturdy frame, with a red face and a closely-curling, grizzled black beard. He commanded Cyril to halt. It was a place where, for a time, one strong

man could have halted a dozen, or even a thousand. It was a mere shelf in the side of a great cliff. On Cyril's left was a precipice hanging above a gorge far below, through which a stream was running. On the right was the wall of rock, ledge above ledge — Cyril did not know how high.

"Who art thou?" curtly and sternly demanded the stranger, gripping hard but not lifting the weapon in his hand. It was a Roman pilum or javelin, and must at some time have been carried by a legionary.

There might have been danger to Cyril at that moment, if he had not been warned against it by his father. He did not speak, but turned at once to the rock, and passed his forefinger along it as if writing.

The face of the grim sentry of the pass brightened suddenly.

"Again I say, who art thou?" he asked, but nodding his head in a friendly manner. "Canst thou write 'Shallum'?"

Cyril's finger moved along the wall, but he said, aloud, "Shallum, of the sons of Hezekiah, of Galilee —"

"Amen!" responded the sentry. "Name?"

"Cyril, the son of Ezra the Swordmaker —"

"Amen!" again exclaimed Shallum, in evident delight. "I know thee now. Come on with me, and I will show thee thy father. Hast thou any news? Tell us of Galilee. And what of Jesus of Nazareth? Thy father saith thou hast been with him."

He had turned at once, and Cyril was now marching side by side with him along the shelf of rock. In his eager delight at meeting a friend and comrade of his father, Cyril was beginning to talk freely, but Shallum stopped him.

"Tell thy tale in the cave," he said. "I shall soon be there. Go on, now, and at the entrance thou needest no password but Shallum and Ezra. They will know thee."

The narrow path continued along the side of the rock, but there were places where it widened so that small parties of defenders could withstand an army.

And now, just a little ahead, Cyril saw that the path appeared to end in a kind of opening of the rock.

"That is where I shall be questioned again,"

he was thinking, when a loud cry of pleasure seemed to sound from the rock itself.

"My son — thou art here!" and then it was Ezra himself who stepped out from another cleft and threw his strong arms around Cyril.

A rapid exchange of questions and answers followed, and then, led by his father, the young adventurer found himself groping his way through a dark and seemingly intricate passage.

Ezra put out his hand and pushed aside a kind of curtain; there was a glare of dull and smoky light, from cressets and torches and a forge-fire, and Cyril knew that he was in the outer chamber of the well-known cave. It was by no means regular in shape, but it was about sixty feet long and from thirty to forty feet in height.

Cyril's first glance around him showed him several anvils and quite an array of tools; but what his father had told him had prepared him for that. He had not expected, however, to see so many men.

They seemed to swarm from the rocky sides of the cave and out of the ground. So must the cave have looked in the days of David. He had had four hundred men with him, it was recorded, and Cyril soon discovered that there was plenty of room for even a larger band.

Just now, none of them thought of David or Saul. No doubt they had some means for learning the news of the day, but a traveler from Galilee, and straight from Jerusalem that very day, was sure to bring them tidings eagerly desired.

They were ready to listen, with breathless interest, to all that could be said about the Galilean prophet who was gaining so many followers, and who was of the royal line of Judah, descended from David; and whom even John the Baptizer had declared to be the Anointed, who was to restore the Kingdom.

Question followed question, and Cyril's answers became full and free as he acquired confidence, until at last a grim old graybeard remarked:

"Amen! It is enough! I am for this Prophet of Nazareth. But the young man has traveled all day. He is tired out. Let him have food."

"I will care for him," said Ezra; and in a

few moments more he and Cyril were alone together in another cave, into which Cyril followed his father, through a long, low burrow, on his hands and knees. It was like the other, somewhat, but here was no smithy. It was the sleeping-place and store-room. Cyril ate heartily and so did Ezra, and all the while the talk went on. While his father learned the news of Lois and of the doings in Galilee, Cyril was told about the cave and about the plans of Ezra. At last, however, somewhat reluctantly, Cyril told how Ben Nassur had cursed him, and then about the fall of the Roman tower near the Pool of Siloam.

Ezra was a follower of Jesus, but he was a Jew, zealous for the Law, and full of reverence for the rabbis and their teaching. He grew very grave as he heard, for he was by no means ready yet to cut loose from the traditions of his people.

"Jesus also is a rabbi," he remarked, after a long minute of thinking. "He could tell us what to do. At all events we must go to the Temple, and offer a lamb for a trespass offering."

"I have money enough to buy one," said Cyril; "but can you venture into Jerusalem?"

"Safely enough," said Ezra. "Many of us cannot, but unless we meet some of our Samaritan enemies, to denounce us, we are in no danger. Especially during the days of the feast, I can safely go and come."

Cyril felt greatly relieved by the idea of offering a sacrifice. He felt that it might entirely prevent the evil consequences of Ben Nassur's terrible curse. Not that Cyril thought he had really broken the Law, but the rabbi had said he had, and Isaac, being a very learned man, might be right.

"We will set out for the city to-morrow morning," said Ezra, when they had finished their last cluster of grapes. "Now I will show you the rest of the cave."

Cyril's curiosity was intensely excited, and he sprang to his feet. His father carried a torch and led the way. At the further end of that cave was an opening, and they had to climb upward a few feet to reach it. Then they followed a narrow cleft in the rock for a number of feet, and went down again five or six yards

of steep descent, into a large underground chamber. It was a place for men to sleep in, but it was also used as an arsenal. All along the walls were stacked various kinds of weapons, among which were great numbers of bows and sheaves of arrows.

"The Romans took them from the Parthians," said Ezra. "Then the Parthians destroyed that detachment of Romans on their way home, but our tribes gathered the best of the spoils. Come! I will show you something more."

Through a curiously crooked passage Cyril was led into the fourth chamber of the cave; and into this he could not go very far, it was packed so full of arms and armor.

"Year after year has this been accumulating," said Ezra. "There are other storehouses like it in other places. When the time comes for our people to rise against the Romans, we shall have something to fight with, in spite of all that Herod and Pilate have done to leave us defenseless. We capture new lots of weapons whenever we can; but we are never seen to bring any in this direction."

"Thou and the other smiths are making new things meanwhile?" asked Cyril.

"Not so," said his father. "We can do better by repairing and keeping in good order all we have on hand. That gives us work enough. But I have one piece of work that I will show you some day. Come out of the cave now, and rest. Most of us prefer to sleep in booths among the rocks, though there is always plenty of air in the caves."

It seemed a vast relief to get into the open air again after Cyril made his long way out; for, in order to do so he had to creep and grope and walk over five hundred feet through the cavern to the entrance on the ledge.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE MASSACRE OF THE GALILEANS.

THE falling of the tower occasioned great excitement in Jerusalem. There were, indeed, two parties to the controversy. A large part of the resident population was strongly in favor of Pilate's plan, and wanted the water brought in. On the other hand, pilgrims from a distance,

come to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles, and more than usually filled with religious fervor, were not interested in an aqueduct which was never to benefit them. Foremost among these, and always the most daring and rebellious of the Jewish people, were the pilgrims from Galilee. They were certainly the most hated by the Romans, on account of their free speech and unsubdued spirit. They were now stirred up to fanatical violence by several other griev-

day; but he was in a very ugly frame of mind. Such men as Ben Nassur, aided by zealots from other places, were arousing their followers more and more from hour to hour, until at last an angry multitude swarmed around the gates of Pilate's house, cursing him in the name of the Law, and of the Temple. They clamored for the restitution of the treasures taken from the priests; the cessation of the aqueduct work, which the fall of the tower so plainly declared to be wicked; and they furiously demanded the removal of the Temple guards.

The Roman governor had not the least idea of granting any of these demands, and he determined to teach the angry Galileans a lesson. He sent to his camps for a large number of soldiers. They were not to come in armor, but in ordinary clothing, and were to be armed only with clubs. Strong men can do a great deal of damage with heavy cudgels, but Pilate's idea was to express in this way his soldierly contempt for a Jewish mob. His men were ordered to surround it and to wait for such commands as he might give them.

Of course it was late in the day before all this could be accomplished; but at a very early hour that morning Ezra the Swordmaker and Cyril had left the Cave of Adullam, and set out for the city. It



"WHAT A SPLENDID SWORD!" EXCLAIMED CYRIL." (SEE PAGE 754.)

ances, including the fact that Pilate kept a Roman garrison within the walls of the Temple area, and Roman sentries in the approaches to the Temple itself. It may have been only prudent for him to do so, but his soldiers carried their eagle standards with them. They were known to worship these, and therefore, they, as heathen, had taken idols into the sacred places.

It was Pilate's custom to come to his official residence — a kind of palace for public business — during all feasts, and he was there that

was not yet noon when they passed through one of the southern gates of Jerusalem, unnoticed by the silent guards in full armor, and entered the city.

It was part of the caution of Ezra's friends at the Cave that they should never be seen in large parties. He and his son were by themselves, therefore, when, shortly after passing the gate, they were informed of the great tumult at Pilate's house.

"It is no place for us," said Ezra. "Thou

and I have but one errand. We must offer our sin-offering, and get away."

Cyril's fear of the rabbis and priests grew stronger as he drew near the Temple. There was no other place on earth, he believed, where a sacrifice to God could be offered as solemnly as upon the brazen gold-ornamented altar of burnt-offering, which he and his father were soon to see.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the tumult in the open space before the governor's palace, but Cyril and his father could no longer hear it, for they were now in the outer court of the Temple. They advanced toward the steps leading up to the gorgeously gilded portals of the inner court. Here they were met by a Levite to whom Ezra at once handed the fleecy offering which he had brought and had so far carried in his arms. During several minutes, however, there had been strange sounds beyond the gate of the outer court, and they were fast growing louder. Ezra and his son would have paused to listen, but the Levite led the way into the inner court, and they followed. In a moment more Cyril could see the smoking altar, the splendidly arrayed priests, the chanting Levites, the swinging censers, and all the grand appliances of the Temple worship. Everything was splendid beyond his imaginings; but he could not look at it for more than a moment. Behind him, surging through the gate into the outer court, filling that space, and then pouring on into the inner court, came a shouting, shrieking, maddened multitude.

Pilate's club-men had been doing their brutal work only too well, and, if his soldiers carried clubs only, other enemies of the Galileans (and they were many) had seized this opportunity, for steel blades were flashing among the pursuers. An angry mob were now pitilessly smiting down the Jews who had protested so zealously for the Temple and the Law.

They did not pause at the gate of the inner court, but, in a moment more, there were slain Galileans lying among the bodies of the animals prepared for sacrifice, and the revenge of Pilate upon those who had upbraided him was becoming terrible. The priests and other Temple officers were fleeing.

"Come," said Ezra, in a low, fierce whisper.

"Follow me. We must escape now, that we may some day smite them the more surely."

"There is Ben Nassur!" suddenly shouted Cyril. "Father, help him! He is down!"

Bravely, indeed, had the burly rabbi turned upon a pursuer who was close upon him with an uplifted simitar, but at that moment his foot slipped and he fell heavily backward. No genuine Roman soldier was near them, and Ezra caught up one of the heavy knives with which the Levites had been preparing beasts for the sacrifices.

"Thou son of Edom!" he shouted, as he sprang over the prostrate Isaac and struck down his fierce enemy.

In a few seconds his simitar, a very good weapon, was in the hands of Cyril himself.

"Onward," said Ezra, "but strike no man carrying a club. It is not safe. They are Romans. These others are only Samaritans and Edomites — Herod's own men, not Pilate's."

It was a confused hurlyburly, but the Roman governor's lesson to the Galileans had already been completely given, and a trumpet in the outer court was sounding the recall. All the soldiers obeyed like machines, not striking another blow.

It had been Cyril's first experience of actual fighting. At his father's order he had reluctantly thrown away the captured sword, and they were making their way out with the motley crowd of people who were permitted to escape. No such bloody massacre had been intended by Pilate, and his Temple-guards were now actually serving as a police to prevent further slaughter. Not a few of his soldiers had been badly hurt, and a number of the Herodian rabble had been slain, for the Galileans were brave men and had fought for their lives.

As for Cyril and his father, they were safe now, and were hurrying toward the southern gate of the city.

"Father," said Cyril, "what had Ben Nassur and the others done that this should come upon them?"

"I know not," said Ezra, thoughtfully. "It is written that we are punished for our transgressions, but I have seen the best men of Israel go down before the swords of the heathen. At least we have made an offering."

"We brought the lamb," said Cyril, "but we did not see it offered."

"I am no rabbi," said Ezra, sturdily. "I cannot say whether or not that was enough. I do know that I have smitten Herod's men and I have seen thee fighting them bravely. Thou wilt make a strong swordsman one of these days, but thou art in need of practice. I will teach thee in the Cave."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE SWORD FOR THE KING.

THOSE were lonely yet busy days for Lois, at her embroidery work, in the house of Abigail. Such news as came through the customers of her mistress, or from their neighbors in Capernaum, had almost a monotonous character.

There was, of course, a great excitement when pilgrims returned from the Feast of Tabernacles to tell of the slaughter of so many Galileans by Pilate's order.

Still, a girl at her sewing could do no more than sorrow for all who had suffered. She and her people were apparently doomed to suffer oppression, generation after generation.

"How I wish Jesus were king now," she often said to herself, "just as so many believe he is going to be. We should all live at peace, then."

The thoughts of a great many people were turning more and more toward Jesus of Nazareth. It was understood that the priests and scribes were more than ever opposed to him. Isaac Ben Nassur had returned to Cana in a most fanatical zeal for the Law, and all who agreed with him were expected to denounce Jesus. Not all of them did so, by any means, for wherever Jesus went he was doing much good among the people. So were his disciples, of whom he was now said to have sent out, in various directions, not only the original twelve, but seventy more, to preach and to teach and to heal.

But many longed for action against the Romans. The delay seemed hard to bear to the impatient patriots, who had made their headquarters at the Cave of Adullam. They had almost nothing to do except to hear what news they could get, and to talk about it.

Ezra himself, and such as knew even a little of the armorer's trade, had plenty of occupation; but even for them it was dull work to sharpen arrows, and polish bows, and fit spear-heads which might never be used in battle. Not a great many days after Cyril's arrival, however, he and his father were alone together in the outer cave — the smithy. It was the first time that they had been so, although they had worked there daily, and Ezra had waited for the opportunity. As soon as he was sure that they were alone, he put down his hammer, and went to the side of the cave. He pulled out a piece of wood which closed, like a lid or little door, a deep crevice in the rock, put in his hand, and drew out something that was carefully wrapped in goat's leather.

"Father!" exclaimed Cyril, as the coverings were unwrapped. "What a splendid sword! Didst thou make it?"

"That did I not," said Ezra, holding it up. "The smith that forged that blade was in his grave before the Canaanites were driven out of Canaan. I think it has had more than one hilt, and has passed through the hands of kings. It is covered, hilt and all, with inscriptions."

The richly chased handle of the sword was of pure gold. It was indeed such a weapon as no ordinary chief could have afforded, for among the chasings at the haft there were great jewels that sparkled in the forge-firelight.

"Do you know what kings owned it?" asked Cyril. "Some of the other swords are fine, but this is the finest."

"That is why I picked it out," said Ezra, shrewdly, holding up the long, gracefully curved weapon. "No man knows if the things that are told him are true or not, but they say it was one of the treasures of the old Temple first, and then of this new Temple. It may be so. It may be that Joshua carried it once, or David. It is the sword I have made ready for the king that is to come. He should have a better one if I could find it for him."

"He may bring his own sword," said Cyril.

"Kings do not make swords," replied Ezra. "They do not often use one themselves. Others wield swords for them."

Ezra was speaking entirely as if he were the king's armorer just then, very proud of



his work, and of the weapon he was prepared to offer his monarch.

"I wish the king might come," said Cyril, "so we might rise against the Romans at once."

"So do I," said Ezra. "But thou hast seen the sword, and I will put it away. And now it is time for thee to set out for Jerusalem on thy errand. Thou wilt reach as near it as one of the Kidron villages to-night, and get in when the gates open to-morrow morning."

Cyril departed, while Ezra returned to his work.

Another day came and passed, bringing no change to the men of the Cave of Adullam.

"He will return to-morrow," said Ezra to his friends, when they asked concerning Cyril. "No doubt he will bring news."

"As good a runner as Asahel, the brother of Joab," had Ezra once declared Cyril, but even he was astonished when a little after the noon of that day, as he worked at his anvil, his name was shouted by Shallum at the entrance of the cave with the announcement:

"Thy son is here! He brings tidings he will not give but in the cave!"

"Then they are black," said Ezra, throwing down his hammer. "Let all gather to hear."

The summons did not have to be carried far, but Cyril first said words, quietly, to his father and one or two more to make them send for all who were near enough to be summoned, and the cavern was thronged with arrivals from the booths among the gorges and under the shelter of the neighboring crags. There had been various reasons why so many had gathered at that time, as they often did, indeed, and the excitement of expectation was now strongly at work among them. Every cresset was piled high with blazing wood, the torches flared, and the cave was full of a red and smoky glare.

"Speak, Cyril!" said Ezra.

Cyril had arrived pale and almost breathless, but he had now recovered himself, and his boyish voice was clear and full as he responded, speaking as if to his father.

"I rested among the vineyards last night, and this morning I was at the southern gate of Jerusalem before it was open. There was no need to remain there, and I walked on along the valley of the Kidron, looking at the walls.

I meant to go in at the Jericho gate on the north, but when I reached it it was still shut, and there were guards before it, and the centurion in command stood on the wall above the gate. I think he was there because of a mounted messenger who came spurring at full gallop up the Jericho road. I dared not go too near, for the trumpeter at the gate blew as if to warn me, and there were others who stood still. I saw the horseman draw his rein, and his horse fell as he did so, but the rider sprang to his feet and shouted:

"From Herod the king to Pontius Pilatus and to the High Priest: The sun has risen twice since the head of John the Baptizer was brought before the King in the banquet-hall of Machærus. Let all guards be doubled. Let the Temple gates be shut. Let the camps be under arms, lest there shall be a tumult among the people."

"Then," continued Cyril, "the guards at the gate began to arrest every man who had heard, but I fled away down the valley of Jehoshaphat, and I came hither through the hills, telling no man by the way — for John the Baptizer is dead!"

For a moment there was deep silence, and then arose loud cries of lamentation, while strong men rent their garments, sobbed aloud, and threw themselves upon the ground; for these men had regarded John as a prophet sent from God.

"My son," said Ezra, "thou hast done well. Rest thee, now, and eat. Then go thou with all speed to the followers of Jesus of Nazareth. He has been in Judea, but I think thou wilt find him in Galilee."

"Others will carry him the news sooner than I can," said Cyril; "but I will gladly go."

"Herod will seek him next," said Ezra. "He would have slain him ere this if he had dared."

Cyril had traveled fast and far that day, winning high praise from the tough-sinewed men to whom he had brought his terrible news. He felt somewhat stiff and lame next morning, but he was eager to set out upon his errand to Galilee; and before the sun of that day set he was again upon the Mount of Olives, taking a farewell look at Jerusalem.

# A WORD FOR THE OLD FOURTHS.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.



ARE these Fourths like the  
old Fourths —  
The Fourths when  
we were boys?  
Do drums make as  
much music,  
And powder as much  
noise?  
If rightly I remember,

We were a merrier crowd;  
Then drums and hearts beat higher,  
And bands played twice as loud.

Tar-barrels were made ready  
Before the end of June;  
The almanacs consulted  
To see about the moon;  
And when we lit that bonfire  
Whole skies were crimsoned o'er.  
We boys, to be up early,  
Stayed up the night before.



THE BONFIRE.

If father lent the musket  
Once carried by his sire —  
A tried and trusty weapon  
That none but we dared fire,

After some slight contention  
Which one should fire the first,  
The trigger was pulled gently,  
Lest gran'pa's gun should burst.



"GRANDPA'S GUN."

All knew there 'd come the circus,  
For, many days before,  
There stopped a yellow wagon  
At the best tavern's door;  
And straight with bright-hued posters  
That tavern's front was filled;  
While barns, wood-piles, and fences  
Seemed rainbows circus-billed.

Without his host he reckoned  
Who thought to see that show,  
And not disburse a "quarter,"  
As through the town they 'd go;



THE CIRCUS IS COMING!



"THE ELEPHANT IN SACKCLOTH."

For all the things worth seeing  
 Went covered through the street —  
 The elephant in sackcloth,  
 The camel in a sheet.



LEMONADE FOR SALE.

And then came "General Muster —"  
 That was a martial scene,  
 And lemonade and soda  
 Were sold upon the green.

Presenting queer old muskets —  
 Those flint-locks kicked like fun! —  
 The soldier proved his courage  
 Who stood behind his gun.

And then one stately figure  
 On horseback rode and bowed,  
 That officer my father —  
 Ah, me! but I was proud!



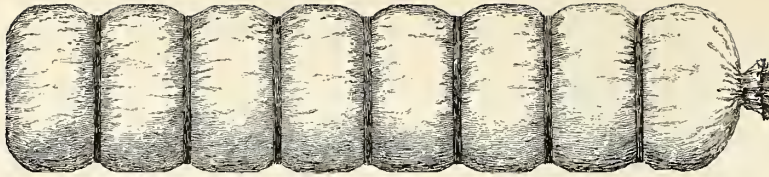
"THE GENERAL MUSTER."

Still see I that dear chieftain,  
 "Fall in!" I hear him shout,—  
 Yet he who led that train-band  
 Has long been mustered out.

But I long for that Fourth olden,  
 Its merriment and noise,  
 When men trained one the other,  
 And women trained the boys;

When red seemed every sunset,  
 When blue seemed every sky;  
 When white seemed life, and spotless,  
 And the Fourth held all July!





A CHARGE OF POWDER IN ITS BAG.

## GUNPOWDER.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT.

PEOPLE outside of military life who have no connection with the making of gunpowder know it only as a coarse, black powder, like black sand, which will flash off with a loud report if shut up in a case of any kind, and set on fire.

It is a very queer mixture, made up of three simple and well-known substances, no one of which will explode, although two will burn. Nobody knows when or how it was discovered, for as far back into the dark ages as records or tradition will carry us, we find that gunpowder, though not used for guns, was known. It was, no doubt, looked upon with awe and fear by the ancients on account of its flame, its noise, and its rending force; but their limited mechanical skill could suggest very little use for it.

Possibly it was used in warfare long before the beginning of history; but the first man in historical times to form an idea of the terrible destruction which this awful, bursting, fiery substance might produce was an English monk named Roger Bacon. Monks, in his day, were the chemists, scholars, and writers of the world; and this Roger Bacon traveled and studied much, and made continual experiments in his laboratory to prove for himself and to develop what he learned from others. He probably saw gunpowder among the Moors in Spain, and tried for himself its explosive effect. Then he wrote of its composition in the year 1267, and in his writing suggested that it could be used in engines of war to deal death and destruction to armies of men.

Soon after Roger Bacon's time his sugges-

tions were taken up and guns were constructed, first by binding iron bars together with hoops to form a tube, then by casting a tube out of brass, with one end closed. Stones of suitable size were selected as shot, and the powder had to be carried around in chests or barrels and shoveled into the muzzles of the guns, the stones being rolled in after it. In spite of these drawbacks very large guns were built, for there was one used by Mahomet II. against the Greeks at the siege of Constantinople in 1453 which threw a stone weighing six hundred pounds a distance of one mile.

Gunpowder then steadily developed as mechanical skill constructed better and better weapons in which to use it, until to-day it has reached a perfection of manufacture for various purposes which allows its effects to be foretold in any weapon, even to the time it takes a grain to burn, and to the distance it will drive a shot.

Roger Bacon's gunpowder was made of saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal. Saltpeter is chemically called niter, and is a natural product found bedded in the earth in different parts of the world, chiefly in India and China. Sulphur, too, is found in a natural state in many volcanic countries, like Sicily, while, as is well known, charcoal is made from wood or woody substances by heating them almost to a burning heat in an airtight vessel, thus driving off everything in them but carbon.

Saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal are still the only ingredients of the gunpowder in common use, although a new gunpowder made of differ-

ent materials is undergoing successful experiment; but of that we will speak later. A mixture of saltpeter and charcoal alone would form an explosive, and sulphur is added chiefly to make it plastic, or capable of being pressed into cakes and shapes. All three ingredients have to be purified by the most careful chemical skill before they are combined. Then an exact proportion of each has to be measured out according to the kind of powder to be made.

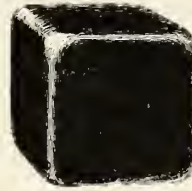
For the gunpowder generally used you would find in every hundred pounds, if you could separate the ingredients, seventy-five pounds of saltpeter, fifteen pounds of charcoal, and ten pounds of sulphur; but it would be almost impossible to separate the ingredients, for they are not merely mixed together as you might mix pepper and salt, but they are ground and rolled and stirred and pressed together by special machines until they are almost sufficiently united to form a single new substance.

This mixing process is called "trituration," and the powder is thus made into the form of big flat cakes, called press-cake, and then broken up, and screened into grains of special sizes, or ground to the fine powder used for shot-guns and revolvers. The large-grained powders are still further stirred together until the grains become highly glazed, and these are called cannon powders. A lighted match may be held to a grain of cannon powder and it will be found almost impossible to set it on fire, but once ignited it flashes off very suddenly and violently.

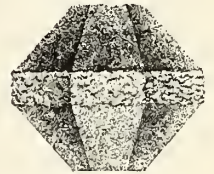
The great trouble with powder in cannon was soon found to be that it exerted all its force too suddenly, so that all the strain came on one end of the gun. When gunpowder is set on fire it turns suddenly into gas, and the gas needs about three hundred times the space that the solid powder occupied. The explosion of ordinary gunpowder is so sudden that for a moment that part of the gun around the powder charge has to hold the big volume of gas squeezed down under enormous pressure until the shot can make a start to get out of the gun and make room for the gas. If, therefore, gunpowder could be made which would burn a little slower, so that it would not all be burnt until the shot reached the muzzle, the gas would be more gradually formed and the strain be dis-

tributed all along the gun. Such a powder was first made in Germany, and was first called cocoa powder, because it resembled in color and general appearance a cake of chocolate. Its method of manufacture was kept secret, but other countries analyzed the grains and soon learned to make it even better than Germany. It is made partly by changing the proportions of the ingredients, making them about seventy-nine per cent. saltpeter, three per cent. sulphur, and eighteen per cent. charcoal, but mainly by using an underburnt charcoal, thus also giving the powder its peculiar color. Thus there arose a division of gunpowder into quick- and slow-burning powders.

It was not alone necessary to make a powder which would burn more slowly, but, if possible,



CUBICAL.

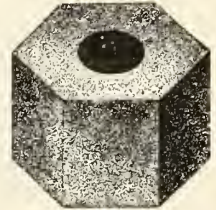
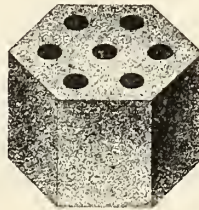


SPHERO-HEXAGONAL.

QUICK-BURNING BLACK POWDERS.

to make one burn so that more gas would be forming when the shot got near the muzzle than was forming when it started from the breech, because there is more room behind the shot when it nears the muzzle, and it therefore takes more gas to keep up the same pressure against its base.

To accomplish this, and to make the grains lie so that there should be spaces evenly dis-



SLOW-BURNING BROWN POWDERS.

tributed among them to allow the flame to reach every grain at once, causing all of them to begin burning together, grains were made of regular shapes, and each shape was tried to see

how nearly it gave the desired results. Thus there have been used round grains, square grains, spherohexagonal grains, cylindrical grains, and

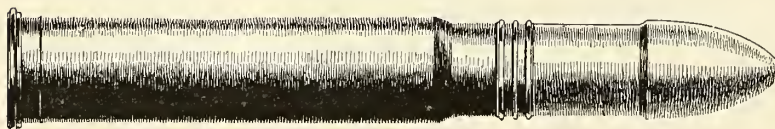
prismatic grains. Of course it is impossible to make a grain which will have more and more surface to burn the smaller it gets, so the best result which has thus far been obtained is only an

approach to it, and this is obtained with a hexagonal prismatic grain about one inch high and an inch and a half in diameter, with a hole, or several holes, through it.

To form a charge for a big gun these grains are stacked up close together with the holes all in line, putting just grains enough in each layer to make it a little smaller around than the powder chamber of the gun, and when enough have been piled up to make the proper weight for the charge, a woolen serge bag just the right size and shape is drawn down over the stack of grains and tied at the mouth. When this charge is set on fire in the gun the flame passes through the holes in the grains, and each grain burns from the center outward.

Such charges of powder, as made up for cannon to-day, weigh from fifteen pounds to one thousand pounds, and drive shots of twice their weight over distances varying from four to eight miles.

So long as the weight of the shot and powder



FIXED AMMUNITION.

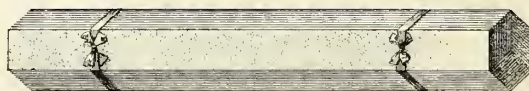
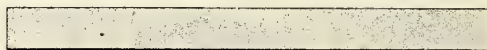
together is not too great to be lifted by one man, the powder can be put in a cylindrical brass case, instead of a serge bag, and the open end of this case is crimped on to the base of the projectile, thus making up what is called

fixed ammunition. The brass case fits in the gun, and is not injured when the gun is fired, but can be refilled at leisure. Fixed ammunition can be very quickly handled, you see, and leaves no residue in the gun. Cannon, moreover, are no longer loaded from the muzzle, but from the breech, and the breech is closed after loading by a big steel plug which is shoved in and locked in various ways.

The noise when one of the largest cannon is



EARLIER FORMS OF THE SMOKELESS POWDERS.



SMOKELESS POWDER NOW IN USE.

fired with a charge of slow-burning powder, although heavy and jarring, is not so sharp and painful as that of smaller cannon with quick-burning powders. If a grain of cocoa powder be burnt in the open air it will not flash off like black powder, but will burn steadily and for an appreciable time before being consumed.

Only a few years ago military chemists began in several countries to make gunpowders which would give off no smoke. To accomplish this they had to abandon saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal,

and use "high explosives," which are turned almost wholly into gas when set on fire. Several such powders are now made, and they drive the projectiles from the guns even faster than the old powder, while the strain on the



DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FIRING A TWELVE-INCH CANNON, WITH 440 POUNDS OF SLOW-BURNING POWDER.

guns remains about the same or less, and there is either no smoke whatever when they are fired, or only a little haze which quickly disappears.

Our country makes such a powder out of an explosive called guncotton. It begins to look, therefore, as if Roger Bacon's gunpowder, and even the more modern, slow-burning powders, were to be set aside soon in favor of this more powerful, smokeless powder. The best of the latter only lack one quality now to make them in every way superior, and that is unchangeableness with age. Their substances, by absorbing moisture or other elements in the air, or by heat, are constantly tending to change their state, and this may make the powder dangerous, even when stored away. The smokeless powders are, therefore, now being tested by time, heat, cold, and moisture, and should any successfully stand these tests, it will almost entirely take the place of the other powder in human warfare.

This new powder is even more curious in

its shapes and appearance than cocoa powder. It is the color of mucilage, and until recently was made in slim sticks, some kinds being round with holes through them, like macaroni, while others were no larger than vermicelli. The latest powder is made in thin strips of different sizes according to the size of the gun; that for our largest guns is in strips two feet long, nearly two inches wide, and an eighth of an inch thick. If a strip of this powder is set on fire it will burn very fast, with a bright white light, and sometimes it sputters and gives off sparks.

The gunpowder of to-day may, therefore, be divided up into three classes: quick-burning powders, which are black, slow-burning powders, which are brown, and smokeless powders. Quick-burning black powders are used in all small arms, and in the smaller cannon. Slow-burning brown powders are used in all large cannon, while smokeless powders may soon take the place of both the others in all guns.

## A STORY OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

BY CHARLES H. BODDER.

ON the night of the 14th of March, 1863, Admiral Farragut had planned to pass the batteries of Port Hudson, on the Mississippi; to clear the river of all fortifications between Port Hudson and Vicksburg; to blockade the Red River; and, with a portion of his fleet, to co-operate with Grant at Vicksburg.

The vessels which were to pass these fortifications were the sloop-of-war "Hartford," the frigate "Mississippi," the sloop-of-war "Richmond," and the gunboats "Albatross," and "Genesee."

The batteries of Port Hudson were situated on a high bluff, and erected to operate against land and naval forces. They were five in number, mounting from one to three heavy siege-guns each, and were arranged in the form of a crescent.

It was planned that the shipping should make the attack at night, and pass the batteries; and, as soon as this was accomplished, the army in the rear of Port Hudson, under the command of General Banks, was to make an assault upon the Confederate works in the rear.

The senior commanding officer, next to Farragut, was Captain James Alden, of the United States sloop-of-war Richmond.

The United States sloop-of-war Hartford was the flag-ship of the fleet; but when the Admiral was on any other vessel, his flag was hoisted on that vessel during his stay on board, and she would be considered as the flag-ship.

The naval attack on that night proved in a measure disastrous to us.

The Hartford led the van with the Albatross lashed to her side; next came the Mississippi, followed by the Richmond, with the Genesee lashed to her side.

The batteries were situated on the right-hand side, ascending the river, and the gunboats were lashed to the port (or left-hand) sides of the sloops-of-war as they went up the river.

On the Richmond was a boy who, from his keenness of sight, agility, and mischievousness, had earned for himself the title of "Monkey," which was shortened to "Monk." He was a general favorite among officers and men, and his position, as signal-boy, brought him in close contact with the senior officers, as the station to which he was assigned in action was abaft, on the poop deck.

The night of the attack was a dark night, and the current was running at the rate of about eight miles an hour; against this current the vessels had to make their way. The batteries extended for a distance of four miles.

The Hartford succeeded in passing and getting above the fortifications, with the gunboat Albatross. The Richmond had passed all except the upper battery; but as she was turning the point above, a plunging shot from one of the lower batteries struck her, cutting one of her steam pipes, which rendered her helpless. The Genesee, the vessel lashed alongside of her, also becoming disabled, they were prevented from proceeding further up the river, and both vessels had to drift at the mercy of the current, and were exposed to the deadly fire from all the batteries.

The Confederates had, in the beginning of the assault, built large fires on the bluff, which enabled them to see the shipping plainly, but confused the sight of the gunners on the ships.

The Mississippi ran aground opposite the third battery and became a helpless target for the enemy. She was set on fire by the Confederate shells, which compelled her officers and crew to abandon her. Toward daylight she floated off, and drifted down the river all ablaze, with her guns going off from the intense heat, and throwing their shells in every direction. She finally blew up six miles below Port Hudson, and what remained of her wreck sank beneath the waters of her namesake.



The Richmond and Genesee floated down the river, taking up the positions they occupied previous to the engagement. They lowered their boats and sent them out to row about and pick up any officers and men who might luckily have escaped from the ill-fated Mississippi.

miral Farragut had succeeded in blockading the Red River, and destroying all fortifications of any note between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Leaving the Hartford and the Albatross to hold the position they had gained, he himself returned, by land, to the lower fleet at



ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

The lower fleet, under the command of Captain James Alden of the Richmond, in coöperation with the army, kept Port Hudson under siege until it was compelled to surrender on the 7th day of July following.

During the interval between the naval attack and the surrender of Port Hudson, Ad-

Port Hudson, which consisted of the Richmond, the gunboats "Monongahela," "Keneo," and Genesee, and four mortar-schooners.

During the time of the siege the Admiral chose the Richmond for his flag-ship.

One afternoon during the month of June, the Admiral came up from dinner from the

captain's cabin, and ascended the ladder to the poop deck, where he found the boy Monk on watch.

One of the duties of the signal-boy was to be on the lookout with a spy-glass to report anything new that he might observe.

"Have you noticed anything new up there?" said the Admiral, addressing the boy, at the same time reaching out for the spy-glass. Monk handed him the glass, touching his cap in salutation.

"Yes, sir," answered Monk; "just above the citadel" (the citadel was the first battery, containing two heavy siege-guns, and commanding the approach from the river) "I noticed the edge of a new earthwork."

"When did you first notice it?" asked the Admiral.

"This morning, sir," replied Monk, "but as I was not certain that it amounted to anything, I thought I would wait and see if it grew any larger before I reported it. It has grown quite considerably during the last hour; I was about to report it just as you came up, sir."

"Take the glass," said the Admiral, handing it back to him, "and look carefully."

The boy looked at the earthwork, and then, addressing the Admiral, said, "They are digging there. I can see when they throw the dirt, but I cannot see the men."

The Admiral again took the glass, and after a moment's scrutiny, lowered it, and looking kindly on the boy, said, "You have very keen sight, my lad; I can see the new earth myself, but cannot distinguish the operation."

At this moment Captain Alden joined the Admiral.

"Alden," said the Admiral, "this youngster has sharp eyes."

"Yes," answered the captain, "there is not a man or boy on board whose eyesight is as keen and as far-reaching as his. I have known him to distinguish the different colors of lights at sea when all others failed to do so."

"He has discovered a new earthwork in preparation up there among the batteries," said the Admiral.

"Where?" asked the captain, with eagerness, and addressing himself to Monk.

"Just beyond the citadel, sir," said Monk.

"Suppose we go up and see what it is," said the Admiral.

"With pleasure," replied Captain Alden.

"Mr. Boyd," said the captain, to the officer of the deck, "have Mr. Terry come on deck." Mr. Terry was the executive officer.

"Mr. Terry," said the captain, "beat to quarters, and stand by to slip the cable. Man the starboard battery."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a moment, the drum and fife were heard; then there was the usual rush of the officers and men hither and thither to reach their stations, and the noise of casting loose the guns, placing the handspikes in their positions, and the unshackling of the cable. After which came a sudden stillness.

Everything being in preparation, the executive officer saluted the captain, and said:

"To quarters, and all ready for slipping, sir."

"Slip cable, sir," ordered the captain.

"One bell, sir," said Mr. Terry, addressing the engineer. One bell is the signal for starting the engine slowly.

At the starting of the engine, the ship moved forward just enough to hold her own against the current.

"Slip the cable," came the order from the executive officer to the forward officer.

The cable was slipped, and the moment the ship was freed from her moorings, the executive officer ordered the engineer to give her four bells, which means, "Go ahead at full speed."

Captain Alden and the executive officer went forward and occupied the bridge amidships, leaving the Admiral and the boy Monk the only occupants of the poop deck.

As the ship approached the batteries, she was greeted with a shot from one of the upper batteries, which fell short of its mark; the Admiral was standing on the rail of the poop deck, and he was holding on to the awning-rope to steady himself.

Monk was standing by him on the deck, looking through the spy-glass at the batteries we were approaching. A puff of smoke came from the upper battery, and Monk, lowering the glass, said, "Admiral, here comes the Lady Davis."

In the upper battery was an 84-pound rifled gun, which we in the fleet had nicknamed the



"THE SHELL SENT UP A COLUMN OF WATER WHICH NEARLY DELUGED BOTH THE ADMIRAL AND MONK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Lady Davis." This gun had the longest range of all the guns in the Confederate fortifications.

In a few seconds the report of the gun was heard, followed by a terrific shrieking of the shell; so certain did it seem to Monk, from the fast approaching sound, that the shell would strike the ship near him, that he dropped to the deck, taking shelter under the rail.

He was not much mistaken in his judgment. The shell struck the water directly beneath where the Admiral and he were. It sent up a column of water which nearly deluged both the Admiral and Monk. But this did not visibly cause the least movement on the part of the Admiral, or the slightest change in his countenance excepting a slight smile.

There was one thing that Admiral Farragut was never known to do, and that was to bow his head to a shot, no matter how near it came to him.

The Admiral, turning, said to Monk:

"Why did you lie down?"

"I thought," answered Monk, "that the shot was going to strike us—"

"Well, suppose it had?" asked the Admiral. "Would n't it have struck you just the same whether you were lying down or standing up?"

"It might, sir," said Monk. "But I am a little higher when I am standing up, and it would have had more chances to hit me."

Some officers of the fleet had circulated among the men the idea that when the sound of a shot or shell was heard in the air, the missile had passed.

"They won't fool me any more by saying the shot has passed when you hear the sound," muttered Monk in an undertone.

"No, not very well, after this," said the Admiral, smiling.

On regaining his feet, Monk saw a slight tinge in the cheeks of the Admiral, and perceived also that his lips were compressed with a determined expression. He heard Farragut say, just above a whisper: "Well, I will pay them for that shot."

"You go," said the Admiral, addressing Monk, "and tell Captain Alden to man both batteries; and go up within range of the upper battery, and give it a broadside from our star-

board battery; and then turn, and give it a broadside from our port battery!"

This message Monk quickly delivered.

On proceeding up the river, it was found that the enemy had mounted four guns, and were preparing to mount others.

They opened fire from this new battery. The fire was returned from the starboard battery, which completely demolished the whole earthwork, guns and all. Then, bringing the starboard guns to bear on the upper battery, the ship gave that a broadside, and turning, repeated the broadside with the port battery, as the Admiral had ordered. Then we returned down the river to our old anchorage.

A few days after, some of our men ashore took a negro prisoner, and brought him on board of our ship. On the evening following this capture, Monk finding the darky, whose name was Cato, forward among the men, the following dialogue ensued:

"Say, Cato, how long were you in Port Hudson?"

"I was dar 'bout free mon's."

"What did you do up there?"

"I cooked fer de of'cers."

"What were you doing when caught?"

"Bress my soul, honey, Ah was a-fishin'."

"Did you have time up there to go fishing?"

"Ah had ter ketch fish, honey, or dey would n't er had nuffin' for to eat."

"Did n't you have any bread and meat?"

"We use' ter have; afore dat day w'en dis ship cum up dar, fightin' us."

"Did many of them get hurt that day?"

"Umph, umph, honey, dat dey did! W'en dis ship fired all dem guns at one time at dat battery, way up yander, one o' de shells busted inside de mill 'ouse, an' blowed de mill all ter pieces, an' now dey has ter poun' de co'n in a mortar cause dey ain't got no mill to grin' it."

"Say, Cato, what 's the matter with that big rifled gun, up there? I have n't heard it for some days."

"He, he, he!" laughed the negro. "W'y, dat same day one o' de shot from dis ship knocked de muzzle off!"

"Well," said Monk, just before he dropped asleep that night. "The Admiral did pay them back for that shot!"

# THE LOST PRINCESS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

II.

THE next morning the prince rose early, and, dressing himself in a plain suit without ornament or sign of his rank, he set forth from the palace on foot, taking a road that led him westward. Upon his back was a student's knapsack, and in his hand he carried a walking-staff. He wore no weapons, and had only a cloak to protect him from the weather.

As he came to a cross-roads, a little dog came trotting along a side road, and stopped under the sign-post. He wagged his tail as the prince came up; and the prince spoke to him, as one will to a stray dog.

"Poor doggie! — nice fellow!" said the prince.

He had not expected an answer, for at the moment he had forgotten he could understand dog language. So he was surprised when the dog's barking came to his ears in these words:

"You look like a pleasant sort of chap. Take me with you!"

And the prince answered the request, also in the dog language:

"Come along, if you like; but I don't know just where or even how far I'm going."

Then the dog was delighted. He stood on three legs, on one leg, and danced about as if beside himself, saying at the same time:

"All right, my boy! You can't go too far to



THE DWARF AND HIS GIANTS  
AT DINNER.  
(SEE PAGE 770.)

please me. So long as bones grow all over the world, I'm content. Come along quick! What are you waiting for?"

And then the dog ran on ahead, turning every now and then to see if the prince was following.

So long as the prince could be seen from the palace he kept to the road; but when the road turned from the direct western course, he left it and entered the woods. There he went softly, peering into the darkest nooks and corners, which the dog thought great fun.



"THE GROWLING CEASED AND THE LIONS GATHERED CLOSE ABOUT HIM." (SEE PAGE 770.)

As he came out from behind the trunk of a great oak, a fine stag with wide-branching antlers leaped up from where it was couched, and trembled, as it paused for an instant. Then, before the stag could bound away, the prince spoke in a strange language. And the stag lost its fear, but gazed wonderingly into his eyes.

"Stag of ten," said the prince, "take me on your back, if you be strong."

Then the stag crouched again, and the prince climbed upon his back, and held to the antlers. Then away they went through the forest for many a mile, the little dog doing his best to keep up, till the trees were smaller and smaller, and at last were but stunted and gnarled, for they grew in sandy soil. The stag stopped, and the prince alighted and walked away, waving his hand to the stag, who nodded his head three times before bounding back into the forest.

"That was a good run!" remarked the dog, as soon as he could catch his breath. "Next time I wish you'd let me ride too. I was n't brought up as a deer-hound, you know. If you often travel that way, what you ought to have is a greyhound — one of those wire-work trembling creatures that trot sideways."

"I'm afraid the next stage of my journey will be even less pleasant for you," said the prince.

"No matter," said the little dog, bravely. "I like a lively time."

Still the prince went westward, and came soon to the shore of a great sea. Looking about on the beach, the prince at last espied a crab scuttling after a spent wave. The prince called in a strange language, and the crab stopped with his claws in air, and waited till the prince came near. The prince spoke again, and the crab clapped his claws together and sidled into the sea.

"Now *he* moves like a greyhound — awkward thing!" said the little dog, with his head on one side.

"You don't seem to like greyhounds," said the prince, smiling.

"No," said the dog; "one of them stole a bone I had hidden for my birthday-dinner two years ago."

The prince made no reply, but waited, looking over the waves.

After a time he saw a great shark's fin cutting

the water swiftly toward him; and the prince waded out with the dog in his arms, and met the shark, and got upon his back. Then the shark turned and swam westward faster than any boat can sail.

"This is better than being a water-spaniel," said the little dog gleefully.

And just as the sun was sinking into the sea, they came to a rock that rose alone out of the waves that whipped themselves into white foam on its sharp edges. And the prince and his little follower clambered over the rough stones and the shark swam back the way he had come.

Tired by his long journey, the prince lay upon a smooth rock, with the dog close beside him, and slept soundly till the morning sun shone into his eyes and awakened him.

He rose and clambered up the rock, toiling and scrambling, until he came to a high wall built of smooth stones and defended at the top by sharp spikes of glistening steel. Then the prince walked along the outside of the great wall until he found a gateway closed by two steel doors thickly studded with nails. The prince pounded with his staff upon the doors, but no one came, and he heard no sound but his own hammering.

"They don't seem to be in," said the dog, thoughtfully. "Suppose I howl a little. I can howl splendidly! Shall I?"

"No, thank you!" said the prince.

At last a little green lizard poked his nose from between two stones at the prince's feet, and squeaked softly.

The prince turned, looked down, and said in a strange language, as if in answer to a question, "Only a wandering prince, who wishes to get through the gateway, or over the wall."

"Why did n't you call upon me, then?" answered the green lizard, in the same language, at once coming boldly out. "Have you a bit of twine?"

"Yes," said the prince, "and a rope as well"; and he took a light silk cord and a silk rope from his knapsack.

"Give me the end of the cord," said the lizard.

He took the end in his little jaws and ran up the wall as easily as a fly walks up a pane of glass. Reaching the top, the lizard carried the

cord around two of the spikes, and came down again as he had gone up.

"Well done!" said the prince, patting the lizard gently on the head with his forefinger.

"He's smarter than a trained French poodle!" said the dog, admiringly. "Bravo, greeny!" But the lizard scampered away without a word more.

Then the prince tied the rope to an end of the cord, and drew it up until it passed around the two spikes and came down along the lizard's path. It was an easy matter then to clamber up; and, after hoisting the little dog up in a loop, the prince let the dog and himself down inside the wall.

Before him he saw a great castle surrounding a lofty stone tower, so high that there were clouds about its top, hiding its upper part. To the great door of the castle the prince walked without meeting any one. It required all his strength to push open the door; but at last it yielded, and the prince and his companion entered a gloomy hallway that was damp and cold and silent.

"This is about as cheerful as the pound," remarked his little friend, sniffing about uneasily. "I was in the pound once — whew!"

But while the prince paused, uncertain where to go, he heard a roar of laughter, and a pounding and a clatter from the left. He walked boldly along the hall until he reached a doorway hung with black curtains spangled with silver stars. He thrust aside the curtains and entered the room.

The room was the dining-hall of the castle, and at the head of a long table sat an ugly dwarf, with a gray beard. He was dressed in black, and wore a scarlet feather in his pointed cap. Upon his right and left sat two giants, one with bright red hair and beard, and the other with hair and beard of a dull yellow. Next to the giants were two immense men, only a little shorter; and next to these were two shorter still, and so it continued down each side of the table until the middle was reached. From the middle the diners were women, and these increased in size as the men had decreased, until, at the foot of the table, were two giantesses, between whom sat the dwarf's wife — as tiny as he was and twice as disagreeable.

The men were fierce-looking fellows, and each wore a sword or dagger; and the women were, like their husbands, ugly creatures.

"Oho, aha, oho!" cried the little dwarf, as he saw the prince at the door. "Oho-o! Here is a new guest; and one who is n't invited! Somebody left the gate open, and this fellow wandered in. What do you want here?"

"I came," said the prince, "to free my sister whom you carried off many years ago."

"Oho!" laughed the little dwarf. "You are a brave prince, indeed! See," he went on, turning to his strange company, "this little fellow comes to rescue the princess who lives in the high tower. Is n't he a brave youngster?"

Thereupon the giants, and giantesses, and the whole row of guests laughed until the dishes clattered.

"I told you," the dwarf went on, still addressing his followers, "that to-day was the fated day when the prince would come. But I thought he would bring his whole army and his whole fleet of ships at least. And I promised you a famous battle by land and sea; but no matter —" and then rising to his feet, he went on in verse:

"Instead of many warriors slain  
And soldiers beaten to a mince,  
Our loss shall be the lions' gain —  
For they shall feast upon a prince!"

The dwarf made a sign to the two giants who sat beside him, and in a twinkling they rushed upon the little prince. In spite of his struggles they carried him through a long hall, and binding him hand and foot, lowered him at the end of a rope down into a dark pit. But the little dog ran under the table, and was not noticed.

For some time the prince saw nothing and heard only a muffled growling; but at length he made out pairs of bright spots in the darkness, and knew that these were the eyes of the lions. And presently, when the growling came nearer, the prince spoke in a strange language.

At once the growling ceased, and the lions gathered close about him.

"Are you friends of the black dwarf?" asked the prince.

"No!" the lions answered. "We despise and hate him. But what could we do? His giants



caught us and have kept us here in the dark pit, starving us so that we have had to eat the persons thrown to us."

"Suppose I help you out," said the prince, "will you then help me — will you drive away the giants and other servants of the dwarf?"

"Gladly!" roared the lions, all together. "But how can you let us out?"

"Only gnaw the ropes with which I am tied," replied the prince, "and I will find a way."

So the lions very carefully cut the ropes with their sharp teeth, and in a short time the prince was at liberty.

"First," said the prince, "we need light."

Then he looked carefully about (for his eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness) until he found a spider. He spoke softly to the spider, and the spider climbed his long web, up to the top of the pit.

"What are you going to do?" the lions grumbled, for they were becoming impatient.

"Wait and you shall soon see," was the answer the prince made to them. And before long the spider came back attended by a host of fireflies. And the fireflies were stationed regularly about the sides of the pit, half turning on their light while the other half turned theirs off. Thus the pit was faintly lighted.

"Now," said the prince to the lions, "let the strongest lion come and stand with his forepaws against the side of the pit. Let the next strongest stand upon his back, and so on until I am able to climb out. Then I will release you all, if I can find out how to open the gate that leads into this pit."

"There is no need of that," said the spider. "I know how to open the gate. Come with me, when you escape from the pit."

So the lions made a living ladder as the prince had directed them, and bounding over their soft backs, and holding on by their tawny manes, he was soon out of the pit.

The spider, having climbed his long silk ladder, was awaiting the prince, and now ran down the hall before him. A dozen of the fireflies led the way, and made all bright. At the end of the hall, the prince came to a stone stairway; and, following the spider down these steps, he came to the barred gate that kept the lions in the pit. The key was in the gate, and by a turn

of the hand the lock flew back, and the gate flew open.

The lions bounded up the stairway, rushed through the hall, reached the dining-hall, sprang through the curtained doorway, and then — what a noise and confusion there was as the giants and dwarfs tried to get away!

In a few moments the room was cleared, and all except the black dwarf had already escaped into the courtyard when the prince entered the door. The dwarf, when he heard the roaring of the furious beasts, guessed what had happened, and he sought for his magic wand that had been on the table at his side. But the clever little dog had slyly stolen it and now held it safely under the table. The dwarf, not being able to find his wand, sprang from his chair to the table; and then, climbing a knotted rope that hung from the vaulted roof, he had perched himself upon a crystal ball that hung in mid-air.

"Oho — aha!" he cried, as he saw the prince enter. "You are a clever prince, I see, as well as a brave one. But you are not yet through with the black dwarf!"

As he ended, he struck the crystal ball with his sword. The ball was shattered, the pieces jingled down upon the table, and all was dark.

Gradually the light returned as the sun rose, and the prince found himself with his little follower on the rocky island upon which the dwarf's castle had stood. No trace of the wall or the great stone castle was to be seen, and the black dwarf and all his people, the lions even, had vanished. The rocks were bare and weather-beaten.

The little dog was muttering to himself in a low tone. "I forgot all about that crystal ball!" said he, "and no doubt he recovered his wand in the confusion!"

"What did you say?" asked the prince.

"Talking to myself," said the little dog, and pretended to snap at flies.

The prince was amazed, and sat down to think what he should do next. At length he happened to look upward, and above him, high in air, he was amazed to see the lofty tower floating without support, but motionless as if founded upon the rock.



THE PRINCE MEETS THE LITTLE DOG.

"I must find some way of sending word to my dear sister!" the prince exclaimed, and, seeing a dragon-fly near him, he spoke in a strange language, and begged the insect's help.

"I beg you," said he, "to fly up to the floating tower, and carry a note to the princess whom you will find there. It tells her that her brother is below upon the rocky island; and that he has come to save her."

"You might mention that I 'm here, too," said the little dog. But the dragon-fly did n't understand dog-language, and thought only that the little dog was barking at him. So, when the prince had written the note the dragon-fly buzzed away on his errand carrying the little slip of paper, one corner of which he held in his queer mouth.

Rising in circles higher and higher, the good dragon-fly made his way upward. Soon he circled down again like a hawk. Almost out of breath the dragon-fly alighted on the prince's shoulder, bringing the princess's answer.

"The rock will soon sink beneath the waves," said the note. "I will lower a rope to you. I shall at once tear my silk curtains and my coverlets to shreds, and then twist them into a rope. I will try to save you."



STEALING THE WAND.

shall at once tear my silk curtains and my coverlets to shreds, and then twist them into a rope. I will try to save you."

"If the princess should not be in time," said the prince, "I shall need the help of the fishes"; and he went down to the water's edge. But for a long time no fish came within hearing. The prince meanwhile began to be alarmed, for he noticed that the edge of the rock was soaking up the water and crumbling off as sugar does. At every moment the island was smaller than it had been.

The prince looked up toward the floating tower, and he could see descend-

ing from it a long, slender line that swayed to and fro in the wind, and slowly grew longer. But the prince could see that the rock would sink into the sea long before the line could reach him.

The prince turned to a fly that was buzzing around him.



THE LITTLE

DOG IS HOISTED UP.

"Come, little prince, am lost. I Go down near fish to the sur-way. Be on will be too

"For your

tle bluebottle," said "unless you help me I *must* speak to a fish. the water and bring a face. I see no other the watch, and you quick for the fish." sister's sake, I will do

as you ask," said the fly, sighing deeply. "But I take a great risk!"

So he flew straight to the sea, and skimmed along near the surface, and the prince watched him sharply. Meanwhile the rock was crumbling, crumbling, and the line was lowered every moment further downward, but still hung far beyond reach.

At last, just as the rock was reduced to a very small piece, so small that the little dog's legs were in the water, the prince saw a silvery gleam as a tiny fish shot into the air after the frightened insect.



THE PRINCE.

At once the little fish swam close inshore, and poked his nose above the waves.

"Swim, swim fast," cried the prince, "and bring hither the first big fish or tortoise you meet. He must hold me up. Quick, quick!"

"And bring a little one for me!" called the little dog, lifting first one leg and then the other out of the rising waves,—"anything will do, even a slippery horseshoe crab!"

But the fish could not understand what the dog said.

Away flashed the little fish, and the prince, looking down, saw that the rock would be all gone in a moment more. But just as the last piece of rock sank beneath them, the little fish returned piloting a great tortoise. With a great leap, the prince stood upon the shell, as the rock sank out of sight, and the little fish swam away. The little dog also sprang to the tortoise's back.

"Just in time!" exclaimed the prince.

Basking lazily on the surface, the tortoise supported the little prince while the long silk line was slowly lowered until it came within reach. Then the prince seized the end of the line, took his little dog on his back, and began to climb upward.

It was a long, hard climb, and had it not been for the knots that were tied at intervals, the

prince could not have reached the tower. But he rested at the larger knots, and thus gained strength to go on. Upward and upward he climbed, and at last had reached the base of the floating tower.

Here he sat himself down to rest for a moment, and then grasped the rope once more, intending to climb to the window of the princess's prison. But as he began to ascend the rope, a heavy cloud gathered around the upper part of the tower, and it grew thicker and thicker until the prince could no longer see through it.

Nevertheless, the brave prince climbed on, and won his way up through the cloud, and at last stood upright upon it, while the little dog ran about his feet, poking into the softer parts of the snow-like cloud they stood upon.

But the tower was gone!—and all that the prince could see was a great black bat, flying away. Upon its back was the princess and the black dwarf. The princess had bowed her head in her hands, and seemed to be weeping; but the black dwarf, with arms akimbo, was laughing heartily at the discouraged prince.

The prince was for a moment in despair; but looking quickly around, he saw an eagle flying in lazy circles overhead; and the prince put both his hands to his mouth, and cried as loud as he could in the language of eagles:

"King of Air Cleavers! Come, help me!"

Hearing the cry, the eagle dropped from the sky like a lump of lead, until he alighted upon the cloud. Then the prince spoke to him in the bird-tongue, and, clambering upon his feathered back, with the faithful dog in his arms, set forth in pursuit of the bat.



ASLEEP UPON THE ISLAND.

Whiz!—and they had gone a league in pursuit. Whiz, whiz, whiz!—and they were beside the bat.

The princess stretched out her arms to her brother, and, leaving the little dog on the eagle's back, the prince leaped from the eagle to the bat, and caught the black dwarf by the throat.

How angry was the little dwarf! He raised

a little black ring he drew from beneath his cloak, and in an instant more would have changed the prince into — who can tell what? But at that moment the clever princess caught the ring from the dwarf's upraised hand, and threw it far from them into the sea.

Where it fell the water hissed and was blackened as if it was changed to ink; and down went the ring to the bottom. And as soon as the ring was taken from him, the black dwarf seemed to lose all power. He sank back upon the bat's fur, and lay there exhausted, quite at the prince's mercy.

"Let me go!" he gasped out; "let me go, and I will harm you no more!"

The prince at once released him, and the grumbling dwarf arose to his feet.

"Now," said the prince, "drive the bat to our own country!"

The dwarf seated himself upon the bat's neck, and, taking hold of its ears, turned the bat around toward the kingdom whence the prince and his sister had come. Softly and smoothly they fanned their way through the air, the eagle following with the little dog, while the prince stood just behind the dwarf to guard against any treachery. But the loss of his ring seemed to have taken away the dwarf's courage, and he never turned his head or spoke a word.

When they arrived at the shore of the great sea, the prince said to the dwarf:

"Let the bat descend so that we may alight upon the beach."

The dwarf obeyed, and both eagle and bat soared downward in great circles, and at last skimmed so close to the beach that the prince took his sister's hand, and both jumped to the soft sand unhurt.

A moment afterward the little dog also jumped to the ground, and the eagle flew swiftly away.

Then the bat flew to one of the stunted trees near the shore, and hung himself head downward from a dead branch, while the black dwarf slid from his back, and came across the beach to where the prince and princess stood.

"Noble prince," said the dwarf, very humbly, "I have done you a great wrong, and I deserve no kindness at your hands. You have taken away my art, and I have lost all my power.

Now, if you will give me back my ring, I will grant you in return all that I have deprived you of these many years."

"But how can I give you the power of again doing evil?" asked the prince. "That would not be right."

"I will do no more evil," said the black dwarf. "There is a vow that no creature of the magic world dare break. I will swear to you by the great seal of Solomon himself to do no more evil, and I will undo all the mischief I have done, if you will restore my ring to me."

"Grant his request," said a voice from behind the prince, where, a moment before, the little dog had been standing.

The prince turned, and there stood the Green Magician.

"The Green Magician!" exclaimed the prince in wonder.

"Yes," he replied; "though you thought me but a poor little lost dog, you were ever kind to me, and I helped you as the kind-hearted are always helped. Now you have conquered, and need have no fear."

"I grant your request," said the prince at once, turning to the dwarf.

"Then write upon this shell," the black dwarf replied, picking up a white shell from the beach at their feet, "an order to the creatures of the sea to restore my ring."

The prince wrote a few words upon the shell, scratching them with a broken piece of flint, and by the black dwarf's direction cast the shell into the sea.

Hardly had the shell disappeared beneath the waves when a green lobster came from the waves and slowly crawled up to the dwarf, bearing the magic ring tightly gripped in one of his pincers.

Eagerly the black dwarf stooped and seized the ring. Then, rising to his feet, he waved the ring above the heads of the prince and princess, crying out:

"Turn back, turn back,  
Ye fleeting years;  
Let nothing be  
That now appears!  
Let all things be  
As if I never  
Had tried this loving  
Pair to sever!"

Then was heard a rumbling, grumbling, crumbling peal as of distant thunder—the black dwarf and the Green Magician vanished, and, as the sound died away, there was a great change.

In an instant, all the years that had passed since the christening-dinner became nothing. Once more the prince and princess were babies in the arms of their nurses, and once more the king was just finishing his little speech.

But this time no darkness interrupted, no black dwarf appeared, and nothing happened to cause grief to the king, the queen, or their people. All returned home from the feast, and when the king and queen found themselves once more in the palace, the king turned to his wife, and said:

“My dear, that was a very wise plan of yours—inviting everybody to the christening dinner. No one was offended, no witch or evil spirit said a word to bring unhappiness to our dear children.”

“Certainly we were very fortunate,” the queen replied, as she bent over the pretty twins and kissed them.

“And I believe they will have long and happy lives—bless their little hearts!”

And so they did, after that.

No one remembered anything about the black dwarf and the tower and all the rest except the Green Magician; and he was the only

creature who could have explained a very singular circumstance. Who else could understand how it was that the prince, as he grew up, knew the languages of all creatures; or why it



THE PRINCE KNEW THE LANGUAGES OF ALL CREATURES.

was that the princess was always so very fond and proud of her brother?

The little Green Magician, however, wrote out the whole story in his big book; and from that book I copied it word for word, just as it is here, except that I corrected his spelling.



## A SCHOOL FOR FIREMEN.

BY CHARLES THAXTER HILL.

No branch of the public service in our greater cities is more popular than the Fire Department.

Because of our peaceable relations with foreign nations we do not require a large standing-army, and for that reason there are fewer soldiers to admire than in European countries. But in our brave firemen, ever ready to respond to the call for help, to face danger and perhaps death at any moment, we find a class worthy of hero-worship, and deserving of whatever praise they may receive.

The rattle and dash of the engines, the clanging of the bells, and the mad gallop of the horses on their way to a fire are always exciting, and staid indeed must be the boy or man who can

resist the temptation to follow them to the scene of action.

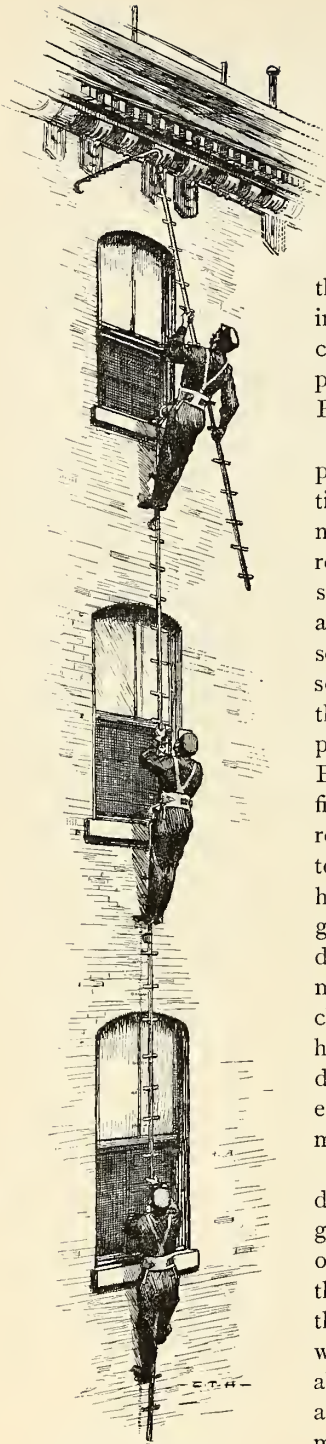
When we watch the men working at a fire, occupying most perilous and hazardous positions, on the roofs of buildings and upon ladders, suffering tortures from smoke and flames, we can scarce suppress exclamations of admiration for the daring manner in which they so coolly face what seems to our eyes almost certain death.

Every city in the United States shows local pride in its firemen. Each claims that its department is one of the best (if not the best) in the country. The rivalry between some of the cities is at times quite amusing, and there is much discussion upon the merits of their own firemen; but New York City undoubtedly occupies to-day the enviable position of having, all things considered, the most thoroughly equipped and most efficient fire-service in the world.

The apparatus is of the best. The horses, selected with care and judgment, are magnificent animals; and the men, picked from those thought to be best adapted for the work they must perform, are subjected to a most rigid physical examination before they are admitted to the service, and afterward are trained in a school of instruction at Fire Headquarters that is complete in itself.

A description of this school will no doubt be interesting to the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, and especially so at this time, for a picked crew of eleven men, together with the instructor of the school, Captain H. W. McAdams, are about to leave for England, for the purpose of taking part in the International Firemen's Tournament which is to be held in London during the month of June.

The school was organized in February, 1883, primarily for the purpose of instructing the men



A CHAIN OF LADDERS.  
(SEE PAGE 778.)

of the different companies in the use of the "scaling-ladder," which had then just been introduced in the department. It gradually became enlarged in its scope, however, until, with the completion of the new Fire Headquarters building in January, 1887, it became a general school of instruction — not only for the new men admitted on trial (called "probationary firemen"), but for the men already in service — in the use of all life-saving apparatus, and in the many appliances used for fighting a fire.

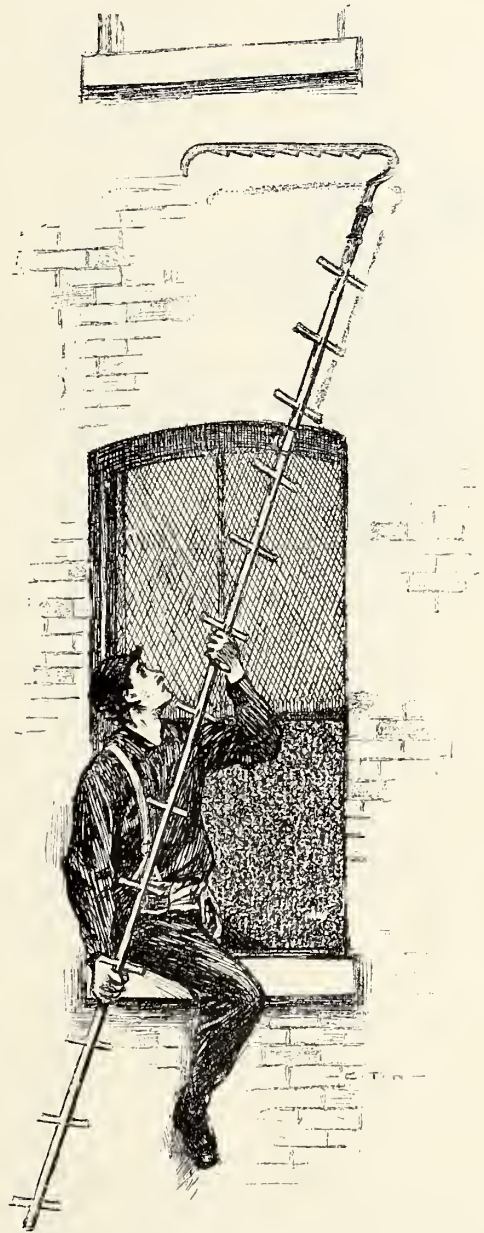
Before they had this new building, in East 67th Street, the companies were taught the use of the scaling-ladders and life-net at an old sugar warehouse near the foot of West 158th Street and the North River, and here the classes numbered nearly sixty men at a time. But this building was in an out-of-the-way place, and lacked the facilities necessary for instructing the men in raising large extension-ladders, and in the use of the many new tools then being added to the department.

When the new Fire Headquarters building was being completed, a yard designed for this purpose was built at the back of that building. This yard is about one hundred feet square, being well cemented and drained, so that water can be used in the lessons. Here "company drills" were introduced — companies being summoned unexpectedly from different parts of the city, just as they would be called to an actual fire.

When they arrived the engines were started and the men put through all the manoeuvres of battling with the flames. The hose was dragged up the staircase to the top of the building, water was started or shut off, and large quantities were used in the different movements executed in the yard or from the windows at the rear. The men were thus made acquainted with every appliance carried upon the apparatus, and the system perfected in every detail.

Companies received ratings on the books kept by the instructor according to the proficiency they showed at the drills; and some idea of what effect these drills had in improving the service may be gathered from the fact that, when they were started, of the eighty or more companies in the department there were about twenty-one companies in the first grade, nine-

teen in the second, and forty in the third or lowest grade. After three years of instruction, there were only four or five in the last grade,



USING THE SCALING-LADDER. "STRADDLING SILLS."

about fifteen in the second, and fully sixty received the rating of first-grade companies.

It is here, in this yard, where these company drills played so important a part in bringing



"BUILDING A CHAIN."

the New York department to its present point of perfection, that the recruit receives his first instruction in the use of the scaling-ladder, the life-line, and the life-net.

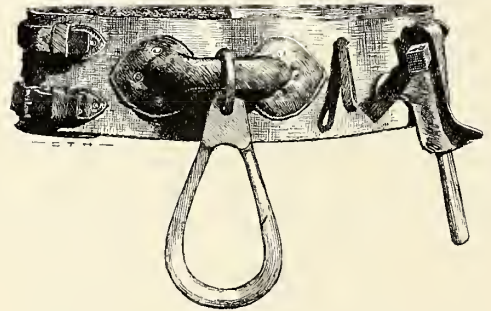
After the new fireman has passed the civil-service and physical examination, in the gymnasium on the fifth floor of the building, he is put into one of the classes drilling in the yard, and

gradually "broken in," being taught how to handle, raise, and balance the ladders before he is allowed to use them at all. Since the ladders weigh from twenty to sixty-five pounds, and are from fourteen to twenty feet in length, it can be seen that it is not easy to manage them. After the novice has mastered this, his opening lesson, he is allowed to go up to the first window, and then, as his confidence increases, to the second, and so on to the top; but he is kept at each window until all nervousness has passed away, for the recruit is at first very nervous, and, as the instructor laughingly remarks, "You can hear his teeth chattering a block away!"

He is soon skilful, and when he finds he can gain the fourth and fifth story with comparative ease, he looks down upon his less proficient companions and laughs at their timidity.

As he becomes more familiar with the handling of the ladders, he is taught how to "build a chain"—a line of ladders from the street to the roof, with a man at each story. In this drill, when the first man reaches the top floor, he fastens himself firmly to the ladder he is on, by means of a large steel "snap" attached to a stout canvas belt which each wears. Then, reaching down, he brings up another ladder; and as he passes it out and over a cornice projecting some three feet from the building, and, releasing himself from his own ladder, climbs nimbly up this frail-looking affair, swinging to and fro in mid-air—the looker-on almost holds his breath and does n't wonder at the "teeth-chattering" referred to by the instructor in his remarks on the school.

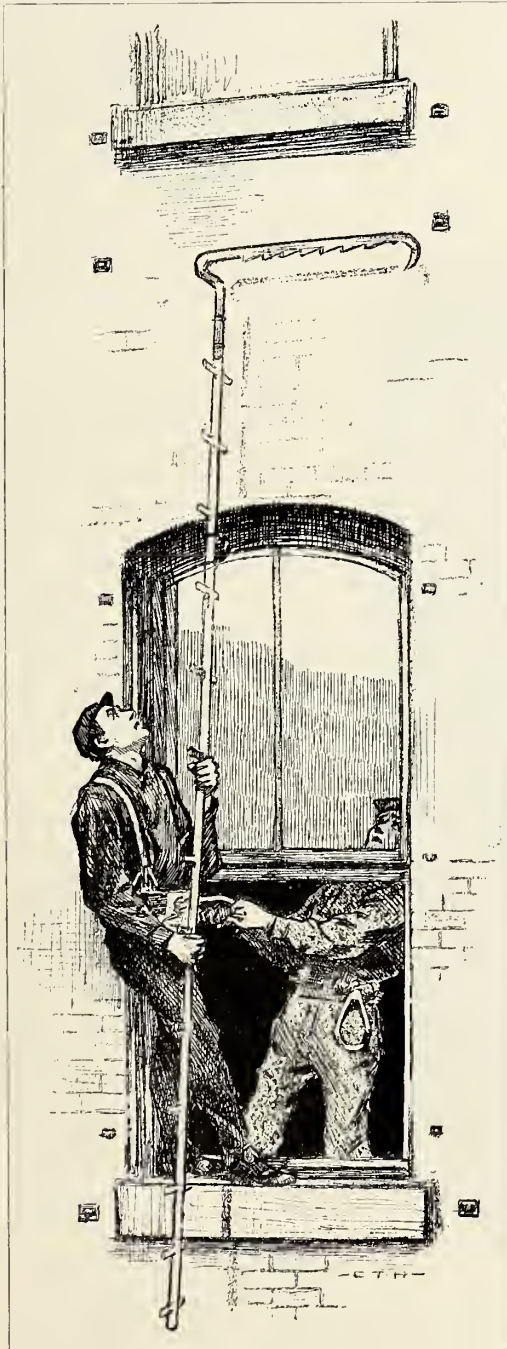
This exercise is not indulged in, however,



THE BELT, SHOWING THE "SNAP" HOOK AND HATCHET.



until the class has about finished its course at the school, and all are thoroughly proficient in handling the ladders. It is a most thrilling and exciting drill to watch, and you cannot help a



"STANDING ON SILLS."



CLIMBING "EN ÉCHELON."

throb of admiration for the nerve and pluck of men who perform it.

"Straddling sills" is the next instruction the fireman receives. In this drill he sits astride a window-sill, and, holding himself in place by the pressure of his knees against the sides, he pulls up a ladder, and, carefully balancing it, passes its hook into the window above. Then climbing to that window, he goes through the same maneuver, and so on to the top, and then down again.

By this movement one man with one ladder could reach any floor in a burning structure, and by letting down a small rope that he carries

in his belt, haul up a "roof-line," that is, a heavier rope, and thus lower a number of people to safety.

Then comes "Standing on sills." This drill requires two men. One, standing on the sill of a window, is held firmly in place by another inside the window who pulls stoutly upon the steel snap in his belt. The outside man reaches down and, pulling up the ladder, places it in the window above. Both then climb up and their positions are reversed. They are kept at these different exercises until they can per-

To vary the monotony of the ladder drills, between lessons the men are taught how to come down a rope alone, or to bring a person with them. Two turns of the "roof-line" are taken, inside and around the steel snap on the belt, which exert enough friction to act as a brake, and with a slight pressure of the hand on the rope below the snap, the fireman can perfectly control the speed of descent. Four turns are taken if they have to bring a person down with them.

Next in the series is found a movement that requires a cool head and plenty of nerve on the part of the recruit. It is known as climbing "en échelon." He hooks his ladder in a window at one side of the one just above him, and, while the ladder swings like a pendulum into its place, he climbs up. Though this appears to be a risky feat, and one that needs considerable confidence and proficiency, it is a valuable accomplishment. Should the fireman in actual service attempt to rescue one from the upper part of a building, and find above him a window so charged with flame that he cannot enter, it is by this feat that he passes up and around that window and thus reaches by a roundabout course the floors above.

When the "life-net" is brought out and held by fifteen or twenty of his companions, the recruit is taught how to jump into this last resort of the life-saving corps, and—what is more important—he himself learns how to hold it in turn to receive one of his companions.

The net is of rope—circu-

lar and woven from a central ring. The strands radiate regularly from this center to the different handles attached



CARRYING A MAN DOWN THE "ROOF-LINE."

form each quickly and without any hitch, and they leave the school trained in every way.

central ring. The strands radiate regularly from this center to the different handles attached

to the rim or edge so as to equalize the strain when a body strikes the net.

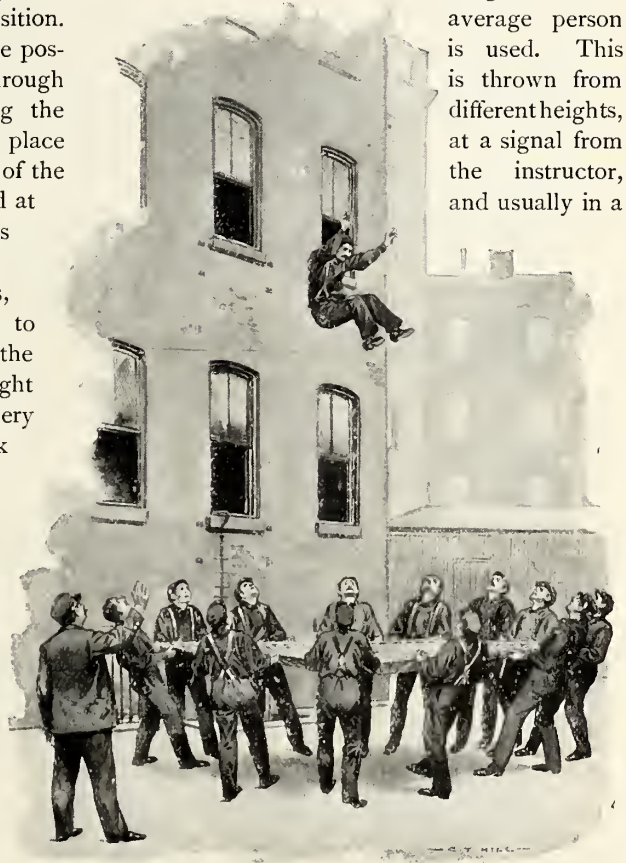
When firemen jump they are taught to come down in such a way that by throwing their feet out they may land in a sitting-position. Landing in this manner they escape the possibility of their legs or arms going through the net and being injured by striking the ground—a point that it is not out of place for every one to know. Each member of the party takes a turn at jumping into and at holding the net; and by this means there is no shirking or carelessness in performing that part of the lessons, for every pupil knows that his turn to jump will come sooner or later, and the application of the “golden rule” is brought forcibly to his mind. Each man is very particular to do his share of the work with painstaking care and attention. As the instructor put it: “I make each man jump into the net, and then there’s no ‘playing soldier’ in holding it—no, sir!”

In holding the net, the men brace themselves with one foot forward, and, bringing the arms up, half bent, they grasp the handles of the net firmly in each hand, thus bringing the rim or outer edge of the net about on a level with their shoulders, and as high as it can possibly be kept from the ground. They then watch for the descending body, and as it is about to strike they all stretch together; the arms, being half-bent, act as springs, and bring the strain of the falling body on the muscles of their upper arms. Were they to stand with their arms stretched out straight the shock would be so great that it would pull them off their feet, and might pitch them head first into the net themselves.

They are taught not only how to hold the net, but how to hold it correctly and yet be able to move quickly about in any direction, so that they may catch a person falling or jumping from any window, and may receive him exactly in the middle of the net. This is most important, for at a fire the smoke might be so thick that the one jumping could not see the

net, nor those holding it be able to see the body descending. In order to prepare them for such an emergency, a dummy of about the

weight of the average person is used. This is thrown from different heights, at a signal from the instructor, and usually in a



CATCHING A MAN IN THE “LIFE-NET.”

direction different from that expected by the men.

It is estimated that this dummy, weighing some 150 pounds, when thrown from the sixth floor, strikes the net with a force of 1750 pounds. It can be seen, therefore, that considerable strength must be exerted to keep a body weighing that much from striking the ground, when jumping from so great a height. They have to jump about in a lively way to catch it, and if it does not land exactly in the middle of the net, or if it strikes the ground, they get a sound lecturing by the instructor, and are kept at it until they are able to catch it exactly in the middle of the net, and without any failures.

This practically finishes the recruit’s lessons

in the yard. On rainy days, or when it is too cold to work outdoors, he is taken to the gymnasium on the fifth floor, and there learns to handle the many devices used in the department.

He is taught how to "couple" and "uncouple" (disconnect) hose, how to put into service "cellar" and "sub-cellar" pipes for fighting cellar fires; and the use of the "tin-cutter" for opening roofs. He learns about the battering-rams, axes, and hooks, and the hundred and one other appliances carried upon the hose-wagons and trucks.

When his course in the school is finished, and he has received a percentage high enough to qualify him, he is "passed" by the instructor,

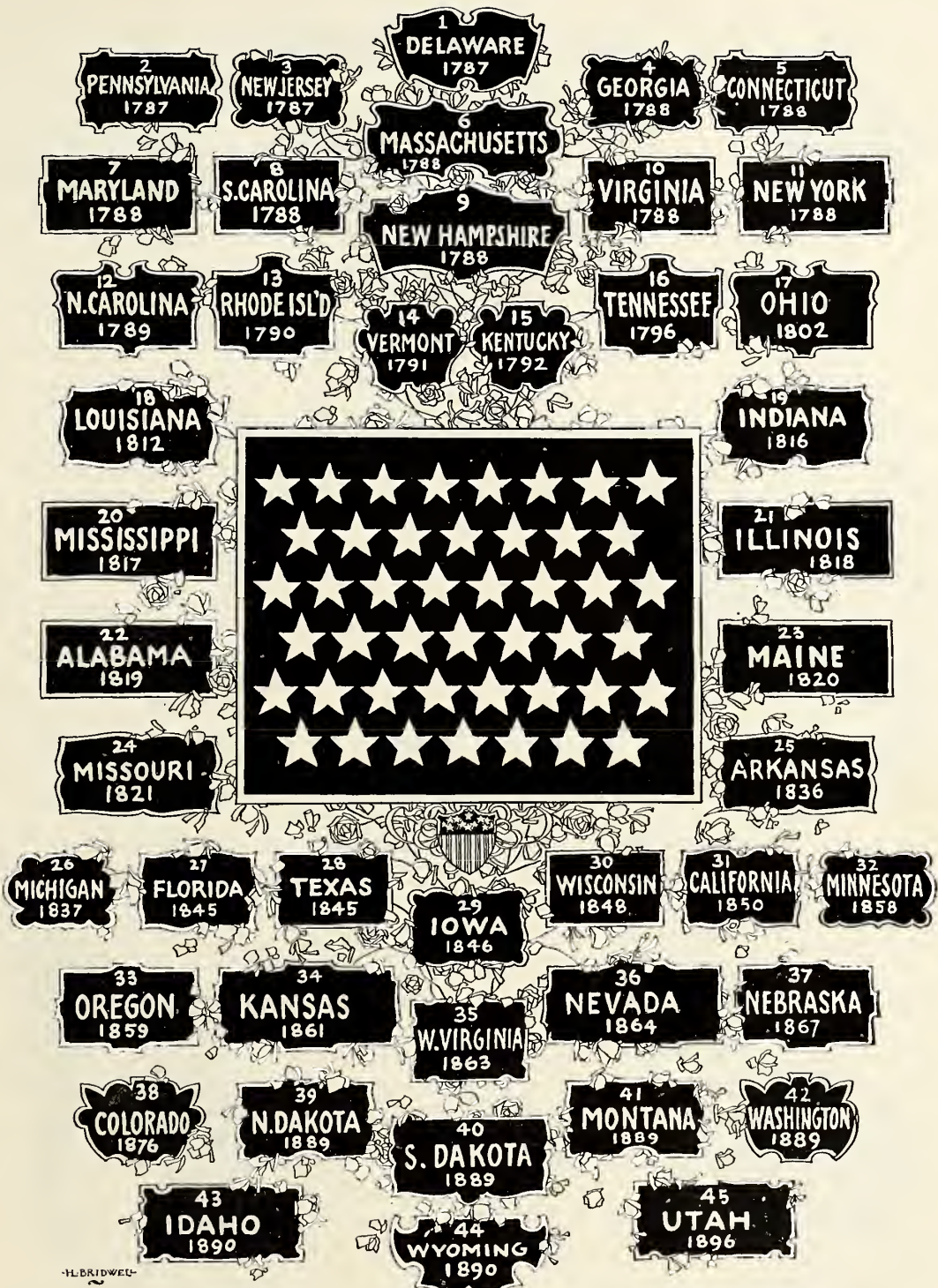
and assigned to some company in the service—usually to one in a busy district where he will have plenty of experience. Then his actual life as a fireman begins, an experience fraught with many dangers.

But it is rarely that we find our firemen "losing their heads"; and although raising a scaling-ladder to rescue some one amid the confusion and smoke of an actual fire is not at all like practice in the quiet yard at Headquarters, with a great big net stretched underneath to catch them should they fall, yet they are always ready and anxious to perform such a duty. The people may well be grateful to the graduates of this excellent School for Firemen.

## WHAT THE STRIPES MEAN.

BY H. L. BRIDWELL.





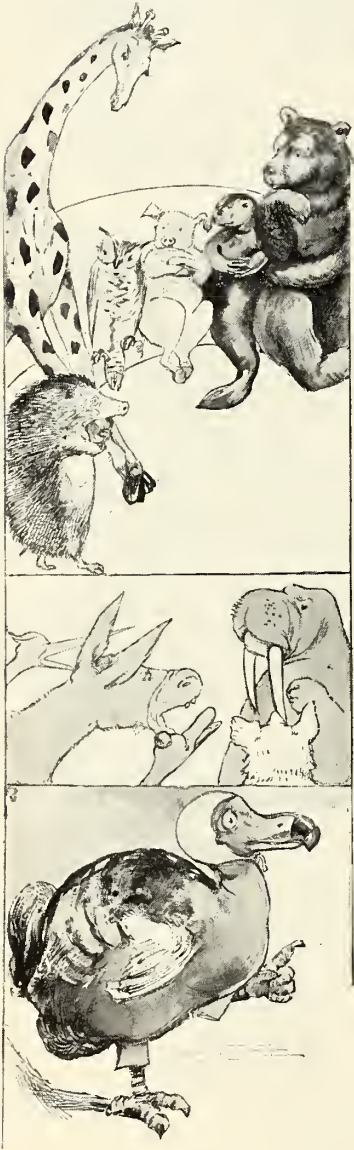
—H. BRIDWELL—

\* WHAT \* THE \* STARS \* MEAN \* THE STATES AND THEIR DATES OF ADMISSION TO THE UNION. ~ 1896



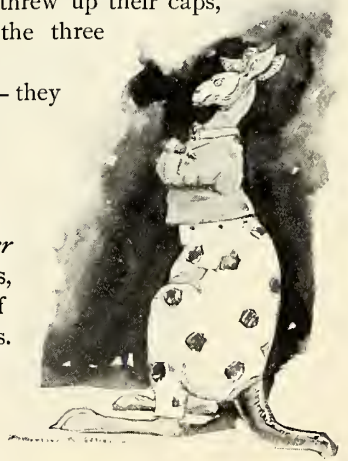
By  
C.C. Jencks.

No. 1. Organization.



IN eighteen hundred and blankety-nine,  
 On a summer day, when the weather was fine,  
 There was held—to settle some old disputes—  
 A society known as the Congress of Brutes.  
 From the whole round earth to its uttermost ends  
 Were gathered the delegates and their friends;  
 When all had assembled, and order prevailed,  
 The hedgehog arose and remarked that he failed  
 “To perceive the relation of which to what,  
 When the wherefore is whether it was, or was not.”  
 At this half a dozen debaters arose,  
 And the argument deepened—from words into blows.  
 And so they continued to argue and fight,  
 Till the dodo got up and declared 't was not right,  
 And called on the others to make some amends  
 By joining the order of Very Good Friends.  
 At this all the delegates threw up their caps,  
 And took the degree of the three

mystic raps.  
 That is—I should say—they  
 all did but one—  
 The kangaroo—  
 Who started to run  
 And with great ado  
 Proclaimed that he *never*  
 would make amends,  
 By joining the order of  
 Very Good Friends.



# A BOSTON TEA-PARTY. WHO WERE THE GUESTS?

(A Prize Puzzle.)

BY MARY SEYMOUR.

(FOR LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED, SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE.

EACH number represents a question to be answered by the name of a man or woman. Arrange the answers in the order of the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin.

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

Union Square, New York City;

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelope "Prize Puzzle."

I SPENT a night recently in an old Colonial mansion, and had a strange dream. I thought I was invited to a "Boston Tea-Party," but instead of seeing disguised men throw chests of tea into the harbor, as I had expected, I found myself in the midst of an assemblage of men and women who were in some way connected with the stirring scenes of the Revolution. Friends and foes, Indian braves and gentle dames mingled freely with each other. I begged my host to tell me who they were, and though he did not give their real names, he made each known to me by some characteristic title, or by something each had said or done. Such an odd company!

There was the man of whom Daniel Webster said, "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet" (1). He was explaining some financial point to the diplomat who was sent to Spain to negotiate a loan of \$5,000,000, and the free navigation of the Mississippi (2), and the man who said, "These are the times that try men's souls" (3). The officer who burned New London (4) chatted with the beautiful daughter of Colonel Dandridge (5) and the "Man of the Town-meeting" (6). The man who, as President of Congress, signed the commission of George Washington as commander-in-chief of the army (7), the English nobleman, poet and kinsman of Lord Byron, one of three commissioners sent by George III to restore peace (8), and the author of the "Columbiad" (9) stood in a group near me.

I recognized at once the soldier on whose tombstone we read, "He dared to lead where any dared to follow" (10), and longed to hear him tell of his hair-breadth escapes. Drawing near to the English officer who would have been remembered as a dramatist, had he not become famous as a soldier (11), I heard him recounting how in his hardest-fought battle one gun was taken and retaken five times.

As I moved along, the Vice-President who was acquitted of high treason, and indicted for murder (12) passed me to greet with a courtly bow the wife of "The Father of the Constitution" (13), who was entertaining in her most charming manner the man who founded the first circulating-library in America (14), "Light Horse Harry" (15), and the full-blooded Indian warrior who translated the Prayer-Book and parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language (16). The British general who negotiated with Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point (17) was in friendly converse with the officer who, when warned of great peril, said, "Where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country!" (18)

I took a good look at the soldier to whom Frederick the Great sent a sword with the words, "From the oldest general in the world, to the greatest" (19); and at the risk of being thought an eavesdropper, listened eagerly to some ringing words of the man of whom Jefferson said, "He seemed to speak as Homer wrote" (20). He was addressing his conversa-

tion to the distinguished mother (21) of the "Old Man Eloquent."

One officer attracted me by his graceful bearing and gentle, winning manner. He was the only one of the company present who was buried in Westminster Abbey (22). I was amused to hear the British officer who became lord-lieutenant of Ireland and governor-general of India (23) discussing late improvements in ordnance with the patriot who, on one occasion, led his men forward with the cry, "There are the red-coats! We must beat them to-day, or Molly — is a widow!" (24), and the heroic woman who, after an act of bravery, was presented to Washington, and received a sergeant's commission with half-pay through life (25).

I talked with the one President who, beside Washington, served in the field during the Revolution (26), and with the hero (27) of a satirical poem written by a British officer, and named the "Cow Chase," showing how supplies were captured by the Americans. I had some words with the wordy man who first copyrighted a book under a United States law (28). I felt a secret exultation as I looked at

the officer (29) who is said to have demanded the surrender of the enemy's stores "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

I felt grateful for such countrymen as the statesman who said, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination" (30), the framer of the Declaration of Independence (31), and the man who first made the motion in Congress to dissolve connection with Great Britain (32). I looked with delight at the man who was made a major-general in the Continental army before he was twenty years old (33).

I saw the engraver (34) of "The Boston Massacre," who assisted at the original "Tea-Party," and was made famous by another midnight exploit, passing through a doorway with the American commander (35) to whom Louis XVI presented a sword for services against the English, and, eager to hear the latter tell of some of his wonderful adventures on his famous ship, I made a sudden, energetic movement forward, and awoke — to find that it was all a dream, and alas! that it was ended.

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#### LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED.

FOR the best answers to the foregoing puzzle according to the conditions of the competition, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes :

One prize of Five Dollars.

Two prizes of Four Dollars each.

Five prizes of Three Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Two Dollars each.

Twelve prizes of One Dollar each.

These, amounting to sixty dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills.

Directions for preparing and forwarding answers are given on page 785.

The competition is limited to subscribers, or regular readers, of ST. NICHOLAS from the age of ten to the age of eighteen years inclusive.

The Committee of Judges in awarding prizes will take into account not only the correctness of the answers but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All answers must be received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS

before July 15, 1896, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

In justice to all competitors, each set of answers must be signed by a parent, guardian, or teacher, giving the sender's name, age, and address in this general form : I hereby certify that this is the work of — (name), of — (address), aged —. He (or she) has received assistance in answering the questions numbered —, —, — (giving the numbers only).

Competitors may freely consult books of reference provided the books are of their own selection, and answers thus found need not be included in the "assistance" list; but any aid received through questions asked of their parents or friends, or through suggestions from such persons as to books of reference, should be acknowledged in the form above given.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning the competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

#### A CORRECTION.

In the report, published in the June number, awarding prizes for answers to the Fairy Godmother Puzzle, the list mentioned "fifteen prizes of one dollar each." As our readers no doubt noticed, this should have read *two dollars* each, to accord with the prizes offered; and to each of the winners of these prizes two dollars were sent.





## THE ANIMALS OF BERNE.

BY PAULINE KING.

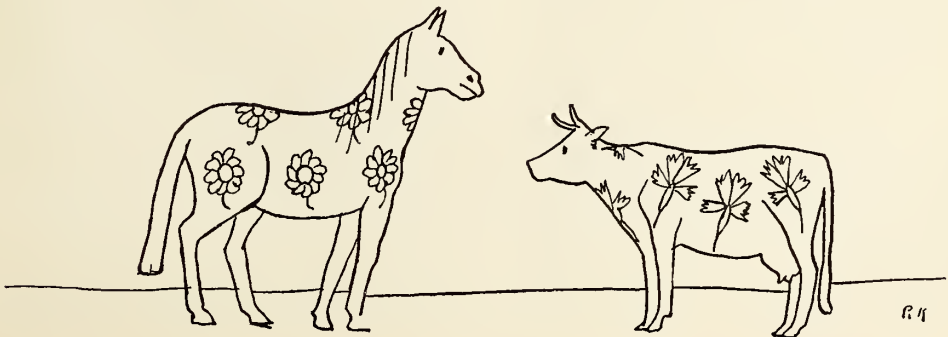


I HAVE a set of Animals  
 From Berne across the sea.  
 You 'd never think that cows and pigs  
 So beautiful could be.

For all the pigs are pale light blue, And all the cows are green; Their coats are speckled o'er with flowers Of every kind that 's seen.	There are no animals like those In all my Noah's Ark; There are no animals like those In all of Central Park.
--	--

The horses are a fine bright pink  
 With daisies mottled over—  
 The cats are white and violet,  
 With leaves of meadow clover.

And sometimes when I think of  
     them  
 You don't know how I yearn  
 To see those lovely animals  
 A-walking round in Berne.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

IN the "Rhymes of the States," the valley of Willamette was described as if it were in the State of Washington. No doubt our clever boys and girls have mentally corrected the mistake, and restored the beautiful valley to Oregon.

IN the picture entitled, "What the Stripes Mean," on page 782, the names of the States are given, reading from the top downward, in the order in which they ratified the Constitution.

MUSEVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. I am a cripple. I have not walked for three years. My Aunt Mary made me a present of a wheel-chair, and I can go all over the house myself. When the weather is fine I go out in the yard.

My Aunt Mary has sent you to me for two years. I liked "Teddy and Carrots." I like the "Swordmaker's Son" the best now.

I had two white rabbits, but one died, and a dog caught the other one. I have a pet ground-squirrel. I have one sister; she is nine years old. It is vacation now, but we are studying the spelling-book. Your little reader,

GEORGE H.—

WILLOW DELL FARM, VAIL'S GATE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live on a large farm where we have many animals to care for.

I am nearly fourteen years old, and my sister is twelve years. We both can milk the cows, but she much better than I. We ride our horses bareback all over the farm, and we can harness single or double, and we often drive by ourselves into town six miles away, and deliver the butter we make from our herd of Jersey cows.

We have great fun naming the calves as they come; and they are beautiful, looking like young fawns.

We have also pigs, chickens, ducks, and pet cats and dogs, so you see we never lack for company.

We love the country so much better than the city.

Your interested reader, KATHRINE B. DeW.—

CHEYENNE, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. My Aunt Emma sent you to me for last year's Christmas present and I enjoy you very much.

I should like to tell your little readers about the pack trains that go past our house. They are mules with great packs strapped on their backs, and they have men on other mules to take charge of them. The mules are to carry supplies to the different forts, and there are twenty or thirty of them at a time.

As this is the capital city we see a great many Indians that come here to attend court. They look very pretty

in their blankets. They bring polished horns and horn chairs to sell. I remain your little reader,

ADELE B.—

We print this interesting letter from a little Armenian friend just as it was written.

SMYRNA.

\* DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber of your paper, which I like already very much. I am an Armenian girl of fifteen, and live in Smyrna, which is a very nice town. Our large gulf is surrounded by mountains, which make it as picturesque as a Swiss lake.

I am a very passionate stamp-collector, and as I read in your paper letters of Australian, American, and even African subscribers, I would like very much to correspond with some of them, and exchange stamps. This I do since a long time with the subscribers of my German paper, the "Kränzchen."

I have read very much about America, especially about United States and Canada; so that my greatest wish is to visit once those interesting countries.

But now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must conclude, for I have a great many tasks to prepare for to-morrow. I am sure I did a great many mistakes, but do not laugh at them please, for I began to learn English not long ago. I wonder if you have many other Armenian subscribers.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

MARIE A.—

NIAGARA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from Niagara, I thought I would write one. I liked the story of "Teddy and Carrots" best of all, and I am very sorry it is ended. We have taken you for three years, and would be very sorry to stop. We have only two pets, which are a dog and a cat: the dog's name is "Wallace," and the cat's is "Tommy Atkins"; but we have several horses, and generally have two cows. I am ten years old, and have a twin sister. This is a very nice old town, and is such a lovely place that it is getting to be quite a summer resort; for we are right on Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Niagara River. People from all over the country come here to spend the summer. There is a very large hotel here — the Queen's Royal — and they have there immense tennis-courts, where all the best players in America come once a year to play for a silver cup. Last year we had our first golf contest, and a lady in our town is the champion lady player.

We have immense commons on each side of us, consisting of eighty acres, where all the Canadian militia come for two weeks every year to drill; and our town looks quite like it used to when all the soldiers are marching around; for this is a very historic town, too. Here was held the first Parliament of Canada, and Niagara was the capital of upper Canada. We have two old forts — Fort Messissauga and Fort George; and six miles from us, at Queenston, was fought the famous battle

of Queenston Heights, where, in 1813, we were victorious over the forces of the United States.

I remain your faithful reader,

CHARLIE L—.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson lives almost opposite where we are staying. Mama and I went to visit her day before yesterday. My grandfather married her to her husband. She let me lift Stonewall Jackson's sword. I am very glad I have done it. I am eight years old. I live in New Jersey, but I am visiting in North and South Carolina. I expect to get a pneumatic-tired bicycle this spring.

Your friend,

NOEL BLEECKER VAN W—.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few weeks ago my father took an X-ray picture of my left hand. He exposed it for forty-five minutes. The way he took the picture was this: he pasted a piece of white paper upon the hard-rubber slide of the plateholder, so that if I should move my hand he could put it back to the same place again. Then he tied my hand to the plateholder with a handkerchief, and turned on the X-rays and took the picture. I liked that story called "Three Freshmen, Ruth, Fran, and Nathalie," because I live in Northampton, where Smith College is, and, besides, my father is a professor there. I have a brother who is very stout, and one day papa said to him: "Jack, I guess it won't be long before you can't get through the doorway. Then Jack said: "Oh, I guess I can get through stomach-wise for quite a while yet."

Your reader, W. LEAVITT S—.

MIMOSAS SEA POINT, NEAR CAPE TOWN, S. AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you again, and hope this letter will be as successful as the last.

We are having most dreadfully hot weather now, and yesterday was simply a *melting* day.

Our cat has two dear little kittens, a black and a gray one.

During the Christmas holidays we went to see Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers play. It was very interesting. The team are traveling in the Colony, and are now at Johannesburg, the scene of the Jameson excitement. One or two of the team were very frightened (they were down here when it happened), and declared they were n't going near Johannesburg; they had come out to play, not to fight.

I am going up for my elementary examination in June. I hope I shall pass.

On the beach down here some baths have been built, swimming-baths I mean. They are filled daily with seawater, and are about seven feet deep. A good many people bathe in them; but I have not gone to them yet. There is a kind of bar above the water, from which the men dive.

Every Saturday morning at school we have an examination; last week it was English grammar, this week it was Colonial history.

I received some letters from a school in Milwaukee. The children had seen my letter in ST. NICHOLAS, and had written to me. I also received a letter from a girl in New Jersey.

Now I think I must end. I remain your loving reader,

OLIVE G. F. S—.

EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although my brother and I have had you not quite four years, we feel very much like old subscribers, and look with pleasure at the bound

volumes standing in state on the bookcase. My brother Harry could not be called very literary, for he is between twelve and thirteen — the age when a boy is devoted to town-chase, football, and I don't know what else; but on the twenty-fifth of the month, when he comes home from school, his first question is, "Has the ST. NICHOLAS come yet?"

I used to like the serials better, but since the "White Cave" was finished I am spoiled for any others less exciting. "Mardie's Experience," in the April number, I enjoyed very much.

The prize competitions have interested me greatly, but as the subscription stands in my brother's name, I was unable to take part though anxious to do so.

Easton is not a very large, and I fear to some people, not a very attractive place; but I find plenty to enjoy and keep me busy. There are several pleasant country walks to take in the summer, and then quite near by is Lafayette College, the grounds of which are always beautiful to walk through.

One queer and rather picturesque custom here has always seemed quite interesting to strangers, so perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about it. Where Third and Northampton Streets cross there is a square, in the center of which is a plot of grass containing a fountain, and surrounded by a high iron railing. This is always known as "The Circle." Portions of the circular pavement around it are rented to farmers and hucksters, who put up market-stands there every morning till about half-past ten. All the wagons are backed against the curbstone, and with the German farmers, who live around here in large numbers, all talking a sort of broken-English known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," market in Easton is quite a novel sight. For some time there has been talk of turning the circle into a park; but the city draws so large an income from the renting of these market stands that it will doubtless be very long before they are abolished.

With many wishes for the welfare of ST. NICHOLAS,

An interested reader, FEDORA E—.

Any regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS, is permitted to take part in the competitions for prizes.

### "RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI" IN AMERICA.

A TRUE STORY OF A PET MONGOOSE.

I HAD a pet mongoose given to me by a gentleman who had just come from Japan, and as the mongoose is quite rare in this country, I thought perhaps the readers of your paper would be interested in hearing about him.

His name is "Mongy," and his color is black and yellow, with distinct lines running up and down his front legs, white cheeks, and a mixed black and yellow tail. He resembles somewhat a squirrel, but his hands and feet are like a monkey's, with four fingers and a little knob like a thumb in front, and five toes behind. He is extremely curious, and when he is let out of his cage he examines everything, and sometimes even tastes the furniture, to see if it is good.

He is so tame that he will eat out of our hands, and jump or leap from one person to another, running up and down our clothes.

Like all animals of his kind, he enjoys peanuts and acorns immensely, as well as all other varieties of nuts. Every day he washes himself, and carefully smooths out his tail and body. If he is angry his eyes turn red, and sometimes he makes a queer little noise which is meant, I suppose, for a growl.

The gentleman who gave him to me said that he had to be kept very warm, and so every night we give him his little blanket, and he fixes it to suit himself, and then crawls in with his tail over his head, and goes to sleep.

He is very fond of fruit, especially peaches, bananas, and pears, and he holds his food with his little thumbs while eating.

One day we let him out in a tree, and he ran up on a limb and sat there looking down at us. We withdrew a short distance, and he either jumped or fell from the limb to the ground, a height of about fifty feet. We thought, of course, he was killed, but he started to run away, and the dog almost caught him, when he ran into the cellar of the next house, where we captured him and brought him home.

The mongooses are said to be great snake-killers, and no matter how large or how venomous the snake is, they do not hesitate to attack it, and as they are so quick and active they generally come off victorious.

Altogether, he is a most interesting little pet, and affords us a great deal of pleasure.

CHAPMAN R.—

PEMBERTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of your most interesting stories to me is "Remember the Alamo," and I suppose the reason is that I have heard so much of the story all my life. I was born nine years ago in San Antonio, within sight of the old Alamo, but was too little at the time I left there to remember it. I am now living in a country town twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. My grandma has sent you to me for three years, and you have always been received with a great deal of pleasure.

Yours sincerely, HELEN D. B.—

MAYSVILLE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a plantation eleven or twelve miles from Maysville.

I have a merry life out there. I have a pony, three dogs, six kittens, and a pair of rabbits. Also, a pair of the dearest little white mice you ever saw.

I have taken you for several years. My uncle sends you to me from Chicago, where I am now staying.

A little way from our house are the negroes' huts, and one night we were awakened by the shrieks of "Fire! fire!" and all the huts were in flames. It took papa several months to have them rebuilt.

I am going to return home in a few days. I don't think I like city life very well. But before I go I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your ST. NICHOLAS, because Chicago seems so much nearer to you than Louisiana.

I am not the kind of girl that generally writes to you. My hair is short and straight, and almost as black as a crow's feathers.

Yours sincerely, HANNAH B. F.

VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a large farm in Virginia. I have two brothers and a baby sister. There are four of my cousins here; the eldest is about my own age. We have such a nice time here in the summer. We have two swings, two hammocks, and a merry-go-round. I love to read the ST. NICHOLAS. I enjoyed "The Prize Cup." I like to read the letters the children write. We ride horseback when we can.

We have a lovely view from here. We can see Monticello, the home of President Jefferson. It is about sixteen miles from here, and you can look westward and see Castle Hill. To the northwest you can see Montpelier, the home of President Madison. Then you can look to the north and see Cedar Mountain, where the battle of that name was fought. In the next county northeast of us, Spotsylvania, the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, and there are many other famous places near us.

BELLA B.—

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure you would like to hear something about the Olympic games, therefore I write with pleasure to give you a little account of them, but I shall not say too much, as perhaps you have already seen about them in the papers.

The race of 100 meters was won by Mr. Burke — an American — also the one of 400 meters. The races of 800 and 1500 meters by Mr. Flack, an Australian. The "Marathon" race of 40,000 meters was gloriously won by a Greek, named Louis, and he ran it in two hours, fifty-five minutes. Hurdle-race, 110 meters, Mr. Curtis, an American. High jumping and long jumping by Mr. Clark, an American. Wrestling, Mr. Shuman, a German, and sword-fighting by two Greeks and a Frenchman. Rope by Mr. Andricopoulos, a Greek. Shooting, 300 meters, Mr. Orphanates, a Greek; 200 meters, Mr. Carrosebdas, also a Greek; 25 meters, Mr. Paine, an American. Mr. Flameng, a Frenchman, was first in the bicycle-race of 100,000 meters; Mr. Masson in the race of 10,000 meters; bicycle race from Athens to Marathon and back 80,000 meters, Mr. Costantinides, a Greek. The rings by Mr. Mitropoulos, a Greek.

The Americans are fine fellows and took many prizes. The Greeks did not win very much this time, but they are the first games we have had here; there are only four clubs in Athens. I am a Greek boy and not long learning English. I like your magazine so much. The story of the "Prize Cup" is grand. Your little friend,

ALEXANDER P. CAVVADIAZ.

JERICHO, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I thought that I would write to the "Letter-Box" how maple sugar is made in Vermont.

After the 1st of March, when it begins to thaw, the men go around and bore small holes in the trees to the depth of about an inch, and then drive tin spouts into them, and hang up tin buckets.

The sap only drops, its speed being regulated by the conditions of the weather. It runs best after a freezing night. Teams draw about large tubs, into which the sap is gathered and drawn to the sugar-house. In this is an evaporator, or large flat pan, under which a brisk fire is burning. The sap is taken from the gathering-tub to a vat in the sugar-house, and run from that into one end of the evaporator, and boils till it runs out of the other end, being then syrup.

It is then allowed to settle, and next it is poured into a smaller pan and boiled till it thickens enough to form into cakes of sugar.

It's jolly fun watching the white clouds of steam and the crackling fire. But best of all is when dinner-time comes, for we boil our eggs in the evaporator, roast our potatoes in the hot ashes, and broil our ham before the fire on a pointed stick. Wishing that each of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS could have a cake of pure maple sugar, not the adulterated article that is usually sold, I remain Your reader and admirer, ALLAN R. W.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Helen W. Moore, Helen C. Ray, Grace Tillotson, Ruth Dunbar, Charles B. Bradley, Lottie W. Morrison, T. B. Blake, Lottie V. Finley, May Fuller, Helen D. Porter, Evva R. Egan, Warren Barton B., Bessie Knappen, Anna L. Reiman Marion, Agnes, and Silas Schoch, O. Barnes, Bradley Y. Johnson, W. Maxwell M., Mabel L., Edith F., and Irma R., Mechtild, William Butler Windle, R. J. Douglas, Mary Worthington, J. Cuyler Patterson, Carlton T. Bishop, Pauline R. Holt, Helen Bartholomew, Florence M. Kent, Florence C., Clinton F. Ivins, Margaret W., Julia Miller, Rowan L., Thomas A. Larremore.

# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Road. 2. Otto. 3. Atom. 4. Dome.  
 CHARADE. Nose-gay.  
 BEHEADINGS. Abraham Lincoln. 1. A-bridge. 2. B-rogue. 3. R-each. 4. A-broad. 5. H-hash. 6. A-base. 7. M-other. 8. L-ear. 9. I-rate. 10. N-ice. 11. C-rash. 12. O-rations. 13. L-ever. 14. N-one.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Lowell; finals, Holmes. Cross-words: 1. Lash. 2. Otto. 3. Well. 4. Edam. 5. Late. 6. Lads.  
 RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Rhomb. 2. Ewers. 3. Naiad. 4. Defer. 5. Renew.

RIDDLE. Bar.  
 DIAMOND. 1. Z. 2. Beg. 3. Board. 4. Zealous. 5. Groan. 6. Dun. 7. S.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Webster. 1. Wall. 2. Egg. 3. Bowl. 4. Sword. 5. Tree. 6. Easel. 7. Rocker.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

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### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters, and form the title of a well-known book.

My 7-2-15-4-16-6 is insignificant. My 11-13-14 is sport. My 1-19-9-17 is knowledge. My 18-12-20 is a beam. My 3-8-5-10 is related. FLORENCE GASSON.

### CHARADE.

My *first* is a preposition.  
 My *second* means to partake of food.  
 Steamers frequent my *third*.  
 My *fourth* is competent.  
 My *whole* is impossible to endure.

EDITH R. M.

### HOOR-GLASS.

—MY centrals, reading downward, spell the name of a musician who was born in July, 1714.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A bundle of sticks. 2. Entire. 3. In plucky. 4. To perform. 5. A jester.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous story-teller.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mark for identification. 2. A masculine name. 3. A common fluid. 4. Objects of worship. 5. A place where the water is shallow. 6. An ungainly bird. 7. The famous heroine of the famous

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Constantinople. 1. Calais. 2. Orleans. 3. Naples. 4. Shanghai. 5. Teheran. 6. Amsterdam. 7. Nuremberg. 8. Tarsus. 9. Inverness. 10. Nantes. 11. Odessa. 12. Palmyra. 13. Lucknow. 14. Edinburgh.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The summer time has come again,  
 With all its light and mirth,  
 And June leads on the laughing hours  
 To bless the weary earth.

DIAGONAL. Cæsar. Cross-words: 1. Castle. 2. sAline. 3. frEnzy. 4. cloSed. 5. vassAr. 6. dollaR.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Shy. 3. Sheep. 4. Years. 5. Proud. 6. Super. 7. Defer. 8. Revel. 9. Red. 10. L.

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book written by the author whose name answers this puzzle. 8. Without angles. 9. A common bird. 10. Less youthful. 11. More depressed. 12. One who has a strong liking for anything.

BERTHA ANDREWS.

### CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large quadruped. 2. Freedom from toil. 3. Small poisonous serpents. 4. The remainder.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A coagulation. 2. Affection. 3. A place for baking. 4. A pavilion.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To reproach. 2. Broad. 3. Certain days in the Roman calendar. 4. To try.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large quadruped. 2. Surface. 3. A lively dance. 4. A fable.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To believe. 2. Scarce. 3. Verbal. 4. To join by means of heat.

"SCHOOL BOYS."







"THE CZAR TURNED IN HIS CHAIR, AND WATCHED HER."

(SEE PAGE 806.)

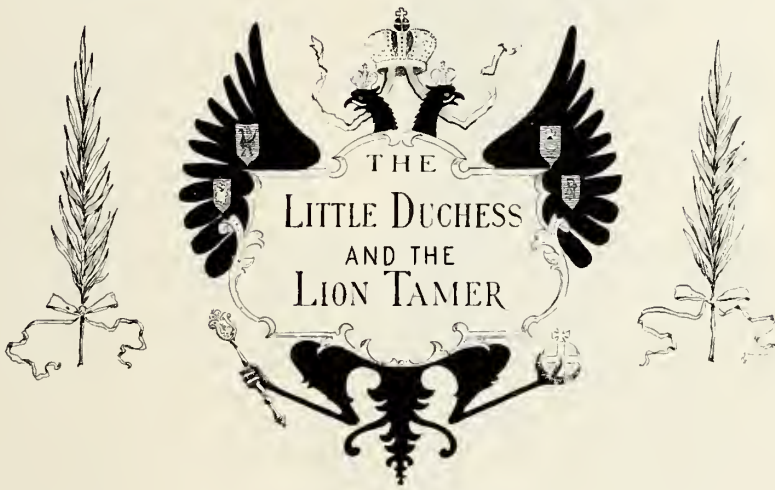


# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 10.



BY FANNY LOCKE MACKENZIE.

THE little Duchess stood with her small sad face pressed against the window-pane, looking out into the sunshine — her slim fingers closed tightly around her crutches, her straight brows drawn together. Outside in the garden the little goldfish in the big fountain swam happily to and fro. Svar, the great bloodhound, was baying loudly; but she did not heed him; she waited listlessly. Beside her stood the Grand Duke Dimitri, her father, looking helplessly at her. He was a tall man, the Grand Duke, well over six feet; and he had as clear blue eyes as his son Alexander.

They both were large and blonde, and a trifle heavy; but the little Duchess was like her

French mother, small and dark, with great liquid brown eyes, and a well-shaped little mouth.

The Grand Duke Dimitri Nasimoff was the cousin of the Czar, and one of the richest nobles in St. Petersburg. And the little Duchess was the Czar's goddaughter, and she was named for his favorite sister, Vera Sophia Maria Metternich — a very long name for such a little girl. The little Duchess had fallen when she was very young, and broken her knee, and all of the great surgeons in Russia had failed to make it strong again, and she had to walk on crutches. She was a brave little girl about her pain and discomfort, and rarely spoke of it; but it seemed to the Grand Duke that she grew sadder every

day, and he racked his brain to think of some way to cheer her. Miss Sutton, her kind Eng-



“I FIND IT SO VERY DULL,” SAID THE LITTLE DUCHESS.”

lish governess, was goodness itself, Sascha (or Alexander), her brother, her devoted slave, and the Grand Duke's household willing and ready to gratify her slightest fancy; but she seemed weary of them all, and her father sighed heavily as he watched her.

“Small one,” he said, “what does my girl want?—tell me!” But she pressed closer against the windowpane, and did not answer.

His kind face was full of tender solicitude.

She turned abruptly, her crutches making a rasping sound on the polished floor.

“Ah, fatherkin,” she said, “I find it so very dull, so unusually dull. That is all.”

“Dull?” queried the Grand Duke. “It is because you are alone, sweet one? Where is good Miss Sutton? She will cheer you.”

“Dear fatherkin,” she said, “surely I have told you many times that Miss Sutton has long ceased to amuse me. She is always the same. She never varies, even to doing her hair—and writing to her brother, which she does each Sunday at three o'clock. She is very kind and undoubtedly well-meaning, but most wearing. Besides all of that, she has an attack of nerves.”

She paused languidly. The Grand Duke looked at her in vague dismay. He never quite understood his lonely, motherless daughter, or knew how to answer her. He could strive only to brighten her life; and, as was usual when he talked to her, he fell back into one strain.

“What can I give you, small one?” he asked. “Name it, and it is yours. Anything.”

She shook her head. “That is the saddest thing of all,” she said. “I have everything. I only wish I had n't. I wish that there was something I wanted dreadfully; but there is n't. I have tried all day to think of something I wanted, and I can't. Probably that is why I am so unusually dull. Nothing ever seems to happen. I have n't laughed for a month, nor cried either. I'm not even sleepy or hungry. I am only dreadfully bored.”

She closed her eyes wearily. The Grand Duke glanced out into the garden.

“Come,” he said, “let us go and feed the goldfish. I will send for your hat.”

She crossed over to him slowly.

“I don't like the goldfish any longer,” she said. “There was only one amusing one, and he is dead. I do not wish to be impolite, fatherkin, but I would rather not feed the goldfish.”

She sat down in the big chair facing him, and crossed her crutches in front of her.

“Shall we make the great music-box go?” he asked.

She shook her head. “I am tired of the music-box, too,” she said, mournfully; “and my books and even my parrot. He has learned to say ‘Vera is a good girl,’ and he does not

say anything else. I have tried to teach him to say 'Vera is n't a good girl,' but he will not."

The Grand Duke looked at her gently.

"Surely you love the garden and the sunshine, child?"

"Not very much, fatherkin," said the little Duchess. "It is very like dear Sascha—the garden: it is fair and large and beautiful; but it is very monotonous. Surely," she leaned forward, anxiously, "surely you will admit that Sascha is monotonous. I love him devotedly, as you know, but I still feel that. I am tired of almost everything, great one. Your little Vera wants something quite, quite new."

The Grand Duke rose suddenly.

"I have an invitation for you," he said. "I had forgotten it. Princess Sophia will take you to the hippodrome with Olga and Irene and the little Princess May to see the animals. There are so many new ones. Then it will not be so dull. She will come for you at three o'clock."

"I suppose I might as well go," said the little Duchess, thoughtfully, "since Miss Sutton has nerves, and Sascha is at the club; it is, at all events, something."

The Grand Duke turned to go, feeling a sense of untold relief.

She called him back.

"Dear fatherkin," she said, sweetly, flashing upon him one of her rare and bewildering smiles, "I fear I was rude about the goldfish. Some other time I will go gladly."

"Thou art so like thy mother, small one," he murmured, tenderly, and smiled back at her.

But late in the afternoon, as he sat at his desk signing his letters rapidly, and directing his secretary, who sat opposite, he heard the faint tip, tap of her crutches coming along the hall. She entered hurriedly and came eagerly to her father's side, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. Regard-

less of his writing, she laid an eager hand on his arm.

"Great one," she said, "I have something to tell you."

The Grand Duke sighed softly. "Not now," he pleaded. "Later, my sweet one, when I am not so busy. See, all these letters must be answered before to-morrow."

The little Duchess drew herself up slowly.

"I said at once, great one. It is most important."

The secretary, knowing she would gain her point, had already begun to take up the papers. She smiled at him, her large brown eyes full of unusual excitement.

"Good Mishowitz," she said, "I shall not be long."

The Grand Duke looked after him, plaintively; but Vera thrust her small, impatient self between her father and the desk.

"Up," she pleaded, "up on the desk."



"I WANT THE LION-TAMER," SHE SAID."

And the Grand Duke, vanquished, lifted her up in front of him.

Her eyes danced with eagerness. "I know

now what I want," she explained. "Surely that is important. Particularly when I have been so dull."

The little Duchess leaned toward him. "I want the lion-tamer from the circus," she said.

"What!" exclaimed the Grand Duke. "What? What?"

"The lion-tamer from the circus," she repeated. "Yes, I want him to come here and tell me all about the different animals. He is very different from everybody. He is very unusual. He looks very dark and very strong; and his eyes are bright. The lions are very much afraid of him, and crouch down when he looks at them — especially the biggest lion with the lame foot. I liked the lion-tamer, and I want him to come. Please get him for me, fatherkin."

The Grand Duke looked about him helplessly, seeking vainly for a proper answer.

"You said I might have whatever I wanted," said the little Duchess, her parted, innocent lips smiling happily.

"But, heart of mine, this is impossible. You are not in earnest."

"Do I not always say what I mean?" said the little Duchess.

"Alas, yes," sighed the Grand Duke.

The smile died away from her face, and she brought her brows together ominously.

"Surely," she said, "you do not refuse me?"

"But, my heart, I must," said the poor Grand Duke. "It is not possible for me to do otherwise — ask for anything else."

"And why not this?" she asked.

"My child! — a common, brutal lion-tamer? Here in my house, talking to you? Have you forgotten who you are?"

She shook her head quickly.

"No," she said, "I have not forgotten. It is you who forget that I am lame and suffering. It is you who refuse me what I want. If I may not have the lion-tamer to amuse me, then I want nothing."

"Vera" he said firmly, "you cannot. I am so sorry I must say it. You are a little girl — you do not understand the fitness of things. Think of something else, dear."

She slid down from the desk and took up her crutches slowly. Then she went toward the

door. He watched her, more sorry than she dreamed to refuse her.

When her brother, Duke Alexander, came in at dusk, he called, as he always did: "Small one! — Vera!" but she did not answer him, and he searched through the grand rooms vainly. Then he went up the stairs looking for her. As he reached her door he heard her weeping softly. He knocked impatiently.

"It is I," he said. "What ails you, my soul?" He strode in and gathered her into his arms. She sobbed on his shoulder. He patted her head distractedly.

"Ah, pretty one, little one," he begged, "tell Sascha what has grieved you! You know he loves you more than his life. It breaks his heart to see you cry."

She slipped a small, hot hand in his.

"I may not have what I want," she explained, the great tears rolling down her little face. "That is why I weep."

"You may have anything on earth that Sascha can get you. What is it, my little heart?"

"Fatherkin refused me — fancy it. He refused distinctly. Not once but twice."

Alexander pulled his long mustache savagely.

"Perhaps I can get it for you," he said.

The little Duchess sat up on his knee and sighed contentedly.

"Surely," she said; "I might have known you would get it, tall and great one. It is not much that I want; it is the lion-tamer from the circus."

"The lion-tamer," said the Duke. "Why?"

"To talk to," said the little Duchess. "He would amuse me. He is quite unusual. And the lions are very much afraid of him — he talks to them quite softly all the time. I want to ask him what he says to them."

"I will take you to the circus myself," he said.

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I want to have him here. I want to hear about the baby lions. Surely," reproachfully, "you are not about to —"

"No, no," said the Duke hastily. "Did I not promise? But it is an odd whim, small one, —"

"It is what I want," said the little Duchess.

"And when he comes, what then?"

"I shall talk to him and ask him about the lame lion and the little ones." After a few moments of silence, he put her down gently and went to her father.

The Grand Duke was in his study writing, but he raised his head as his son entered.

"You Šascha," he said, "have you seen Vera? She is most unhappy."

The tall young officer nodded. "Yes," he said; "how could you refuse her?"

The Grand Duke looked at him.

"You would advise my letting the man come?" he asked. "A circus performer here to see Vera! I thought better of your common sense, Sascha."

The young Duke thrust his hands in his pockets, and stood silently for a moment.

"Well?" said his father.

"I will tell you," said Duke Alexander, "I will get Michael, and go to the hippodrome and see this fellow. If I find him possible, I will have him come. If he is rough and ill-bred, well, then" sighing, "the small one will have to grieve."

The Grand Duke shook his head. "She ought not to be indulged so," he said; "it is quite spoiling her."

"She is the dearest of dear little girls," the brother said. "And as for me, whenever I see her little crutches, I remember that if I had not let her slip from my knee she would be well and strong." His handsome face was full of earnestness, his clear blue eyes looked squarely at his father. "Fancy," he said, "having to clump about on two sticks of wood instead of one's own feet!"

The Grand Duke turned suddenly.

"You are right; she asks for few things. Do what you think best," he said.

Duke Alexander called for his cousin, Prince Michael Strokoff, and they went down into the city to the hippodrome. The entrance was crowded with people, the big, round building filling rapidly. The two young officers went back to the manager's office. They were well known in St. Petersburg, as are all of the Imperial Guard, and the manager bowed profoundly to them.

"Can we speak with the lion-tamer a mo-

ment?" Duke Alexander said. "And what is his name?"

The manager led the way for them, smilingly. "Surely you can see him, Highness," he said. "He is back where the animals are kept, waiting his entrance. His name is Ivan Romanek. I found him in Hungary. He is truly a marvel. Here is the dressing-tent."

"Thank you," said the Duke, "I see him now, and I need not trouble you further." And then they crossed over to the great cages where the lions were.

The lion-tamer stood leaning against one of the cages, smoking a cigarette. He had on over his ring-clothes a long ulster, which fell to his heels. It was open at the neck, and showed his silk Jersey, and broad, firm throat.

Even at a glance Duke Alexander marked his great depth of chest and breadth of shoulder. His face was clean-shaven, well cut, and strong; his hair thick and very black; his brows heavy, and close together. As the two young officers came up to him, he folded his arms, and watched them idly. Duke Alexander looked him over carefully before he spoke; but Prince Michael began curtly:

"Are you Romanek the lion-tamer?"

Romanek nodded. "Yes," he said, quietly.

"I am Prince Michael Strokoff of the Imperial Guard. The Grand Duke Dimitri wishes to see you to-morrow at his palace."

Romanek looked at him from under his long lashes.

"What is the Grand Duke to me," he said, "or what am I to him? I am here to look after my lions."

Prince Michael's face flushed scarlet, and the hot blood mounted to his eyes. He took a step forward, but his cousin pulled his arm.

"You are quite in the wrong, Michael," he said; "and that is no way to ask a favor. Go over there while I speak with him."

Michael Strokoff walked over to the entrance, and waited sullenly; but the young Duke looked at Romanek.

"Do not mind him," he said; "he is only a great school-boy. It is not the Grand Duke who wants you, it is my sister, the little Duchess Vera. She is very lame, and walks on crutches, and she suffers a great deal. She came to the

hippodrome to-day, and saw you; and now she he caught Ivan's eye he raised his head erect wants you to come and tell her all about the and growled softly, swaying his shoulders to lions. She says she wants to hear what you say to them. Whatever your time is worth, I will make good to you. I can refuse her nothing, so I came to ask you."

A pleasant smile lighted up Romanek's dark face, showing his firm white teeth, and the kindly lines in the corners of his mouth.

"What my time is worth is my own affair," he said. "You could not pay me for going; but if the little lady is lame and ill, and wants me, I will go gladly."

The Duke Alexander watched him gravely.

"You are very kind," he said. "Will you come to-morrow afternoon?"

Romanek nodded pleasantly. "Yes," he said; "but there is one thing: dukes and duchesses are not in my line. I do not know how to talk to a duchess."

Duke Alexander laughed. "She is such a little bit of a duchess she will scarcely frighten you," he said; "and she only wants to talk about the lions."

Ivan glanced proudly at the cage behind him. In it Leo the lion king lay passively,

his great head resting on his paws, his mighty and fro. Romanek looked at the beast steadily thrown across the floor of the cage. As ily, the pupils of his eyes dilating until they



"WHAT IS THE GRAND DUKE TO ME?"

were twice their usual size, and soon the great beast turned away his head.

"Ah," he said, "if I need only talk of my lions, I shall feel quite at home!"

Just then the bell sounded for his entrance, and he nodded to the Duke hastily, and throwing off his ulster, stood waiting.

The under-trainers moved the great cages slowly into the ring. Romanek picked up his little leather whip and followed after. As the curtain fell behind him they heard the great audience greet him with shouts of applause.

The next day the Grand Duke and his son sat in the smoking-room chatting with Prince Michael, when Nicholas, the hall servant, knocked and entered.

"Pardon, Highness," he said, "but a man named Romanek says you sent for him."

"Show him in here," said the Grand Duke.

The two young officers did not recognize Romanek when he entered. He now wore a dark coat and dark trousers, and carried a soft felt hat in his hands. The Grand Duke glanced at him in surprise.

"Are you Romanek the lion-tamer?" he asked.

Duke Alexander answered for him quickly.

"Surely," he said, "I did n't know you at first, Romanek, in those clothes."

Romanek smiled quietly. "Is the little lady ready to see me?" he asked.

"She is in the library," said the Grand Duke. "I am very much indebted to you for your kindness in coming. My little daughter is so great an invalid that I fear we spoil her sadly; but perhaps you will forgive us that when you see her. She is a strange child and has strange whims."

He opened the door into the library, and motioned to Romanek to enter.

"Vera," he said, "here is your guest."

The little Duchess had been looking out of the window, but she turned and came forward slowly on her crutches.

"So you are the lion-tamer?" she asked. "It was very kind of you to come. How is the big lame lion? — what is his name?"

The expression of her small sad face touched Romanek's kind heart.

"The lame lion is Leo," he said, smiling at

her very pleasantly, — "the king of all the lions. Did you like him best?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "I liked him for his foot's sake. He must be so tired of being lame. Come and sit down on the divan."

She seated herself on the great sofa, her dark head resting against the white bear skin thrown over the back. But Romanek sat down on the floor, and crossed his knees easily.

"So," he said; "I am more at home this way. What does the little lady wish me to tell her?"

She leaned forward, her large eyes full of contentment.

"So many things," she said. "What is your name?"

"Ivan Romanek," he said.

"That is a very nice short name," she said gravely. "Mine is very long — much too long to say or write — it is Vera Sophia Maria Metternich Nasimoff. Is n't that very drawn out?"

Romanek nodded. "Yes," he said, "that is a good deal of a name, but it has a fine sound."

"It took me a great while to spell it all correctly," said the little Duchess. "I am a very little girl for so much name; and I feel as if each day was a whole year, and each hour a day. Did you ever feel as dull as that?"

Romanek considered the question gravely.

"I don't believe I have ever felt that way," he said. "for I have always had to work."

"I wish I had to work!" said the little Duchess plaintively. "It would be so nice to have something to do all day long. But," with a swift smile, "I must hear about the beasts. Please tell me what it is you say to them so softly — Leo, and the mother lion with the babies, and the big tiger with the whiskers, and the spotted cat that is in the cage alone."

Romanek straightened his shoulders squarely.

"So," he said. "Where shall I begin? Shall I tell about the circus and the people and the way the lions have to play for them? And how Leo growls and begs me to let him go into his cage where he can be at peace? I say to him, 'Come, Leo, Kingly One, come; it is soon over with. Come and show these people how a fallen king can still be mighty.' And when he will not, I tickle his ear with my whip and whisper: 'See, Leo, they wait for you; come quickly!'"

"It is not the people or the circus I care for," she said. "It is Leo himself. Tell me how he was made king."

Romanek smiled slowly. "Listen," he said. "I will tell you all about him."

And then, leaning his head on his hand, his eyes fixed on hers, he talked to her softly:

"Leo the great lion is the king of beasts. Once, long ago, when he was young, they crowned him so, far away in the great desert where he was born. It was his right; he came of a race of kings; and he ruled the whole desert by his might and power. His castle was the white desert sand, his ramparts the tall stately palm trees. The blue sky roofed it over, and the hot desert wind made it warm. His servants were all the beasts that crawled—serving him fearfully and well. This kingdom stretched as far as he could see and farther; as widely as he could hear and yet beyond. From the midst of it he would roar out his challenge. He is too noble to attack any animal unawares. Before he goes he roars his hunting song; it sounds like peals of thunder."

The little Duchess sat motionless as Romanek, his eyes flashing, chanted some verses that he called the lion's wild hunting song.

"Ah!" said the little Duchess, softly, when Romanek had finished the song, "I could almost hear him roar. Truly, you do amuse me well. And then—"

"And then," said the lion-tamer, "came the end of his freedom. Leo, who had ruled as imperiously as the 'White Father,' met his master, man. Once, at nightfall, he wandered majestically, his proud head erect, his mane floating in the wind. He made his way through the desert, the soft sand sinking under his tread. Deep in the heart of a clump of palm-trees they had set their trap for him; and he, unconscious of it, went on. Alas for Leo and his liberty! With a mighty roar of dismay, he stumbled and fell—fell down into the pit laid for him, breaking his paw under him, bruised, and trapped, and captured. No longer the king, but the prisoner. Man had conquered him. Man, like a treacherous enemy, had captured him by a snare. And so Leo was brought here for you and the world to see. As for me, he fears me only because he is in the cage, and

sees the whip. If I were in the desert with him, he would be king again."

Quick tears shone in the little Duchess's eyes. "Poor King Leo," she said; "and who rules the desert now?"

"I do not know," said the lion-tamer. "Perhaps his brother; there is always a lion king."

"What strange eyes you have," said the little Duchess, suddenly. "They look black and then green and then yellow. I can't look at them long."

"The beasts can't look at them at all," said Romanek. "It is merely a trick, little lady; and it is because I have strange eyes that the lions obey me."

"And the tiger?" asked the little Duchess.

"Michoban is the tiger. He is very crafty, and very wise," said Romanek. "He is older and wiser than all the other beasts; but he is very deceitful. His eyes are like yellow topaz, and his paws like velvet; but for all that, he is not to be trusted. And when he was in the jungle he was wicked and cruel. For every stripe across his back, he has slain a man; and for every black ring around his tail, he has killed a beast. He snarls at me, but he fears me. Once Michoban sprang at me, and I lashed him across the face. Since then he has obeyed me. He has long whiskers like a tame cat, and he can purr when he chooses, but behind his whiskers are his cruel teeth, and his purr changes to a snarl. Only when he is asleep and lies snoring is he peaceful. Then he has visions of his jungle, and his great lair in the midst of the tanglewood and high grass. He fancies he can see himself crouching, springing; and he smiles as he sleeps, crafty old Michoban!"

"And the spotted cat," said the little Duchess, "it was very large for a pussy cat, and very cross; is it like old Michoban?"

"That is Lela, the little leopardess; always restless and always hungry. She walks back and forth in her cage all day. Sometimes she swings her tail until it beats the sides; and yet she seldom makes a sound. She only eats, and eats, and eats."

The little Duchess laughed softly.

"She is like my greedy goldfish," she said, "always eating. He died of it. Perhaps she



will. I like to hear about Lela. I knew I would not be dull if you came and told me of the beasts. I always know best what I want. And it was Sascha who brought you; I shall not forget that. Sascha is so good to me; and he is so brave and strong. I wish I were strong like Sascha. Then I would do brave things;”—she sighed heavily—“but I shall never be able to, because my tiresome knee will not get well.”

Romanek's eyes were full of sympathy, and he leaned toward her.

“Perhaps you may do something very brave some day, even if the knee is lame.”

She smiled at him radiantly.

“Do you think that?” she said. “I shall try to think so. Tell me now about the baby lions and their mother, please.”

He leaned his head on his arm, and cautiously rested his elbow against the divan. It was very warm and quiet in the great library, and the faintest little breeze blew in through the window. He felt the peace of it, used, as he was, to the noisy hippodrome and its restless occupants; and he closed his eyes and enjoyed it—the beautiful room, the sunshine, and the little Duchess, who was so willing to hear him tell of his lions.

“The lioness is Puska,” he said, “Leo's wife; and she is a great scold. She growls and worries at Leo all the time. Sometimes she even slaps him with her paw, and snarls at him; but to the baby lions Puska is very gentle and kind. She sings to them softly, and licks their smooth little heads with her warm tongue, and they snuggle up to her and listen, until they fall fast asleep. She always sings the same lullaby song.”

He closed his eyes and dropped his head lower over his hand.

PUSKA'S SONG.

When Kiva, the big snake, swallows the sun,  
Then, O my cubkin, the long day is done.  
Yellow and burning, so the day dies,  
Drowsy lids, drowsy lids close over eyes.  
Sleep, sleep, while mother purrs,  
Sleep, sleep, cubkin of hers.  
Lie low, cuddle and rest,  
Sleep, now, mother knows best.

“That is Puska's song,” he said.

“Sing it again,” begged the little Duchess, her eyelids dropping down over her brown eyes, and Ivan sang:

Hear my heart beat for you, small whelp of mine,  
All of the love in it surely is thine;  
Hear Nana, the night-hawk, call as he flies,  
Drowsy lids, drowsy lids close over eyes.  
Sleep, sleep, etc.

“Once more, please,” she said dreamily; her head rested against the white bearskin, and her dark lashes touched her cheek. Half under his breath, softly, sleepily he murmured it:

When the night falls, come the stars one by one;  
Fire-flies flit, and the little mice run.  
As Bursa, the beetle, passes, he cries,  
Drowsy lids, drowsy lids, close over eyes.  
Sleep, sleep, etc.

It grew very still in the library, and Duke Alexander went to the door and glanced in.

“Come here,” he said, “Come and see.” The Grand Duke and Prince Michael looked over his shoulders.

“Well, upon my word!” said the Grand Duke slowly, for there, in the library of the ducal palace, she at one end of the divan, and he at the other, were the Duchess Vera Sophia Maria Metternich Nasimoff, the goddaughter of the Czar, and the lion-tamer from the circus, both fast asleep.

It was about a week later when Ivan Romanek, coming from one of the tents, heard two men, standing just outside of the entrance, talking rapidly. He caught the name of the Grand Duke Dimitri and listened for a moment. One of the voices sounded very much excited, and the owner of it spoke so quickly and softly that one could barely follow him.

“It will be at ten o'clock,” he said, “and it cannot fail. We wondered where you were at the meeting. This time, we must succeed—we cannot fail. He is to dine at the palace of the Grand Duke, with only a couple of his aides. This news we obtained from our brother of the household. The powder lies”—he dropped his voice,—“in the box of the center palm-tree at the head of the conservatory, directly in front of the dining-room entrance. The fuse goes below; it is to be lighted from

the wine-cellar. Brave Tiska has volunteered to start it. He counts his life as nothing for the cause."

Romanek stood motionless; his heart beat until it fairly stifled him; he was beginning to realize the horror of what was coming. He caught vaguely the next words:

"After the explosion we are to meet at the old place. If Tiska escapes he will join us."

"Why did you come here to-night," asked the other voice."

"The chief ordered it. He has scattered us

palm-tree; and oh, the horrible death which surely awaited them! the handsome young Duke Alexander, and perhaps the little Duchess. Romanek could see her now, her small, sad face full of earnestness, as she listened to the stories of the lions. Suddenly it flashed across him that there was yet time, and he ran swiftly out of the square toward the palace. As he passed the cathedral, he heard the bells of the tower ring out; it was half-past eight o'clock. He ran faster, and reached the gate of the palace breathless and panting. Before the gate,



"IT GREW VERY STILL IN THE LIBRARY." (SEE PAGE 803.)

all over the city, to prevent suspicion and to bring him news of the effect of the explosion. Remember to meet us to-night."

"I will remember," said the other voice, "and the word is?"

"*Dimitri*, the name of the Grand Duke," said the other, "until we meet." Then they parted and walked away rapidly. Romanek came out of the shadow and stood breathing heavily. His quick brain had told it to him fifty times in those few seconds: there was a plot against the Czar — the Czar, who was to dine with the Grand Duke. The powder was in the box of the

and inside the grounds and everywhere he saw the dark uniforms and close caps of the secret police, who always guard the Czar. Then he knew he had heard aright, and that the Czar was indeed inside, within a hand's throw of the powder which should cause his death. He feared his story would not be believed by the police, but he was determined to carry the news himself; and he pushed forward.

"What is it, my fine fellow?" asked one of them. "You seem in a great deal of a hurry."

"I want to go into the palace," said Romanek, hardly stopping to think.

"Do you indeed?" said the man very coolly. "Well, you can't."

"And why not?" said Romanek quietly. "I am the lion-tamer from the hippodrome. Perhaps some of you may recognize me."

Three or four of them came forward and looked at him, holding their small lanterns up to his face.

"Yes, it is the lion-tamer," said one; "I know him by his eyes. He's a Hungarian. Are you not?"

"Yes," said Romanek. "May I go in now?" The sergeant shook his head gruffly.

"No," he said; "I've had my orders; and unless you belong to the household you cannot enter."

From where they stood Romanek could see the palace. The moonlight was everywhere, and flooded the garden with a great wave of light. Just then he saw two figures come out on the upper balcony, and one of them was the little Duchess. The gate was only a few yards away from the palace, and by raising his voice she could hear him; but he did not try that; he turned to the sergeant.

"I came to sing a serenade to the little Duchess Vera," he said. "If I may not go in, may I stand here and sing it?"

The sergeant looked at him. "Sing away," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Singing is safe enough—at this distance."

Then Romanek stood close to the gate, and sang the lullaby of Puska the lioness:

When Kiva the big snake swallows the sun,  
Then, O my cubkin, the long day is done.  
Yellow as burnished gold, so the day dies,  
Drowsy lids, drowsy lids close over eyes.  
Sleep, sleep while mother purrs,  
Sleep, sleep, cubkin of hers.  
Lie low, cuddle and rest,  
Sleep now, mother knows best.

He could see the little Duchess come to the edge of the balcony and look out into the night. Still he sang, louder and clearer. His rich full voice filled the air with melody, and the secret police listened admiringly. Then the little Duchess disappeared inside; Romanek waited breathlessly; every moment seemed an hour, until he heard steps coming down the walk, and Nicholas stood at the gate.

"Is Romanek from the circus there?" he asked.

"Yes, I am he," said Ivan eagerly.

Nicholas opened the gate. "Her Highness the Duchess wishes me to bring you to her," he said.

"All right," nodded the sergeant, "go on. In with you."

Romanek followed Nicholas through the door and up the great staircase. He heard merry voices in the dining-room, and the sound of merry talk and laughter. He shuddered at the thought of that of which they did not dream. Nicholas threw open the door of the school-room, where the little Duchess sat with her governess.

The little Duchess smiled at Ivan delightedly. "I wished Miss Sutton to see you," she said, "and to hear you sing."

Nicholas closed the door behind him.

"How are the lions?" asked the little Duchess.

Romanek came closer to her.

"Little lady," he said, "I have come to tell you of a plot against the Czar, who is dining here to-night. The song was but to attract your attention. I overheard two men speaking of the Czar at the circus. He is," he dropped his voice, "to be killed here to-night."

Miss Sutton gave a faint shriek and closed her eyes convulsively; but the little Duchess rose and steadied herself on her crutches.

"What are they going to do?" she said.

Romanek told her quickly, his dark eyes fixed on hers, but she did not move.

"How can we prevent it?" she said softly.

Miss Sutton gasped.

The little Duchess frowned at her.

"Dear Miss Sutton," she said, "do not have nerves now. What can we do? Think!"

She looked earnestly at Romanek.

"The powder would be quite harmless if it were wet," he said. "May I not go and dampen it? It will take only a moment, and it grows late."

Miss Sutton looked at him.

"You are not afraid?" she said.

He smiled. "I have never been afraid in my life."

Miss Sutton rose to her feet.

"We must not let the Czar know that this plot was even attempted," she said. "It would ruin your father, child. I know enough of Russian customs to know that whatever we do we must do quietly."

"And at once," said Romanek.

"You could not go into the dining-room — they would not let you," said the little Duchess, "nor could Miss Sutton; but I can go. I will take the little watering-can that is out on the balcony, and water the palm-tree. The palm-trees are mine."

Miss Sutton held her back wildly.

"My child, my child!" she cried, "you cannot go. I cannot permit it!"

"No, no!" said Romanek; "not you, little lady. It is too great a risk."

Vera drew herself up proudly.

"Do not presume to hinder me," she said. "It is to save the White Father, and fatherkin, and Sascha, and you try to keep me?" She had her father's commanding manner when she was thoroughly aroused. "Get me the little watering-pot," she said.

Miss Sutton brought it tremblingly, protesting, entreating. "Suppose he has mistaken the hour!" she sobbed.

Romanek took it out of her hand, and held it out to the little Duchess.

"You wanted to do a brave thing," he said; "this is the time."

He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Are you afraid?" he said.

She raised her head. "Afraid?" she said. "I am a Nasimoff."

Miss Sutton wept ceaselessly, wringing her thin hands; but Romanek did not heed her.

"Good," he said; "that was worthy of a Nasimoff."

He watched the little Duchess go down the staircase, carrying the little watering-can; then he heard the little tip-tap of her crutches along the lower hall. Miss Sutton had fallen into a chair. He stood at the top of the stairs and waited. He longed to rush down and carry out the palm-tree; but he realized the importance of the whole thing being kept secret, and he knew he could do nothing. He glanced at the clock nervously; it was after nine.

The little Duchess entered the great dining-

room softly. The Czar sat facing the door, and he kissed his hand to her. Then her father turned, and shook his head at the child.

"Why, Vera," he said, "what does this mean?" But Vera looked smilingly, pleadingly at the Czar.

"Dear Imperial godpapa," she said, "I am not permitted to come in. Please order me to come, and then I must. I want so very much to see you."

The Czar laughed heartily.

"I command it!" he said. "Here, my pretty one! Who dares to keep you out?" And Vera went over to him, smiling at Sascha, who watched her lovingly.

The Grand Duke tried to look at her severely, but he failed utterly. Vera was too charming when she was in this mood. She sat on the edge of the Czar's chair, and he kissed her fondly.

"Vera loves you," she said to him.

He put his arms around her tenderly.

"Why have you brought the watering-pot?" he asked suddenly.

The little Duchess felt her face change color, but she got up and called one of the servants.

"Fill that," she said, handing him her little watering-pot. "It is for my palm-trees," she explained to the Czar. "I forgot to water them well; and I could not sleep until I had done that, and (raising her eyes to his) seen you; surely I might have been allowed to come in before; but I was not, so I came anyway."

The Grand Duke watched her cross to the door of the conservatory. Directly behind the Czar's chair stood the three palms, close together. As she reached them Vera turned, and looked at her father. She felt for an instant a desire to scream aloud — it seemed to her as if she could not keep still. Then she remembered that a Nasimoff had never been afraid, and she raised her little watering-pot, and emptied it into the middle palm.

"I want more water," she said to one of the servants, and he brought her a great silver pitcher full.

The Czar turned in his chair, and watched her. "You will drown that palm, little one," he said.

She smiled at him gravely. "That palm was very dry," she said.

The palm-box was filled with water. It soaked down and in. She wondered if she had given it water enough, or if the powder would still light and explode. She looked at the smiling faces around the table—Sascha and her father, and Prince Michael, Prince Darmia, and the two aides of the Czar, and then at the Czar himself; and suddenly she felt very white and faint. She leaned on her crutches heavily.

"Sascha," she said, "please carry me upstairs." From his arms she smiled faintly at them all. "Good night," she said, "good night, Imperial godpapa, and thank you for ordering that I should come in." But when her brother reached the foot of the staircase, she put her arms around his neck, and trembled all over. "Sascha," she said, "tall and great one, your little Vera has something to tell you."

And, as he clasped her closely, she repeated Romanek's story.

The tall young officer turned deathly white.

"And you, my soul, you dared to attempt it all alone? Vera! Vera!" He buried his face in her dark hair. Then she spoke softly.

"Perhaps I may not have given it enough water," she said. "You send down in the wine-cellar, and see. I would have told you at once, but Miss Sutton said no one must know. I will go upstairs, and wait for you." At the top of the stairs she found Romanek, who came forward to meet her. And then she fainted away.

He picked her up, crutches and all, and carried her into the school-room.

And Duke Alexander, with a couple of servants, went into the wine-cellar. The long fuse hung there, but it was dripping wet; the water from the palm had trickled down and made a pool on the floor. Tiska, seeing that the plot was discovered, had fled.

How he went back and finished his dinner, Duke Alexander never knew; but he set his shoulders squarely, and ate and drank whatever they put before him mechanically. It seemed hours to him before the Czar and his aides went out to the imperial carriage. As they passed down the walk, the Czar stopped to look at the garden flooded in the moonlight.

"What a night!" he said. "Upon such a night it is good to be alive."

And Duke Alexander shuddered as he thought of what might have been; then he hurried his father and Michael into the library, and sent Nicholas for Miss Sutton and Vera. They came, bringing Romanek with them. Vera had quite recovered from her fainting-fit, and looked flushed and happy. The Grand Duke stared at Romanek.

"Small one," said her brother, unsteadily, "tell father all about it."

When she had finished, the Grand Duke took a stride toward her, and gathered her into his great arms.

"My brave, brave girl!" he said. "She has saved the Czar's life."

But the little Duchess shook her head. "Not I, fatherkin, really, but the lion-tamer."

The Grand Duke put her down, and turned to him. "I cannot hope to repay you. But for you"—he shivered and closed his eyes.

"What is there that you want?" said Duke Alexander. "Name it."

Romanek smiled. "Nothing," he said, "but quantities of lions; and you cannot give me those."

The Grand Duke held out his hand. "Here is my hand," he said; "and a Nasimoff does not give his hand idly. Whenever you need a friend count on me."

Romanek met the grasp frankly.

"I will remember that," he said. "And now, if I may, Highness, I will go."

The little Duchess came over toward him. He looked down at her gently.

"Good-by," she said, "take good care of the lame lion."

But just as he reached the door he paused and stood facing them. The Grand Duke stood facing him, and held little Vera pressed close against his breast.

"I know two things I would like," Romanek said, "if I am not too bold, and since you ask me to say what I want; two things I would like very much to have."

"That is well," said the Grand Duke. "What are they?"

Romanek looked at Vera.

"I know like the little watering-pot," he said. "And Puska, the lioness, has a new cub. May I call it after the little Duchess?"



AN AUGUST OUTING.

## THE PALIO AT SIENA.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

LET me tell you about a very odd and amusing race which is run every summer in Siena, Italy. Siena, as you may know, is a quiet old town, high up in the mountains, where the people as a rule amuse themselves with a stroll in the Lizza, a little park about the size of one of our city squares, or else with an occasional puppet-show, or the songs of wandering minstrels who sing through the streets and in the crowded cafés, where everybody goes in the evening to drink coffee. But if you happened to be there in midsummer at the time of the Palio, as the famous race is called, the crowds and illuminations would make you think the place gay enough. As you may never, or at least not for many years, go to this out-of-the-way Italian town, let me tell you what the Palio, so well worth seeing, is like.

Imagine, then, that it is the 17th of August and that we are in Siena. It is late in the afternoon, and the greatest heat of the day is over.

When we go out in the streets we find them more crowded than we have ever known them before, even on Sunday afternoons, when everybody turns out for a walk. There are groups of women in large straw hats, with very small crowns, and brims so wide and soft that they flap at every step. There are men from the country and men from the city, soldiers in great numbers and officers, boys and girls, and babies in their nurses' arms, and all are going in the same direction, through the narrow streets and between the tall, grim palaces, here down a steep passage-way, and here up two or three steps. We follow them, because we know that everybody must be going to see the race, for who on the day of the Palio cares for or thinks of anything else? As we drive down an alley so dark and narrow that were we not in Italy we would not venture into it, and are within a few feet of the race-course,—stop a minute and tell me what you suppose it will be like. A

wide, well-kept road, you probably think, running around a large green, and either outside the city or else, perhaps, within an inclosure. This is certainly what you would find in America and England, and indeed in most parts of Italy. But come now to the Sienese course. A few steps further on, and you are there—and to your surprise you see that it is in the Piazza del Campo, that great, open, shell-shaped space in the center of the town, where there are so many lofty palaces, and above all these, springing high into the air, La Mangia, the lovely, slender, white-capped tower which the traveler on his way Sieward sees while the city itself still seems a blue shadow on the mountains. Instead of a good road, there is a pavement of small, irregular stones barely covered with sand.

Instead of a rope round the course, there are mattresses for the riders to tumble against, for, as you will see presently, there is plenty of tumbling, and the mattresses, comfortable and convenient as they look to you, sometimes cannot protect the riders from being badly hurt. But such races have been run in this Piazza for many centuries—ever since the days when those now old, old buildings and the far-famed tower were new; and so the Palio held in any other place would no longer be the Palio.

How gay it is! From every window and balcony of the somber, weather-stained palaces and houses hang bright draperies,—crimson and gold brocades, shining strips of red and blue satin, brilliant stuffs of every kind and color,—the brightest of all being those which decorate the old red Palazzo Pubblico, by which stands La Mangia, glittering and glowing in the light of the evening sun. There are more draperies on the wooden fences which have been put up to mark the inner and outer boundary line of the course, and all the women have come in their holiday clothes, so that, wherever you look, among the people gathered in the middle of

the Piazza or those seated on the seats ranged in tiers at the foot of the houses, you see the broad Sienese hats with their gay, streaming ribbons and bunches of still gayer flowers. And there is as much noise as color. A band is playing near the Fonte Gaja, right in the center of

divided into seventeen sections, called *contrade*, very much as American cities are divided into wards. But in Siena these divisions were first made centuries ago — so far back, indeed, that nobody knows exactly when; and each *contrada* has its separate laws and its own particu-

lar emblem, used as a coat-of-arms. This is almost always an animal of some kind, which gives its name to the *contrada* and its horse. Now you understand why our neighbor is talking about the racers as if they were strange animals escaped from Barnum's menagerie. To judge from their names, one might indeed think the race appropriate to the circus ring; for the Wolf runs side by side with the Sheep, the Panther with the Hedge-



THE MOUNTED SOLDIERS CLEARING THE COURSE.

hog, the shambling Giraffe with the far from rapid Snail, the Goose with the Eagle, the Worm with the Unicorn, the Tortoise with the Owl. But besides these creatures let loose from Barnum's circus or "Æsop's Fables," what do you think of a Wave and a Forest, a Shell and a Tower, running a race? Such things were never seen out of fairyland! In the old times, when, as you have all read in your history, men were forever fighting, so that nobles in one palace were at war with those in the next, these *contrade* were not over friendly, and there were many encounters between them. But in addition to accidental meetings, one great contest, supposed to be a sham battle, but really fought in good earnest, was held regularly every year. After a while, when men grew a little less barbarous, these were changed to bull and buffalo fights, and these in their turn to the horse-races which are now run. While the people in the different *contrade* are peaceful enough nowadays, the rivalry between them is just as great as it ever was; but the only good opportunity

the crowd, and everybody is talking at the same time. When, after we have with great trouble succeeded in getting seats in a high balcony, we look down on the Piazza, it seems like an enormous flower-bed full of radiant flowers, while the flapping straw hats seen from this distance might pass, if not scanned too critically, for a new variety of mushrooms.

While we wait for the race to begin, listening now to the music, now to the remarks of the woman next to us, who declares that the Snail or the Tortoise is sure to win, though she knows the Unicorn and the Giraffe have a fair chance, too, let me tell you in a very few words what the Palio means to the people, and then you will better understand the general excitement and enjoy the race itself. There is plenty of time. We shall know when the horses are coming, for those mounted *carabinieri* over there in the court of the Palazzo Pubblico will have to ride out first, and clear the course for them.

Well, then, you must know that the city is

divided into seventeen sections, called *contrade*, very much as American cities are divided into wards. But in Siena these divisions were first made centuries ago — so far back, indeed, that nobody knows exactly when; and each *contrada* has its separate laws and its own particular emblem, used as a coat-of-arms. This is almost always an animal of some kind, which gives its name to the *contrada* and its horse. Now you understand why our neighbor is talking about the racers as if they were strange animals escaped from Barnum's menagerie. To judge from their names, one might indeed think the race appropriate to the circus ring; for the Wolf runs side by side with the Sheep, the Panther with the Hedgehog, the shambling Giraffe with the far from rapid Snail, the Goose with the Eagle, the Worm with the Unicorn, the Tortoise with the Owl. But besides these creatures let loose from Barnum's circus or "Æsop's Fables," what do you think of a Wave and a Forest, a Shell and a Tower, running a race? Such things were never seen out of fairyland! In the old times, when, as you have all read in your history, men were forever fighting, so that nobles in one palace were at war with those in the next, these *contrade* were not over friendly, and there were many encounters between them. But in addition to accidental meetings, one great contest, supposed to be a sham battle, but really fought in good earnest, was held regularly every year. After a while, when men grew a little less barbarous, these were changed to bull and buffalo fights, and these in their turn to the horse-races which are now run. While the people in the different *contrade* are peaceful enough nowadays, the rivalry between them is just as great as it ever was; but the only good opportunity



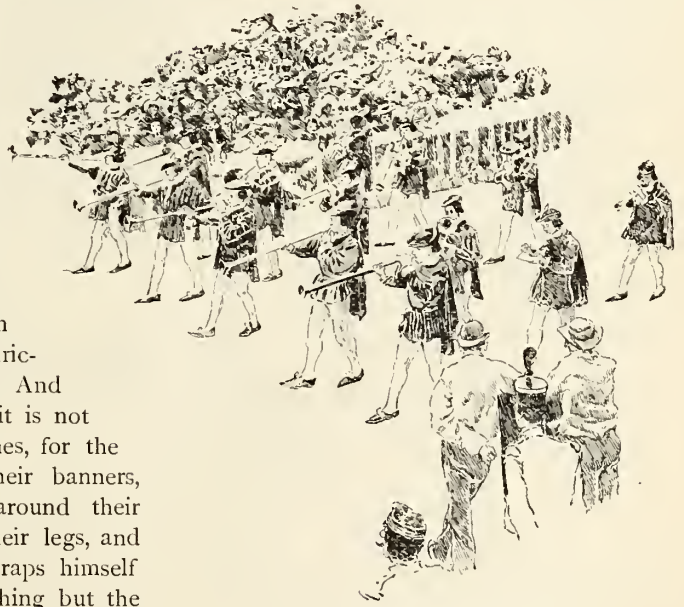
they have of winning a victory over their rivals is at the Palio, to which each section has the right to send a horse. Only ten run, however; for almost two hundred years ago it was decided that seventeen were too many to be on the course at once. Lots are drawn every year, so that each *contrada* has an equal chance to take part in the race.

But here come the *carabinieri*, their red and blue cockades, and red and silver trimmings looking as if they had been put on in honor of the feast, and before their horses the people who have not yet found places scatter quickly to right and left. There is a pause of expectancy, voices are hushed, and the bands stop playing. A few men step up on the platform there at the far corner, where so many flags are draped. They are the judges of the race, and the chief officials of the city. Everybody looks at them, but only for a minute; for now the little cannon over by the Fonte Gaja is fired off, a burst of music comes from the Palazzo Pubblico, and out through the old archway march the musicians, all in gray, with soft white plumes falling over their hats. Next follow the standard-bearers of the *contrade*. If you have ever seen the old pictures in the Cathedral library, you will wonder if many of these men have not stepped right out of them. Look at the two who walk first, with their green silk tights, their doublets and sleeves slashed with gold, and long golden feathers trailing over their shoulders from their little caps! The men Pinturicchio painted looked just like them. And see these others in armor! But it is not easy to make out all the costumes, for the standard-bearers keep waving their banners, now above their heads, now around their shoulders, and again between their legs, and under their arms. One man wraps himself all up in his, so that you see nothing but the figure of a big goose—the emblem on the flag—on his back.

There are shouts of applause from the crowd; the horses are being brought out. Are these really racers? It is hard to believe it, for they

are old and bony, and most of them look as if they had spent all their lives at the plow; but as they pass around the Piazza they are greeted enthusiastically, and nobody finds fault with their forlorn appearance, or is surprised by it. Then there is a rumbling sound, and from the archway comes forth a gorgeous car, dazzling with green and gold, and with the banners of the *contrade* waving above. It is drawn by four horses, and is full of men in white garments unlike anything you have ever seen before, and absurdly out of keeping with their tall black stovepipe hats. Then there are more knights in armor, gentlemen from Pinturicchio's pictures, officers from Napoleon's army, and men who, by their dress, belong to any age but our own.

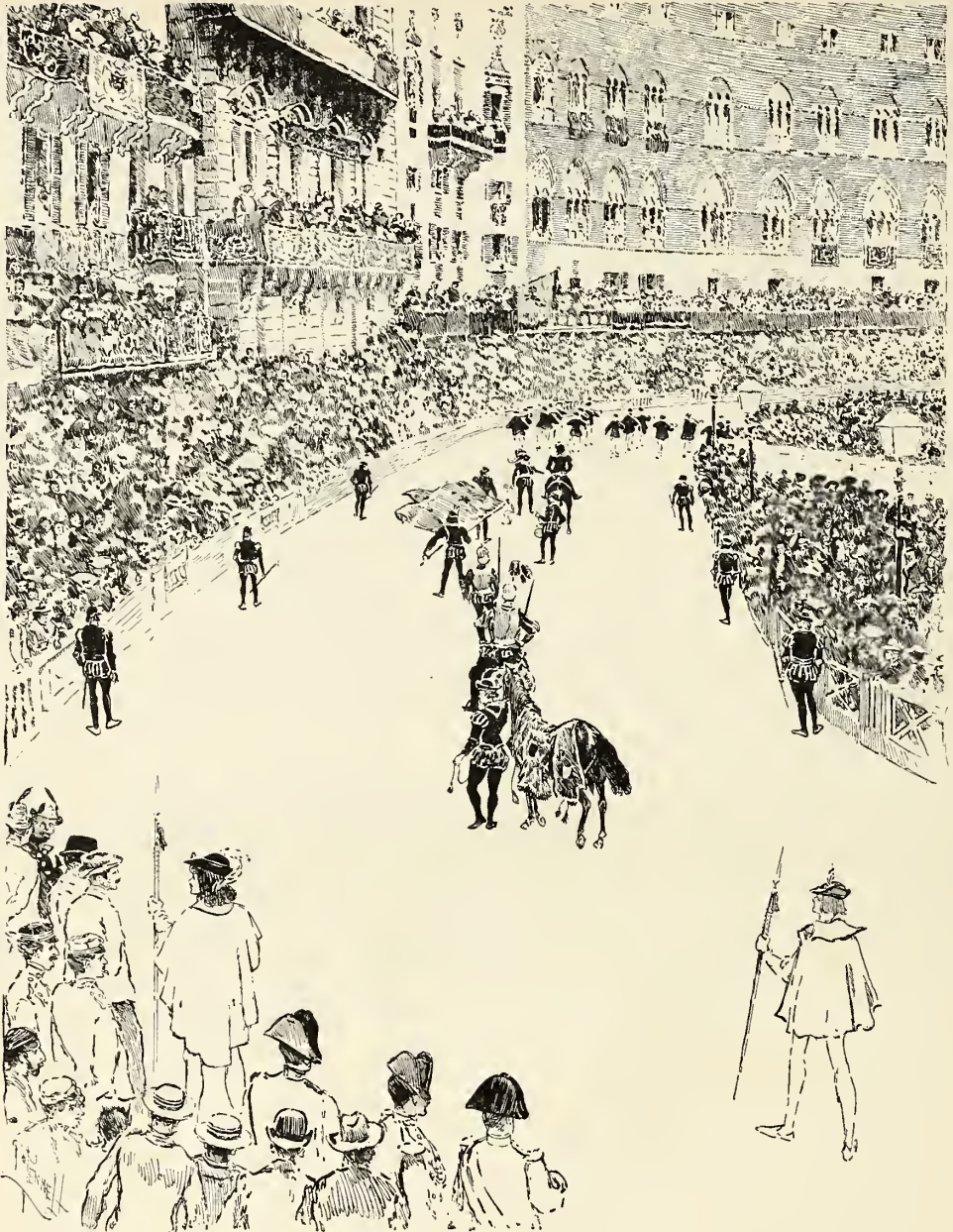
And finally the procession closes with another car, battlemented like a castle, and bearing a little girl, who wears a crown like a turret, and is supposed to represent Siena, and two little boys in bright pink tights, whom, since they are patting a large, gilded wolf, you recognize at once to be the famous twins, Romulus and



“OUT MARCH THE MUSICIANS.”

Remus; for Siena has never forgotten that in old times she was a Roman town.

Horses, standard-bearers, and cars return to the courtyard of the Palazzo. The music again



PARADING THE HORSES BEFORE THE RACE.

stops, and silence falls once more upon the crowd. All eyes are fixed upon the archway, under which presently reappear the horses, now mounted by their jockeys, each of whom is armed with a short, substantial-looking whip. Amidst the cries of "Bravo! Bravissimo!" from the people, they ride to the judges' bal-

cony, stopping just in front of it. A rope is then stretched across the course, and they face about, ready for the start. Bang goes the little cannon, down drops the rope, off fly the horses! Who would have thought they could run so fast? Away they tear, down the Piazza, around that sharp corner by the Archives

Office where the mattresses are. It is worse than the curve in Barnum's ring—the corner where some jockeys are sure to tumble.

"The Snail will win!" exclaims our excited friend.

"No, no; the Tortoise will beat him!" declares another of the party.

We lean far over the balcony, and, like everybody else, watch with breathless interest. Three times around go the racers. But not all; for see, at the very first turn, over rolls the Unicorn in front of the Archives. It is well that the mattresses are there. At the second the Wave sweeps away the Forest; and the Goose, wiser than his name, gives the Eagle such a blow with his whip that the latter is stunned, and so left far behind. For all are determined to win, if not by fair means, why, then, by foul; and what is the use of a whip to which one's horse is indifferent, if not to beat back successful rivals? At the third turn the Sheep, who is losing ground, falls upon the Wolf just ahead of him, and with a push and the help of the whip, pulls him off his saddle. But dear me! this is all wrong. What would Æsop say to

such a sheep as this? Or is he perhaps a real Wolf in Sheep's clothing?

We have not time to decide, for this is the last round. And now here they come, and the screams of the people grow louder and louder, and the jockeys urge on their horses with one hand, and wave their whips with the other. The Snail and the Tortoise are ahead, both on a line, but the Goose and the Sheep are gaining quickly upon them. The Giraffe and the Panther are cantering amiably side by side. The Eagle has his arm up in front of his face to ward off chance blows. And the Wave, like all other waves, having swept in with the tide, is now gently receding, and is well in the rear.

We lean still further over the balcony. The Snail and the Tortoise are within a few feet of the winning-post. Which will it be? The screams are hushed for the moment, and then the Snail gives one great leap and is in first! The crowd sets up a mighty shout, and the Palio, or white satin banner with the Siense wolf embroidered on it, is presented to the winner. Before he can move, men and women and children have jumped over the barriers and

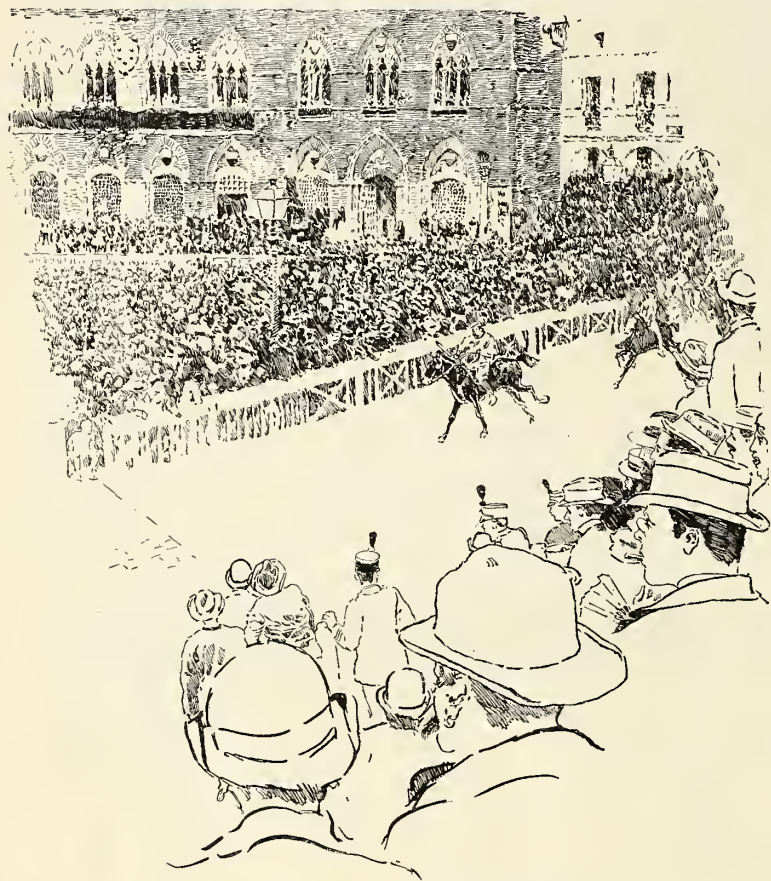


TOSSING THE FLAG.

rushed upon him. They hug him and cheer him and fold him in their arms. They smother his horse with caresses. They dance and leap for joy, and when they cannot reach him they embrace one another. Then they lead him off in triumph, for they are the people of his *con-*

in front of us keep shouting all the way, lights begin to appear in the windows, and, after passing down one steep street and up another, we are suddenly greeted with wilder cries, men and women dance faster than ever, banners are waved, and lights are swung from on high, for we have

reached the *contrada* whose people march under the standard of the Snail. There is a church at the farther end of the street, and into it pours the crowd, horse and jockey bearing aloft the white Palio, the standard-bearer with his flag proudly unfurled, Pinturicchio's young gentlemen, cap and plume in hand, women in flapping hats, men with heads bared, children in arms and on foot. And we go in with the rest. It seems very still and dark after the streets. A few lights are burning, and the shouts and dancing of the excited people cease on the threshold. Silently and quietly the jockey, with his horse ever at his side, as if he were a knight of old, is led up to the very altar railing,



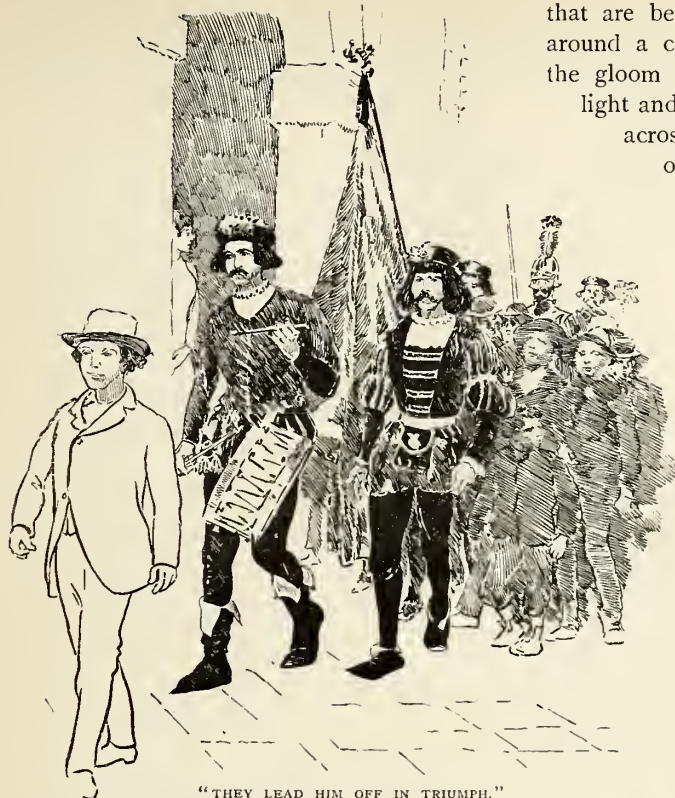
THE FINISH OF THE RACE. "THE SNAIL WINS!"

*trada*, and they cannot thank him enough for having won the victory for them.

As they hurry out of the Piazza let us follow them, for if we do, I can promise you it will be worth while. The sun, by this time, has just sunk in the west, and now and then, through a low archway, or between high houses, we catch a glimpse of a still golden sky, and of gray hills shining softly in the slowly fading light. But here in the narrow streets it is already dusk, and we can barely distinguish the colors of the hangings on the balconies above. The people

where, while all wait in silence, prayers are offered in thanksgiving for the day's triumph.

When later we go back to the Piazza del Campo, it is ablaze with lights; and suddenly, as we walk across it, a great flame of red fire leaps far up into the air, even to the top of the tall La Mangia, and tower and palace gleam rosy red through it. There are lights, too, on the Lizza. From every tree hang burning flowers and fruit, scarlet and yellow, blue and silver, and colored lamps flare from the stalls of the fruit-sellers stationed here and there.



"THEY LEAD HIM OFF IN TRIUMPH."

Perhaps you will think when the last fire-flower has faded from the Lizza, when palace and tower are again lost in the darkness, the merry-makings have come to an end. But wait! We had better not leave Siena just yet. Let us stay for at least the first Sunday after the Palio.

It is late in the evening when we start out from the house, and the only lights are the stars above and the lamps at the corners. The streets are very silent and lonely. We meet hardly any one. But, presently, we hear many far-away voices, and, as we walk on, they grow louder and more distinct, until at last we are so near them we can distinguish the words of the songs

that are being sung. Down one steep hill, around a corner, and suddenly we have left the gloom and the loneliness for a land of light and feasting. Fiery garlands are hung across the narrow street from the tops of the high houses on either side. Soft, many-colored flames burn in every window. Below on the street are tables, bright with flowers and dishes of fruit, and around them are the members of the *contrada* of the Snail. At one are its officers, at a second its women, and at others its men and boys. The feast begins, the singers leave off singing, and a band plays a gay tune amid merry cries and laughter.

As we pass around by the tables, and wend our way through the happy throng, we join them in wishing long continued success to the Snail, and hope that the Palio may ever prove it — not the slowest, but, as it showed itself in the last race — the swiftest of animals.



THE SALUTE TO FRIENDS.



Ben and Grace

Went to the place

Where berries grow most  
thickly.

They saw a bear; —

Ben left him there. —

And

Gracie

followed

quickly!



Dorothy G Rice

## JINGLE AND JANGLE.

BY WILLIAM S. LORD.

JINGLE and Jangle are two little bells  
That jingle and jangle all day;  
And Jingle rings sweet, with an accent that tells  
Of lightness, promise, and May:  
Sunshine and sugar and honey and bees,  
Rainbows and butterflies' wings,  
Bird-songs and brook-songs and wide-spread-  
ing trees —  
Of joy little Jingle-bell sings!

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells  
That jingle and jangle all day;  
And Jangle rings harsh, with an accent that  
tells  
Of darkness, foreboding, dismay:

Storm-cloud and vinegar, wormwood and gall,  
Toads' tongues and poisonous things,  
Owlets and ravens, and dreams that appal —  
Of woe little Jangle-bell rings!

Yes, Jingle and Jangle are two little bells  
That jingle and jangle all day;  
And the one that you listen to strangely com-  
pels  
Behavior that 's sure to betray.  
So listen to Jingle and be a good boy —  
To Jangle, oh, never give ear,  
And your days will be merry and bubble with  
joy,  
While sadness will never come near.

# BINGO BUSTER AND BEAU

BY JAMES HARVEY SMITH.

BINGO is thirty inches high,  
And Buster thirty-two;  
While Beau, who is n't quite so big,  
Is their loving friend and true.

Beau, the children's joy and pride,  
Is a black Newfoundland dog,  
Bingo and Buster ponies are  
From the land of rain and fog.

No whip nor spur the little chaps  
Need when the children ride;  
They prance and caper on the road,  
While Beau runs by their side.

Two little steeds and one big dog  
Make a fine sight to see;

Two little girls in a yellow cart—  
And they all belong to me!

*I* think nobody has more fun  
Or makes a braver show,  
Than the little girls who ride behind  
Bingo, Buster, and Beau.



# THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

CYRIL made his way on foot from Judea through the district of Samaria and as far into Galilee as Capernaum.

Footsore and weatherbeaten, but glad to be at his journey's end, he sat with Lois, early one morning, in a little porch behind the house of Abigail.

"I will never let thee leave me again," she said. "If thou goest, I will go. It has been so weary a time here, without thee or father."

Then she told him her own simple story, and all that she had heard or known concerning Jesus of Nazareth.

"Would that I knew where to find him!" exclaimed Cyril. "None seems to know."

"I know," said Lois. "He is not in Capernaum, but he is among the fisher people, at the lake shore. But I must tell thee about my abba, Cyril; I made it for the Master."

Lois arose and stood straight up, her slight figure full of the pride she felt at having had such a task assigned to her. But when she also spoke of the sandalwood casket and the seamless vesture, Cyril exclaimed:

"Canst thou let me see it?"

"Why, no," she said; "he has them both. The messenger from the wife of Chusa came again, yesterday, to warn him. Herod means to kill him, if he can compass it without rousing the people. So Abigail sent to warn the disciples. Two of them came, and they carried away the clothing."

"Come," exclaimed Cyril. "I must see him — I must not wait!"

Lois exchanged a few words with Abigail, in the house, and then the brother and sister were

hurrying along together through the streets of Capernaum, toward the sea.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Cyril. "Other people know. Crowds of them are going in the same direction."

All wanted to see Jesus, as much as did Cyril and Lois, and they did see him, but not as they expected, for when they came out upon the open, sandy slope, going down to the beach, they suddenly stood still.

"See," said Cyril, very much disappointed. "That is Simon's boat, and in it is the Master, with the Twelve."

"Where can they be going?" asked Lois.

"He must escape from Herod," answered Cyril. "He will land on the other side of the lake, below Bethsaida. That is in Philip's land."

Philip was Herod's brother. When their father, Herod the Great, died, his will divided his kingdom among his three sons. The territory given to Philip was mainly north of the sea of Galilee. Herod Antipas obtained Galilee and a district called Perea, east of the Dead Sea. All of Judea, Samaria, and Idumea were given to a favorite son, Archelaus, but he was now in disgrace, and the only real ruler of Judea was Pilate.

Cyril and Lois knew these things very well, and that Philip and Herod Antipas were not friends, so that Jesus might be safe in the place to which Simon's boat was taking him.

"Lois," said Cyril, "we have no boat, but we can go there on foot, around the head of the lake. It is only a few miles."

"Let us go," said Lois.

The same idea seemed to occur at once to other people; and the crowd, with all who followed behind it, turned toward the head of the lake. Of course they would have further to go than would a boat, but the people on foot



went faster than the heavy fishing-boat, tacking to and fro in an unfavorable wind. So it came to pass that when the boat steered by Simon drew near the shore east of Bethsaida, those who were in it saw the beach already lined with an eager throng, waiting for Jesus.

There was no escape from so touching an appeal, for all who could had brought their sick ones with them. The blind were there; the lame, the deaf, the dumb, and there were newcomers continually.

It was afterward written about it that, when Jesus came out of the boat and saw so many people, he had compassion on them, "because they were as sheep not having a shepherd, and he began to teach them many things."

Cyril and Lois were there among the earlier arrivals, and they had come meaning to stay.

Lois looked as if the last desire of her heart were gratified when she saw that Jesus was healing the helpless and the suffering.

As for Cyril, it seemed to him as if he had not only succeeded in asking a question, but also in getting a direct answer, for, before the day was over, he heard the Master say:

"Suppose ye that these Galileans whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

"After all," said Cyril to Lois, "Ben Nassur's curse and the Law could have had nothing to do with the fate of those men. But I am glad that the Master has declared so."

"It is late," said Lois, after some time. "How are all these people to find food in this place? It is well that we brought some food in a basket."

The sun was already sinking behind the far-away hills beyond the palace-walls and towers of Bethsaida when the Master paused in his teaching to listen to something that was said to him by one of his disciples.

Lois half heard what was said, and, after thinking a moment, she whispered to Cyril:

"He has asked for something to eat. Tell them thou hast five loaves and two fishes in thy basket. If they want them for the Master, tell Andrew."

Cyril stepped forward in time to hear the words said:

"This is a desert place, and the time is now past. Send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves victuals."

It was Philip who had spoken, and the look on the Master's face was full of the kindly interest it often wore when he was instructing those he loved.

"Whence," he asked, "shall we buy bread that these may eat?"

Philip answered him in sober earnest:

"Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them that every one of them may take a little."

But Cyril had already obeyed the suggestion of Lois, ashamed as he did so at mentioning the insignificant contents of his little basket. But Andrew had read some kind of meaning in the question of the Master, and he promptly added:

"There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?"

"Make the men sit down," said Jesus, addressing his followers.

In a moment more, Cyril's little basket was in the hands of the Master, and the multitude, under the direction of the disciples, were arranging themselves, by ranks, in groups of fifties and hundreds, over the broad green level, fronting the knoll from which he had been speaking. Near the foot of the knoll lay the provision baskets, a dozen of them, now empty, in which the disciples were accustomed to carry their own supplies.

"What can they expect?" thought Cyril, but Lois whispered:

"Look! They have put the big baskets down before him. Wait and see!"

The fishes and the loaves were in the hands of Jesus, and he was looking upward while all could hear his voice as he asked for a blessing on that small provision.

The Twelve, at his command, took up the

baskets, and into each he broke both fish and bread until it was full.

In awestruck silence then out went the Twelve among the multitude. That which was handed to the people was but such food as they were accustomed to, and not all could see the Master fill the baskets.

When the breaking of bread was ended, the Master said:

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be wasted."

It was rapidly done, and as the disciples returned to the knoll, Lois exclaimed in a tone of wonder:

"Look, Cyril, every basket is full!"

"Didst thou hear him?" said Cyril. "He bade the disciples take the boat and go to Bethsaida. He will stay here, awhile, to dismiss the people. Let us go out and get there before the boat does. We can find a place to sleep."

Lois was tired, and did not feel able to walk a long distance that evening, but Cyril never seemed to be tired. They saw the disciples go. They saw Jesus send away the multitude, while the dangerous talk about an immediate uprising against the Romans died out — perhaps because there was no one to take a leading part after the Twelve were gone. Then Jesus turned away eastward, toward the mountains, and Cyril and Lois walked slowly along the lake shore toward Bethsaida.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### CYRIL'S ERRAND.

CYRIL and Lois found shelter for the night among their hospitable friends near the head of the lake. Cyril, however, was out of the house in the gray dawn of the next morning.

"I must see some of the Master's followers," he said to himself. "They will go after him some time to-day, for he is yet on the other side. I believe he means to visit Jerusalem for the Passover, in spite of Herod's threats; but if Herod can seize him on the way through Galilee, he will put him to death as he killed John."

It was, therefore, with a sense of duty that Cyril went down to the shore, at the point near

which he believed Simon would be likely to approach the land.

In a few minutes more he exclaimed, as he stood on the beach peering out across the morning sea:

"The Master is with them! How could that happen?"

When they had come ashore, Cyril asked of Philip, "Did you go back after him?"

"No," was Philip's reply; "we rowed against the wind all night. The sail was of no use. Not half an hour ago, out upon the lake, when it was the roughest, he came to us." And then he told Cyril that they had seen the Master walking upon the water, and that Peter also had been seen to walk upon its surface. But Cyril, though deeply impressed, was prepared for this miraculous power by what he had seen when the Master stilled the storm.

After a little Cyril asked:

"Is he going to Jerusalem for the Passover?"

"If he go," said Philip, "he must go through Galilee in secret. We could join him after he got into Samaria, or Judea, or into some land beyond Herod's reach. The Romans will protect him."

"I cannot believe they will," said Cyril; and he gazed at the Master as reverently as did the rest, for a moment, and then he hurried away to tell Lois. On the way, however, thinking of the Romans, he remembered that he had heard of their quarrels with the Herod family, and that Ben Nassur and the Galileans, whom Pilate had smitten at the Feast of the Tabernacles, were well known to be enemies of Jesus.

"Pilate is not his friend," said Cyril to Lois, when they met; "but Pilate may protect him in despite of Herod."

"All of Abigail's friends are going to Jerusalem," said Lois. "She has heard that Mary is at Nazareth. They will all be there. I can go with them."

"I'll give thee the rest of my money, nearly all of it," said Cyril. "I cannot travel with him. It will be better for Abigail if I am not with thee, for Ben Nassur and his friends might trouble her; he is very bitter toward me. But I shall be with the King when he goes into Jerusalem. Father will come, too, for I will carry him word that the Master is coming."

Cyril was enthusiastic. Lois told him that their first duty was to go and see Abigail.

"I will just stop there a moment," he said, "as I go through Capernaum. There is no time to spare now if I am to be in season."

"Cyril," she said, "the Master did not wear his new abba yesterday —"

"He will wear it when he rides into Jerusalem," replied Cyril. "It is that for which it was made; and the inner vesture, too. Father and all the rest must be ready for him."

Abigail, when they came to her house, did not share Cyril's enthusiasm.

"Yea, truly," she said, "I go to Jerusalem. Lois will go there with me also, because I go to remain, and do not return to Capernaum. Lois will work with me and be nearer her father, but what Mary and the others said was that they would go if the Master himself went."

"I have heard that he is going," said Cyril positively, but his assertion was stronger than his convictions.

Even as he hurried away, after bidding an affectionate goodbye to Lois, it came

more plainly into his mind that neither Andrew nor Philip had said more than that if the Master should go to Jerusalem, he would have to go secretly in order to go safely.

He trudged along with the other Passover pilgrims until he approached Samaria, but there he was recognized by some enemies of his father, and only by his fleetness of foot did he get away into the mountains which had so long



"CYRIL," SAID A LOW SWEET VOICE NEAR HIM, "LOOK UP. FATHER AND I ARE HERE."  
(SEE PAGE 822.)

ago hidden him and Ezra. He did not now, as before, make his way northward to Mount Gilboa, but he was so long in scouting southward, from point to point, that he came very

near not reaching Jerusalem in time for the Passover at all; and he was in continual dread lest the New King should get to the holy city without him.

"Father will be there," Cyril thought; "but I want to be there as well. Lois and Abigail will not have anything to hinder them. Lois won't have to work at her embroidery and sewing after the new kingdom begins. I can take care of her, then."

He was very sure of that, for he meant to be one of the King's captains, and he believed that his father Ezra, the King's Swordmaker, would be put in command of a whole legion of men.

Cyril felt safe, and could walk along the Roman highway after he entered Judea. He felt almost grateful to Pilate when he saw the eagle standards carried past him by some cohorts that had marched all the way from Damascus. They were not under the direction of Herod. They were not preparing to attack any of the Jews. He was willing to march behind them all the rest of the way, until he saw them wheel toward the great, fortified camp north of the city.

Cyril himself plodded steadily on, for it was getting late in the very day before the Passover, and he must reach the city before the closing of the gate at sunset.

"I must see some of the disciples," he thought. "Simon will tell me what it is best for me to do next."

The Jericho gate was still open — the same gate at which he had heard the news of the death of John the Baptizer. Many were going out and in, unhindered by the guards. Not a Roman among the stern soldiers who were there on duty seemed to fear that the new king of Israel was coming to drive him and his comrades away. Cyril thought of that, as he pushed along past them; but he had not walked a hundred yards beyond the gate before he was suddenly halted. Right in the way before him stood the frowning and imposing figure and face of Ben Nassur.

"Thou here?" exclaimed the rabbi. "What part hast thou in the Temple, thou accursed one? Thou shalt not eat the Feast with thy people! Thy man of Nazareth dares not come.

He fled away unto the coasts of the heathen. He is with the outcasts of Tyre and Sidon. Go, thou — and may another tower in Siloam fall on thee and thine!"

Cyril had not so far forgotten his old reverence for the rabbis that he was able to make any reply. He felt stunned by the news, if it were true, and chilled to the heart by Ben Nassur's ill-omened greeting. Isaac had evidently put away all memory of the fact that Cyril and his father had fought for him, and had saved his life on the day of the massacre of the Galileans in the Temple. What he had said now was only in part true. Jesus of Nazareth was, indeed, not to attend that feast, and he was away toward the Sidonian border, preaching and teaching and healing. And, in any event, Herod the king was so occupied with other matters just at the time, that he could give but little attention to one he thought a mere visionary — one whose followers had hardly so much as a bow and arrow among them all.

Cyril made his way onward as best he could until at last he sat down wearily on one of the stone steps leading up to the gate of the Temple, seemingly in utter dejection.

"He is not coming," he muttered.

"Cyril," said a low sweet voice near him, "look up. Father and I are here. We knew that thou wouldst be sure to come almost at once to the Temple."

"My son," said Ezra, "the Master will surely come in his own time. Thou must now go with us, and after the feast I will tell thee what to do."

"It is so long to wait," said Cyril, but he arose and went with them.

He heard many things on the way; not the least of all was the news that Abigail and Lois were not to live in the city itself, but at Joppa, by the sea, where a kinswoman of Abigail's, named Tabitha, had already a high reputation and a thriving trade as a maker of garments, and was in need of skilled women. She was now in Jerusalem, but they were all to return to Joppa with her.

"It will be better than being under Herod's rule at Capernaum," said Lois; "and we can wait there until we hear that the Master is coming."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## EZRA AND THE CENTURION.

THE Passover Feast, always a solemn season, seemed to Cyril changed to a time of mourning, so great was his disappointment. It was on the contrary a time of joy to Lois. After so long a separation, she was once more with her father and brother; she was in Jerusalem, and they were never tired of showing her the city. She could attend the Temple services, in the Court of the Women; but Cyril was unable to forget, even while gazing with her upon the glories of the Temple and its surroundings, that it was still a Roman fort, with heathen guards, and that the standard over the city gates was the imperial eagle of Rome, and not the lion of the tribe of Judah.

Lois was happy, and the enjoyment of her companionship with her father and brother continued when, after the feast-days were ended, they all set out together for Joppa.

"I have heard that it is a beautiful place," she said. "A city of gardens! And then, Cyril, I have never seen the sea, nor any sailing-vessels larger than the fishing-boats at Capernaum."

Cyril also was thinking of the sea; and all the more because of several serious talks he had with his father. A clear-headed man was Ezra, and he seemed to have utter confidence in the wisdom of Jesus of Nazareth as a leader. It was a matter of course that he had no confidence whatever in the wisdom of Cyril, and was ready not only to reprove him for his impatience and his low spirits, but to tell him what to do.

"The Cave must be kept more secret," said Ezra. "Not so many men must come there. I shall be there only a part of the time. At other times I can find work at Joppa. Lois has a home. I tell thee, the Master will wait till next Passover. He is now visiting different towns, to make them ready. Thou wilt then be a year older. What thou hast need of is to know more. It were well for thee to know somewhat of the sea. Thou must see Egypt and thou must see Rome, that thou mayst be of more use to the King. He may need, some

day, to send out a messenger who knows the sea, and has seen other lands than this —"

"I am a good boatman," said Cyril.

"Sailor enough for Chinnereth lake," replied his father; "but thou must see war-galleys and fleets. I can give thee some money. Thou canst earn more. There are ships from Joppa to Alexandria. There are many from Alexandria to Rome. Thou wilt go and thou wilt return before next Passover, and — the God of Israel go with thee."

"I will go!" exclaimed Cyril, hopeful again; "I will learn all I can and I will come back in season to march into Jerusalem with the Master."

Cyril was not contented in Joppa, in spite of its towers and temples, and its beautiful gardens that are so fruitful to this day. He had seen such things before. He could sympathize with Lois, in her great delight concerning her new home with Tabitha, after they reached it, but he could not feel as she did when they went down to the shore, and looked out on the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. Not only had he seen them before, but he was thinking and dreaming of something beyond them.

He was more interested in the instruction his father was giving him as to how he was to conduct himself after they should be separated. And yet he found growing within him a sense of confidence that he could take care of himself after all. He was going out to see the world, and the Mediterranean and the ships were to take him where he wanted to go. Lois felt the separation keenly, but she was more used than other girls to living away from her own kindred. She clung to Cyril more closely, day after day, while he was waiting for the ship in which his father had secured him passage to Alexandria, the great seaport of Egypt.

"Cyril," she said, "here we know even less of the Master's work than we did at Capernaum. You will not hear anything about him at Rome."

The sailing day came and Cyril bade Lois good-by at the house of Tabitha. Both of the older women gave him good advice, but Lois could only weep and cling to him as if she could not let him go. Ezra walked on with him, in silence, down to the wharf. There he spoke in

a voice that told how deeply he felt at parting from his son.

“The God of our fathers, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, go with thee and bring thee back to thine own land in peace!

were lifting the mainsail of the ship, and a shout summoned him hastily on board. The last man he saw, as the swift vessel bore him away, was the tall form of Ezra the Swordmaker, standing on the wharf, and watching the sail

that was carrying his only son out into the world — out among all manner of perils and all races of heathen.

It was indeed a heathen world into which Cyril was sailing. It was a world into which the Master had not yet come, and in which the scriptures that prophesied his coming were unknown.

The wind was fresh and fair, the sea was no rougher than Lake Chinnereth itself, and the vessel was a speedy traveler. She was not large, and could be propelled by oars when necessary, but she was not what was called a galley. Cyril had seen numbers of these in the harbor of Joppa, and now he saw more; and the more he saw of these boats the more horrible they seemed to him. They were in reality floating prisons for the captives, slaves, or the convicted criminals who were



“EZRA AT ONCE HELD OUT HIS STRONG AND PERFECT HAND.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

While thou art gone, keep thou thy covenant with thy God and with thy father, and with thy King that is to come — for he will surely come,” were Ezra’s parting words.

Cyril had no words to answer, and the sailors

chained to the seats as rowers.

Cyril pitied them from the bottom of his heart; for among the stories told him by his father had been one concerning hundreds of the bravest men of Judea and Galilee who had

been condemned to work until their death in the galleys of Herod the Great. Beyond that, he had another interest in the galleys, for they were the ships of war also, and the Romans had great fleets of them. Once the thought came to him: "If Jesus were King, he could have no fleets of galleys. I do not believe he would condemn anybody to row in them—even Samaritans or Romans."

Cyril was at the same time conscious of a fierce, revengeful bitterness of his own, which made him long to send to some such punishment every man of the oppressors of his people, beginning with Herod Antipas himself. The towers of the strong fortifications of the port of Joppa were now growing small and dim in the distance, whenever he looked back; but he preferred looking forward, standing on the high perch made by the cabin deck in the front part of the old-fashioned ship, and gazing out as if he were looking across the water into the wonderful places he was soon to visit.

Away behind him, a trim, well-built house, in one of the upper streets of Joppa, had a small but very pretty garden behind it; and there, in a kind of arbor, shadowed by a very luxuriant almond-tree, sat Lois, all alone. Her eyes were a little red, but she was not weeping. She was thinking.

"Cyril will see very many wonderful things," she reflected. "He will see those great cities and the temples father told about, in Egypt, and in Greece, and in Rome, too, if he goes there. He will see how the people live, and what they do. I long to travel, to go out into the world."

Meanwhile, several miles east of Joppa, at a place where two roads met, one of them the road to Jerusalem, a squadron of Roman cavalry had halted, and in front of them a horseman, who seemed to be their commander, leaned forward, looking down into the face of Ezra the Swordmaker. He had been on his way to perform his errand at the Cave before going to work at Joppa.

"I know thee," said the horseman. "I am Regulus, the centurion. Thou canst not escape me now. I will send thee back to Samaria to be condemned."

"If thou hast aught against me, tell me what

it is," said Ezra. "I have not harmed thee or thine."

Ezra had been keeping his right hand covered by his mantle, and now the centurion laughed aloud as he exclaimed:

"Knowest thou not that thou art a marked man? Hold out thy right hand!"

They were, except that the soldier spoke in Latin, the very words that Ezra had heard the Master speak in the synagogue at Capernaum, and he at once held out his now strong and perfect hand for the centurion to see.

"Am I so at fault?" said the Roman. "Get thee hence. Thou art not the man. His hand was withered to the wrist. Ride on, men! But he is very like him. I should know the old smith, too."

On they rode and on walked Ezra, but nothing on earth could have convinced that centurion that he had really seen the same useless, withered hand that had at one time abandoned the hammer and the sword, as its owner thought, forever.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### CYRIL AT ROME.

MONTH after month went by, and Lois was quietly happy in her new home in Joppa. Her father was near, and came to visit her frequently. She had never known a kinder, better woman than was Tabitha, whose Greek name was Dorcas. She was a friend to the poor, and she was loved by the bright-eyed daughter of Ezra the Swordmaker. Moreover, she seemed never to tire of hearing Lois and Abigail tell of the doings and sayings of the great Galilean prophet, the Son of David.

For that matter, his name was in the mouths of all men. Stories came with all travelers from the north, or from Jerusalem, of the marvels which still accompanied him as he journeyed hither and thither. Not only were his cures even more wonderful, but he had again fed a great multitude with a mere handful of bread; and it was said that he had more than once recalled the dead to life.

Lois was thinking of him one day about noon. She had gone up to the housetop. It was a favorite resort, for there she could be alone; and

the housetops of that part of Joppa overlooked the harbor and the sea.

"He has never preached in Joppa," she thought. "People here have to go to Jerusalem to hear him — and oh, I would I knew where Cyril is, and what he is doing to-day!"

She would not have been by any means so happy if she had known, or if she could have read his thoughts.

Rome was a mighty city in those days. It had many a mile of streets and avenues, reaching out into the surrounding country, until nobody could tell where the city ended, although everybody knew that its center was on a hill at the capitol. Far from the capitol, but still within the city, was the amphitheater, or circus, where the most wonderful shows were given that the world has ever known. There wild beasts and men were made to fight by thousands, for the shows were murderous, and the vast sandy area of the amphitheater was often stained with blood.

Cyril was walking along a narrow, crooked street, that led away from the capitol in the direction of the circus.

"My last copper coin is gone," he said. "I can earn nothing. The city swarms with unemployed freemen. There are slaves to do all the work. I shall starve, for I am not a slave, and have no master to feed me. Were I a Roman I would be fed by the authorities; but I am only a Jew. Only a Jew?" He straightened up proudly. "I am glad to be a Jew, and not a Roman. But nobody could capture this place — I suppose I shall die here. I have had no food since yesterday morning, and but little for days before that. I shall never see Lois or father again, for I shall not be at Jerusalem next Passover. Jesus of Nazareth will be there; but I fear he cannot take Jerusalem, and as for Rome — it is quite impossible to overcome the veteran legions that I have seen at Rome. All the world could not conquer them!"

So all the Romans believed, not dreaming of the days to come, when swarms of men from the North were to slay their legions in the very streets along which Cyril had been walking during those weary days.

How endless they seemed as he walked aim-

lessly on! He was ragged and hungry, and without hope, for he was a stranger in a strange land. His heart grew heavier, and there was a mist before his eyes.

"I have seen Egypt," he thought, "and the pyramids and the temples of the old heathen gods. And I saw many Grecian cities on my way here. I can talk better Greek and better Latin. How hungry I am! — and so thirsty, too!"

At that moment he almost ran against a wall, and he stood still. It was one side of a vast marble arch at the main entrance to the circus, and, as he looked up, he saw a placard, with an inscription in several languages. He could read some of them. They were all alike, and they told him that the Emperor's prefect of the circus had arranged for prize foot-races. One of these was free to all who could pass the trial race for admission. There was to be a prize of ten sestertia, and Cyril's brain whirled a little at the thought of so much money.

"More than six hundred shekels!" he exclaimed, after a calculation — "and I can yet run! It says that the sub-prefect will see all who apply." He stood gazing at the placard and reading it aloud. Suddenly a voice near him said:

"That he will, and he will scourge you well if you fail at the test. Can you run? You look like it. Come!"

Black as jet was the face of the dwarfish figure that Cyril at once turned to follow through the arch and a side door and along a tile-floored passage. In a few minutes more he stood in the presence of a richly dressed official who for a moment eyed him sternly. The dwarf had addressed this great man very reverently, calling him Crispus, but a strange thought flashed into the mind of Cyril, for he had never seen a Roman whose face was like that of the sub-prefect.

"O Jewish boy, who art thou?" asked Crispus, in Aramaic, with an accent that made Cyril's heart beat.

"I am Cyril Ben Ezra, of the house of Kish," replied Cyril, staring hard at the grim, iron-mouthed official, for something in the man's face seemed familiar.

"Amen!" said Crispus. "Answer in thine own tongue, for thou art a Galilean. I am Reu-



ben Ben Nassur, of Cana. I am thy kinsman. Knowest thou aught of my house?"

"Isaac the Rabbi is well," replied Cyril, and on he went, for Reuben, or Crispus, asked him many questions, and they talked in Hebrew, which none who came near them could understand. Perhaps one reason why Crispus was sub-prefect was his gift of tongues. Perhaps another reason was plain when he said of the circus:

"What is it to me or thee if all the heathen slay one another? Thou shalt run. I will give thee a week of training before the trial, but know that I cannot save thee from the scourge if thou fail before the prefect. Mark thou this, also — forget that thou art a Jew until thy feet have told Tallienus that thou art a good runner. Thou hast nothing to do with the Law whilst thou art a beast in the Roman circus."

Bitter indeed was the cup of poverty that Cyril was drinking. He had put away his pride, driven by starvation, and now a brother of Ben Nassur himself was bidding him put aside his religion. No opportunity for answer, yes or no, was given, however, and he was led away by the dwarf to one of the outbuildings of the amphitheater. It was, as he at once discovered, a kind of jail in which were kept the men who were in training for the races. Many of them were mere slaves put there by their owners, in hope that they might win a prize for their masters. At all events Cyril was to have shelter and food, but the boarding-house or jail of the runners adjoined great dens of wild animals, and he was kept awake by the roaring of many lions; for a thunderstorm swept over Rome, and the imprisoned kings of forest or plain responded with thunderous roars of their own making.

In the morning it was a relief to Cyril to find how important he was among the motley crowd who were there to get a right to run for the prize. There were scores of them, and none could hope for favors. Cyril could not, certainly, for Crispus seemed to have entirely forgotten that he had ever been in Galilee. There were training races, that very morning, and one

of them was also a first trial of speed. It was severe, they said, but when it was over and only three out of more than twenty were permitted to train longer, Cyril said confidently:

"There was not a runner among them, except the Greek."

A tall, dignified man, in a plain white robe with a broad purple border, stood near him. Cyril knew that the robe was the "toga," and its wearer needed no ornament to show that he was the person of highest rank among those who watched the runners. Not a word did he speak now, but looked at Cyril from head to foot, and then beckoned to Crispus. The grim brother of Rabbi Isaac hurried forward, bowing very low.

"See thou to it," said the Roman. "Train thou that young panther well. I see no other that will stand a chance with the Athenian slave of Tallienus."

"Most noble Valerianus," responded Crispus, "thou art an admirable judge of men, but I will dare remind thee. Be thou sure that Tallienus's slave will run well — but the course is long. Yonder youth is of the hardest race on earth."

"It is well," said Valerianus, coldly. "I will send him to the quarries if he lets the Athenian beat him."

It was a hard saying, but Cyril already understood that a Roman noble considered a young Jew like himself of much less importance than a chariot-horse.

The training-school of the circus was no place for favoritism; but Crispus now had a special reason for giving his young Galilean kinsman a full week of preparation before testing him. Cyril quickly recovered from the effects of his days of hunger; but nothing could take from him a certain sense of shame that he was to take part in the games of the heathen and to run a race to amuse the rabble of Rome. A more cheerful thought followed, and he consoled himself with the reflection: "It is really not against the Law. Ben Nassur would say that. And if I win a prize I can get back to Jerusalem in time for the Passover."

*(To be continued.)*

# A Fool's Wit.



“HO, MOTLEY! I HAVE CAUGHT YOU WELL!”

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

It happened that a fool at court  
One day grew weary of his sport,  
And, finding a sequestered nook,  
He sat him down to read a book,  
Quite satisfied he left no trace  
Which might betray his hiding-place.

Now, Lionel, the Queen's pet page,  
Was always pleased a war to wage  
With the King's Fool, whose merry chaff  
Made all the royal household laugh.  
And oft the Queen had said: “Forsooth,  
Your Majesty, my pretty youth

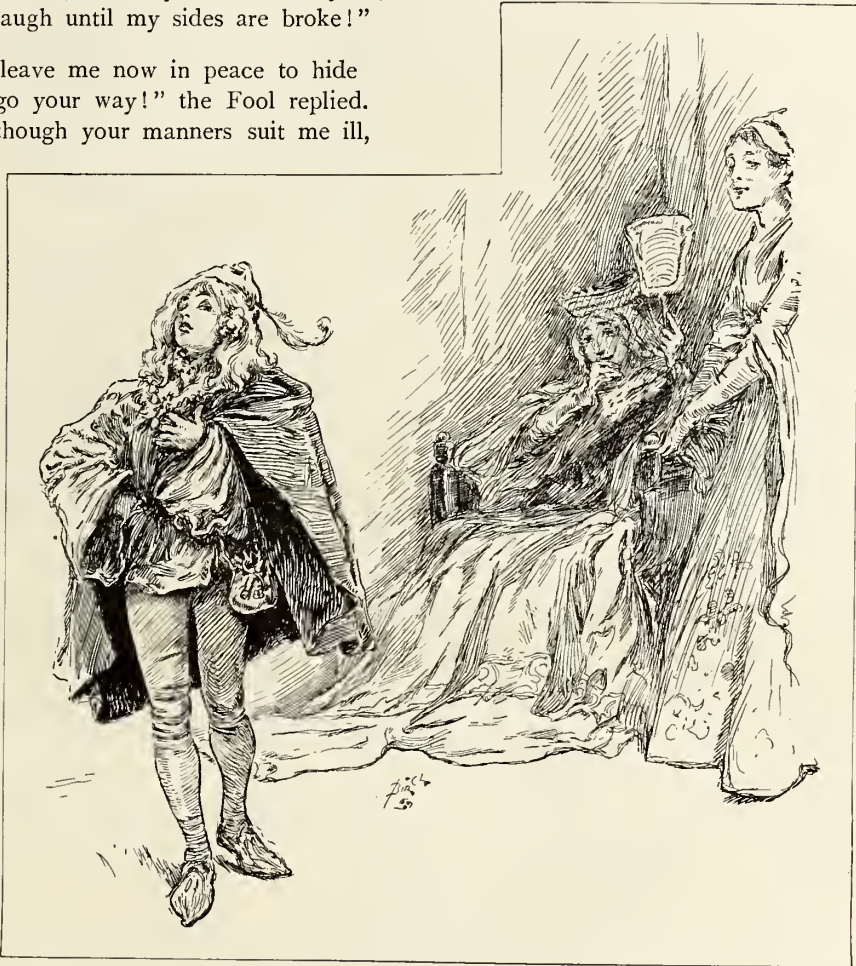
Hath such a pretty wit—your Fool,  
To outwit him, must go to school!”  
And at this praise young Lionel  
With pompous pride would strut and swell,  
And swagger with a lordly air  
That made his gracious mistress stare.

So, while the Fool pored o'er his book,  
With serious, abstracted look,  
A head of golden ringlets peered  
The curtain through; and boldly sneered  
The dainty Master Lionel:  
“Ho, Motley! I have caught you well!”

Pray, will you tell me what new rule  
Gives learning to a motley fool?  
I 'll call the butler and the cook  
To see the King's Fool read a book;  
I 'll wager, though you look so sage,  
You have not turned a single page!  
But when you do—ha, ha!—call me!  
So brave a sight I fain would see.  
Good sooth, this is your cleverest joke;  
I 'll laugh until my sides are broke!"

"Pray, leave me now in peace to hide  
And go your way!" the Fool replied.  
"And though your manners suit me ill,

In silver shoon and silken hose,  
And satin doublet, like the rose,  
The Queen's pet page stood at her side.  
The Fool, in garments crimson-pied,  
Had taken modestly a seat  
Below his royal Master's feet.  
Loud called the King: "Subjects, to-day  
Let sport and merriment have sway.



"YOUNG LIONEL WOULD SWAGGER WITH A LORDLY AIR."

I promise you shall have your will;  
And when I turn a page, I swear,  
Young Malapert, you shall be there!"

Anon arrived the festive day  
Which marked the merry month of May;  
And court and courtiers all were seen  
Arrayed in gorgeous gold and green.

For he best serves his King's behalf  
Who grants the merriest, heartiest laugh;  
And keenest wit and drollest pranks  
Shall most deserve our gracious thanks."

Now, none the King's behest obeyed  
More than young Lionel, who played  
His tricks and antics with a grace

That made the wittiest give place,  
 And many a shaft of ridicule  
 He spent upon the patient Fool,  
 Who read his book, nor seemed to see  
 The pretty page's pleasantry.

Turns o'er a page; but thinks he 's wise,  
 Because he stares with both his eyes!"

High o'er his head he raised the cup;  
 Nor once the silent Fool looked up.



“HERE 'S TO THIS DUNCE!”

Then Lionel grew overbold,  
 And, seizing the Queen's cup of gold,—  
 With ruby wine filled to the brim,—  
 He cried in scorn: “Ho! here 's to him,  
 My comrades gay! here 's to this dunce,  
 Who reads all day, and never once

Alas! we know there 's many a slip  
 Betwixt the sparkling cup and lip.  
 His triumph was but short—for lo!  
 The Fool adroitly moved his toe;  
 And in a trice, before the throne,  
 The pretty Lionel lay prone!



“THE PRETTY LIONEL LAY PRONE!”

Then peals of laughter, loud and long,  
 Reëchoed through the merry throng;  
 While, with an air most innocent,  
 The Fool sat—on his book intent.  
 “For shame! for shame!” uprose the Queen.  
 “The jolliest prank I ’ve ever seen!”  
 Exclaimed the King in boisterous glee;  
 “Fair Queen, ’t was clever, you ’ll agree!  
 Good Fool, I see you are no fool,  
 I dub you hence Lord of Misrule;

You ’ve turned the laugh and tables  
 too!”

“Your Majesty, why this ado?  
 I fain would read to please my taste,  
 And save the time that runs to waste;  
 For reading, Sir, I ask no wage,  
 But must, you see, turn o’er a page!”

At the Fool’s speech all laughed the more,  
 And louder than they laughed before!



## EUGENE FIELD.\*

BY MARY J. REID AND HENRIETTA DEXTER FIELD.

ALL boys and girls who really enjoy Eugene Field's "Love Songs of Childhood," and his "With Trumpet and Drum," find that these poems seem to introduce them to much that is charming in home life. It is as if in walking down a dark alley they lost their way. Suddenly a little light is seen flashing through a keyhole. In a moment they find themselves in a room full of sunshine and happy little children. In this magical room, furnished by Eugene Field's imagination, Santa Claus, the good Fairy Godmothers, Fairyland, and the Land of Nod are real persons and places. Like Edmund Spenser or Sir Walter Scott, Eugene Field lived in an atmosphere of enchantment, and more than half believed in witches and hobgoblins. Odd as it may seem, to the end of his life he was afraid to enter a dark room alone, and disliked being left alone. Under ordinary circumstances rarely did he enjoy being left by himself. To the day of his death he had the heart and impulses of a boy, and loved animals, gorgeous colors, perfumes, and those mechanical toys which wind up and go with a clickity noise, just as a child loves them. His home was a small toy-shop, the toys being of all kinds and descriptions, but he loved the mechanical toys the best. Every Saturday morning Eugene Field went home laden with toys—not alone for his own babies, Roswell and Ruth, but for a number of child friends living at Buena Park, Chicago. For the girls he bought dolls by the dozen, and his little boy Roswell, whom he nicknamed "Posey," had more elephants than were ever shot by African travelers. Shortly before he died, Mr. Field bought a big elephant and a big brown bear for Posey. Every time any one called upon him (it made no difference who it was) the elephant and the big brown bear were wound up, and away they would go,

their heads nodding back and forth as if they were alive.

But to-day they stand quiet and still in the library.

Ruth, whom he called "Little Sister Girl," was sometimes left to his charge in the morning while the nurse was busy. At the side of his writing-table, Mr. Field always had a large high clothes-basket for a waste-paper basket. Upon this pile of useless papers he would seat "Little Sister Girl" like a tiny queen on her paper throne, and behind her he would place a fishing-rod with some one of his precious trinkets attached to it. There she would sit for a long time quiet and happy while her father wrote his column for the *Record* newspaper, he stopping frequently to sing queer little verses to her, or tell her funny stories that he "made up" on the spur of the moment. She would, on her part, smile at him in a most appreciative way, thereby inspiring him to write some of his sweetest child verses, such as "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" and many of those lullaby poems in the "Love Songs of Childhood."

When Posey was a little fellow, the only way that it was possible to entice him to take an afternoon nap was for his father to promise to tell him an animal story. Hand in hand they would "trig-trog" together to "Gene's room" (as Mr. Field's room was called), and there on the bed, with his arm around his baby boy, Mr. Field would tell weird and marvelous fairy-stories. But at length even these could not prevail to keep the beautiful brown eyes open, and then both storyteller and listener would go off together to that dreamland which Mr. Field has so happily described. It is a great pity that some one did not write down or remember these "Sleepy Stories," as I have heard that they were among the most beautiful and exquisite bits of fantasy ever narrated to a

\* The authors wish to thank Mrs. Eugene Field for her helpful courtesy to them while this little paper was in course of preparation.

little child. Whether Posey will be able to recall any of them when he gets older, it is impossible to say. He is a manly little fellow with a very imaginative brain, and is fond of inventing sto-

as if his house were a part of him. It is an old-fashioned two-story farm-house with a wide porch, to which has been added a large circular wing with an outside chimney such as the

Southerners love. As you enter the hall, you notice an elaborately ornamented old English tall clock of the kind usually known in this country as "Grandfather's Clock." It is one of three such clocks in the house; a second stands on a stair-landing, after the manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stair," and a third was in Eugene Field's sleeping-room. The last one has a gong in it like a country dinner-bell, and clangs the hour with a loud metallic ring. In the same room he had a "freak clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks like a hammer striking hard wood. In the library there is a quaint little one made with a see-saw,—a wee boy and girl sitting upon a log to regulate the pendulum. This is a very well behaved little piece of mechanism, as it makes no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted with it, standing near Field's writing-table, is a plain New England kitchen clock such as our grandmothers used in their light, airy kitchens. It is a



EUGENE FIELD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN LANN AND MIROSKY, CHICAGO.)

ries for himself, all of them beginning with the phrase, "Once upon a time." The two elder children, whom their father nicknamed "Trotty" and "Daisy," have very charming manners, and may have inherited their father's talent.

One should not always judge a man by his house, but in the case of Eugene Field it seemed

medium-sized affair of mahogany with a glass door, on the lower half of which are painted impossible red roses and forget-me-nots. It is a good old domestic clock, and went on faithfully ticking away when the others were cranky and would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house, the library is on the

left hand. All around the walls of the room are bookcases. Suppose we look at the case beyond the window, which might be called the Fairy Corner. Here are gathered books of fairy lore from all parts of the world, for there was hardly an old bookstore in London, Paris, or Berlin, which Mr. Field did not know well. In this wonderful fairy corner are Cossack fairy tales, Eastern fairy tales, legends of the French provinces, legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany, Spain, New England, and all the modern English fairy stories.

Before we go upstairs to Eugene Field's room, the one which holds his choicest treasures, it is necessary to remind you again that he had a child's love of grotesque toys and of barbaric colors and effects. He was especially fond of red. The room in which he died is papered with a fantastic, swirling pattern on a red ground, which is absolutely exasperating to those people who prefer soft browns and dull reds. Few persons understand what his idea was in selecting this red paper with its grotesque yet conventional swirl. In Henry B. Fuller's "With the Procession" that author tells about a Chicago woman named Susan Bates, who furnished her whole house magnificently except one little room. Upon this room she spent a great deal of money, and visited many old-fashioned stores, in order to furnish it like the primitive one she had occupied when a girl in her father's house. Now this was partly Eugene Field's idea in furnishing his own room. He was fond of grotesque effects, he loved red passionately, and he wanted a reminder of the furnishings of a century ago. Where he found that gorgeous red paper, or the old-fashioned calico for the red curtain, it would be difficult to tell, but he had a knack for discovering quaint things which other people pass by without notice. When it is added that the rugs on the floor are also red, perhaps it may be imagined that this room is hideous. But it is not. The long book-case on one side, the white column in the middle around which are arranged shelves holding Mr. Field's treasures, and a gray screen repeating with a slight variation the same singular swirl that is upon the walls, relieve the eye to such an extent that the effect is harmonious.

As you enter the room, you are confronted

with two hideous figures. An outlandish Japanese figure is suspended from the wall by one arm. In the other it holds three Japanese gongs fastened together so as to make a loud sound when struck with the red stick. The other is the face of a hobgoblin attached to the headboard of his bedstead. Field pretended that he bought it to frighten away his babies when they insisted upon interrupting him while he was writing; but, like their father, they were so fond of the ludicrous that the strange faces the monster would make when certain strings were pulled only made them laugh; so the intended bugaboo but added to the attractions of the room.

On the shelves one may find a strange collection of quaint bottles of every conceivable shape and size, and Mr. Field hunted many shops for those candelabra which our grandmothers loved, — those with glass pendants through which a child may distinguish the seven colors of the rainbow. He also had a queer collection of canes, candlesticks, and baby shoes. Not alone the first shoes his own babies wore, with the toes and heels worn out, but wooden shoes, and even glass shoes, reminding one of Cinderella's glass slipper. There are also two strange wooden horses, one used by Mr. Toole, the English actor, when he played "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the other, daubed with a few spots of paint, used by Mr. Jefferson in the same play. Neither must one forget Mrs. Hawthorne's ginger-jar, nor the ax Mr. Gladstone gave Eugene Field. The ax is suspended above the window.

In the bookcase, standing upon a shelf behind the glass doors, there is a small inner Japanese bookcase holding what Eugene Field called his "little books." He was prouder of his collection of little books than of anything else he owned. There may be seen a copy of the smallest edition of Horace ever published, a 42mo, and the little dictionary so tiny that a magnifying-glass has to be used in reading it. But the book in this collection which most interests young readers is a little old "New England Primer." These primers have become so scarce that every New Englander who is fortunate enough to own one keeps it under lock and key. Nearly all of them have blue board covers, and are about four inches long and three inches





**T**he little toy dog so covered with dust  
 But sturdy and staunch he stands,  
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust  
 And his musket molds in his hands  
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,  
 And the soldier was passing fair;  
 That was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
 Kissed them and put them there

**N**ow don't you go 'til I come," he said  
 "And don't you make any noise" —  
 So, toddling off to his trundle bed,  
 He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song  
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue —  
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
 But the little toy friends are true!

**Y**es, faithful to Little Boy Blue, they stand,  
 Each in the same old place —  
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
 The smile of a little face.  
 And they wonder — as waiting the long years thro'  
 In the dust of that little chair —  
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue,  
 Since he kissed them and put them there.

FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGROSSED COPY MADE BY EUGENE FIELD.  
 ORIGINAL OWNED BY MRS. A. C. BALLANTYNE, CHICAGO.

wide. They contain many funny little rhymes, very quaintly illustrated. All of the various editions have a hideous picture of "The Burning of Mr. John Rogers." The illustrators, to make this picture more thrilling, always had the wife of John Rogers and his nine children standing by to witness the burning. In the "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" Field calls this New England Primer "his first love." It was amusing to hear the two brothers, Eugene and Mr. Roswell Martin Field, recite couplets from this little book, as they knew everything in it from cover to cover. If one of them happened to quote:

In Adam's fall  
 We sinned all,

the other would recite the next couplet, and so they would keep on through the forty-nine lines till one or the other of them reached the well-known conclusion:

Zaccheus, he  
 Did climb a tree  
 His Lord to see.

This primer, so runs the story as written by Mr. Field, was read with a little girl named Captivity Waite. Now it is interesting to know that there was once a *real* Captivity Waite. She was one of Eugene Field's ancestors, and was known in the Colonial records as the "Canada babe." Her mother was captured by the Indians at Hatfield, Massachusetts, during the French and Indian wars, and the babe Captivity was born in Canada. They gave the poor little child this dreadful name to commemorate her mother's capture, and perhaps to make Captivity thankful all her life for their rescue. By untiring energy her father and uncle succeeded in releasing the prisoners captured at Hatfield. The following touching old letter from Captivity's father may be found in the records of the Field family.

ALBANY, May 23, 1678.

TO MY LOVING FRIENDS AND KINDRED IN HATFIELD:

These few lines are to let you understand that we are arrived at Albany now with the captives and that we stand in need of assistance for my charges is very great and heavy, and therefore any that have any love to our condition let it move them to come and help us in this strait.

*Eugene Field*

Three of the captives are murdered, Old Gorman Plimpton, Samuel Foote's daughter, Samuel Russell; all the rest are alive and well and now at Albany, namely: Obadiah Dickinson and his child, Mary Foote and her child, Hannah Jennings and three children, Abigail Allis, Abigail Bartholomew, Goodman Coleman's children, Samuel Kellog, my wife and four children and Quintin Stockwell. I pray you hasten the matter for it requireth great haste, stay not for the Sabbath nor the shoeing of horses. We shall endeavor to meet you at Canterhook [Kinderhook], it may be the Housatonick. We must come softly because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten them, stay not night nor day for the matter requireth haste, bring provisions with you for us. At Albany written from mine own hand, as I have affected to you all that were fatherless be affected to me now and hasten the matter, and stay not and ease me of my charges. You shall not need to be afraid of any enemies. Your loving Kinsman,

BENJAMIN WAITE.

On the wall of Mr. Field's library hangs a quaint drawing by Madame Modjeska of a witch waiting behind a tree to do some mischief to a very straight-laced Puritan, who is rapidly approaching. One feels that he will surely reach the tree in a few minutes, and then, oh, then,—what will happen!

A very odd dinner was given to Madame Modjeska not long before Field died. His family and servants were out of town. But not daunted by that, Mr. Field invited a large party to his house, and "gave it out" that he was going to cook the dinner himself. Of course the invited guests all accepted this unique invitation. He really knew how to cook some dishes very nicely, when the servants were at hand to assist him; but he rather over-appreciated his own powers as a cook when, alone, he tried to "get up a regular dinner." There was but one course, for the company wished to see Mr. Field more than to eat their dinner, and knowing his weakness for practical jokes, they were afraid to eat very much. So far as the eating was concerned, the dinner was a failure; but a merrier party never sat down to table. It was a real feast in the Land of Bohemia—so many bright and witty things were said there.

Eugene Field's own childhood was unspeakably dreary. His beautiful mother (whose picture is one of the library treasures at the white farm-house) died when he was very small. His grandmother, who lived at New Fane, Vermont,

was a very good but an exceedingly rigorous woman. To their cousin, Miss French, at Amherst, the two brothers, Eugene and Roswell Martin, owed much that was agreeable in their



ROSSELL FRANCIS FIELD. ("POSEY.")  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEIN, CHICAGO.)

early lives. They loved Amherst with a peculiar affection. Particularly were they attached to Miss Lavinia Dickinson, the sister of the poet and writer, Emily Dickinson. She is a quaint little gentlewoman, whose house and furniture have not been changed in a single detail since the early part of the century. No one mourned Mr. Field's death more than this gentle old lady. She knows many of his poems by heart; and "Little Boy Blue" is the one that she reads with a quivering voice and eyes full of tears.

To fully understand Eugene Field, one must have an inborn love for old books, old furniture, old china, and old things to which some story is attached; for, as Mrs. Field once remarked, "There was something of the quaintness of past ages in everything he said and did." And one must also love little children, and the fire-side stories which have come down to us from forgotten ages.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF EUGENE FIELD.

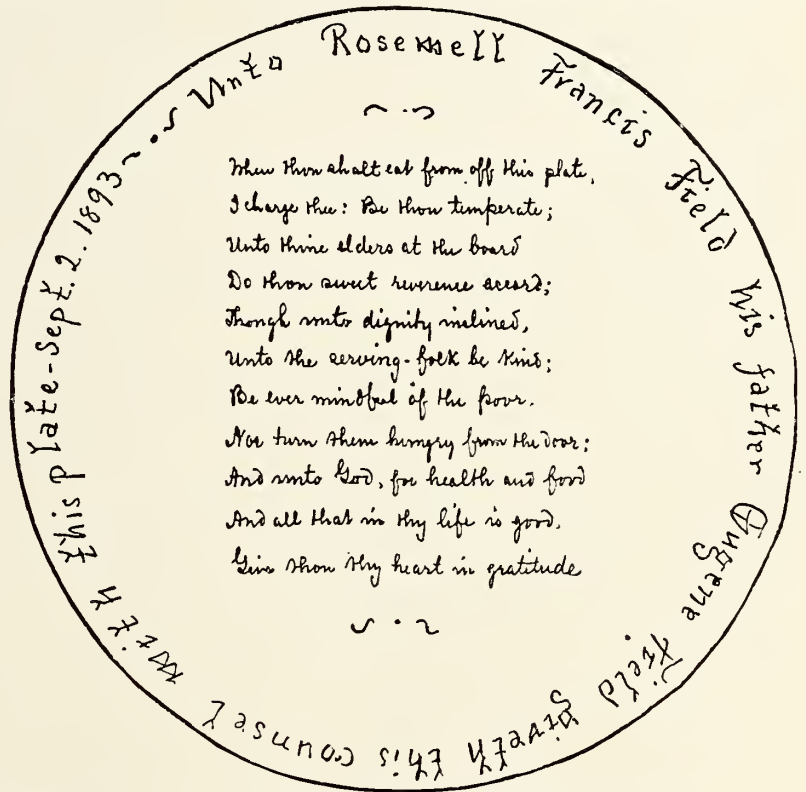
BY MARTHA NELSON YENOWINE.

EUGENE FIELD was a man of generous, tender spirit and boundless sympathy. He gained and held the love of little children, and of men and women; for in his writings he appealed to young and old, and every gentle nature responded to the magic of his honest verse.

He was a great lover of animals, and was constantly making pets of them. He was very fond of birds, but, as he disliked to see them caged, he looked forward to the time when he could add to his new home a good conservatory, where the birds might find a home and fly in and out among the plants. After he had once become attached to a pet of any kind, it was exceedingly hard for him to give it up. For several years he paid the board of two old dogs at a farm. Some of his friends thought this a foolish expense; but he said he would not have the dogs killed, as they had been faithful to him in their younger days, and he did not believe in deserting old friends. Several years ago a Jerusalem donkey was given to the Field boys, and they named it Don Cæsar de Buena. After they became too old to drive with him, it was a serious question what to do with "Don." For some time he was boarded at a livery stable. His board bill soon became quite a serious mat-

ter. But Mr. Field would not have him sold, for fear that the children's old comrade might fall into unkind hands. At last a friend in Kentucky offered a home for the donkey, and there he is now, spending his last days in luxurious ease on a blue-grass farm.

At one time Mr. Field and a party of friends were making a short visit to a Southern city,



FOR "POSEY'S" PLATE. FACSIMILE OF EUGENE FIELD'S INSCRIPTION FOR HIS SON'S SILVER PLATE. DESIGNED BY HIMSELF. (SEE PAGE 839.)

and while there some one proposed that all go out to the Blind Asylum, as it was one of the interesting places to which strangers were taken. Mr. Field declined to join the party, saying: "Nothing would induce me to visit the place. I simply could not stand it to see those poor little

blind children. If I could help them, yes, I would go; but just to go out of curiosity, it is out of the question." Walking along the street with him I have seen him go to the side of the walk to avoid stepping on a beetle. I have often heard him say to other people while strolling in a country lane: "Don't step on that," pointing down at a bug or a spider in the path.

When his children played with little kittens or chickens he often cautioned them to be gentle, fearing that they would unconsciously hurt the little creatures. He would say to them, "Be very careful, for you know the little chicken thinks you a great big giant."

Mr. Field visited our home at one time when my mother was present. She is sixty-eight years old, and while she is fond of reading, and thoroughly enjoys the same pleasures which younger people do, she is very deaf; so deaf that it is impossible for her to hear at all without the use of an ear-trumpet. Every night after dinner at our request Mr. Field would kindly read for us one of his poems or stories. My mother tried to follow the reading by watching Mr. Field's changes of expression. In this way, and by having his books in hand as he gave the different pieces, she gained a fair idea of what he was reading. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. Field. He would have her get her trumpet, and, sitting close to her, would recite verse after verse, through the trumpet, just as he had given them for us. It is needless to say that this gracious act of kindness was deeply appreciated by all the members of the family.

One day he sent a young friend of mine this little verse, which has not before been published:

The charming Miss Daisy O'Brien  
Received from a certain bold "lion"

Some verses so nice

That she cried in a trice:

"I am not on earth but in Zion!"

CHICAGO, December 4, 1893. EUGENE FIELD.

It is written on a sheet of Japan paper, which has been decorated with a conventional vine forming a border. Here and there in the vine are several of the funny little birds, which the poet could draw so cleverly. The decoration is done in colored inks, and drawn with a pen.

I have in my possession a piece of cardboard, not much larger than a postal-card. On one side is a silhouette of Mr. Field, on the other he has written in his delicate handwriting the poem called "Christmas Treasures." The following is a facsimile:

Christmas Treasures

I count my treasures o'er with care -  
The little boy that baby knew,  
The little sort of faded blue,  
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years! this Christmas time,  
My little one - my all to me -  
Got robed in white upon my knee  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,  
If Santa Claus should come tonight,  
What shall he bring my baby, to delight  
That treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little boy,  
While in his round and mournful eyes  
There came a look of glad surprise  
That spoke his spirit true and joy.

And when he lifted his evening prayer,  
He asked the boys with child-like grace -  
Then, toddling to the chimney place,  
He hung his little stockings there -

That night, as length'ning shadows crept,  
I saw the white-wing'd angels come  
With music to our humble home  
And hear my darling while he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,  
For in the morn'g, with anxious face  
He toddled to the chimney place  
And found the little treasure there!

They came again on Christmas morn'g -  
That angel host, so fair and white,  
And, singing all the Christmas night,  
They lured my darling from my side.

A little lock, a little boy,  
A little lock of golden hair,  
The Christmas music on the air -  
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train  
And golden-head come back to me  
To bear me to Eternity,  
My watching will not be in vain.

The first verse I ever wrote  
1878

Eugene Field.

A story has been going the rounds of the newspapers, which is partly true; but it puts facts in a false light, as stories always do when only half told. It was originally printed several years ago, and ran as follows: Mrs. Field had laid by enough money to pay the quarterly instalment upon Mr. Field's life-insurance, and she handed him the sum to make the payment. On his way down town he met a man who had a large collection of butterflies, consisting of eight hundred specimens, which so fascinated Mr. Field that he forgot all about the life-insurance, and immediately purchased the entire collection.

The truth is that Mr. Field did start out to pay for or buy something which was needed, but not to make a life-insurance payment. Also, he did meet an old man with a collection of butterflies. The old man was a gentleman he knew, a friend who had lost his wife and two children. Besides, the week before, his house with all its contents had been destroyed by fire. The man was absolutely without means, home, or friends. He happened to have the butterflies left, as at the time of the fire they were in the house of a friend. When Mr. Field returned, he said:

"I did not want the butterflies, but I had to give that poor old man the money, and he would not take it unless I accepted the collection."

It was simply one more instance of the fact that the gentle-hearted poet could not leave a friend in misery while he had the money in his pocket to help him.

For years it was Mr. Field's habit to write personal verse about his children. There are a number of scrap-books filled with these little poems and quaint rhymes which have never been seen outside of the home circle. When Roswell Francis Field, usually called "Posey," was born, he received many beautiful presents from the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Field — porringers, spoons, cups, and other gifts serving a baby's joys and needs. The one thing lacking, his father thought, was a silver plate, which he purchased for Posey. For this plate Mr. Field composed the following beautiful verse, which was afterward engraved in facsimile upon the plate:

"INSCRIPTION FOR MY LITTLE SON'S SILVER PLATE.

"Unto Roswell Francis Field his father Eugene Field giveth this Counsel with this Plate. September 2, 1893.

"WHEN thou shalt eat from off this plate,  
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;  
Unto thine elders at the board  
Do thou sweet reverence accord;  
Though unto dignity inclined,  
Unto the serving-folk be kind;  
Be ever mindful of the poor,  
Nor turn them hungry from the door:  
And unto God, for health and food,  
And all that in thy life is good,  
Give thou thy heart in gratitude."

As we all know, Mr. Field was ever gentle and tender to the little ones. If they were in any way weak or afflicted, they appealed all the more strongly to the love of which his heart was so full. His nature was as simple as a child's, and he loved the children's toys as much as they did. His sympathetic enjoyment of their pleasure in any new toy was a revelation to the every-day man or woman. One day I went with him into a toy-store to get some little things for the babies, as he rarely went home empty-handed. After he had purchased several things, he ordered a dozen medium-sized bisque dolls. I wondered what he was going to do with so many, and put the question to him. He answered, "Oh, I like to have them, and when little girls come to see me I can give them a dolly to take home." Sometime after his death, the family found the box that had contained the dolls. There was only one left, and that one in some way had been broken.

It was only a few weeks before his life ended that he bought these dolls — so he must have had many visits from his little friends.

The following bit of correspondence is a characteristic incident, and illustrates the gentleness and childlike simplicity of his whole nature, which was absolutely without affectation or pretense of any sort:

Under date of October 14 a little Boston girl wrote this letter to Mr. Field:

DEAR MR. FIELD: I love you. I put your picture jest fore Christmas, that my uncle Harry sent me, and Gramma Field's, at the end of the poetry. I expect to write books when I am older. Will you please read my book, because I have read yours? Please excuse me for writing short letter.

Your loving  
CHERRY ELIZABETH NICHOLS.

The reply was very prompt, for it was penned October 17, and is as follows:

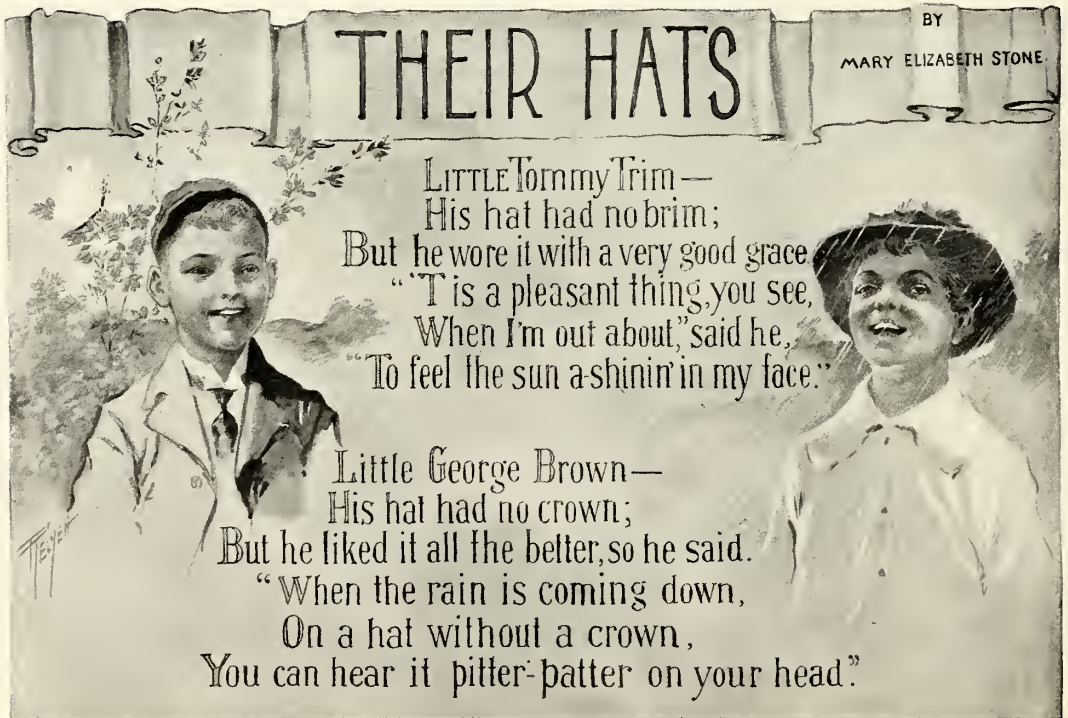
DEAR LITTLE LADY: I thank you very much for your charming letter. It pleases me greatly to know that away off in Massachusetts there is a little girl who reads and likes what I write. Not so very long ago I was a little boy in Massachusetts; maybe that is why I love the Massachusetts people so very much, for indeed my heart turns often and tenderly to them and to their dear old hills and pleasant valleys. I have several boys of my own now; when they are older I shall send them down to Massachusetts to see the girls there. If ever

you see a fine young fellow coming down your street and crying at the top of his voice, "Where, oh, where is the charming Miss Cherry Nichols?" you must know he is my boy. And you'll be gracious to him, will you not? Well, I must stop now, for I must go out and shoot a buffalo or two for supper. Be sure to call on me if ever you come to this wild prairie town.

Always affectionately your friend,

EUGENE FIELD.

All children who knew Mr. Field loved him devotedly. One little boy, of whom he was especially fond, and who was of a shy and somewhat retiring nature, said in a pitiful way when he was told of Mr. Field's death: "I had two friends, now I have only one." Not only the friends of his home-life, but thousands of stranger-friends who knew Eugene Field solely through his writings will hold his memory dear and deplore his loss.



## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ELSIE HILL.

NAN, Angeline, and Mary lay mournful in  
a row;  
Despair and grief were in their hearts, and  
on their faces, woe;  
For Saturday was moving day, and mother  
dear had said,  
As she kissed them all and hugged them  
all and tucked them all in bed,  
“That heap of broken dollies we ’ll leave  
upon the floor;  
I ’m sure you ’ll never miss them — I ’ll  
find you plenty more.  
They ’re old and torn and battered up —  
not one of them ’s complete —  
I think I would n’t take them to the house  
on Pleasant street.”  
Nan, Angeline, and Mary went sadly off to  
sleep,  
In happy dreams they soon forgot that  
melancholy heap;  
But when at last in slumber sound their  
tired mother lay,  
She heard a voice, a gentle voice, that  
sweetly seemed to say:  
“Those children you ’re so fond of — ’t is odd  
you cannot see,  
They ’re really very far from what a per-  
fect child should be!  
There ’s many a pretty child in town in  
case you feel inclined  
To chose some pretty *new* ones, and let *these*  
stay behind.  
“For Mary broke her arm, you know, and  
Nan turns in her toes,  
And Angeline has freckles on her funny  
little nose;  
They bump their heads and tear their frocks  
— it ’s hard to keep them neat,—  
I think I would n’t take them to the house  
on Pleasant street!”  
That loving little mother, oh! she started  
up in fright,  
She ran to all her babies, and she kissed and  
hugged them tight!  
She put her little bonnet on, and bought a  
pot of glue,  
And when they moved to Pleasant Street,  
the dollies all went, too!

## HIS IDEA.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

“WHAT are you going to be, dear Jack,  
When you ’re quite grown up?” I said.  
“Will you be a lawyer, like papa,  
Or a soldier, like Uncle Ned?”  
He shook his curly head and smiled;  
Then answered, “I think it is queer  
Papa chose to be a lawyer,  
When he *might* be a pioneer.”  
“A pioneer, dear laddie?” I cried;  
“Why, how brave and bold you must be!  
But if you roam, you must come back home  
Your poor little mother to see.”  
“Oh, I ’ll not go far away,” he cried;  
“I can do it as well at home,—  
I don’t think when I ’m a pioneer  
That I shall care to roam.  
“I should think that a pioneer—” he said,  
With calmly smiling eyes,  
“That a pioneer would have to do  
Something ’r other with pies.”

# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER XV.

### AN ADDITION TO THE FIRM.

SINDBAD and Tom quickly rose to their feet, turned, and faced a man of decidedly unpleasant appearance, who stood on the other side of the fence against which the two partners had been leaning during Sindbad's narrative.

He was a man of about forty, and a tramp beyond the shadow of

on the other side of the fence. Beg pardon, but that really was a great yarn. Now, honest, are you the genuine Sindbad?"

"I will not deny my identity," replied the explorer, "but I am vexed that you have learned it."

"Oh, don't mind me," said the tramp, lightly; "I have the soul of a gentleman, and I shall respect your secret. Dear me! I thought you were dead years ago."

"So most people imagine," replied Sindbad, "and so I wish them to think. Come, Thomas, we must be on our way."

"Please don't go yet," said the tramp, pleadingly. "I was a gentleman of position once, and I do so like to talk to gentlemen. This fine lad is your son, I suppose?"

"No, he is a member of the firm of Sindbad, Smith & Co., explorers."

"Indeed! Who is the 'Co.,' may I ask?"

"We have not yet found him."

"Well, well! Why, this is very interesting. But how does it happen that you are reduced to this?"

"To what?" asked Sindbad.

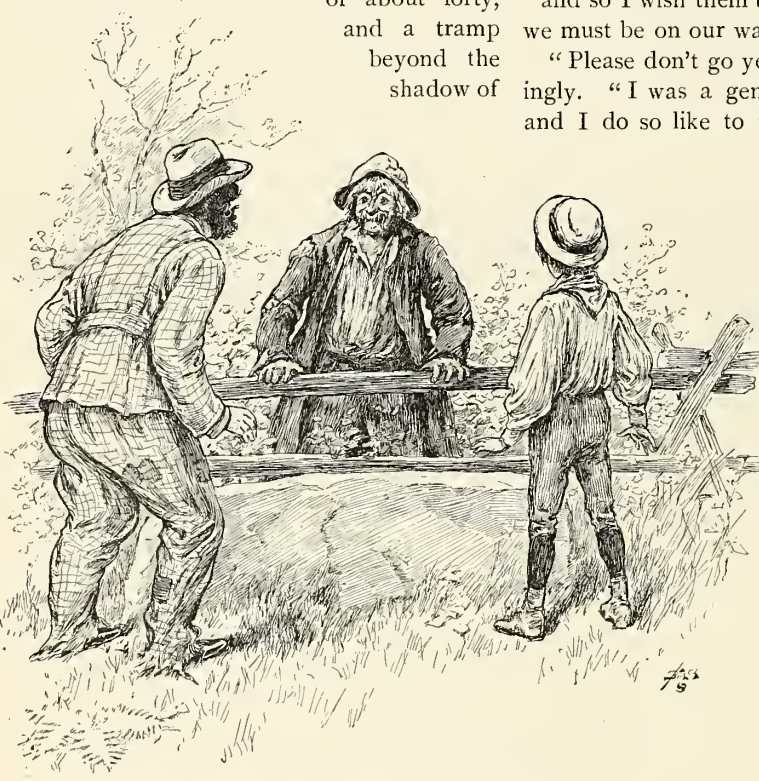
"Why, to tramping."

"I am not tramping," replied the explorer, indignantly.

"Indeed!"

And the tramp eyed Sindbad's trousers skeptically and winked slyly at Tom.

"You are looking at my trousers, I see. I



"'SCARED YOU, DID N'T I?' SAID THE TRAMP."

a doubt. But his face wore a good-natured smile as he said to the astonished Sindbad:

"Scared you, did n't I? I was lying down



have my reasons for wearing them," said the senior partner, stiffly.

"And I have my reasons for wearing these," returned the stranger, gazing ruefully at his tattered garments.

"Doubtless you have," said Sindbad; "but they are not identical with mine; in proof of which permit me to request your acceptance of this."

And he tossed a gold eagle to the evidently astonished tramp.

"As liberal as in the old Bagdad days, I see," said the wanderer. "Many thanks, sir. Ah, how I used to enjoy reading your adventures! They are among the very few things I can remember."

"You're very kind, I'm sure," said Sindbad. "Do you have trouble with your memory?"

"I should say I did," replied the tramp. "Why, I can remember hardly anything—that's why I am tramping. I can't attend to any sort of business on account of that memory of mine—or, rather, on account of its absence. I used to be an expert bookkeeper, but I forgot the significance of figures, and made the most absurd mistakes. This seriously annoyed my employers, and the result was that I could n't hold a position more than twenty-four hours. Why, I've even forgotten my name; I call myself James P. Brown; but I'm sure that's nothing like my real name."

"Now this is very gratifying," said Sindbad in an aside to Tom; "he has forgotten even his own name, yet he remembers mine and my adventures." Then he asked: "When and how did you lose your memory, sir?"

"Why, I've forgotten even that," replied Mr. Brown; "but I think it was when I had a bad cold some years ago. Still, I'm not sure but that somebody hypnotized me. Really, I don't know *how* it happened."

"You seem a man of intelligence," said the great explorer.

"Oh, I am!" the tramp hastened to assure him. "I know a great deal, and if I only could remember it, you'd find me a very entertaining companion—provided my sorrow did not make me disinclined to converse; it might."

"Eh? Your what?" queried Sindbad.

"My sorrow. Oh, I forgot to mention to

you that I have a deep sorrow, which is constantly preying upon me, and will eventually end my career."

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed Sindbad with an expression of genuine concern. "Why, this is very sad! I don't like to be obtrusive, but if you don't mind telling what your sorrow is—"

"My dear Mr. Sindbad," interrupted Mr. Brown, "nothing would give me greater pleasure—melancholy pleasure, you understand—than to confide all to you, but the truth of the matter is I have completely forgotten what my sorrow is. I've had it for years, and I know it's something very painful, but to save my life I can't remember what it is, nor have I been able to for—I forget how many years."

"But how is it possible," asked Sindbad, naturally puzzled, "for you to be worrying yourself into the grave over a sorrow which you have forgotten all about?"

"Why, don't you see?" cried the tramp, "that's just the point; it's the suspense that's killing me. If I knew exactly what it is that worries me I should n't worry nearly so much. It is the dreadful uncertainty of the thing. Perhaps I have killed some one, and am tortured by remorse; or maybe I have lost an immense fortune in rash speculation; or—or—but why theorize on the subject? The fact remains that I have a rooted sorrow and that I can't remember anything about it. Now, I put it to you, is n't that enough to drive a man half frantic?"

"Yours is certainly a peculiar case," replied Sindbad thoughtfully. "I don't think I have ever heard of one exactly like it."

"Oh, I'm sure you never have," said Mr. Brown. "If I ever have I've completely forgotten about it." And he sighed heavily.

"It's a case I should like to study," added the explorer.

"Really?" cried Mr. Brown, his worn face lighting up.

"Really," answered Sindbad.

"Then I'll become the Co. of your firm, and you shall have all the opportunity to study me you wish. You can begin right now. I'll go wherever you go. I'll act as a sort of assistant for you and your partner; you'll find me very handy if you'll bear with my memory."

"What do you say?" asked Sindbad, turning to Tom.

"I'm willing if you are," replied the junior partner, who rather liked the tramp, notwithstanding his rags and dirt.

"Then it's agreed," broke in Mr. Brown delightedly. "Well, if I do say it, Mr. Sindbad, you might have made a worse choice for your Co. than yours truly. My dear sir, you've fallen into a rut of late years, and James P. Brown is just the individual to pull you out of it. I think the effort will keep me from brooding over my sorrow. The dust of ages shall be brushed from the tablet in the Temple of Fame upon which is graven the name of Sindbad! Your future achievements shall more than equal those of your brilliant past; and all this will be due to the indefatigable efforts of James P. Brown!"

Tom thought this a remarkable speech, and his face glowed; but Sindbad said in an icy tone:

"My dear Mr. Brown, kindly remember that you are not my business manager, but merely a partner—a *silent* partner, Mr. Brown. I have not been in the exploring business all these years for nothing; and if at any time I feel it necessary to have refulgence shed upon my name I am quite competent to attend to the matter myself."

"Well, I *must* say—" began Mr. Brown; but Sindbad cut him short with:

"No, you must n't—not now. I'm too tired to hear you. We'll get to Newhampton as quickly as we can, and remain there overnight. Before supper I'll buy you a suit of ready-made clothes. Then you can have a bath and a shave. I suppose you have n't any money?"

"I have the ten-dollar piece you gave me—Why, good gracious! it's gone!"

And the tramp began diving frantically into all his pockets.

"Never mind," said Sindbad impatiently, "I'll give you another—only come along."

The explorer started down the road at a rapid pace, followed by his two partners.

"Is he always as snappish as this?" asked Mr. Brown in a low tone.

"Well, he's quick-tempered," replied Tom.

"I should say he was. It's the way with great men, though. But, honestly, between ourselves, do you think he really is Sindbad?"

"Why, of course he is," said Tom, shocked by the question; "there can't be a doubt of it."

"I don't know about *that*. How long have you known him?"

"Only a couple of days," admitted the boy.

"Well, then you have only his word for it. When you come to think of it, it *does* seem improbable that he is really *the* Sindbad."

"Nothing seems improbable after what I've gone through during the past twenty-four hours," said Tom.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Brown with wide-open eyes, "you arouse my curiosity. Have you really had any very startling adventures?"

"Well, we've seen some very queer things," replied Tom, guardedly.

"Now don't be afraid to tell me all about it," said Mr. Brown. "I assure you I shall forget it within a day or two."

Thus urged, Tom, who was really burning to confide the story of his adventures to some one, told Mr. Brown all that had befallen them.

His companion listened very attentively, and, when he had finished, said:

"Well, it really does seem as if there might be something in his claim, does n't it? But you can't tell—you can't tell!"

And he shook his head dubiously.

"Why, what more do you want?" cried Tom.

"As I've consented to become a member of the firm," replied Mr. Brown, "I don't know but I ought, in justice to myself, to demand of this man some proof of his identity. You see, for all I can tell I may have a distinguished reputation to maintain. A man with a memory like mine can't be too careful."

"I don't see what you have to lose," said Tom rather sharply and with a scornful glance at his companion's costume. "Mr. Sindbad has offered to buy you a new outfit."

"That's so; I'd forgotten *that*," said Mr. Brown. "Well, I'll take chances on my reputation suffering, then. And so those old trousers of his are enchanted, are they?"

"Yes," replied Tom, rather sorry he had told the new partner this.

"And every time he puts his hand in his pocket he draws out a gold eagle? Well, well! I'd like to have a pair like them. Do you suppose he could get me one?"

## CHAPTER XVI.

## DISCORD.

Before Tom could reply, Sindbad, who was now several yards in advance of his partners, turned suddenly, saying: "That 's a hotel just ahead, I think. We 'll stop there."

Tom and Mr. Brown quickened their pace until they reached the explorer, who continued, addressing the new partner:

"You can get a shave, shampoo, and bath there; while you are thus engaged I 'll go and order you a complete ready-made outfit."

THE barber and the tailor succeeded in effecting so remarkable a change in the appearance of Mr. James P. Brown that Tom was positively startled; and even the *blasé* Sindbad said—a little patronizingly:

"Really, I 'm surprised; I must admit that you may do me credit after all, Brown."

Mr. Brown was evidently offended, and Tom did not blame him; stroking his neatly-trimmed moustache fiercely, he said:

"Mr. Sindbad, I don't like your tone."

"No?" said the explorer inquiringly with a supercilious yawn.

"No. If I could only remember who I am, you might esteem it a high honor to be associated with me."

"I might," said Sindbad, "but I don't think I should. It 's a pity you have such a short memory."

"And it 's a pity you have such a long tongue," retorted Mr. Brown. "The fact is, you don't know whom you 're talking to."

"Can you enlighten me?" asked Sindbad in a bitterly sarcastic tone.

"No, I can't at present, but I shall as soon as I get my memory back; and, for all you know, I may prove to be a prince of the realm."

"Prince of the realm!" giggled Sindbad. "Oh, that 's good! that 's *too* good! I *must* laugh. He! he! he! Prince of the realm! What realm, I wonder!"

"How dare you?" hissed Mr. Brown. "Who are you, anyway? If you 're really the person you pretend to be, you 're nothing more than



"HOW DARE YOU?" HISSED MR. BROWN. "WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?"

They were certainly an odd-looking trio as they wearily ascended the steps that led to the hotel entrance; and it is no wonder that the half-dozen men seated on the piazza grinned broadly as they watched them.

When they had been shown to their rooms the loungers went into the office and clustered around the register, upon one of the pages of which they read this entry:

GEORGE W. SINDBAD, }  
 THOMAS SMITH, } *Explorers.*  
 JAMES P. BROWN, }

the so-called hero of a lot of ridiculous tales of exaggerated adventure. Anyhow, it's never been proved that such a man as Sindbad ever existed."

"It has n't, eh?" howled the explorer, his face crimson. "Now, *that* shows all you know. But I'll waste no more time in words; there's another way to settle this matter."

"You mean by fighting?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I do, sir."

"Well, you'll have to dismiss the idea, for I could n't possibly accept a challenge from you. Why, for all I know I should be shooting at, or crossing swords with a man immensely my inferior in rank. Oh, I could n't entertain the idea for a moment, sir!"

Here Tom thought it advisable to interfere.

"Mr. Sindbad — Mr. Brown," he said, "I have an idea."

"What is it?" inquired his brother explorers in unison.

"It's this: we ought to go down to dinner. The gong sounded nearly five minutes ago."

The two men turned and faced him.

"Why did n't you tell us before?" asked Sindbad.

"You did n't give me a chance. Shall we go right down?"

"Of course."

The three explorers descended to the dining-room, a large, bare room on the first floor. If rooms had — as Bulwer would put it — "audible language," this one would have said: "You may eat in me if you will — I can't help myself; but I wish you distinctly to understand that I object to it."

Sindbad, Smith & Co., however, were too hungry to care whether the room objected or not, and they fell to with good appetites, unmindful of the curious glances of the "regular boarders."

"We'll spend the remainder of the afternoon and the night here," said Sindbad as they rose from the table; "and to-morrow —"

"Where shall we go then?" asked Tom eagerly.

"Wherever you like."

"I should like to go to New York, if you don't object," said Tom; "but perhaps Mr. Brown would prefer to go somewhere else."

"Any place that suits you and my esteemed confrère, Mr. Sindbad, will suit me," smiled the Co., whose aggressiveness seemed to have melted and entirely disappeared under the genial influence of the dinner.

"Then New York it shall be," said Sindbad in a much less austere manner than that which he had worn before the meal. "I am nothing if not obliging."

"In other words, you are a gentleman," said Mr. Brown. "Whatever differences we may have in opinion, I must acknowledge *that*. Your hand, Mr. Sindbad."

"Since you put it in that way," returned the great explorer, "I cannot be unresponsive."

The two partners shook hands with every appearance of cordiality, much to the relief of Tom, who had feared that a permanent breach had been made.

Mr. Brown was exceedingly cordial, and insisted upon embracing both Tom and Sindbad, much to the annoyance of the former.

"Well," said the head of the firm, as they seated themselves upon the piazza, "then it is decided that we start for New York to-morrow morning."

"Nothing could please me better," said Mr. Brown. "New York is a great city, and I suppose I have been there a good many times in my happier days, before this awful sorrow began weighing me down, and gnawing like a canker-worm —"

"You said that before," interrupted Sindbad a little brusquely. "Really, Brown, I don't think you ought to brood so much over that sorrow, especially as you can't even remember what it is."

"But how can I help brooding over it?" cried the Co., excitedly. "If I could remember just what it is, I think that I should be able to reconcile myself to it, for I have an iron will, and believe that mind is superior to matter. But I *can't* remember, and that is just what is rushing me toward an untimely grave. Now, my sorrow is something that occurred a great many years ago; perhaps, if I could recall all the particulars of the affair — if it was an affair — I should conclude, looking at it from a distance, that I had been fretting about a mere nothing. But, as a conscientious man, I can-

not allow myself to entertain that theory for a moment. I may have been guilty of a crime for which I ought to suffer remorse, and so I suffer it—oh, what remorse I do suffer!”

And Mr. Brown's face assumed an expression of anguish.

“But, see here,” said Sindbad; “a way has occurred to me by which you may relieve your mind a great deal, and perhaps prolong your life.”

“What is it?” asked Mr. Brown, seizing the explorer's hand. “Let me know it at once.”

“You say your memory is of no use to you at all?”

“Not of the slightest use. Really, it is base flattery to call it a memory.”

“Then there are several courses open to you: forget that you have forgotten your sorrow, and may be it will come back to you, and you will know the worst.”

“I can't bear to do that,” said Mr. Brown, shuddering; “it might be something awful.”

“Well, then, forget that you ever had a sorrow.”

“No,” said the Co., firmly, “I cannot conscientiously do that. No, Sindbad, my dear sir, I must bear my burden, whatever it is, uncomplainingly.”

“Well, it does n't seem to me that you are doing anything of the sort,” returned Sindbad, in a slightly raised voice. “Since we first met I've heard of nothing but your sorrow—and you don't know what it is, at that! Really, this is ridiculous.”

Tom saw that Mr. Brown was about to make an angry reply; so, to nip another dispute in the bud, he interrupted with:

“What train shall we take in the morning, Mr. Sindbad?”

“It's all the same to me,” replied Sindbad, sullenly.

“There's a good train at nine o'clock,” said Mr. Brown.

“We'll take that if you like,” said the obliging Sindbad; “any train at all, or no train at all—it's the same to me.”

“If you mean by that remark, sir,” began Mr. Brown, “to insinuate—”

“I don't mean to *insinuate* anything at all,” interrupted Sindbad; “that is not my way; but I

mean to state in language intelligible to the dull-est comprehension”—and he gazed fixedly at the Co.—“that you two have singular ideas of the exploring business. Instead of suggesting that we go and discover the North Pole, or the South Pole, or plunge into darkest Africa, you vote to go to New York; where, I suppose, you expect to put up at a first-class hotel, and live on the fat of the land at my expense. That's what *you* call excitement! Huh!”

Tom, much embarrassed, began to stammer out something about going anywhere that Mr. Sindbad suggested, and not caring particularly about New York anyway; but Mr. Brown interrupted him with a wave of the hand, and said:

“Stop, my lad; leave this affair to me. We must, sooner or later, come to an understanding with this man Sindbad, and we may as well do so now.”

“Oh, I understand *you* well enough,” sneered Sindbad; “and if you don't understand *me* it is n't my fault.”

“Well, we don't—I don't, at any rate,” said Mr. Brown. “You're growling now like a bear because we've decided to go to New York, and yet a few minutes ago you were perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. What is the matter with you, sir?”

“I acquiesced to please you two amateurs; not because I consider New York the center of the universe.”

“Neither do we,” said Mr. Brown; “but from this small town we've got to go to New York to get anywhere else.”

“Oh, no, we have n't,” said Sindbad, shaking his head with a scornfully mysterious air. “Nothing of the sort.”

“Well, of course, you understand what I mean,” said Mr. Brown, biting his lips in evident vexation. “New York is—”

“From this place,” interrupted Sindbad, ignoring the Co.'s remark, “we can go in any direction—North, South, East, West, up or down.”

“Eh? Up or down? What do you mean by that?” cried Mr. Brown, with eager interest.

But Sindbad only shrugged his shoulders and smiled meaningly.

“We could go up if we had a balloon,” con-

tinued the ex-tramp; "or down if we had a shovel, and time and inclination to dig a deep hole in the ground. But I don't see —"

"You don't see what I mean," interrupted Sindbad, "so let it pass."

"I don't believe you know what you mean yourself," muttered Mr. Brown in a tone so low that Sindbad did not hear it, though Tom did. Then he said aloud: "Very well, sir, very well. Of course, Mr. Sindbad, you have your own reasons for your evidently strong prejudice against New York, but notwithstanding that it is a great seaport, and *most* explorers — ordinary, everyday explorers, not Sindbads — make it their starting point. Why, you always used to go to Balsora when you started on a voyage. Every one of

the stories of your voyages begins: 'After several months spent in the enjoyment

out for Balsora'—and so forth. I remember thinking — he, he, he! — that you ought to have had a rubber stamp made with those words, to save time."

Sindbad's face was white with wrath as he said:

"You remember that, do you? Like most persons with defective memories, you can recall all the disagreeable things you ever heard of. Try to remember, also, that at the time you speak of I was only an amateur explorer, and that the accounts you have read of my first seven voyages were painfully inaccurate."

Reading in Mr. Brown's face that he was about to make a sarcastic reply, Tom hastened to say:

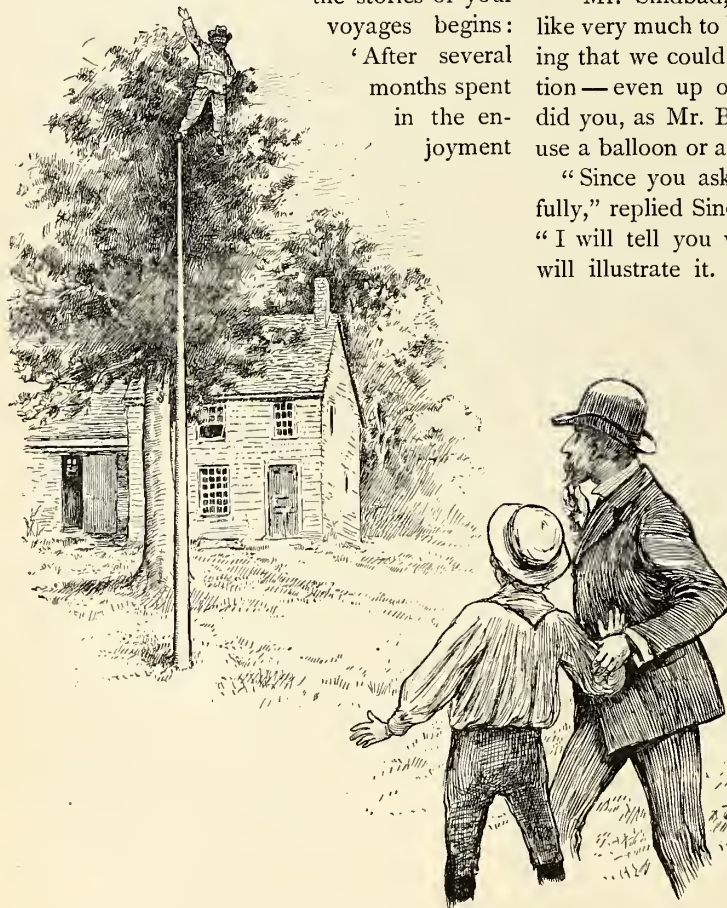
"Mr. Sindbad, if you don't mind I should like very much to know what you meant by saying that we could start a voyage in any direction — even up or down. You did n't mean, did you, as Mr. Brown thought, that we could use a balloon or a shovel?"

"Since you ask me so politely and respectfully," replied Sindbad with a patronizing smile, "I will tell you what I meant. Better still, I will illustrate it. You see that flagstaff on the green yonder? I will start on a journey from its apex; if either of you has the courage he may follow me."

Without waiting for a reply, the great explorer ran over to the flagstaff and began to ascend it with the agility of a boy. Brown and Tom hastened after him.

"Poor old fellow," said Mr. Brown compassionately, "it is as I feared"; and he tapped his forehead significantly.

But the next moment he uttered an exclamation of amazement. For, after balancing himself a few seconds on one



"SINDBAD STEPPED OFF AND — VANISHED."

of the riches I had acquired, my old longing for the sea became so strong that I once more set foot upon the top of the flagstaff, Sindbad stepped off and — vanished.

(To be continued.)

## A SAND-PILE.

BY HARRY M. LAY.



A SCENE FROM "THE BATTLE OF 'BAWLED HILL.'"

(The sand-pile was about eighteen inches high, the fence in the distance is of matches, and, approaching the foreground, of slightly larger bits of wood. "The woods" are curled hair; the rider is two inches high. Figures in the foreground are toys of the usual size.)

THE attractive display of ingeniously contrived toys which fill the shop-windows about the holidays are interesting to every "grown up," and altogether fascinating to children.

I doubt, however, if a whole shop-full of fine toys contains so inexhaustible a resource for amusement and imagination as a pile of clean moist sand. My little son and I have convinced ourselves of this, for we have had "no end of fun" in our sand-pile in the yard.

We built viaducts, tunnels, and forts, and let our imaginations have free rein. We lived in a delightful little world all our own. One day we took his little iron patrol-wagon and horses, his brass cannon, and his company of lead

soldiers out to the sand-pile. That suggested at once a battle scene, and we began to lay out a field of action.

Uncle Arthur used to tell us funny stories about a great battle he was supposed to have been in, once upon a time, and we decided to illustrate his wonderful experiences in that famous battle of "Bawled Hill," with the "Army of the Kankakee."

We heaped the sand into a pile about two feet high to represent the "hill," and packed it smooth so as to make it look a great way to the top of it. To help this impression we built a tiny rail-fence of matches along the brow of the hill, and placed the little lead soldiers

about near the fence to represent the advance guard of the enemy. Next we built a rail-fence of larger sticks toward the front of the scene. Here we placed the patrol-wagon and horses with their little iron driver to look as if fleeing to a place of greater safety, and the little brass cannon overturned as though by a well-aimed shot from the distant enemy. The hose-cart horse did service as a dead artillery animal.

Here, then, was a fertile field for the play of our imaginations. It promised amusement and instruction for a long time to come, and we were at once filled with a great desire to make other pictures. Then we found we had no soldiers, or similar figures, of the proper sizes for the foreground and middle distance, and to buy them all would be altogether too expensive. So we decided we could make better ones ourselves



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF 'BAWLED HILL'"

(A pile of sand about two feet high, fences made of matches and small sticks, iron toys, and little lead soldiers. The house is a tooth-pick box.)

The rag brownie was made to represent Uncle Arthur, and set astride a detached fire-engine horse in full flight.

The effect was so amusing that I determined to make a picture of it with my camera. When the photograph was finished we were all astonished and delighted with the result.

The little hill of sand looked as if it were a quarter of a mile high.

of modeling-clay. In making these we found another source of amusement and real instruction we had not expected; and we succeeded so well with the clay that it was almost as much pleasure to model the little clay figures as to set them up in the scenes afterward.

Having decided upon the kind of figure wanted for any particular part of a picture, we first constructed a wire skeleton of fine, soft,





THE "ARMY OF THE KANKAKEE" IN FULL RETREAT.

stove-pipe wire, and bent the arms and legs into the proper positions. That helped to give the correct action, and held the clay together.

Very few tools were necessary. Our fingers were the best tools we could find. In addition to them we had only a thin bladed palette-knife, a wooden knife, a soft pencil, a brush, and a cup

of water. The clay was very nice to handle, as it did not stick to the fingers as common clay does. While the clay figures we made were not works of art, they had, at least, the necessary appearance of life and action, and their effect was very funny when placed in effective positions. The smallest ones were always put



"OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS (MOSTLY GENERALS) WERE ALWAYS CONFRONTED BY A GREAT FORCE OF THE ENEMY."  
(SEE PAGE 855.)

farthest back, while the larger ones were put nearer the front, according to their comparative sizes. The effect of this was very lifelike, and gave an impression of much greater distances.

When the little clay figures had dried hard they were colored with water-color paints. It

posts are put nearer together as the narrow end is reached, since they would really seem so.

There is nothing which is so deceptive in effect as this fence, and if the other figures are in exact proportion the illusion will be perfect. These sections are no longer than those



VIEW SHOWING THE "SKY," AND THE BUILDING OF A BATTLE-FIELD.

would have been better if we had used some other color than blue, as that color always shows white in a photograph.

Next we set to making fences, houses, and barns. Post-and-rail fences were in sections from six inches to a foot in length, and from two to three inches high, and were made of pasteboard and wood. Particular care should be taken about the sections of fence intended to go near the roadway at the back part of the scene and to give the impression of great distance. Each little stick is whittled narrower toward one end, and the sticks representing the

in the foreground, and they are very easy to make — just a little fish-glue will hold the pieces together very well, and cigar boxes, berry boxes, or even pieces of heavy pasteboard are always easy to get. From the same materials we made the houses and barns, afterward painting the doors and windows upon them.

Now we found we must have something to represent the sky — for who ever saw an outdoor picture without a sky? This was perplexing, because the sheet to be used for that purpose must not show the slightest wrinkle or anything which would betray its real character.



THE COUNTRY CROSS-ROADS.

(The "mill" is the building on the extreme right.)

My wife hemmed some muslin eighteen feet long, and a blacksmith furnished some curved iron rods which we drew through the hems and thus suspended the sheet, as can best be seen in the picture on page 852.

To get the wrinkles out, the sheet was thoroughly wetted, and, as it dried, it stretched itself until every wrinkle disappeared.

Before placing in the sand the figures for a picture we carefully smoothed out every little



PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ACTUAL SIZE OF THE OBJECTS IN THE SAND-PILE SCENE "THE COUNTRY CROSS ROADS." (SEE PAGE 855.)



ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE COUNTRY CROSS-ROADS."

(Taken with the camera on a level with the horseman in the foreground.)

lump or imprint, and packed the surface down until all detail was wiped out, because to look far away nothing should seem distinct.

Then we were ready to construct our pictures. We built up a hill, and, commencing at the back, we placed some curled hair in loose bunches to represent woods.

Next came the rail fences on the sides of the road leading down the hill. Commencing at the top we began laying it with matches, and,

as it drew nearer, larger sticks, followed by still larger ones, were used until the fence reached the foreground. The placing of the houses and other buildings depends on their sizes.

When all these were in proper place we were ready for the figures. To make it more interesting we imagined that the enemy's cavalry was just coming over the top of the hill in pursuit of the routed "Army of the Kankakee" uncle Arthur told about. The "army" can be



THE ROUTED "ARMY OF THE KANKAKEE." (SEE PAGE 855.)

"The soldier riding backward down the hill is 'General Calamity' who has vowed never to turn his back to the enemy."

seen tearing down the hill in a wild flight — a sort of a Bull Run panic. That soldier riding backward down the hill is “General Calamity,” who has vowed never to turn his back to the enemy. The iron patrol-wagon and some of our fire-department toys fitted into such a scene very well, as representing the artillery and baggage wagons.

A correct idea of the effect of distance obtained by making the fences run to a point toward the background can be obtained in the picture of the Country Cross-roads on page 853.

scene was obtained, for it seems to make everything “as big as life.” The camera was taken off its tripod, and placed flat upon the ground, so that the lens was on a level with the man and his pony. As every object was in proper proportion the illusion is complete.

As we constructed these scenes of mimic strife our imaginations were active. Our handful of brave soldiers (mostly generals) were always confronted by a great force of the enemy, but held them at bay with the single brass cannon. The fat little man in his shirt sleeves, in the



AN ATTEMPT TO RALLY THE “ARMY OF THE KANKAKEE.”

A man could not place his foot lengthwise between the fences down at the corner of the road beyond the mill, although it appears to be wide enough to let several wagons pass one another there.

The other picture on the same page shows the actual size of every object in the preceding one. If a tall man who stood where the little boy is sitting on the hassock should fall at full length, his head would bump against the muslin background which represents the sky.

Young photographers will doubtless wonder how the effect in the next view of the same

picture on this page, astride a fiery horse, is “General Stebby.”

Uncle Arthur says that the man about to fire the cannon is himself, as he always fired the cannon in the “Army of the Kankakee.”

These pictures are but the beginning of what promises to be a most fascinating play for “grown ups,” as well as little folks; and we have already planned to build mountain scenes with lakes and waterfalls, forests and rivers, and deserts and farm-yards. We mean to be great travelers, and see strange sights in this little fairyland in our back yard.

## POEMS BY A CHILD.



MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.\*

### THE LILY.

THE wild deer stood in the shady dell  
And the sun came shimmering through,  
And the Lily nodded her snow-white bell  
Wet with the morning dew.  
“Oh, the sea is lovely!” the Zephyr said  
As it blew o'er mountain and lea;  
And the Lily nodded her snow-white head  
And longed to live in the sea.

The wild deer slept in the shady dell  
And the moon came shimmering through,  
And the Lily lifted her snow-white bell  
And drank the evening dew.  
“Oh, the sea is lovely!” the Zephyr cried  
As it rustled the leafy tree,  
And the Lily nodded her head, and sighed,  
And longed to live in the sea.

The wild deer fled from the cloudy dell  
And the rain came pouring through,  
And the Lily nodded her snow-white bell  
Whenever the Zephyr blew.  
“Oh, the sea is stormy!” the Zephyr sighed,  
As it blew o'er mountain and lea,  
And the Lily plunged in the river's tide  
And floated down to the sea.

### SONNET.

TO A PURPLE PANSY.

O LOVELY flower, loveliest of thy kind,  
Fair as the purple cloud that sunset decks,  
A beauteous blossom of thy gentle sex,  
A bit of fragrance, budding on the wind,  
A storehouse for the honey-gathering bee;  
Now coyly smiling with coquettish grace,  
Now with a lovely look upon thy face,  
An upward glance of grave, sweet purity;  
A drop of purple dew that gleams, then fades,  
Sets upon Earth's green breast another gem,  
Then, lifeless, hangs upon its withered stem,  
Drops—and the grassy woodland dells and  
glades  
Know it no more—forget it did exist—  
But in my heart, O flow'r, thou art forever  
missed.

### THE AUTUMN DAISY.

O RUDDY Daisy!  
O flower brave and bold!  
The autumn skies are hazy  
With clouds of smoking gold.  
The bush that flamed with yellow haws  
Is bare and leafless now,  
The frost its hoary mantle draws  
Across each frozen bough.  
O ruddy flower!  
O Daisy, bold and bright!  
Come to cheer this dreary hour  
With thy little light!

\* See page 876.

When all the days are short and damp,  
 The nights are long and cold,  
 God bless thee for thy cheerful lamp,  
 O Daisy brave and bold!

## THE MONSTER "PRACTISING."

WHEREVER I may go,  
 Whatever I may do,  
 That dreadful monster, "Practising,"  
 Looms up before my view,  
 And in a voice I must obey  
 He calls me from my pleasant play.  
 Each day, at half-past three,  
 When I come home from school,  
 In sternest voice he summons me  
 Straight to the piano-stool;  
 There while my chords and scales I try,  
 I count the moments passing by.  
 If I am out of sorts  
 And crossly strike a key  
 With discord most unbearable  
 He then does punish me.  
 He 'll worry me with all his might  
 Until my exercise goes right.  
 They tell me that in time  
 More beautiful he 'll grow;  
 There 'll be a smile upon that face  
 That now does scare me so;  
 His ugliness will flee, and I  
 Will grow to love him — by and by.  
 And so perhaps, if I  
 Am good and persevere,  
 And do my lessons right and try  
 Not to offend his ear,  
 Old "Practising" will grow to me  
 As pleasant as they say he 'll be.

## TO A SPARROW.

*(Composed while on a sick-bed, and watching the sparrow  
 through the window.)*

THE skies of winter lower a frowning brow  
 O'er the still earth, in snowy silence drest;  
 Yet happy and contented still art thou,  
 O little Sparrow, flutt'ring from thy nest  
 To pluck the withered haws that even now  
 Deck the bare bush's dry and leafless bough.  
 And when I hear the sweet melodious flow  
 That fills with thankful song thy little breast  
 For the scant meal thou findest in the snow,  
 I think how many mortals doubly blest  
 Receive their blessings, yet no thanks bestow.

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## THE SHADOW SONG.

O dainty little Shadow,  
 O coy, delusive Shadow!  
 O fickle phantom of the lightsome air!  
 One moment swift careering  
 Across the sunny meadow,  
 Then, flitting, disappearing—  
 Who knows where?

Toward thee bend the grasses,  
 The tall, tall meadow grasses,  
 As if to hold thy flitting figure still;  
 Now o'er them ling'ring, brooding,  
 Thou temptest their caresses,  
 Then dartest off, eluding,—  
 Mocking still.

O, merry, merry Shadow,  
 O, little elfin Shadow!  
 Dance gaily with thy playmate zephyr now,  
 For oh! the sparkling river,  
 The sunshine on the meadow,  
 They will not last forever,—  
*Nor wilt thou!*

## BONNIE LASSIE.

OH, bonnie bonnie lassie,  
 Whither, whither do ye go?  
 The trees are bare an' leafless,  
 The fields are white wi' snow.  
 The meadow 's bleak an' barren  
 That waved wi' rustlin' grass,  
 An' whither are ye goin'  
 My bonnie, bonnie lass?  
 "I 'm hurryin' thro' the meadow,  
 I 'm hurryin' thro' the lane  
 To meet my bonnie Jamie,  
 My dearest an' my ain.  
 What care I tho' the snow lies cauld,  
 Tho' winds blaw bleak an' drear,  
 I 'm hurryin' over moor an' field  
 To meet my Jamie dear."  
 Then bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
 Oh, speed ye on your way,  
 I 'm dreamin' o' the selfsame lad  
 That you shall meet to-day.  
 I 'm dreamin' o' my Jamie,  
 Who said he would be true,  
 An' lo'ed me vera dearly  
 Before he met wi' you.

# THE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the June number.*]

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CONJURERS OF CASHMERE.

BADASHAN, of which our traveler wrote an interesting account, is now known as Badakshan; it lies to the north of that range of mountains which bears the name of the Hindu Kush, in Central Asia, south of Bokhara and north of Afghanistan. Marco's eyes are now turned eastward, and he writes thus of the country of which the world outside then knew nothing:

#### OF THE PROVINCE OF BADASHAN.

BADASHAN is a Province inhabited by people who worship Mahomet, and have a peculiar language. It forms a very great kingdom, and the royalty is hereditary. All those of the royal blood are descended from King Alexander and the daughter of King Darius, who was Lord of the vast Empire of Persia. And all these kings call themselves in the Saracen tongue Zulcarniain, which is as much as to say "Alexander"; and this out of regard for Alexander the Great.

It is in this province that those fine and valuable gems, the Balas Rubies, are found. They are got in certain rocks among the mountains, and in the search for them the people dig great caves underground, just as is done by miners for silver. There is but one special mountain that produces them, and it is called Syghinan. The stones are dug on the king's account, and no one else dares dig in that mountain on pain of forfeiture of life as well as goods; nor may any one carry the stones out of the kingdom. But the king amasses them all, and sends them to other kings when he has tribute to render, or when he desires to offer a friendly present; and such only as he pleases he causes to be sold. Thus he acts in order to keep the Balas at a high value; for if he were to allow everybody to dig, they would extract so many that the world would be glutted with them, and they would cease to bear any value. Hence it is that he allows so few to be taken out, and is so strict in the matter.

There is also in the same country another mountain, in which azure is found; 't is the finest in the world, and is got in a vein like silver. There are also other mountains which contain a great amount of silver ore, so that the country is a very rich one; but it is also (it must

be said) a very cold one. It produces numbers of excellent horses, remarkable for their speed. They are not shod at all, although constantly used in mountainous country, and on very bad roads. They go at a great pace even down steep descents, where other horses neither would nor could do the like. And Messer Marco was told that not long ago they possessed in that province a breed of horses descended from Alexander's horse Bucephalus, all of which had from their birth a particular mark on the forehead. This breed was entirely in the hands of an uncle of the king's; and in consequence of his refusing to let the king have any of them, the latter put him to death. The widow then, in despite, destroyed the whole breed, and it is now extinct.

In the mountains there are vast numbers of sheep—400, 500, or 600 in a single flock, and all of them wild; and though many of them are taken, they never seem to get aught the scarcer.

Those mountains are so lofty that 't is a hard day's work, from morning till evening, to get to the top of them. On getting up, you find an extensive plain, with great abundance of grass and trees, and copious springs of pure water running down through rocks and ravines. In those brooks are found trout and many other fish of dainty kinds; and the air in those regions is so pure, and residence there so healthful, that when the men who dwell below in the towns, and in the valleys and plains, find themselves attacked by any kind of fever or other ailment that may hap, they lose no time in going to the hills; and after abiding there two or three days, they quite recover their health through the excellence of that air. And Messer Marco said he had proved this by experience: for when in those parts he had been ill for about a year, but as soon as he was advised to visit that mountain, he did so and got well at once.

In this kingdom there are many strait and perilous passes, so difficult to force that the people have no fear of invasion. Their towns and villages also are on lofty hills, and in very strong positions. They are excellent archers, and much given to the chase; indeed, most of them are dependent for clothing on the skins of beasts, for stuffs are very dear among them. The great ladies, however, are arrayed in stuffs, and I will tell you the style of their dress. They all wear trousers made of cotton cloth, and into the making of these some will put 60, 80, or even 100 ells of stuff.

#### OF THE PROVINCE OF PASHAL.

You must know that ten days' journey to the south of Badashan there is a Province called PASHAL, the peo-



ple of which have a peculiar language, and are Idolaters, of a brown complexion. They are great adepts in sorceries and the diabolic arts. The men wear earrings and brooches of gold and silver set with stones and pearls. They are a pestilent people and a crafty; and they live upon flesh and rice. Their country is very hot.

Now let us proceed and speak of another country which is seven days' journey from this one towards the south-east, and the name of which is KESHIMUR.

The Badakshan country is still famed for its rubies, although the quality of the gems is not so high as in earlier times; and the working of the ruby mines is still a monopoly in the hands of the government. By "azure" Marco means lapis-lazuli, a semi-precious stone of a beautiful blue color, greatly esteemed by gem workers. As for the horses that were claimed to have descended from the famous Bucephalus of Alexander the Great, we may say that many oriental people are famous braggarts; and, although the horses of Badakshan are still so beautiful and strong that Afghan robbers continually raid the country to steal them, it is unlikely that any progeny of Bucephalus were to be found in any quarter of the world.

Keshimur, of which our traveler next speaks, is readily understood to be Cashmere, lying just south of the Hindu Kush, and famous for its shawls, attar of roses, and other products. Here is Marco's very brief account of that province:

#### OF THE PROVINCE OF KESHIMUR.

Keshimur also is a Province inhabited by a people who are Idolaters and have a language of their own. They have an astonishing acquaintance with the develeries of enchantment; inasmuch that they make their idols to speak. They can also by their sorceries bring on changes of weather and produce darkness, and do a number of things so extraordinary that no one without seeing them would believe them. Indeed, this country is the very original source from which Idolatry has spread abroad.

In this direction you can proceed further till you come to the Sea of India.

The men are brown and lean, but the women, taking them as brunettes, are very beautiful. The food of the people is flesh, and milk, and rice. The clime is finely tempered, being neither very hot nor very cold.

There are in this country Eremites (after the fashion of those parts), who dwell in seclusion and practise great abstinence in eating and drinking. They keep from all sins forbidden in their law, so that they are regarded by their own folk as holy persons. They live to a great age.

There are also a number of idolatrous abbeys and monasteries. The people of the province do not kill

animals nor spill blood; so if they want to eat meat they get the Saracens who dwell among them to play the butcher. The coral which is carried from our parts of the world has a better sale there than in any other country.

Now we will quit this country, and not go any further in the same direction; for if we did so we should enter India; and that I do not wish to do at present. For, on our return journey, I mean to tell you about India: all in regular order. Let us go back therefore to Badashan, for we cannot otherwise proceed on our journey.

The conjurers of Cashmere seem to have made a great impression on Marco, who had seen them before at the court of Kublai Khan. They had, and still have, a wide reputation for their skill. Like many other so-called magicians, they have the power to deceive on-lookers to so great an extent that men have soberly reported that they saw iron float in the water, rocks rise in the air without being touched by any one, and clouds come and go and mists fall, all at the bidding of the magician. It is, of course, all mere jugglery.

Marco's statement that Buddhism, or "Idolatry," as he styles it, spread from Cashmere, must be taken with some allowance; for, although that faith did spread thence into Tibet and other lands where it holds great power, it first went into Cashmere from India. One of the first of the Ten Obligations, or commandments, of Buddhism is to refrain from taking life; and the pious Eremites (or hermits) and Buddhists whom Marco saw, while they did not hesitate to eat meat, would not kill with their own hands the animal that was to be eaten. That is still the custom of the country; the good Buddhist will not cause death if he can possibly avoid it.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

WE have heard much, of late years, about the Pamir country; and we shall hear more about it as time goes on: for the Pamir steppe, as it is sometimes called, lies in the heart of Central Asia, northeast of Afghanistan, south of Asiatic Russia, and west of Turkestan. Therefore it borders on the empires of Russia, China, and British India; on its lofty plains may be fought more than one battle for suprem-

acy. It is a series of plateaus, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea; and some of its loftiest mountain peaks are 25,000 feet above sea level. The first account of this wonderful region was written by Marco Polo, and is as follows:

In leaving Badashan you ride twelve days between east and northeast, ascending a river that runs through land belonging to a brother of the Prince of Badashan, and containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. The people are Mahometans, and valiant in war. At the end of those twelve days you come to a province of no great size, extending indeed no more than three days' journey in any direction, and this is called VOKHAN. The people worship Mahomet, and they have a peculiar language. They are gallant soldiers, and they have a chief whom they call NONE, which is as much as to say *Count*, and they are liegemen to the Prince of Badashan.

There are numbers of wild beasts of all sorts in this region. And when you leave this little country, and ride three days northeast, always among mountains, you get to such a height that 't is said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height you find a great lake between two mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain clothed with the finest pasture in the world; insomuch that a lean beast there will fatten to your heart's content in ten days. There are great numbers of all kinds of wild beasts; among others, wild sheep of great size, whose horns are a good six palms in length. From these horns the shepherds make great bowls to eat from, and they use the horns also to enclose folds for their cattle at night. Messer Marco was told also that the wolves were numerous, and killed many of those wild sheep. Hence quantities of their horns and bones were found, and these



HEAD AND HORNS OF OVIS POLI.

were made into great heaps by the wayside, in order to guide travellers when snow was on the ground.

The Plain is called PAMIER, and you ride across it for twelve days together, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing, so that travellers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Now, if we go on with our journey toward the east-

north-east, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man, nor any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called BOLOR. The people dwell high up in the mountains, and are savage Idolaters, living only by the chase, and clothing themselves in the skins of beasts. They are in truth an evil race.

This is an interesting chapter of Marco's book, because it describes a region of which the outside world knew nothing from his time until 1838, when another European traveler, Captain John Wood, passed over it, and verified the account written by Marco Polo, more than six hundred years before. The Tartars call the loftiest part of the Pamir country the Bam-i-Dun-iah, or "Roof of the World"; it is the highest level region to be found anywhere on the globe. It is swept by cold winds, and even in summer the dry snow is driven across its surface.

The great sheep of which Marco speaks are still to be found there, and they have been named the Ovis Poli, in honor of Marco Polo, who first described them. A pair of sheep horns brought home by Captain Wood measured three feet from tip to tip, and each horn was four feet and eight inches in length, following the curve of the horn. The animals are hunted by the Kirghiz who inhabit the lower steppes of that country; and Wood's narrative says: "We saw numbers of horns strewed about in every direction, the spoils of the Kirghiz hunter. Some of these were of an astonishingly large size, and belonged to an animal between a goat and a sheep, inhabiting the steppes of Pamir. The ends of the horns projecting above the snow often indicated the direction of the road," which is precisely what Marco has told us. Captain Wood crossed the Pamir in February, and he says whenever they came in sight of a large number of these big horns arranged in a semi-circle, they knew that there had been a summer encampment of the Kirghiz hunters.

What Marco says of the difficulty of cooking by a fire at a great height, is entirely correct. Water boils at a lower temperature on the top of a high mountain than it does in the plain at its foot. The usual boiling-point is at 212 degrees, as every bright youngster knows; but on the tops of high mountains water boils at 179

or 180, and men unused to so curious a phenomenon are puzzled to see the water boiling, and the food remaining uncooked. The pressure of the atmosphere is less on the mountain-top than it is on the plain, and the heat of the fire causes the boiling of the water more readily at the greater altitude. Water boils at the top of Mount Blanc at a temperature of 185 degrees.

#### MARCO TELLS A WONDERFUL STORY.

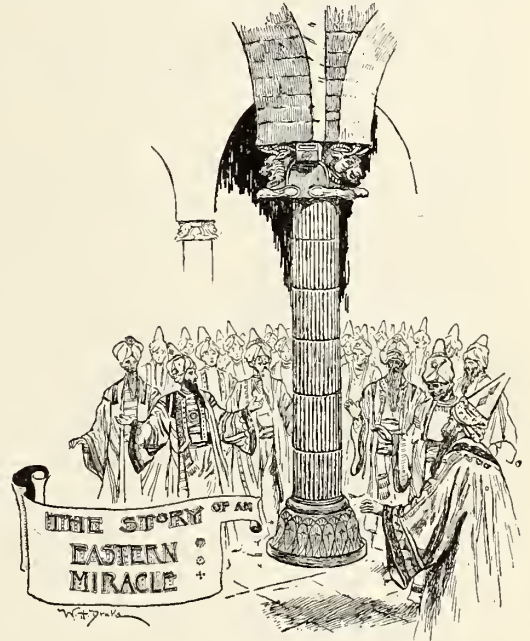
SAMARCAND lies in the southern part of Turkestan, just north of Bokhara, and, therefore, it was behind Marco Polo when he had passed the Pamir steppes; evidently, he did not visit Samarcand, and could not give us any information about the city; so he tells us this story:

Samarcan is a great and noble city towards the north-west, inhabited by both Christians and Saracens, who are subject to the great Kaan's nephew, CAIDOU by name; he is, however, at bitter enmity with the Kaan. I will tell you of a great marvel that happened at this city.

It is not a great while ago that Sigatay, own brother to the Great Kaan, who was lord of this country and of many an one besides, became a Christian. The Christians rejoiced greatly at this, and they built a great church in the city, in honor of John the Baptist; and by his name the church was called. And they took a very fine stone which belonged to the Saracens, and placed it as the pedestal of a column in the middle of the church, supporting the roof. It came to pass, however, that Sigatay died. Now the Saracens were full of rancor about that stone that had been theirs, and which had been set up in the church of the Christians; and when they saw that the Prince was dead, they said one to another that now was the time to get back their stone, by fair means or by foul. And that they might well do, for they were ten times as many as the Christians. So they gat together and went to the church and said that the stone they must and would have. The Christians acknowledged that it was theirs indeed, but offered to pay a large sum of money and so be quit. Howbeit, the others replied that they never would give up the stone for anything in the world. And words ran so high that the Prince heard thereof, and ordered the Christians either to arrange to satisfy the Saracens, if it might be, with money, or to give up the stone. And he allowed them three days to do either the one thing or the other.

The Saracens would on no account agree to leave the stone where it was, and this out of pure despite to the Christians, for they knew well enough that if the stone were stirred the church would come down by the run. So the Christians were in great trouble and wist not what to do. But they did do the best thing possible; they besought Jesus Christ that he would consider their case, so

that the holy church should not come to destruction, nor the name of its Patron Saint, John the Baptist, be tarnished by its ruin. And so when the day fixed by the Prince came round, they went to the church betimes in the morning, and lo, they found the stone removed from under the column; the foot of the column was without support, and yet it bore the load as stoutly as before!

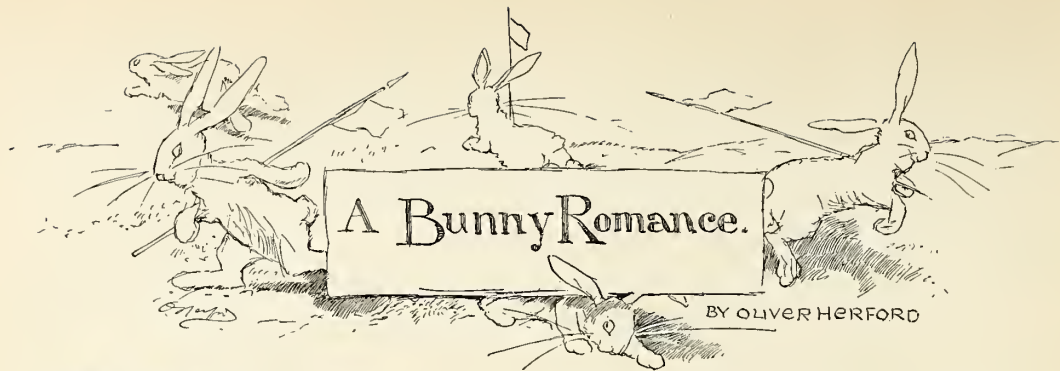


Between the foot of the column and the ground there was a space of three palms. So the Saracens had away their stone, and mighty little joy withal. It was a glorious miracle, nay, it is so, for the column still so standeth, and will stand as long as God pleaseth.

It was not often that Marco was at a loss for real information concerning the places of which he makes mention. But in this case he was like some of the geographers of whom the wise Plutarch speaks when he says that they crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world that they know nothing about and add notes in the margin to "the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs." This remark moved Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," to say:

So geographers, in Afric maps,  
With savage pictures fill their gaps,  
And o'er unhabitable downs  
Place elephants for want of towns.

(To be continued.)



## A Bunny Romance.

BY OLIVER HERFORD

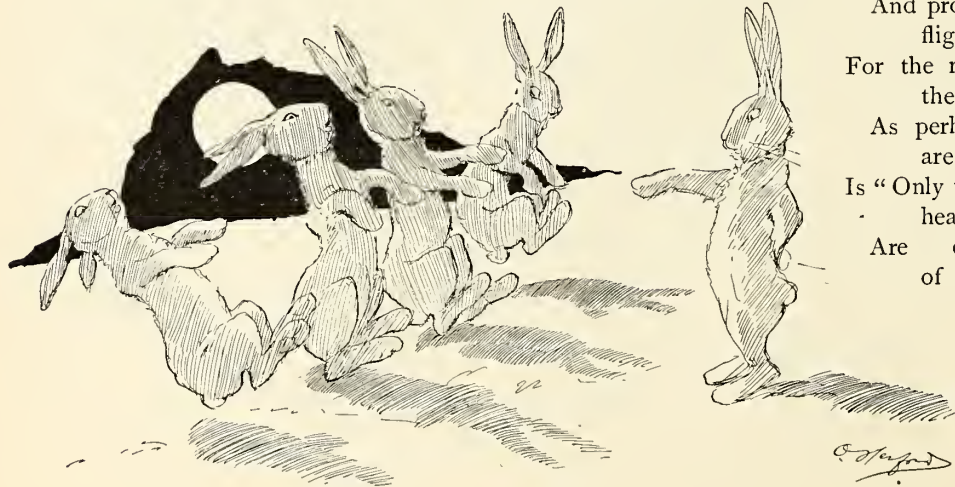


THE Bunnies are  
a feeble folk  
Whose weakness  
is their  
strength.

To shun a gun  
a Bun will  
run  
To almost any  
length.

Now once, when  
war alarms  
were rife

In the ancestral wood  
Where the kingdom of the Bunnies  
For centuries had stood,  
The king, for fear long peace had made  
His subjects over-bold,  
To wake the glorious spirit  
Of timidity of old,



Announced one day he would bestow  
Princess Bunita's hand  
On the Bunny who should prove himself  
Most timid in the land.

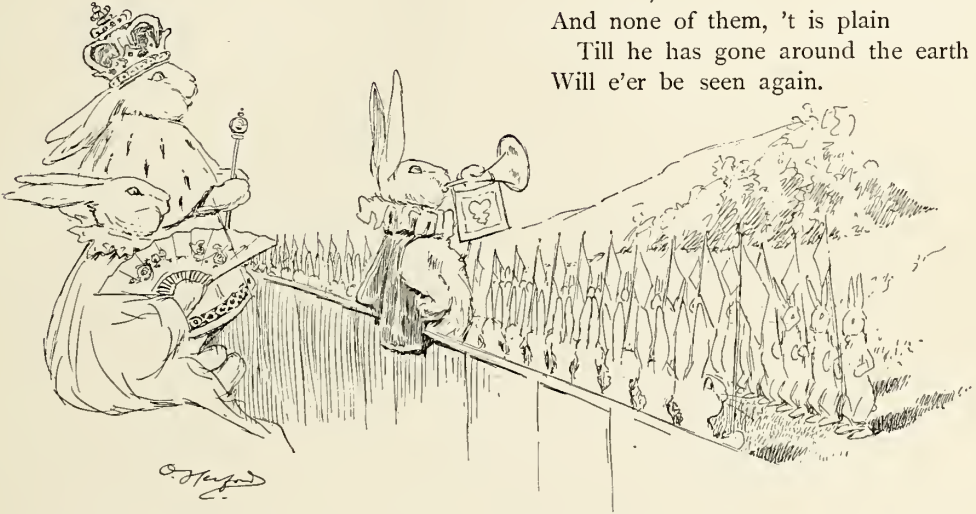
Next day a proclamation  
Was posted in the wood  
"To the Flower of Timidity,  
The Pick of Bunnyhood:  
His Majesty, the Bunny king,  
Commands you to appear  
At a tournament—at such a date  
In such and such a year—  
Where his Majesty will then bestow  
Princess Bunita's hand  
On the Bunny who will prove himself  
Most timid in the land."

Then every timid Bunny's heart  
Swelled with exultant fright  
At the thought of doughty deeds of fear

And prodigies of  
flight.  
For the motto of  
the Bunnies,  
As perhaps you  
are aware,  
Is "Only the faint-  
hearted  
Are deserving  
of the fair."

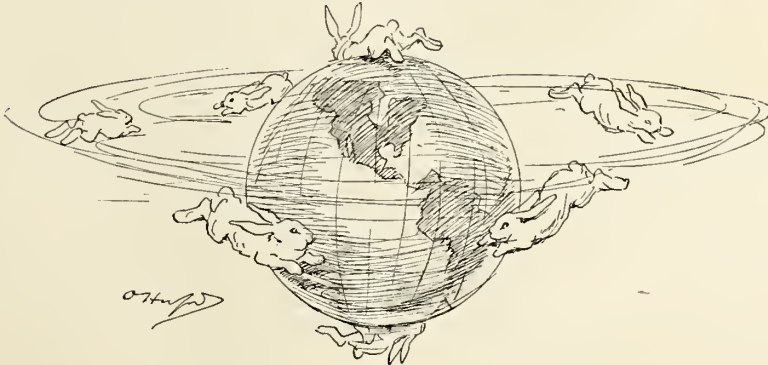
They fell at once to practising,  
 These Bunnies, one and all,  
 Till some could almost die of fright  
 To hear a petal fall.  
 And one enterprising Bunny  
 Got up a special class  
 To teach the art of fainting  
 At your shadow on the grass.

Never before in Bunny lore  
 Was such a stirring sight  
 As when the bugle sounded  
 To begin the glorious flight!  
 A hundred Bunnies, like a flash,  
 All disappeared from sight  
 Like arrows from a hundred bows—  
 None swerved to left or right.  
 Some north, some south, some east, some  
 west,—  
 And none of them, 't is plain  
 Till he has gone around the earth  
 Will e'er be seen again.



At length — at length — at length  
 The moment is at hand!  
 And trembling all from head to foot  
 A hundred Bunnies stand.  
 And a hundred Bunny mothers  
 With anxiety turn gray  
 Lest their offspring dear should lose their fear  
 And linger in the fray.

It may be in a hundred weeks,  
 Perchance a hundred years.  
 Whenever it may be, 't is plain  
 The one who first appears  
 Is the one who ran the fastest;  
 He wins the Princess' hand,  
 And gains the glorious title of  
 "Most Timid in the Land."



# THE TRICKS OF TORPEDO-BOATS. x

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE most remarkable thing in the whole military history of the world, perhaps, is the change that has taken place in the last thirty-five years in the navies of the nations, and in their methods of sea-fighting. No single feature of this change is more striking than the invention of self-acting torpedoes, and the structure and tactics of the small, nimble vessels intended to use them.

Torpedo-boats, however, are designed for a wider service than simply to carry and discharge the frightful weapon from which they take their name. They are to the navy what scouts and skirmishers are to a land army. They form the cavalry of the sea, of which the cruisers are the infantry, and the battleships and monitors the artillery arm. They must spy out the position of the enemy's fleet, hover about his flanks or haunt his anchorage to ascertain what he is about and what he means to do next. They must act as the pickets of their own fleet, patrolling the neighborhood, or waiting and watching, concealed among islands or in inlets and river-mouths, ready to hasten away to the admiral with warning of any movement of the enemy.

It is not their business to fight (except rarely, in the one particular way), but rather to pry and sneak and run. Hence they are as small and sleek and swift as they can be made. When the fleet goes upon a cruise, they are carried on the decks of the big war-ships, although they are able to get about in really rough weather by themselves. A very recent idea is to build them out of aluminium, which would not only be of great advantage toward ease of transportation, but would tend toward increased speed, by adding buoyancy and elasticity to the structure, which seems to skim along the surface and fairly leap from wave to wave; but it is doubtful whether aluminium is strong enough for safety and whether it will not be injured by the chemical action of the sea-water.

Our first modern torpedo-boat, the "Stiletto" (now used only for experiments), was a small one, that looked like a racing-shell built up into a miniature steamship. She has room for only one officer and ten men, who stow themselves into bunks that let down like sleeping-car berths wherever a little space is left around the machinery. Those built more recently, and for practical service, are somewhat larger and able to carry from thirty to forty persons, all told.

I saw one the other day preparing for her trial-trip. She was painted white, with everything above the deck shining brass or leaf-gold. Even her smoke-stacks were gilded — and that would not be done if they were very large! She looked like an exquisite toy, and could be seen glittering on the blue plain of the ocean as far as one could see anything.

For actual service such a nautical gem as this would not do at all. The torpedo-boat captain must remember the maxim that "Death loves a shining mark," and paint his craft a tint which will match with the color of the darkness over the sea at night, for it is then that its work is mostly done. Experiments have shown that a muddy olive-green shade matches best with the "murk," as sailors call it, and thus comes nearest to being invisible. So the white and gold of the "Ericsson" will soon be overlaid by a uniform coat of dull green.

The next requisite is speed. The shape is long, narrow, and sharp. There is almost nothing except a pair of short, flattened smoke-stacks, one behind the other, to catch the wind or show above deck; and the steersman stands, with only his head and shoulders visible, in a little box with windows that serves the purpose of a wheel-house. A mere wire railing saves the crew from sliding off the deck, and in action everybody stays below. No weight is carried that can be avoided, and the engines, taking steam from two boilers, are as powerful as can be

packed into the space at command. Usually only coal enough for a few hours' steaming is carried, and every bushel of it is carefully selected as to quality, and is so treated and intelligently fed to the furnaces as to make the hottest possible fire, although never a spark escapes out of the smokestacks to betray the vessel in the darkness. Owing to their form, their power, and through skilful management a speed can be secured from these small craft that few of the larger ships can equal, while they can turn and dodge in a course no big boat could follow.

But to insure all these fine results, both officers

and men after another is instructed in handling her, and in the making and firing of her torpedos; and they have plenty of fun along with the schooling.

The headquarters of this work is Goat Island, which separates Newport harbor from the outer waters of Narragansett Bay.

There is a searchlight which commands the harbor entrances and a wide circle of the bay. One or more warships are always there, whose searchlights also can be swung in any direction. Yet the *Cushing* arrived one night and first announced herself by suddenly blowing her



A TORPEDO-BOAT AT FULL SPEED.

and men must be taught how to manage and manœuvre them to best advantage, as well as how to discharge the torpedos they carry. Constant drilling is necessary; and lately one of these boats in our navy, the "*Cushing*" (so suitably named after the young hero of the Civil War who destroyed the rebel ram "*Albatross*"\* by means of a rude torpedo-boat — one of the first actually used), has been attached to the naval station at Newport, Rhode Island, in order to carry on this practice. One set of of-

whistle within pistol-shot of the inner wharf of the island — and it was not a dark night either. A few afternoons later she went down the bay, and challenged every eye to be alert to see her return in the evening. It was bright moonlight — a time in which no such boat would attempt a serious attack — yet Lieutenant Fletcher, the *Cushing's* commander, crept within a third of a mile of the shore before he was detected. It would have pleased you to see her that night, as she came plainly into

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1895.

view — a long, low streak gliding silently and swiftly athwart the moonlit sea, rolling a silvery furrow back from her plow-like bow, and seeming more like some great fish with its back fins out of water than any sort of steamship.

But it is on dark and stormy nights that the practice becomes exciting. Groups of officers stand upon the rampart of Fort Wolcott, or upon the bridge of each monitor or cruiser, and strain eyes and ears to obtain some inkling of the torpedo-boat's presence, the long white beam of the electric searchlight sweeping right

vealed one after another, as the powerful rays are turned slowly westward and northward until at last they are shining again on the Naval War College and Training School, and on the clustered shipping and wharves of the picturesque old town.

It would seem as if nothing in the bay could hide itself from this all-searching glare; yet one night Lieutenant Fletcher let them see him go out, and was followed by the electric light as he steamed straight away down its brilliant avenue. Suddenly the torpedo-boat disappeared. An instant before it had been in the full path of the light, and everybody could see it plainly; then it vanished as if it had sunk in the twinkling of an eye.

What had become of it? Of course it had not sunk. It had only swerved aside into the darkness. When would it reappear? — and where? The officers of the Torpedo Station on shore were ready to signal intelligence to the "Miantonomoh," anchored in the offing, the instant they obtained any clue. The monitor's officers, crowded on her bridge, were groping everywhere among the seaward shadows with the long white pointer of their searchlight, and the men on deck were at the quick-firing machine-guns ready (in pretense) to blow the dangerous little pest out of water the instant it could be found.

One quarter of an hour followed another. The silent, eager groups were constantly whispering: "I see him!" "Where?" "Over there by the Dumplings." But no; the electric searcher brings nothing into view except rocks and tossing water.

"There!" No; that is only a smudge in the atmosphere out by Rose Island.

"I can hear him!" exclaims another.

"Yes, so can I," says a companion, pointing southerly.

"You're wrong!" is the comment of an older officer; "why, the Cushing's machinery does n't make as much noise as a sewing-machine."

"But I hear the hum of his blower," the young man persists.

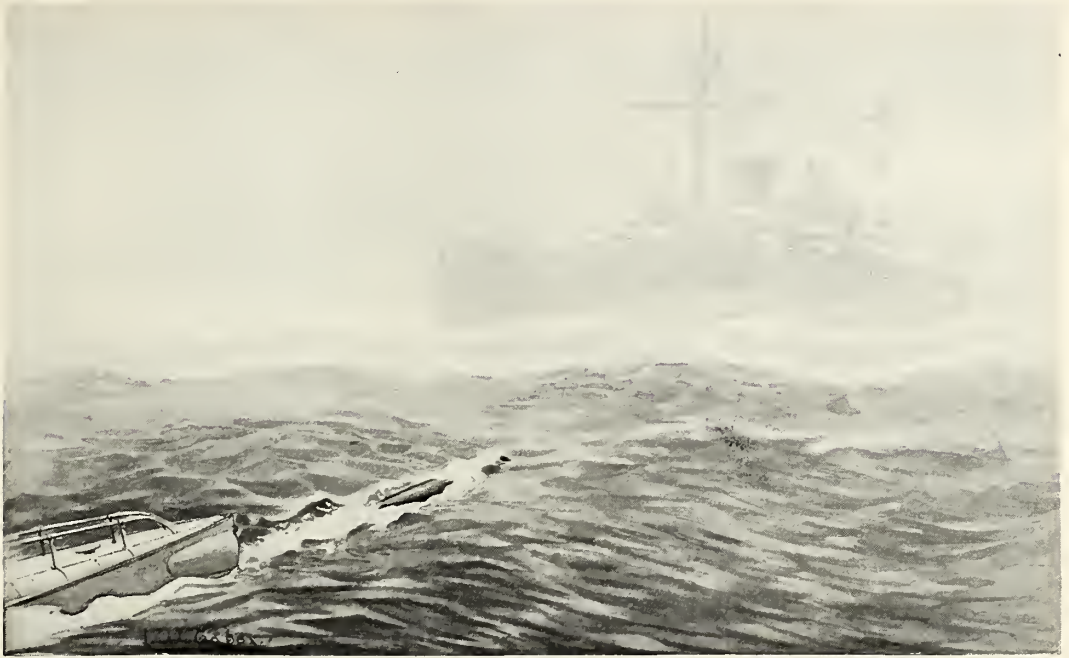
"Nonsense! Do you think he would set his blower going when he is trying to get near enough to rip a hole in our hull, and knows we are watching for him?"



IN THE TURRET OF A TORPEDO-BOAT.

and left and up and down, and every man gazing along the path it illuminates for some glimpse of the little enemy. A swing of the beam southward brings out the grim walls and numerous cannon of Fort Adams, and shows every yacht and fishing-boat at anchor inside of Brenton's Point. The main channel, the Dumplings, the far away shore of Conanicut Island, Rose Island and its ruined old fortifications, the upper bay dotted with lazy sloops and schooners slipping down with the tide, are re-





A DEADLY MESSENGER — TORPEDO-BOAT DISCHARGING A TORPEDO AGAINST A BATTLE-SHIP.

“How near must he come before he could launch a torpedo effectively?” asks a newly arrived ensign.

“About eight hundred yards—less than half a mile,” the executive officer answers.

Then silence follows. The intensity of attention becomes painful. It is believed that Fletcher has gone somewhere down the bay, and the light is most often searching the gloom in that direction. Now and then it swings elsewhere, where suddenly, out in the north, it lights up the lost boat, and hardly five hundred yards away!

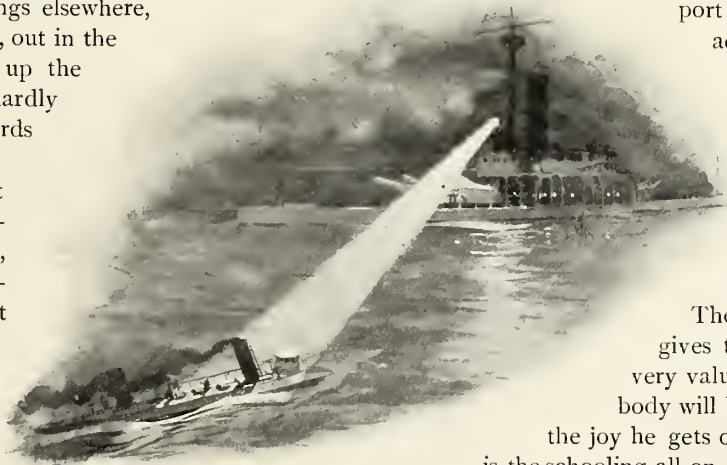
Lieutenant Fletcher had really gone south, but skilfully running the gantlet of the waving paths of light from ship and shore, he had sneaked along the opposite

coast, and so stolen away around to the north, and then, turning back, had approached so near that he might have discharged a torpedo, which would probably have disabled or destroyed the Miantonomoh, and then could have backed away into safety.

This is only an example of the constant game of hide and seek which that mischievous little

boat is playing every few days in Newport harbor. Nowadays she is under orders to go and “attack” every warship that she learns is approaching the port.

The training this gives to all hands is very valuable, and nobody will begrudge Jack the joy he gets out of it. Nor is the schooling all on one side. The officers and men of the big ships learn to



THE SEARCHLIGHT REVEALING THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

defend their vessels as well as the torpedo-boat men learn to attack. The management of the searchlight is an art to be acquired only by experience; and Fletcher, in the *Cushing*, and Lieutenant Roy C. Smith, in the *Stiletto*, find it much harder, nowadays, to get unseen within range of one of our cruisers than they formerly found it.

But imagine the excitement and strain of attention and anxiety on a dark stormy night in actual war, when the fog or rain is so thick that the beam of the searchlight seems to flatten out against it as it would against a stone wall, and maybe half a dozen torpedo-boats are creeping up in an effort to send you to Davy Jones's locker! The navy men can now begin to understand the sensations of an army picket in the Indian country, where an Apache or Sioux may be crawling with savage cunning from bush to bush, or wriggling from one hillock to another like a coyote, till he can get within bowshot and send the unseen arrow on its deadly errand.

But in actual war well-managed ships would never be so openly exposed to an enemy's torpedo-boats as was the *Miantonomoh* when the *Cushing* was playing at war with her those summer evenings. Her own scouts would be out, acting as pickets, and a larger kind of vessel, called a torpedo-catcher, would be patrolling the neighborhood, ready at an instant's notice to pursue and chase away, or with her light guns to sink, the daring stranger. As a matter of fact, however, the navy of the United States does not yet possess any torpedo-catchers; though doubtless some of our swift private steam-yachts would quickly be purchased and armed to serve that purpose were a need for them suddenly to arise. European navies include many of them; and one of the latest made for the British navy is probably the fastest vessel in the world. She is 185 feet long and only 19 feet wide, and on her trials ran at the rate of thirty-three miles an hour — as fast as an ordinary railroad express train.\* Her engines are so large and powerful, that were the engines of one of the great battle-ships as powerful in proportion to its hull they would exercise a force of more than 300,000 horse-power. This little express of the sea

— which is armed with light but very powerful guns — had the impudence to circle round and round a traveling gunboat, which was itself going as hard as it could, and might have bored her through and through with steel shells from every direction.

Various means have been adopted to guard ships of war against torpedo-boats. Battleships and cruisers on actual service are provided with nets of strong wire, which can be stretched at the ends of light iron poles or "booms" around the vessel when anchored, or carried abreast of her when moving. This net hangs like a fence sunk fifteen or twenty feet into the water, and is intended to stop a torpedo and render it useless at a safe distance. But various devices called "net-cutters" have been contrived against this safeguard, and some naval officers believe that the nets will afford little real protection. The best safeguard against torpedo-boats is vigilance in discovering their approach and quickness in destroying them. The victory in war nowadays is on the side which pushes the fighting hardest, and here is where an active torpedo-catcher is valuable. Soldiers and sailors must act upon the principle of the old sergeant who was teaching the use of the saber, but gave no instruction in guarding: "Monsieur, I teach you the cuts: leave the parries to the enemy."

It is enough to say that our officers who know torpedos best fear them the most; and that they are the men most anxious that the American navy should possess an adequate outfit in that direction. Great Britain owns hundreds of torpedo-boats. France, Germany, Italy, and Russia have two hundred or so apiece. Even Japan possesses 120 or more, and they did excellent service in the war with China. The United States, which invented the torpedo, and has led the way in perfecting it, has a dozen or so, more or less ready for service.

We have perhaps gained one advantage, since peace has continued, by our delay in providing our navy with a proper number. We shall now be able to profit by many improvements; but naval authorities tell us that we must take care that we do not delay too long.

\*A newer boat, tested last March, made 35¾ miles an hour — the highest speed ever made by any boat.



THE GRASSHOPPERS' BALL. THE MINUET.



The  
Very Good  
Friends.  
By C.C. Jencks.

No II. At Play.



ONE Saturday morn, at break of day,  
The Very Good Friends went out to play;  
And, oh! such fun as they had there  
Has never been told of anywhere!  
First, the tit and the tadpole, all in lace,  
With the coon and the camel ran a race;  
Then the cow and the pickerel danced a jig  
To the lilting strains of the guinea-pig;  
And the goat and the gopher sang a song,  
While the woodchuck waltzed the owl along;  
The mud-turtle laughed, "Ha-ha! hi-hi!"  
And gamboled away with the dragon-fly;  
The pussy cat winked at the bumble-bee,  
And all was as gay as gay could be,  
Till the grizzly bear sat down to mope  
Because the mole had the skipping-rope.  
At this the oyster cried "Halloo!"  
And pulled the tail of the cockatoo,  
And jumped around with such noisy glee  
That he frightened the crocodile up a tree.  
And then the Good Friends, both great and small,  
Sat down to dine — and that is all.

Oh, yes! oh, no! I nearly  
forgot —

*The kangaroo,*  
Who sailed in a yacht  
From Kalamazoo,  
But arrived too late  
to see the fun,  
And found no food  
but a big Bath  
bun.





No. III. At School.

THE school-bell rang ker-klung! ker-klung!  
 The roll was called by the orang-outan,  
 And the Very Good Friends, with all their might,  
 Began to study and to recite.

The gander began the exercise  
 By dotting his t's and crossing his i's;  
 Then the moose and the water-bug stood  
 up straight

And read a page in the Book of Fate;  
 The sand-hill crane and the mountain-mink  
 Gave the three-toed sloth a solemn wink,  
 And toeing the mark, with a knowing look,  
 Read three times through the spelling-book.

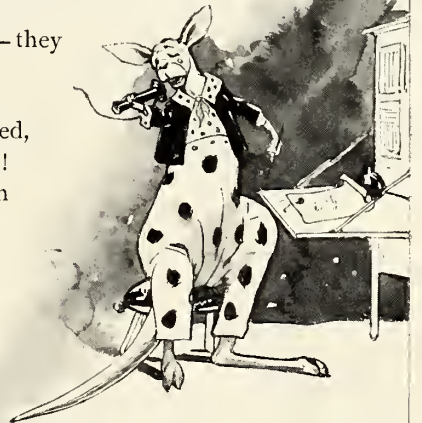
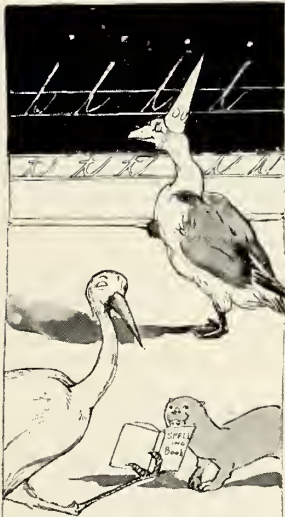
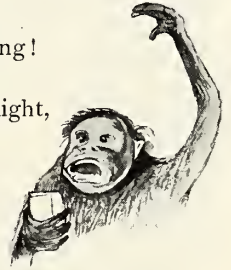
"Bah, bah!" said the sheep, "that 's no great trick,"  
 And he skipped the whole arithmetic.

Then the katydid stroked his chin and said,  
 "Ker-flickity-flip," and went up to the head.  
 Then they all agreed that some of the laws  
 Of the Medes and Persians were wrong because  
 The hippopotamus could n't get  
 The hypotenususe of the alphabet  
 By crossing two sticks and waxing the ends,  
 Although he had joined the Very Good  
 Friends.

That is — understand — they  
 all agreed

But — *the kangaroo*,  
 Who was signing a deed,  
 And crying boo-hoo!

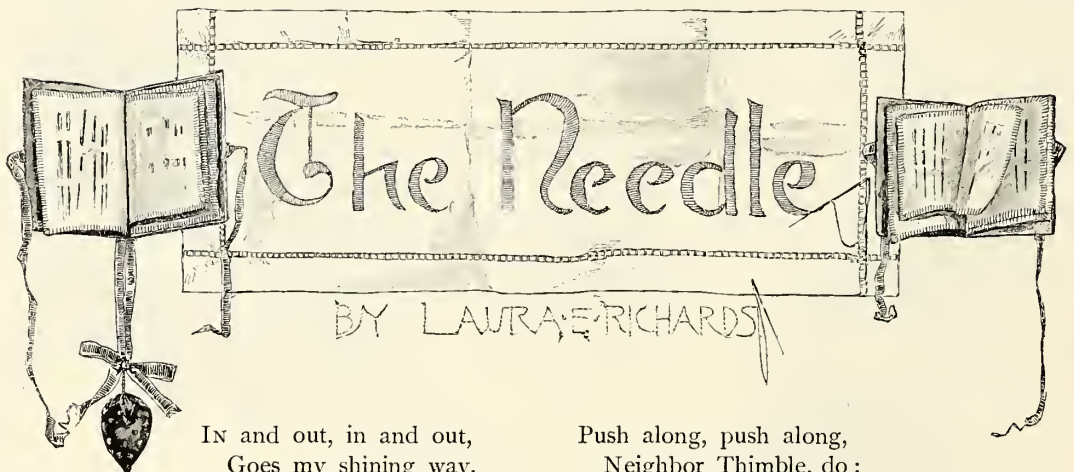
In a pleading tone through  
 the telephone,  
 From a thousand miles  
 beyond the Rhone.



Illustrated by  
 W. W. Woodley



"I 'VE BRINGED YOU A LITTLE DOLLY, BOSSY."



IN and out, in and out,  
Goes my shining way.  
Never stop for round about,  
Put it through, I say.

Push along, push along,  
Neighbor Thimble, do ;  
Though I'm bright and stout and strong,  
I have need of you.

I 've a *stitch* in my side,  
*Hem* in my throat;  
 I have to *run*  
 Like a mountain goat.  
 I *fell*, but never a hurt got I;  
 And merry sounds my *gathering-cry*.

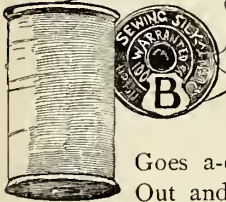
In and out, in and out,  
 Goes my shining way;  
 I shall do, beyond a doubt,  
 All my work to-day.

Follow me, follow me,  
 Neighbor Thread, now do;  
 Though I 'm clever, you can see  
 I have need of you.



# The Thread.

By Laura E. Richards

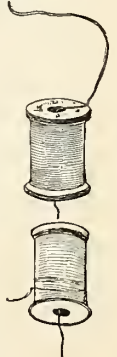


ROTHER NEEDLE goes  
 a-flashing,  
 Goes a-darting and a-dashing,  
 Out and in, and in and out  
 Making a surprising rout.

After him I slip along,  
 Make things snug and fast and strong.  
 Without bragging, I may be  
 Quite as *need(le)*ful as he.

Never make a *kink* in me;  
 Careless sewing that would be.  
 Keep me clean, nor leave a track  
 Where I pass, of gray or black.

Little fingers quick and light,  
 See that you are clean and  
 white.  
 Do your part, and me you 'll find  
 Smooth to slip and safe to bind.



# THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

WORDS BY EUGENE FIELD.

MUSIC BY A. M. SMITH.

1. The Rock-a-by La-dy from Hush-a-by Street Comes steal-ing, comes creep-ing;  
 2. There is one lit-tle dream of a beau-ti-ful drum, Rub-a-dub-dub it go-eth;  
 3. And dol-lies peep out of those wee lit-tle dreams With laugh-ter and sing-ing;

The pop-pies they hang from her head to her feet, And each hath a dream that is ti-ny and fleet—  
 There is one lit-tle dream of a big su-gar plum, And lo! thick.. and fast the oth-er dreams come,  
 And boats go a-float-ing on sil-ver-y streams, And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,

She bring-eth her pop-pies to you.. my sweet, When she find-eth you sleep-ing!  
 Of pop-guns that bang.. and tin tops that hum, And a trum-pet that blow-eth!  
 And up, up, and up, where the Moth-er Moon beams, The fair-ies a-loft go wing-ing!

4. Would you dream all these dreams that are ti-ny and fleet? They'll come to you sleep-ing;



The musical score for "The Rock-a-by Lady" is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, *ppp*, and *rit.* The piano part features a steady bass line with chords and some rhythmic patterns.

So shut the two eyes that are wea-ry, my sweet, For the Rock-a-by La-dy from Hush-a-by Street,

With pop-pies that hang from her head to her feet, Comes steal-ing, comes creep-ing!

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WE reprint here the verses by Eugene Field of which a facsimile of the original copy is printed on page 838. Mr. Field's handwriting was so very delicate as to be difficult for even young eyes to decipher.

### CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

EUGENE FIELD'S FIRST POEM.

I COUNT my treasures o'er with care—  
The little toy that baby knew,  
The little sock of faded hue,  
A lock of golden hair.

Long years ago, this Christmas time,  
My little one—my all to me—  
Sat robed in white upon my knee,  
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head,  
If Santa Claus should come to-night,  
What shall he bring my baby bright—  
What treasure for my boy?"—I said.

And then he named the little toy,  
While in his round and mournful eyes  
There came a look of glad surprise  
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And when he lisped his evening prayer,  
He asked the boon with childish grace;  
And, toddling to the chimney-place,  
He hung his little stocking there.

That night as length'ning shadows crept,  
I saw the white-wing'd angels come  
With music to our humble home,  
And kiss my darling while he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer,  
For, in the morn, with anxious face,  
He toddled to the chimney-place  
And found the little treasure there!

They came again one Christmas-tide—  
That angel host, so fair and white,  
And, singing all the Christmas night,  
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,  
A little lock of golden hair,  
The Christmas music on the air—  
A-watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train  
And golden head come back to me  
To bear me to Eternity,  
My watching will not be in vain.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME of our young readers may have "skipped" the poems on pages 856 and 857, as perhaps too "old" for them, or too like poems for grown folk. But they will turn again to them with interest when they realize that these verses are the work of a girl of twelve—the thoughts that come to her from her favorite flowers and birds, and the everyday experiences of childhood. As such, the poems are truly remarkable in depth of feeling and power of expression, and they seem to us an evident promise of a genuine poetic gift.

Margaret Frances Mauro is not yet fourteen; and most of these verses were written before she had completed her twelfth year. Indeed, she has written prose and verse since she was six years old. ST. NICHOLAS has a few other poems from her pen, and these will appear in an early number.

WE are sorry to say that in the course of transferring the names of the winners of prizes for the "Fairy Godmother Puzzle" from the original list to the copy sent to the printer, two names were accidentally omitted. Helen Sylvester was entitled to one of the second prizes, and Kathlyn B. Stryker to one of the third prizes.

The proper prizes accordingly have been sent to both of these very clever young competitors, and ST. NICHOLAS gladly prints this note correcting the unfortunate clerical error.

## PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old. I live in the Salt River valley, in the southern part of Arizona. I have two brothers older than I, and one sister younger. We all go to school, and have a good teacher. We have very delightful winters here, but pretty hot summers. We have lived here ten years and find it very pleasant. This is the second year we have taken ST. NICHOLAS and we like it very much. I like the stories of "The Prize Cup," and "Teddy and Carrots," the best. We have a dairy and seventy-five acres of land. In the summer time we sleep outdoors, and then sometimes get quite warm. We always cut alfalfa hay in the summer and feed it to the stock in the winter. There was a carnival in Phoenix a week or two ago. I think every one had a pleasant time. The city was very prettily decorated. The parade of the first day was fine. The carnival lasted from Wednesday, the 19th, till Saturday, February the 22d. We have plenty of fruit in the summer time. We dry apricots and peaches. We have lots of nice blackberries.

Your interested reader,

HARLOW T. K.—

PATE'S, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and I have two younger brothers. We are all "tar-heels" (as they call natives of North Carolina) except father and mother.

I like to read the "Letter-box" because the letters come from so far, and tell of such strange lands. I do not remember ever having read a letter from North Carolina.

I suppose you know all about the cotton-plant, but do all of your readers know that in the morning the leaves on a cotton-plant all point toward the sun, and at noon they lie flat, looking up at the sun, and at sunset they

point toward the west, thus following the sun the whole day through?

This is the pleasantest part of the year here. Our roses, dogwood, and other flowers are all out now.

I hope you will print a great many more nice stories as beautiful as those you have already printed.

Your loving reader, MARY H. L.—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and I have taken you for nearly ten years.

I like Lieutenant John M. Ellicott's stories very much, especially as papa is a naval officer and fought under Admiral Farragut in the Civil War.

ST. NICHOLAS is a great help to me in my history and literature, and I am always very impatient for the twenty-fifth of the month to come so that I can have you to read.

Hoping to see this letter in print, I remain your devoted reader, PERCY D. N.—

NEW BARNET, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken in your magazine for two years, and have enjoyed it very much. The stories I like best are "Ruth, Fran, and Nathalie," and "Jack Ballister's Fortunes."

We have just come to live at a place quite near to the quaint old town of Barnet, where the celebrated battle between Margaret of Lancaster and the famous Earl of Warwick was fought. There is an obelisk raised on the spot where he fell.

My mother took me to see the Tower of London a few days after I had read the poem entitled "The Tower Playmates," in the February number.

Opposite the "Traitors' Gate" is the "Little Princes' Tower," and I saw the very window from which the poor little princes looked out and saw "Bess Brackenbury."

With hearty good wishes, from your devoted reader,

BEATRICE H. W.—

IN WORTH-WHILE LAND.

It's worth while doing *everything*  
In Worth-while land.  
It's worth while sitting up late at night  
To read a book on doing right  
In Worth-while land.

If I lived in Worth-while land, and had  
A very dear good mother,  
I'd say to her, "Mama, can't I  
Sit up and read another?"

And if she said, "No, dear, I think  
You best had go to bed,"  
I'd go without a frown or pout,  
And hurry up, there is no doubt,  
In Worth-while land.

GODFREY DEWEY. (aged eight years.)

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I meant to write you before, but I did n't have time. I have two sisters and a dog. He is very nice. I went out to California this year, and I had a fine time. While I was in California I went to San Francisco, and I went to Chinatown, and the children look just as it looked in the picture in ST. NICHOLAS. The Chinamen make very pretty things, and the Chinese women also make pretty things.

Last spring I went to Washington, and it was very

interesting. I saw them make money, and I saw them make guns for the war-ships.

I am your interested reader, RALPH B.—.

POTTSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and very fond of lively sports, and especially of bicycling.

Not very long ago, we, a party of six, four boys and two girls, went out on our wheels and took our dinners with us; we had a fine time. We played hide-and-go-seek in the woods. Nearly all of our party were good riders, but as it had rained just a few days before, the roads were quite full of ruts, and before we reached our destination some small accident had happened to nearly every rider.

Last summer I was the smallest girl rider in town. I suppose the reason was because only a few ladies and girls had wheels, but this year about six girls younger than myself ride. Almost every Saturday since the bicycle season has commenced, I have been out in the woods for dinner, and expect to go next Saturday if it does not rain.

I have a pet bird named "Sankey," who is very funny. In the evening as soon as it gets dark he gets cross, and if you were to stick your finger in his cage he would peck as hard as he could (which is not very hard). He will fight with papa when he has n't his hat on, but as soon as he dons it Sankey is afraid of him and flutters around the cage. Sankey is half bullfinch and canary, and so is not very yellow, but a sort of a greenish color with an orange-tinted head.

I have traveled quite a little bit, but have never seen the ocean, so mama has promised me that I may go to Atlantic City this summer, to my great delight.

Although I am not much of a reader, as I do not sit still long enough, I enjoy you so much that I can hardly wait from one month to another to see you.

Hoping to see this letter printed, I remain ever your interested reader, HELEN E. M.—.

WE are glad to print this letter from a little friend who is blind. The original is in the raised characters used to enable the blind to write. Each dot represents a point pressed above the smooth surface of the paper.

Jacksonville, Ill.,  
Apr. 2, 1896.

Dear St. Nicholas,

I go to the "Blind School" in Jacksonville. Our biggest building is 200 feet long. Our books are about a half a foot high (think) They are about a foot wide and a foot and a half long. We read with our fin-

gers. The book I like best is "Two Little Confederates." I hope I have not put off writing this letter too long for it to be put in the magazine. My home is in Chica-go. My teacher has read many letters and stories from your magazine. I like them very much.

Very truly yours,  
Frank Lytle,

P. S. I am ten years old.

BRISTOL, R. I.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine for a long while. It is a Christmas present from my aunt, and I enjoy it very much.

I am thirteen years old, and live on a large farm. I have a pony and a horse. The horse is a large dappled gray one, and her name is "Countess." She is very handsome. The pony is a roan mustang, and his name is "Jack." Jack is the best riding-horse, and Countess is the best driving-horse. I ride a great deal. Next week papa says he will take me to the riding school and teach me how to jump fences.

I think "Teddy and Carrots" was a very good story; also "The Prize Cup."

I want to tell you about a circus we had. A lot of my playmates had a private circus. I wrote the programs and the tickets. We had it in my friend's yard; there is a circle in front of the house forming the driveway, and this was the ring. The seats were in front of the ring. We had one girl for the ring-master, and she carried a long whip. We had three ponies — my pony and my friend's two ponies, which are a pair and jet black.

There were about a dozen girls in the audience, and they kept up a constant clapping. The ponies will do some tricks. I practised bareback riding, and we have a tiny black dog who will ride the pony, and we had a lot of races. I have a large yellow pet cat named "Joseph"; we have also eight horses, two dogs, two cows, and a flock of sheep.

Bristol is the place where the yacht "Defender" was built. I must now close. Your loving reader, MARGUERITE W.—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. The other day I sprained my ankle on my "safety" bicycle. I wonder if any of your readers ever went — or rather, lived for two years in Japan! We did. It was very queer; but I like America best.

They say such funny things, as "if the most beautiful goddess of the sun would condescend to look at the most humble of her slaves, that same poor slave could announce the joyful news that supper is ready."

We lived in Tokio part of the time, and when the day was very fine we had a very fine view of the Fujiyama (sacred mountain). Twice when we were there the town caught fire, and large families could be seen squatting on the sidewalk with all their household goods around them.

Your little friends,

EDNA and ETHEL M—.

DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We do not always live in Wisconsin; only in the summer. In the winter we live in Chicago. We have just built a new summer home up here, and are settling it now. From our front porch we have a beautiful view of a lake—Nagawicka Lake is the name of it. Our lot is on the lake. My mama is very busy now clearing up after the carpenters.

I expect to have a great many of my little cousins and friends here this summer. I shall be twelve years old next Tuesday. Mama says I am getting so big that pretty soon she cannot hold me in her lap, but that I must hold her!

With many good wishes for a long life for you, St. NICHOLAS, I am your loving and constant reader,

HAZEL B—.

FORT ASSINIBOINE, MONTANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been enjoying you for four years now, and I hope you will never stop coming to our house.

I am visiting my uncle in the army now. I have been living on a ranch in Montana for two years; but my real home is in Detroit, Michigan. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a pony and two dogs; one is named "Buff" and the other is "Roxy." My pony's name is "Doc." He is what they call a cow-horse—that means that he will bring the cows up with hardly any guiding. One time my brother was riding Doc after the cows, and had his rifle with him. He saw a coyote. He started after the coyote, and followed him into the woods; but a branch knocked my brother off behind, and the horse went on without him, and brought the cows home all by himself. I think he was very smart.

Your devoted reader, KATHLEEN R—.

BLUEFIELDS, NICARAGUA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a little town called Bluefields, in Central America, and I am ten years old. There are only five other white girls in town of my age that I can play with.

At one end of town there is a point of land stretching out into the water called Old Bank, and at the other end there is one called Cotton Tree Point. Back of town there is a forest where the land is very marshy, and you can hear the screeching of the parrots.

The ships that come in have to anchor seven miles from town, and small sailboats called lighters go out to bring ashore the passengers. The houses of the natives have two rooms with a few wooden benches and a table in them. The food of the people is the same every day. There are many kinds of fruits here; there are guavas, mangos, star-apples, bread-fruit, and many other kinds. Back of town there is a hill, and at the foot of it is a creek called Gunboat Creek. There are many ferns and wild flowers on its banks, which we gather. Our house is right on the bank of the lagoon, and I often gather sea-beans among the rocks. We cannot go in bathing on account of alligators and sharks. At one end of the lagoon is a small island called Rama Cay, where nobody but Indians lives. I have been there several times. There are a good many mango and orange trees

on this cay. The only fruit shipped from here is the banana. I was on a banana plantation a short time ago up the Bluefields River.

I have taken you for four years and like your stories very much. Your loving reader, HAZEL S—.

THE BROWNIES.

YEARS ago in a foreign land,  
There lived a cunning Brownie band;  
Many pranks they played at night,  
But vanished ere the morn was light.

The Brownies on a quite dark night,  
When there was not a bit of light,  
To a neighboring barnyard went,  
And there this time the night they spent.

They drove the hens quite off their perch,  
And hung upon a neighboring birch;  
They fed the hens with bread and cheese,  
Which made the roosters cough and sneeze.

But now the early dawn appears,  
Which sends each Brownie into tears;  
For it is time to take to flight,  
And wait until another night.

S. D. HADLEY, JR. (aged eleven years).

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading the letters in the February and March numbers, which made me want to write to you. One of my friends let me take some last year's numbers, and this year I have it myself. My dolls gave a masquerade ball yesterday. The costumes were very pretty. One was Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, another, a rosebud, another, queen of Persia, one, Marie Antoinette, one, a Swiss, and one, a Scotch girl, one a countess, and one was in just a common dress. We asked Marie Antoinette how she felt when she was beheaded. The queen of Persia took the prize for the best costume.

I am eight years old and I love you dearly.

MARGARET ANITA L—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I arrived from England last week and expect to stay in America for some time. I am English myself, and I love Old England ardently. My aunt, who lives in America, sends you to me every month, and I look forward to your monthly arrival with great pleasure.

I have on our place in England three ponies, five dogs, and quite a good many deer. I very often go to the hunt with my father. I am going out West soon for about three months, and expect to enjoy myself, as I am very fond of riding, hunting, and all such sports. I remain your devoted fourteen-year-old reader,

CEDRIC LAWRENCE C—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Lyle Bownes, Hazel Van Wagenen, Pauline R., Marion K., Robert J. Miner, Hylda J. Ooster, Edith Rose Moore, Helena B., Edith W. C., Florence Louise Roberts, Harold M. B., Ruth W. Stetson, Horace H. McCulloch, James S. Wroth, Jennet J., Marjorie Bancroft, Mary V. Estill, Helen S. H., Lucie B. Goodin, Dorothy A. Bedell, Lena Head, E. M., Mary Edwina Walker, Willard T. Lovell, Frank Elser, J. B. Kiltman, Kenneth C. Boush, Annie S. Hawke, Bennie Butler, Hildegard and Karl L., H. McC.

# THE RIDDLE BOX

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Lewis Carroll. Cross-words: 1. Label. 2. Edwin. 3. Water. 4. Idols. 5. Shoal. 6. Crane. 7. Alice. 8. Round. 9. Robin. 10. Older. 11. Lower. 12. Lover.

**DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Fourth row, Cawnpore; fifth row, Massacre. Cross-words: 1. Precepts. 2. Rewarded. 3. Showcase. 4. Furnaces. 5. Gripsack. 6. Choosing. 7. Sporic. 8. Schemers.

**DIAMOND.** 1. T. 2. The. 3. Truly. 4. Thunder. 5. Elder. 6. Yer. 7. R.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.** I. I. D. 2. Pet. 3. Pasha. 4. Despise. 5. Thick. 6. Ask. 7. E. II. I. B. 2. Ore. 3. Omens. 4. Breathe. 5. Entry. 6. Shy. 7. E. III. 1. Green. 2. Rollo. 3. Elder. 4. Elect. 5. North. IV. 1. R. 2. Ned. 3. Niger. 4. Regular. 5. Delay. 6. Ray. 7. R. V. 1. R. 2. Lad. 3. Laden. 4. Radical. 5. Decay. 6. Nay. 7. L.

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### DIAGONAL.

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an explorer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the place where Hercules killed a lion. 2. Floating in water. 3. To keep back. 4. An essay. 5. Thin and sharp. 6. To enfeeble. P. R.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

THE words described are of varying lengths. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous general and a wild animal. Each cross-word has two meanings.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Small animals, and the place where a famous convention was held. 2. The surname of the Englishman who spread the false rumor of the "Popish Plot," and a grain. 3. A domestic animal, and a famous essayist. 4. A cunning animal, and the founder of a religious sect. 5. A bird and a coin. S. F. N.

### FALSE COMPARATIVES.

EXAMPLE: Positive, a boy; comparative, a builder's device. Answer: lad, ladder.

1. Positive, an article of jewelry; comparative, an article used in the laundry.  
2. Positive, part of a harness; comparative, acid.  
3. Positive, to allow; comparative, an epistle.  
4. Positive, a very small object; comparative, an ecclesiastical head-dress.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Bear. 2. Ease. 3. Asps. 4. Rest. II. 1. Clot. 2. Love. 3. Oven. 4. Tent. III. 1. Twit. 2. Wide. 3. Ides. 4. Test. IV. 1. Hart. 2. Area. 3. Reel. 4. Tale. V. 1. Trow. 2. Rare. 3. Oral. 4. Weld.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Custer. Cross-words: 1. Cannon. 2. mUsket. 3. piStol. 4. morTar. 5. rapiEr. 6. daggeR.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Old Glory.

PRESIDENTIAL ZIGZAG. "The Man Elect." Cross-words: 1. Thomas. 2. Thread. 3. Cleave. 4. Carmen. 5. Repeal. 6. Broken. 7. Jockey. 8. Collar. 9. Coerce. 10. Acumen. 11. Turbot.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Little Lord Fauntleroy.

CHARADE. Insupportable. RIDDLE. Wrong.

HOURLY-GLASS. Gluck. Cross-words: 1. Fagot. 2. All. 3. U. 4. Act. 5. Joker.

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5. Positive, to leap lightly; comparative, the master of a vessel.

6. Positive, a haze; comparative, a title.

7. Positive, a fowl; comparative, an Eastern dye.

8. Positive, a light fabric; comparative, the surname of one of Whittier's heroines.

9. Positive, a human being; comparative, the land belonging to a nobleman.

10. Positive, airy; comparative, a barge.

MARY REESE STONE.

### PROGRESSIVE GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

My 1 gives a vegetable we all like to eat,  
And 2 is the measure of a circle complete;  
My 1-2, a river you all know about,  
With 1-2-3, the cork comes out.  
Mind 1 and 3, and your manners will mend,  
While 4, like eternity, has never an end.  
My 5-6-7 is a bird, beast, or fish;  
My 6 is an article to use when you wish;  
6-7 brings you close to the place you would see;  
My 8 is a letter which plain to you must be;  
My 9-10-11 you often call a child;  
My 11 is a beverage, refreshing and mild,  
My 12 will only remind of a measure,  
Or a part of your house, if such is your pleasure.

Put all these numbers in one long row,  
And a wonderful place at once they will show,  
Which rhymes with a metal, and also a kettle,  
Which one is the best? 'T is for solvers to settle.

M. E. SAFFOLD.

**HOUR-GLASS.**

MY centrals, reading downward, spell the same as my first cross-word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Babbles. 2. Popular or vulgar expressions. 3. Consumed. 4. In central. 5. A beverage. 6. To fold. 7. Arrayed.

“JERSEY QUARTETTE.”

**RHOMBOID.**

ACROSS: 1. Part of a watch. 2. To take notice of. 3. To smear. 4. Intense. 5. Slender. 6. To turn suddenly.

DOWNWARD: 1. In harpist. 2. An exclamation. 3. A masculine nickname. 4. Inanimate. 5. A combat between two persons. 6. A kind of meat. 7. An accomplice. 8. A denial. 9. In harpist.

“SAND CRABS.”

**WORD-SQUARES.**

I. 1. EASILY broken. 2. A boy's name. 3. Bones of the body. 4. A slope. 5. Entertainers.

II. 1. A small quadruped. 2. Astir. 3. A city of Italy. 4. A town of Bohemia.

III. 1. A piece of meat. 2. A fish. 3. Gumbo. 4. The sharp end or top of anything. “DEE AND CO.”

**CHARADES.**

ALL of the following charades may be answered by the names of well-known contributors to ST. NICHOLAS.

I. My *first*, an old word for “I think”;  
My *second* goes from brink to brink;  
My *whole* is one whose books will link  
All boys to love for pen and ink.

II. My *first* is skin for making leather;  
My *second* is a kind of heather;  
My *whole* 's a writer — altogether  
The best there is for any weather.

III. My *first* you find in farm or field;  
My *second* many pounds will yield;  
My *whole* a witty pen doth wield  
In plots that puzzle, late revealed.

IV. My *first* is but a cobbler's tool,  
My *second* is his home;  
My *whole* wrote stories, as a rule,  
That classics have become.

V. My *first* a flower is,—like none other —  
It sticketh closer than a brother.  
My *second*, when thrown overboard,  
Sometimes returns with precious hoard.  
My *whole* writes books that make a noise,  
And only crusty churls  
Complain she writes of girlish boys  
As well as boyish girls.

L. E. JOHNSON.

**ZIGZAG.**

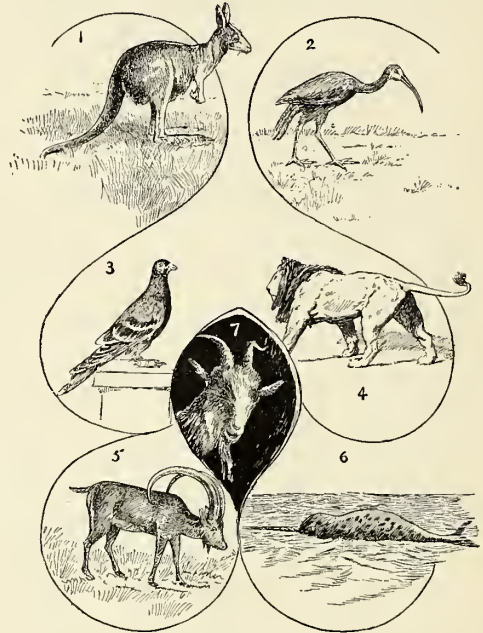
ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous Scottish road-maker whom all bicycle-riders should esteem.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Hebrew prophet whose story is told in one of the books of the Old Testament. 2. To brag. 3. An inferior kind of black tea. 4. To switch off. 5. The upright post about which the steps of a cir-

cular staircase wind. 6. A fruit which grows on a vine. 7. A musical wind-instrument. 8. A small theatre of ancient Greece. 9. The last letter of the Greek alphabet. 10. To irritate. 11. A carving in relief, especially on a small scale, used as a jewel for personal adornment. 12. Roving. 13. Relating to a city. 14. To step on. 15. A wicked city, whose story is told in the Old Testament. 16. Mortal. 17. A source of mechanical power.

JOSEPHINE B. DAY.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

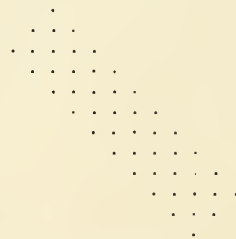


WHEN these animals have been rightly guessed, and the names placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished Englishman.

**ANAGRAM.**

THE pen-name of an author:  
NEAR CLAN AM I.

**AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.**



1. IN blessing. 2. Sorrowful. 3. A confused mixture of sounds. 4. An evil spirit. 5. A sweetheart. 6. The upright post at the foot of a flight of stairs. 7. A kind of fortification. 8. Toil. 9. Celebrated. 10. A puzzle. 11. Of a dull brown color. 12. In blessing.

NEAL V. FATIN.





WHAT MARGERY SAW.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIII.

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NO. 11.

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## WHAT MARGERY SAW.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

Do you know why Margery's eyes are bright  
As the moonlit drops of dew?  
Do you know why Margery's heart is light,  
And Margery's tears are few?  
This glad little maid has found by chance  
The fairies' woodland ring,  
And there she has seen the fairies dance,  
And has heard the fairies sing.  
Oh, I wish *we* could!—but we need not strive,  
For this is the fairy law,  
That only the best little girl alive  
Can see what Margery saw.

Their ring is deep in the cool dim wood,—  
The murmuring brook beyond.  
'T is a magical, mystical neighborhood  
On the shore of a sheltered pond;  
The crickets chirp in the twilight hush,  
And the katydids blithely call,  
And the wonderful trills of a fluting thrush  
On the ears of the dancers fall.  
And I'm sure we are anxious, you and I,  
To discover that ring ourselves;  
And, creeping close to it, soft and sly,  
To see the frolicking elves.

Oh, Margery knows how they skim the ground  
And flutter their gauzy wings!  
And Margery knows the liquid sound  
They hear when the wood-bird sings.  
The firefly shimmers his tiny spark,  
And the owlet winks and stares,  
When the madcap fairies tread the dark  
In scores and dozens and pairs.  
But to find that dancing-ring, and see  
The feather-foot fays arrive,  
There is only one way, and that 's to be  
The best little girl alive!



# OUT-OF-THE-WAY CORNERS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WEST FRONT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

In the first place it might reasonably be asked what feature is left in so famous a building as Westminster Abbey that is not an old story; but, as a matter of fact, there are about the wonderful old structure many interesting things which the ordinary tourist never sees, and the general note-taker never mentions. One reason for this is that, amid such an immense number of interesting objects as are to be found here, some must almost necessarily be overlooked; and then, too, there are certain portions of the Abbey that are closed to the public, and can be seen only by special permission of the dean himself, and so these corners are seldom visited by the mere tourist, and are still less frequently described.

While spending some time in London recently, I became acquainted with one of the best informed of the vergers who are connected with the Abbey, and, under his guidance, when he was at leisure, I passed many delightful hours wandering about the building; and, though I thought I was perfectly familiar with it before, I found that a wealth of interesting details had escaped me. Some few of these I will describe here to quicken the recollections of those who may have visited the Abbey, or to serve as a guide to those who are yet to view its monuments and relics.

In the west aisle, between the monuments of those two great men, Warren Hastings and Richard Cobden, is one of Jonas Hanway,

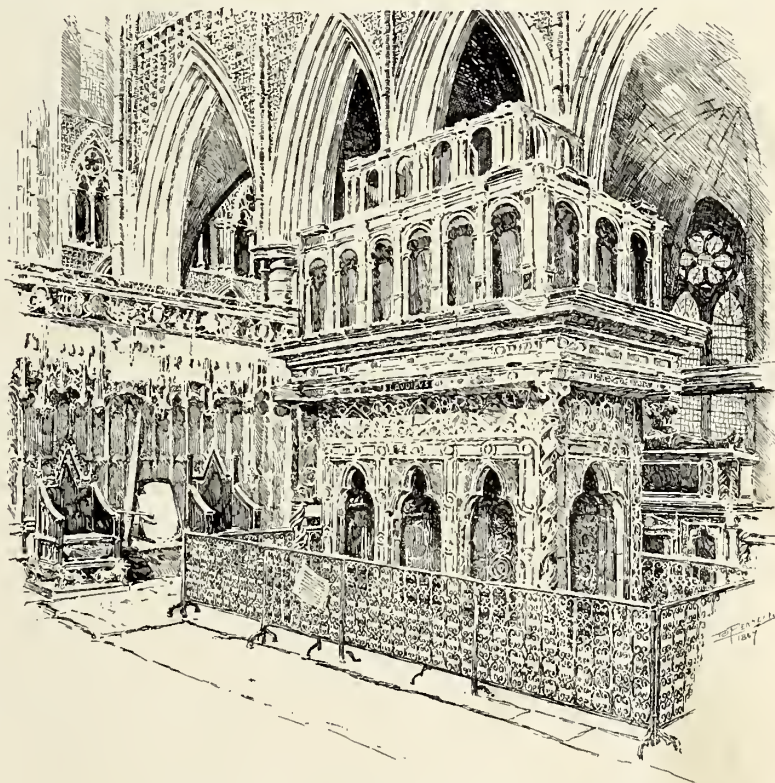
whose chief claim to fame is that he was the first man in England who carried an umbrella. It is not probable, though, that this is the reason why he was buried in the Abbey, since he was also famous in his day as a traveler and a philanthropist. He journeyed much in the East, and wrote a most interesting account of his life there. Afterward he came home, and, making a tour of England, wrote so dull a book about it, that it drew from the celebrated Dr. Johnson the characteristic remark that:

“Jonas acquired some reputation by traveling abroad, and lost it all by traveling at home.”

In the north aisle of the nave there is a monument to a naval officer, Admiral Tyrrell, which represents the admiral as going up into heaven out of the sea, and is so absurdly designed that, from the representation of clouds which crowned it, it has come to be called the “Pancake” monument.

The Jerusalem Chamber is entirely outside the Abbey, near the west end. This was the withdrawing-room of the abbot's house, and still belongs to the Deanery. It probably received its name from the subjects of some tapestries which decorated the walls; and many other rooms in the old palace of Westminster had equally fanciful names — such as “Heaven,” “Paradise,” and “Antioch.” The Jerusalem Chamber is reached by several passages, and a modern sense of the fitness of things has caused a smaller room, from which the visitor enters these passages, to be called the “Jericho” Chamber, because it is a “sabbath day's journey” from one to the other!

Probably no part of the Abbey is richer in historical associations than the Jerusalem Chamber. It was here that Henry IV. was brought to die in 1413, when he was taken ill in the Abbey, just as he was starting on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, that the saint would speed him on his way, the king fell down in a fit. At that time there were no conveniences for heating the Abbey, and the only fireplace connected with the entire structure was in the Jerusalem Chamber. Thither the king was brought, and laid down on the floor before the fire, where he soon expired. It is said that as he recovered consciousness, he inquired where he was, and, on being told, accepted his situation as the fulfilment of a prophecy that he was to die in Jerusalem. Later there assembled in this room the stately company of divines who compiled the West-



THE CORONATION CHAIR, AND SHRINE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

minster Catechism, while later still there sat around the heavy table which now fills the center of the room that serious body of

learned men who labored so faithfully to revise the Bible.

Not far from the Jerusalem Chamber is the College Hall. This lofty room, of noble proportions, was the refectory of the abbot's house, and now is used as a dining-room for the boys of Westminster School. This is a famous old school, supported by the funds of the Abbey, and directed by the officers connected with that institution. The massive tables which are ranged about the room, and from which the boys still eat, are made of heavy chestnut planks taken out of the Spanish Armada, and two of them still show deep dents made in them by English cannon-balls. It was only under the management of Dean Buckland, who died as lately as 1856, that a stove was put into this hall to heat it. Up to that time the primitive method which had been in vogue for centuries was adhered to, and the smoke from a huge open brazier, which stood in the center of the room, curled up among the rafters and found its way, if it could, out through an opening in the roof.

Here and there in odd corners one finds a deliberate tabby, perhaps with well-grown kittens playing about her. Noiseless and dignified, the cats seem in keeping with the repose of the old building; and no doubt they are also useful to prevent rats and mice from trying their sharp, white teeth upon the carved woodwork.

It is a long walk from the dining-room of the Westminster School to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen, just back of the altar in the Abbey, but there is an interesting connection between the two. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy, oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone," and was made by the order of Edward I., in 1297, and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned.

A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to examine it as closely as I was fortunate enough to do, they would find cut boldly into the solid oak seat, in such sprawling letters as the schoolboy's knife makes upon his desk, "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan. 4th, 1801." P. Abbott, it seems, was a

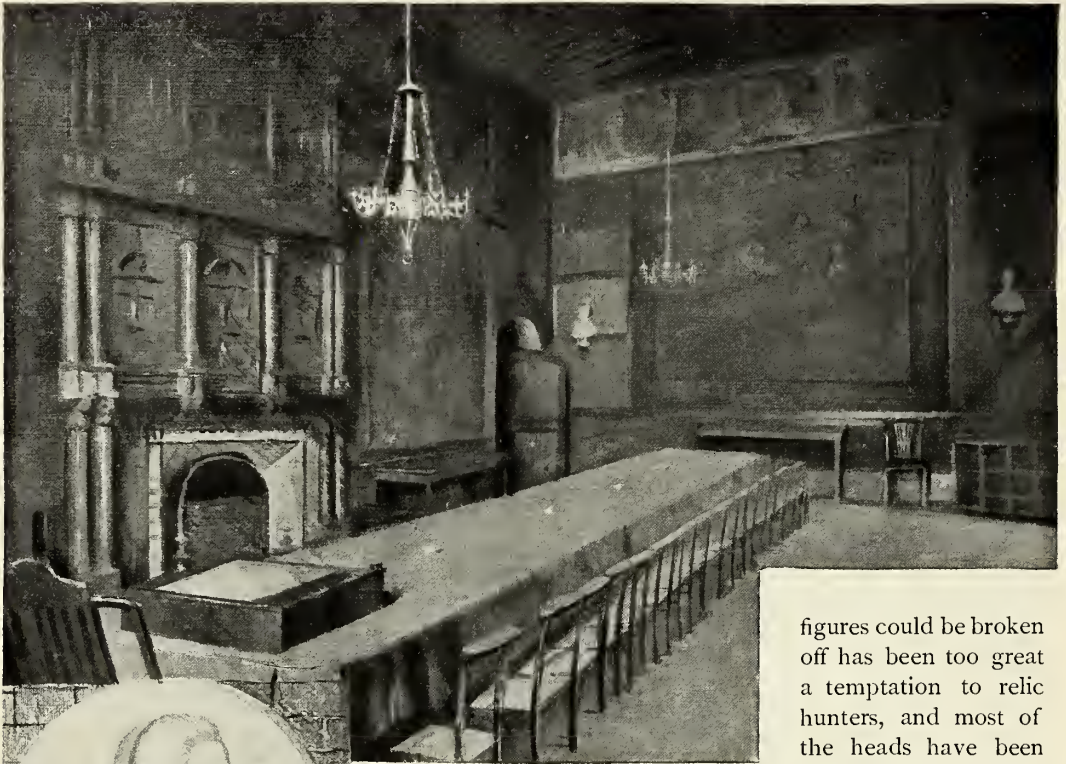
Westminster School boy, and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the Abbey all night, alone. In order to win his wager he hid in some corner of the old building until the doors were locked for the night, and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that, when morning came, the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it, he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carving on the coronation chair the sentence which, even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade, and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life, or was dissipated in mere bravado.

When a sovereign is to be crowned the coronation chair is carried around the screen, placed in the sacrum before the altar, and a robe of cloth-of-gold and ermine thrown over it. It has been taken out of the Abbey but once, and that was when Oliver Cromwell was installed in it as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall. Beside it is a companion chair, as nearly like it as possible, which was provided when, at the coronation of William and Mary, it was necessary that two thrones of equal importance be employed. Although the chairs are of very nearly the same size, the seat of the newer one is quite four inches higher than that of the old, an interesting commentary on the human nature of sovereigns. William, as is well known, was a small man, several inches shorter than his royal wife, who was considerably above the height of the average woman. In order that this inequality in height should not be so conspicuous at the ceremony that the king would be made to look insignificant by it, the seat of the chair in which he was to sit was made high enough to bring his head on a level with that of the queen.

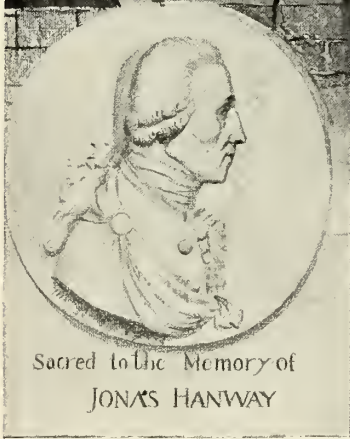
Near the center of the south wall of the nave is a monument to Major André of Revolutionary note. The very long inscription upon it be-



"HE SPENT THE HOURS OF THE EARLY MORNING IN CARVING A SENTENCE ON THE CORONATION CHAIR."



THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER.



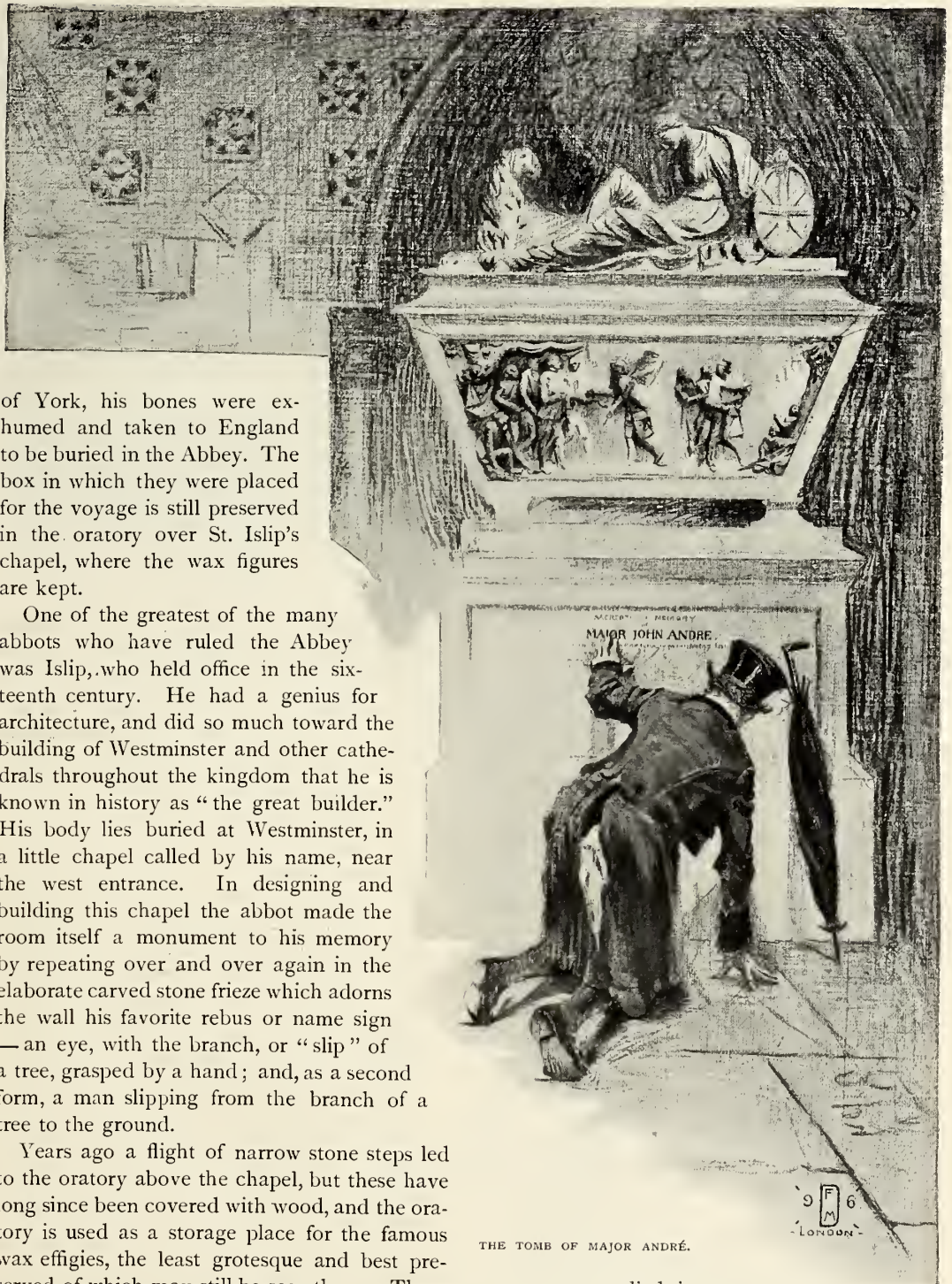
General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and country, on the 2nd October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes."

About the base of the monument, which is a panel set against the wall, are several small figures. These project from the panel, and represent the presentation of Major André's letter to General Washington on the night before his execution. The ease with which the heads of these

figures could be broken off has been too great a temptation to relic hunters, and most of the heads have been knocked off and stolen.

That such vandalism

is not wholly modern is shown from the fact that Charles Lamb writes of the defacing of this very monument in this way in his "Essays of Elia." Southey, the poet, when a boy, who, raised by his merit, in life he was exceedingly sensitive in regard to his political principles, and for a time a serious quarrel existed between himself and Lamb, because the latter, speaking in regard to this injury to André's monument, described it as "the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of transatlantic freedom." Then, addressing Southey, he added, "The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" There is now fastened upon the wall of the nave, above the monument, a wreath of oak leaves which Dean Stanley, when he visited America, gathered near the spot on the bank of the Hudson river where André was executed. Although André died in 1780, it was not until 1821 that, at the request of the Duke



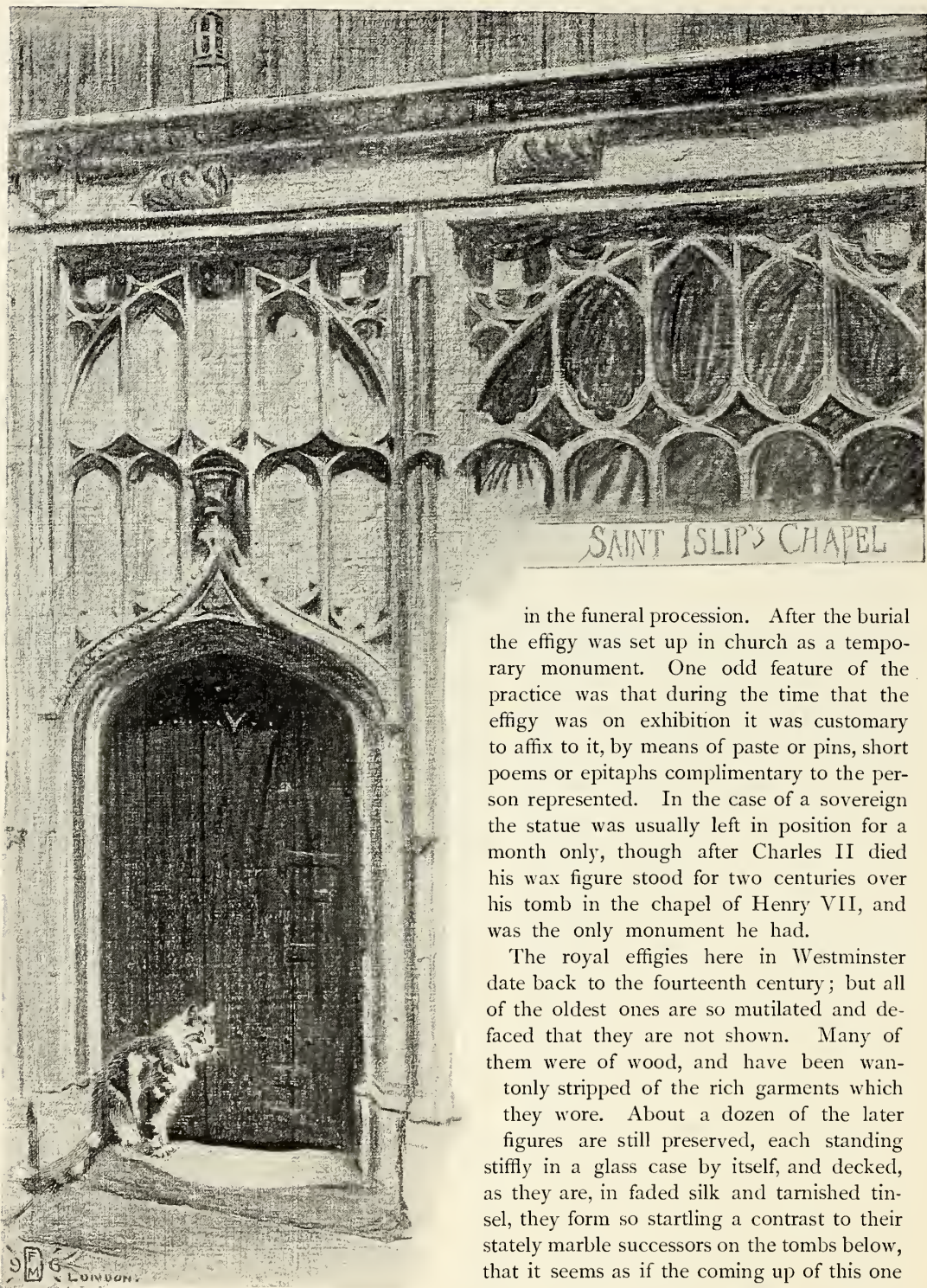
THE TOMB OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

of York, his bones were exhumed and taken to England to be buried in the Abbey. The box in which they were placed for the voyage is still preserved in the oratory over St. Islip's chapel, where the wax figures are kept.

One of the greatest of the many abbots who have ruled the Abbey was Islip, who held office in the sixteenth century. He had a genius for architecture, and did so much toward the building of Westminster and other cathedrals throughout the kingdom that he is known in history as "the great builder." His body lies buried at Westminster, in a little chapel called by his name, near the west entrance. In designing and building this chapel the abbot made the room itself a monument to his memory by repeating over and over again in the elaborate carved stone frieze which adorns the wall his favorite rebus or name sign — an eye, with the branch, or "slip" of a tree, grasped by a hand; and, as a second form, a man slipping from the branch of a tree to the ground.

Years ago a flight of narrow stone steps led to the oratory above the chapel, but these have long since been covered with wood, and the oratory is used as a storage place for the famous wax effigies, the least grotesque and best preserved of which may still be seen there. These wax statues are the mementos of a strange old-time ceremony. Long ago, when a great

man or woman died, it was the custom to model a representation of the deceased, dressed as in life, which was carried



in the funeral procession. After the burial the effigy was set up in church as a temporary monument. One odd feature of the practice was that during the time that the effigy was on exhibition it was customary to affix to it, by means of paste or pins, short poems or epitaphs complimentary to the person represented. In the case of a sovereign the statue was usually left in position for a month only, though after Charles II died his wax figure stood for two centuries over his tomb in the chapel of Henry VII, and was the only monument he had.

The royal effigies here in Westminster date back to the fourteenth century; but all of the oldest ones are so mutilated and defaced that they are not shown. Many of them were of wood, and have been wantonly stripped of the rich garments which they wore. About a dozen of the later figures are still preserved, each standing stiffly in a glass case by itself, and decked, as they are, in faded silk and tarnished tinsel, they form so startling a contrast to their stately marble successors on the tombs below, that it seems as if the coming up of this one short flight of steps had translated the visi-





THE EFFIGIES.

tor from the consecrated atmosphere of the Abbey into the vulgar air of Madame Tussaud's establishment.

The oldest figure here is that of Charles II. It is dressed in the blue and red velvet robes of the Garter, trimmed with superb old point lace. By his side, in another case, is the figure of General Monk, clad in armor. The head of the figure is now bare, but it originally wore the famous cap mentioned in the "Ingoldsby Legends":

I thought on Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester's  
crowning fight,  
When on mine ear a sound there fell, it filled me with  
affright,  
As thus in low, unearthly tones, I heard a voice begin:  
"This here 's the cap of Gen'ral Monk! Sir, please put  
summat in."

In the last century the vergers, when showing these figures to visitors, came to use this cap as a gentle hint that their none too large wages might be acceptably increased by a small coin dropped into it. Goldsmith, who has recorded an account of his visit to the Abbey, says of this cap, in an account of a conversation with the verger who was his guide, "Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, sir,

says he, 'I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble.'"

The two latest figures, those of the Earl of Chatham and Admiral Nelson, were unquestionably put in by the officers of the Abbey merely for show purposes, to increase the attractiveness of the exhibit. That of Lord Nelson is interesting from the fact that it is dressed in a suit of clothes which the admiral once wore. There seems good reason to believe this

to be true, since, when Maclise borrowed the figure as a model while he was painting his famous painting "Death of Nelson," he found attached to the lining of the hat the eyepatch without which the admiral, who was blind in one eye, never appeared. Nelson is buried in St. Paul's in spite of his famous exhortation to his men at the battle of Cape St. Vincent, where he cried, "Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!"

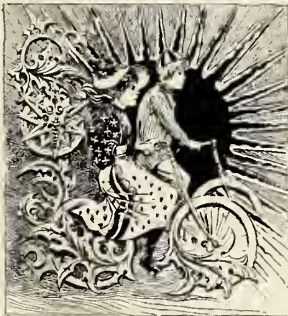


THE LITTLE JACK TARS ARE "ALL AT SEA" ON LAND.



## BICYCLE SONG.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



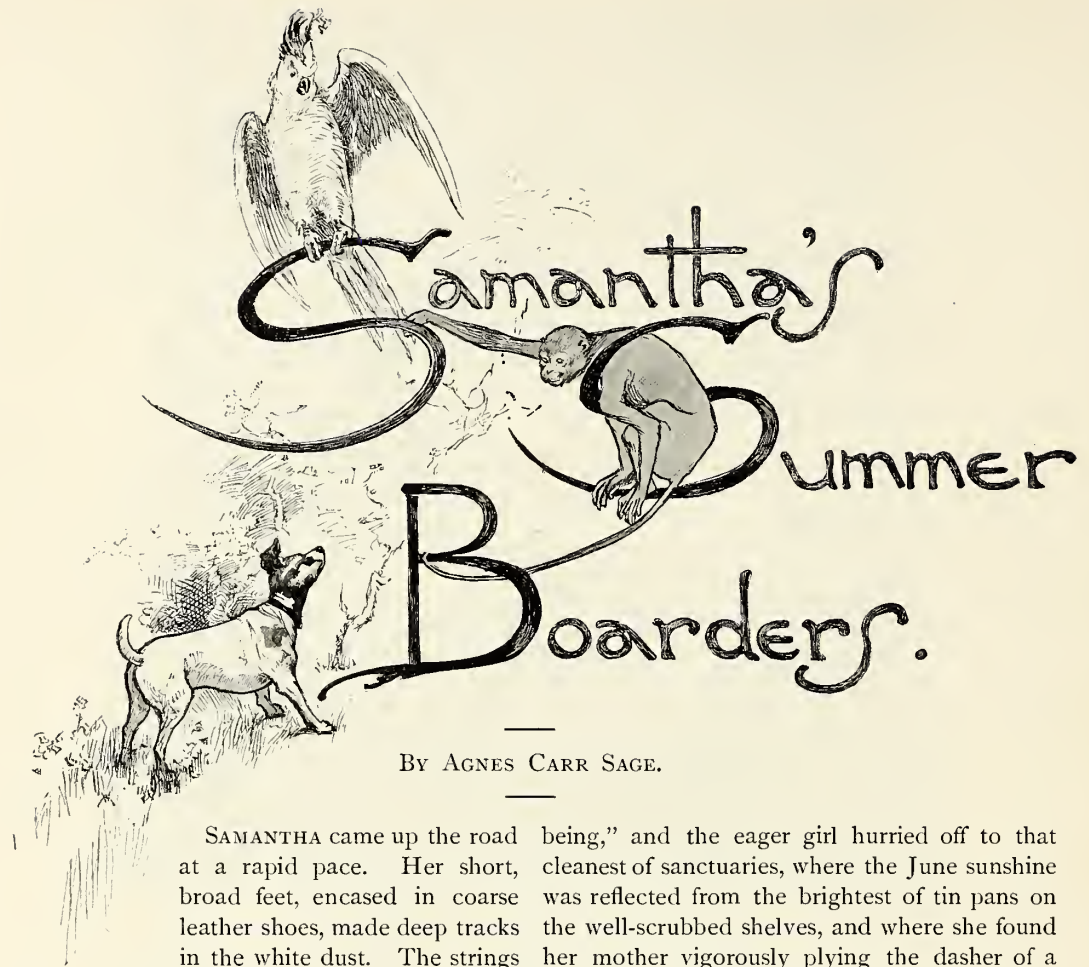
Split the wind we meet,  
 Swift, oh, swift and silent,  
 Rolling down the street!

When the dark comes, twinkling  
 Like fireflies in the wheat,

LIGHT upon the  
 pedal,  
 Firm upon the  
 seat,  
 Fortune's wheel in  
 fetters  
 Fast beneath  
 our feet,  
 Leave the clouds  
 behind us,

Bells before us tinkling  
 Fairily and feat,  
 By the gate of gardens,  
 Where the dusk is sweet,  
 Slide like apparitions  
 Through the startled street!

Spearmen in the desert  
 Maybe fly as fleet,  
 Northern lights in heaven,  
 Sparkles on the sleet!  
 Swift, oh, swift and silent,  
 Just before we greet  
 The outer edge of nothing  
 Turn rolling up the street!



BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

SAMANTHA came up the road at a rapid pace. Her short, broad feet, encased in coarse leather shoes, made deep tracks in the white dust. The strings of her sun-bonnet flew back over her shoulders, and her limp calico frock flapped feebly about her ankles as she ran. A pert little squirrel frisked along the rail fence, and the first daisy of the season nodded from the roadside, but she heeded neither and never paused until the front gate of the Tuft farm was reached. In at this gate then she turned, allowing it to slam sharply behind her as she sped on up the straight path and in at an open door, standing hospitably open.

Once within the cool, narrow entry, however, she stopped for breath and called:

“Ma! ma! — where are you, ma?”

“Here, S'manthy! In the milk-room!” echoed faintly from rear regions of the old, substantial stone house in which three generations of Tufts had “lived and moved and had their

being,” and the eager girl hurried off to that cleanest of sanctuaries, where the June sunshine was reflected from the brightest of tin pans on the well-scrubbed shelves, and where she found her mother vigorously plying the dasher of a great churn standing in the middle of the stone floor.

“So you are back at last,” she said. “Did you get the meal, and the brown sugar, and the turkey-red cotton? — and did you call at the post-office?”

“Yes, ma'am, everything;” and Samantha deposited sundry brown paper parcels on the table. “But, ma, I want to ask you something! May I take a boarder this summer?”

“You take a boarder!” exclaimed Mrs. Tuft, and a scornful little laugh brought a deeper red to her daughter's cheeks. “I pity the boarder who would have to depend on the cooking of a bookworm like you, S'manthy Jane! I suppose, though, you mean will *I* take one? But I say no. Had enough of it last year with that artist chap from the city. Bless my heart, what a

nuisance he was! Lyin' abed till all hours of the morning, wanting his breakfast when Christian folk were beginning to think of their dinner, and traipsing over the country half the night to secure what he called 'moonlight effects.' No; when he went I made up my mind — no more fine young gentlemen lodgers for me!"

"But this one is n't a fine young gentleman," interposed Samantha, a roguish twinkle dancing in her eye.

"Well, a lady is ten times worse; and as for the responsibility of a child, I would n't think of it for a moment."

"But it is n't a lady and it is n't a child; and he'll eat and go out and in just when you want him to," argued the girl.

Mrs. Tuft paused in her churning, although the butter was just commencing to come, and gazed at the now laughing maiden in puzzled astonishment. "Now, S'manthy Jane, quit that giggling and mystifying, and speak out plain. Who is it you want to take to board?"

"'Mr. Pettijohn.'"

"And who, pray, is Mr. Pettijohn?"

"He's old Miss Granger's fox-terrier, and the brightest, cutest little fellow you ever set eyes on. He would n't be a mite of trouble."

"Did she ask you to take charge of him?"

"Yes, for three months, while she is away visiting her sister. I met her in the post-office, and she wanted to know if I would look after him for a dollar a week."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her I would, gladly, if you had no objections. And you have n't really, have you, ma dear? I shall enjoy having the little beast here, and the twelve dollars will almost pay for my commutation-ticket to Homeville next fall."

"Then you are still set upon goin' to the Normal College?"

"Oh, yes, if I can earn money enough to buy proper clothes and pay my traveling-expenses back and forth. Pa says he cannot help me, although he would be proud enough to see me a teacher. I thought this offer was a real god-send."

"Well, I dunno what to say! You know your father does n't fancy dogs overmuch."

"But I'm sure he would n't mind a tiny chap like this," Samantha argued.

"And you've had twice the schoolin' now I ever had."

"Which is lucky, since I have n't half your faculty for butter-making and housekeeping. Why, Miss Granger said just now she wanted her 'dear little Petty' to come here, because she felt sure we could be relied on. She knew it because Mrs. Tuft's butter was always so sweet and good, and her pound-rolls such true, honest weight."

Mrs. Tuft's countenance relaxed at this compliment. It was her peculiarity to raise objections and then in the end to yield; for in her heart of hearts she was vastly proud of her clever child, and longed to give her every advantage possible. "That they are. Miss Granger is a nice, sensible woman, and I suppose we might as well accommodate her. A dollar a week will be some help, and mebbe, S'manthy, since we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, you can get a few other four-footed boarders to keep the little creature company."

"Perhaps so, but I fear not in this neighborhood"; and the girl turned demurely away, suppressing a smile at the hearty way in which her mother had come over to her side.

So Mr. Pettijohn came to the farm, and quickly won the good-will of everybody by his cunning tricks and gentlemanly manners. Truly he was a veritable Chevalier Bayard among dogs, as brave as a diminutive lion, and with the sunniest temper, greeting one and all with a pleasant little bark of welcome, and such a friendly offering of his small, white paw, that it was quite captivating. Samantha wished she could open the house to a dozen such easy-going inmates; but the near-by village of Briarly was not large, and the majority of its inhabitants were people of moderate means who would have considered it the height of extravagance to "board out" their pet animals.

Nevertheless, a week after the fox-terrier's advent, Judge Newcome, the leading citizen and wealthiest man of the place, suddenly determined upon a flying trip to Europe, and drove out to ask our young heroine to take charge of a handsome and valuable cockatoo, as distinguished for her linguistic accomplishments as for her brilliant plumage; while Mrs. Newcome, who was to accompany her husband,

begged that she might also send some highly prized palms and rubber-plants, agreeing to pay five dollars a month for the bird and the plants.

Joyously did Samantha consent; and Farmer Tuft declared they had a "home circus every night," with Mr. Pettijohn playing "dead dog," and dancing and standing on his head for sugar, and Madam Fatima making grave, funny speeches, and singing "Daisy Bell" in a voice like a rusty door hinge.

Not yet, however, was the happy family complete; for on one of her visits to the post-office Samantha was surprised to receive a letter addressed to herself. It proved to be from Miss Granger, and ran thus :

DEAR MISS SAMANTHA : I am trying to persuade my sister to join me in a "conducted tour" to the Thousand Islands and Quebec; but she hesitates on account of having no one with whom to leave "Gumbo," an interesting pet, to whom she is as much attached as I am to my precious Pettijohn. It occurred to me then that you would, perhaps, be willing to take him on the same terms as you charged me, and I write to ask. He could be expressed to Briarly, and you would, doubtless, find him very amusing, while he could be chained, should he ever prove troublesome. Please let me hear from you by return mail, and oblige

Yours faithfully,

ABIGAIL GRANGER.

"Good news, mamsey! good news! Another dog is coming to be a chum for Mr. Pettijohn!" shouted the girl, gleefully, as she reached home with this epistle, and you may be sure, she lost no time in answering it, and gazed with increased satisfaction at the chamois-skin purse that became heavier and heavier every week.

"Won't you and Gumbo have jolly good fun together?" she remarked twenty times to the terrier, who listened knowingly, wriggled as though in delighted anticipation, and then rolled over at her feet with all his four slender legs in the air.

Ten days elapsed, and then at last, one evening, an express wagon drove up to the gate, and a grinning country youth carried in a small, brown object—an object not unlike an animated mummy, with the wickedest twinkle in its deep-set beads of eyes, and chattering like a whole flock of magpies; for the journey had sadly ruffled Master Gumbo's feelings, and he arrived in the worst possible humor.

"A monkey!" shrieked Samantha, scarce believing her eyes. Mrs. Tuft threw up her hands, and tumbled speechless into a chair, while her husband fairly roared, exclaiming, "Well, the clown for the circus has come now, sartain sure!"

As for Mr. Pettijohn, he skipped round on three legs, growling and barking in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

"Oh, dear, dear! whatever shall I do with the creature! Miss Granger ought to have told me plainly!" wailed the girl indignantly when, having recovered from her first surprise, she led the way to an outer summer kitchen, where the expressman chained the gibbering beast to a table, and, having supplied him with food, they left him to rest and recover from the effects of his trip.

Indeed, I am afraid an indignation meeting was held under the Tufts' roof that night, but in the morning Gumbo appeared quite a different being. He was tame and docile, readily made friends with Samantha, and even cuddled in her lap and rubbed his round brown head against her shoulder, while it was comical to see him hold an apple in his almost too human hands and nip off bits with his sharp little teeth. Finally, too, Mr. Pettijohn was induced to extend a paw of welcome to the newcomer, which the monkey accepted gingerly and with an ugly grimace. Ere long, however, they became excellent comrades and had many a scamper together over the green lawn.

But now Samantha found her hands pretty full and was up with the sun every morning to feed her charges, give the dog his bath, comb Gumbo, clean Fatima's cage, and water, and wash the leaves of, Mrs. Newcome's plants, which throve finely on the cool, shady north porch.

On the whole, the monkey behaved fairly well and was the delight of every urchin in the neighborhood. There were days when his young keeper declared he was "a perfect angel in fur," and, sending him up into the cherry-trees, she pelted him with tiny pebbles, at which he would fling her down the ripe fruit in retaliation and seem to enjoy the sport. But on other days the very spirit of mischief appeared to possess him, and nothing was safe from his marauding little paws. He had a well developed taste for

rummaging, and would poke into every box, drawer, or closet carelessly left open, bearing off anything that caught his fancy. A caller at the farm one afternoon was nearly frightened out of her wits at sight of Gumbo leaping down the stairs arrayed in a yellow silk shawl and with Mrs. Tuft's best Sunday bonnet perched on his saucy head; while, apparently, the set purpose and ambition of his soul was to purloin the longest feathers from Fatima's gay-hued tail.

Time and again the family was summoned to the cockatoo's cage by wails of woe and sharp cries of "Ma — Pa — S'manthy! Come, quick! Gumbo's a-stealin', Gumbo's a-stealin'! Po-or Fatima! Ow-w-w!" and arrived just in season to rescue the shrieking bird from the naughty rascal's depredations; after which he spent hours chained up in disgrace, but, I fear, was released as unrepentant as ever.

So the summer wore away until August, when Mrs. Tufts was called to her mother, who was ill in a town a hundred miles distant. "I can't bear to leave you alone, daughter," she said, "to keep house, look after pa, and take care of the critters by yourself; but if your grandma should die without my seeing her I could never forgive myself, while you must have Minty Jones over every Saturday to bake and clean up."

"Of course you must go," replied Samantha decidedly, "and we shall get along famously I don't doubt."

But she did not feel so cheerful as her words indicated, and with rather a sinking heart, she saw the traveler depart.

She was not fond of housework, and it was with a bit of a sigh that she laid aside her beloved books, with which she was preparing for the fall examinations at Homeville. But she determined to do her best, and bravely carried out her resolution, sweeping, cooking, churning, and scarcely spending an idle moment, for she thought: "Ma has been so kind about my 'boarders,' I'll show her I do know something besides algebra and Latin, and one need n't be helpless if one is the bookworm she calls me."

Her father found her a bright, sympathetic

companion, and became more confidential with her than he had ever been, as they sat on the porch at eventide, with Mr. Pettijohn curled up between them, and watched the sunset behind the distant hills.

He told her of a large sum of money due him on the 15th, with which he intended to pay off part of the mortgage on the farm; and said that he hoped, by the time she had finished her course at the Normal College, to be able to give her a year in one of the large cities, there to acquire certain finishing touches in music and languages—"for I want my girl to hold up her head with the best teachers in the land."

"Oh, dear pa, that is more than I ever expected," she said gratefully; and it was with delighted awe that she beheld a great roll of greenbacks which Mr. Tuft brought in one Friday morning, saying: "Put those away very carefully, S'manthy, until Monday, when I mean to drive over to Homeville and see the man who holds the mortgage."

"Where will be the safest place?" she asked, glancing round the summer kitchen in which she stood, one end of which was occupied by a



"GUMBO ARRAYED IN A YELLOW SILK SHAWL AND MRS. TUFT'S BEST SUNDAY BONNET."

big, old-fashioned Dutch oven, built by her great-grandfather. Then, as her eye fell on this mound of bricks, she cried: "Oh, I know! I'll hide them in the oven; nobody will ever think of looking there."

"No, I reckon they won't," laughed Mr. Tuft with an approving nod, as he strode back to his work, while she rolled up the bills and deposited them in the dark brick recess asso-

ciated with Thanksgiving turkeys and Christmas pies; for it was used only on special occasions, when extra large bakings were to be done, a stove answering for every-day needs. She had just lightly shut the door, and was turning to get something for Gumbo, who was chattering impatiently for his dinner, when a rosy, freckled face was popped in at the window, and the familiar voice of a young neighbor exclaimed:

"Hello, Samantha! I have just run over to see if you can go berrying with us to-morrow. All the boys and girls are going up on Blueberry Hill, where they say the 'hucks' are as thick as spatter."

"Oh, Jennie, I should love to, but I can't leave the house alone! Though—wait! Black Minty is coming to-morrow, so perhaps I can get away. I'll ask pa."

"Do, and we'll stop for you at nine o'clock. Good-by, then, for we're making plum sauce at our house, and I have n't time to linger a second." And off cheery Jennie Parsons hurried, leaving Samantha fascinated by the idea of a day's outing.

Her father urged her to go. "You have been tied pretty close of late," he said, "and a little junketing will do you good. Next week, too, harvesting begins, when there will be extra hands to feed, and you may not have another chance to pick berries this season."

So Samantha set her house in order betimes, and was all ready when the wagonload of merry, laughing young folks drove up. Their coming was heralded by Fatima bobbing her gray crest in the sunny doorway and piping:

"Here they come! Git up! Hip, hip, hurray!"

"Black Minty," Mrs. Araminta Jones, was on hand and promised to do "a hull mess o' bakin', and keep a sharp eye on the brown gemman, though she 'lowed she felt drefful timorsome when dat leetle monkey glared at her for all de worl' like de Voodoo doctor and looked so mighty mysterious."

"Just turn Gumbo out in the yard and he will be all right," said Samantha; "and, Minty, be sure that you don't forget we shall want

three times the usual amount of bread and cake and pies for the harvest men."

"Yes, 'm, I'll 'member"; and with a light-some heart the little housewife finally clambered into the cart.

"Let us take Pettijohn," suggested some one, as the dog sat up on his hind legs and begged piteously to be of the party. So he, too, was tucked in, and off the jolly crew started to where Blueberry Hill raised its verdure-clad peak toward the azure August sky.

For once, too, report spoke truly, and the huckleberries *were* "as thick as spatter"; so baskets and pails were filled to overflowing, while never did sandwiches, eggs, and dropcakes taste more delicious than those enjoyed by the side of Wintergreen Spring, a little crystal pool standing in a moss-edged basin fit for a fairies' well. Indeed, it proved a halcyon day in every respect, and Mr. Pettijohn was the life of the goodly company, displaying all his choicest accomplishments for the entertainment of the picnickers and the bones of the broiled chicken; while, as they rode home in the purple gloaming, Samantha thought she had rarely felt so happy. No shadow of threatening evil clouded her bright spirits.

"Your father is waiting for you at the gate," remarked Jennie Parsons as they approached the Tuft farm; and when they drew up he came forward to assist his daughter to alight.

"Oh, pa, we have had a lovely time!" ex-



"SHE 'LOWED SHE FELT DREFFUL TIMORSOME WHEN DAT LEETLE MONKEY GLARED AT HER."

claimed Samantha; "and I trust all has gone smoothly here. Did Minty give you plenty of dinner?"

"Yes, yes, child, a great plenty." But, as



the rest of the merrymakers rolled on, calling back many a cordial "good night!" he turned a white, drawn face toward the girl, and asked in a husky whisper: "S'manthy, where is the money?"

"The money? What money?"

"The money for the mortgage."

"Why, it's in the Dutch oven, of course. You know I put it there and you agreed that it was the safest place."

"Then it is gone!" and with a groan the man leaned against the fence and buried his head in his hands.

"But, pa, it can't be gone! Who would take it?"

"It's burnt up."

"Burnt up?"

"Yes. Minty has been baking there."

"It — is n't — possible!" and now Samantha also turned pale.

"It is true. She says you told her to cook up an extra lot of victuals for the harvest men, and the stove oven is so small she thought it would save time to use the old brick one."

"But that takes hours to heat."

"Yes, but she made a fire right after you left and baked in the afternoon. When I came in to supper, the summer kitchen was like a furnace."

"Did you look for the bills?"

"Certainly, and not a scrap of them is to be found. My one hope was that you might have moved them elsewhere. I tell you, child, it's a big loss for a poor man, and I don't know how I'm ever goin' to make it up!"

Feeling half dazed then, Samantha entered the house, where she came upon Araminta sobbing loudly and the cockatoo mocking her; though the bird at sight of her keeper immediately began to cackle, "Drefful hubbub, S'manthy! Fatima's a good girl! Gumbo's been a-stealin'! Bad Gumbo!"

"Oh, dear! I wish the worst trouble was a monkey trick!" sighed Samantha, raking fruitlessly in the yawning hot oven, while the colored woman protested: "I did n't know Miss S'manthy, 'deed I did n't! 'Twi'x dat sassy parrot and pesky botherin' ape I'm most plumb crazy, and, Miss S'manthy, you'd ought to hab tole me 'bout de bankbillses."

"But I never dreamed of your making a fire here!" moaned Samantha wearily, and as soon as possible she got rid of the negress and retired to woo the oblivion of sleep with a dumb, crushing weight on her young heart. "If only I had not gone to the picnic!" was her last waking thought.

The next day was Sunday, and a blue Sunday it proved. Mr. Tuft complained of a headache and lay on the sofa, refusing either to talk or eat; while, though his daughter went to church, she heard little of the sermon and cried softly all through the prayers. In the afternoon, she took her little chamois-skin purse and, creeping to her father's side, slipped it into his hand. "Take it, pa," she said, "for it is all I can do. I have decided not to go to college, and ma and I will work hard and help to make up the loss."

"It was n't your fault, dearie," he answered, rousing at this, "and I would n't take your small earnings if I could help it; but I must scrape and scratch together every penny to pay the interest. I had so counted on being free of part of my burden to-morrow, and can't deny it is a great blow, S'manthy — a great blow!"

"Poor pa! — he looks ten years older than he did on Saturday," thought the girl as she watched him off to the fields on Monday; and so worn out was she by the nerve strain that three o'clock found her sitting idly on the porch with her hands folded dejectedly in her lap. The cockatoo swung overhead whistling softly to herself; Gumbo was perched not far off, on an old hollow stump of a tree round which Samantha had tried to train some vines; while Mr. Pettijohn leaped on her knee and, as though divining her mood, licked her hand with a warm, sympathetic little tongue.

"Oh, Petty, Petty, why do such dreadful, unnecessary accidents have to happen!" she wailed, and cuddled the dog in her arms until he grew restless and went to stir up Gumbo, when the two were soon engaged in a good-natured frolic on the lawn.

Presently, the monkey raced across the grass waving something in his paw while Pettijohn pranced after, snapping at the fluttering object, which Samantha dreamily fancied must be a leaf. He caught it in his teeth, there was a

short, sharp tussle, and then the terrier came capering back to the porch and laid his prize at the maiden's feet. Mechanically Samantha picked it up; but the next instant she started from her seat with a low, stifled cry, for she held the half of a badly soiled and torn banknote.

Where could it have come from? But even while she was wondering, mischievous Gumbo stole slyly up, snatched it from her fingers, and was off again with Pettijohn at his heels. Taking flying leaps, he flew to his favorite stump, where he stuffed the "bone of contention" deep down in its hollow interior and then turned upon his rival with a triumphant chuckle, as much as to say, "No, you don't, sir!"

Trembling from excitement, Samantha followed her unruly charges and drove them away, while her heart seemed to cease beating as she explored what was evidently Master Gumbo's store-closet. A nibbled ear of corn was first produced, next a plaid cotton handkerchief suspiciously like Minty's turban; a partly eaten apple, and then, oh, joy of joys! she drew forth a roll of greenbacks, the very bills so carefully hidden in the old oven and mourned as lost! In speechless astonishment she pinched herself to see if she was awake, believing it altogether too good to be true; and yet, after all, it was extremely easy to understand. She well knew Gumbo's exploring and thievish habits, and, undoubtedly, while Araminta was preparing the oven to receive her light, flaky loaves, he had investigated it, as was his wont, and upon discovering the money, had borne it off to his chosen hiding-place for stolen goods.

"Gumbo's been stealin'! Gumbo's been stealin'! Naughty Gum-

bo!" shrieked Fatima, as the happy damsel danced toward the house, holding the precious roll aloft.

"Yes, thank heaven he has!" responded Samantha, rushing into the arms of her father, who appeared at that moment; "and what is more, I would like to hug him for it."

"And so would I!" declared Mr. Tuft, when he had heard the story—"though, really, the little rascal deserves a sound whipping."

He did not get it, however, but instead was so feasted and petted by Samantha that the now laughing farmer told her she "ought not to reward wickedness in that fashion."

"I don't care," she retorted recklessly. "The poor little fellow does n't know any better, and I am sure he has saved us from a terrible misfortune. But," she added slowly, "it will be a relief when Gumbo goes home to his mistress, though I should love to keep Pettijohn for ever and ever."

The bills were found to be all right, with the exception of the one chewed and torn by the monkey and dog in their gambols. The half of the mortgage was paid off only one day later than her father had expected; and September saw Samantha the brightest, blithest college girl in all Homeville. Indeed, Mrs. Tuft—whose mother eventually recovered—returned to be rarely proud of her young daughter, who looked so pretty and womanly in her first long dress of navy blue, and a becoming turban crowning her neat braids; while she often boasted that "the girl had turned out as good a housekeeper as she was a student," and liked to tell how Samantha had earned her trim tailor-made suit and traveling expenses by her "summer boarders."





BY AGNES REPPLIER.

It is a pleasant thing to go to school in this year of grace, 1896. It is a moderately pleasant thing even to go to boarding-school, unless one is hopelessly homesick, and I have the less hesitation in saying this, because I know so many boys and girls who will agree with me. But there was a time—a time not so very, very long ago—when the “hardships of school” was not a fancy phrase, as it is now, to be used effectively in the Christmas holidays, but when it had a real significance for the unlucky little students who were learning what hardship meant.

Only sixty years have passed since the boys of Eton ventured to beg that pipes might be laid in some of the school buildings so that they need not fetch water from the pumps in the freezing winter weather, and the petition was promptly rejected, with the scornful comment that “they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next!” At Winchester, another big English school, all the lads had to wash in an open yard called “Moab,” where half-a-dozen tubs were ranged around the wall, and it was the duty of one of the juniors to go from tub to tub on frosty mornings, and thaw the ice with a candle. Comfort was deemed a bad thing for boys, lest they should grow up dainty and unmanly. “Cold?” said Dr. Keate, a famous head-master of Eton, to a poor little bit of humanity whom he met shivering and shaking in the hall. “Don’t talk to me of being cold! You must learn to bear it, sir! You are not at a girls’ school!”

But if he had been at a girls’ school, I doubt

whether the child would have found himself much warmer. Fires, in our great-grandmothers’ time, especially in England, where the winters are less biting than with us, were held to be luxuries more fitting for old age than for youth. Mrs. Sherwood, who lived about seventy years ago, and wrote stories which all little boys and girls used to read, tells us that when she was young she was never permitted to come near the fire, though it blazed brightly away in the family sitting-room. Indeed, the discipline under which she was reared at home was so exceedingly severe that school seemed by comparison a place of pastime and relaxation.

Mothers were then especially anxious that their little daughters should carry themselves properly, and grow up straight and tall. To accomplish this good end, Mrs. Sherwood, from the time she was six until she was thirteen, wore a backboard strapped over her shoulders, and, worse still, an iron collar around her neck, forcing her to hold her chin high in the air. This instrument of torture was put on every morning, and seldom taken off until late in the afternoon. Moreover, she learned and recited all her lessons standing in stocks to turn her toes out. She was not allowed to sit down in her mother’s presence, and for breakfast, dinner, and supper she enjoyed an unvarying monotony of bread and milk. Nevertheless, she seems to have been a cheerful and contented little girl; and when the dreadful collar was removed she used to manifest her wild delight by running as hard as ever she could for half a mile or more through her father’s beautiful

grounds. No wonder that, when sent as a boarder to a famous French school called the Abbey School, she thought it the height of luxury to be awakened at daybreak, and permitted to breakfast near the fire on buttered toast and tea. In fact, she always writes of the Abbey as if it were the abode of perpetual and rather hurtful gaiety; though all we can learn from her letters is that the older girls were allowed to visit and receive their friends, that they had a dance at Christmas time, and that they acted occasionally "The Good Mother," by Madame de Genlis, and other French plays of a very grave and serious character.

It was not in this joyous fashion, however, that school presented itself to another, and far brighter, little girl, Mary Fairfax, who was born over a hundred years ago, and who afterward became Mrs. Somerville and one of the most learned women in England. Mary was fortunate enough to live the first ten years of her life by the seashore, the happiest, wildest, shyest child that ever played all day long on the yellow sands, and made huge collections of shells, and weeds, and pebbles, and other treasures brought her as playthings by the waves. When it rained, and her mother would not permit her to run out, she read over and over again the three books which formed her library—"The Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress." Now and then her father, who was an officer in the English navy, came home from sea; and finding his little daughter as ignorant as a child could be, he made her read aloud to him every morning a chapter of Hume's "History of England." This was all her education until she was ten years old, when, one dreadful day, her parents sent her to a boarding-school, a small and very expensive boarding-school kept by Miss Primrose, who was so stately and so severe that her pupils used to say they never saw her smile. Thanks to the healthy, outdoor life she had always led, little Mary was straight and strong as a young Indian, but that did not save her from the ingenious tortures designed for stooping children, and which she describes for us in her memoirs.

"A few days after my arrival I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front, while, above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back

till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod, with a semicircle which went under the chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger children had to prepare our lessons."

Think of it, you luxurious little people who prepare *your* lessons lolling on rocking-chairs, nestling in sofa corners, or lying comfortably on warm hearth-rugs before cheerful fires! Think of studying a whole page of Johnson's dictionary every day, spelling, definitions, even the very position of each word in the long columns, and all the while unable to lean backward or forward, or turn your head from side to side—unable even to see what the girl next to you was doing! That was a discipline which must have made home and the dear shining oceansands a picture of Paradise, of Paradise Lost, to poor, tired, timid Mary Fairfax. And the worst of it was, she learned so little at Miss Primrose's school that, when she escaped for her first holidays, she covered herself with disgrace by writing *bank-knot* for bank-note, and was severely scolded for being so idle, and wasting such golden opportunities. She was taught to sew, however, very neatly, and in after years she grew so passionately fond of study, of real, hard, severe, uncompromising study, that it was necessary, when she was fifteen, to take away her candles, so that she might not sit up half the night over her books. Even then she used to arise at daybreak, wrap herself in a blanket,—not being allowed a fire,—and work away at Algebra and Latin until breakfast time. She wrote a number of valuable works on scientific subjects, and she lived to be ninety-two years old, proving that neither hard schools nor hard study are certain to shorten our days.

Miss Edgeworth, that beloved Maria Edgeworth, who has given us some of the best stories ever written for children, and whose shabby, well read volumes were the treasures of old-fashioned nurseries, has told us many things about her early life at school. She was only eight years old when she was first sent away from home, a shy and timid little girl, but too docile and intelligent to be unhappy, even amid strange surroundings. She was taught to sew and embroider very prettily, and to write a neat

clear hand which was destined to be much admired. There is a prim little letter sent by her to her father, in which she says:

"School now seems agreeable to me. I have begun French and dancing, and intend to make great improvement in everything I learn. I am sure it will give you satisfaction to know that I am a good girl."

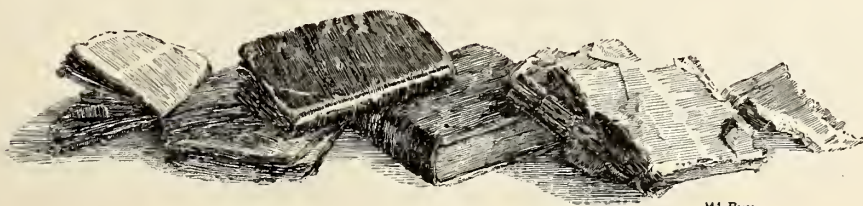
Her real troubles began when she was taken away from this simple, homelike place—where her hardest task had been to work a white satin waistcoat for her father—and sent to a fashionable establishment in London. She was then eleven years old, a small, delicate child, with stooping shoulders, and her appearance gave great displeasure to her teachers. The work of improvement was started at once, and in good earnest. Every day she was strapped to the backboard until she ached all over. Every day the iron collar—that favorite instrument of discomfort—was fastened under her chin. Every day she swung the dumb-bells until her hands could hold them no longer. It is hardly surprising that under this strenuous discipline, from which nothing but the rack appears to have been omitted, school no longer seemed agreeable to the little girl. She lost her gaiety, and moped in quiet corners, reading, or pining for her Irish home and the younger children who filled it merrily; for Miss Edgeworth had more step-brothers and step-sisters than ever fell to the lot of authoress before or since, and she loved every one of them dearly all her life.

Have I written enough about the miseries you might have suffered if you had lived in your great-grandmother's day? Would you like to hear of somebody who really had a good time when she was a child, and whose splendid

high spirits neither study nor discipline could daunt? Then read for yourselves the delightful papers in which Miss Mitford describes for us her school-life in London just one hundred years ago. Few things more amusing than these "Early Recollections" have ever been told in print. We know everybody in that school as intimately as Mary Mitford knew them in the year 1796. The English teacher who was so wedded to grammar and arithmetic—Mary hated to study; the French teacher whom she both loved and feared, who had a passion for neatness, and used to hang around the children's necks all their possessions found out of place, from dictionaries and sheets of music to skipping-ropes and dilapidated dolls; the school-girls who came from every part of England and France; above all, the school plays—"The Search after Happiness," which they were permitted to act as a great treat, because Miss Hannah More had written it. If you know nothing about "The Search after Happiness" you have no real idea how dull a play can be. Four discontented young ladies go forth to seek "Urania," whose wisdom will teach them to be happy. They meet "Florella," a virtuous shepherdess, who leads them to the grove where Urania lives. Here they are kindly received, and describe all their faults at great length to their hostess, who sends them brimful of good advice to their respective homes. Think of a lot of real school-girls acting such a drama, and speaking to each other in this sedate and meritorious fashion!—

"With ever new delight we now attend  
The counsels of our fond maternal friend."

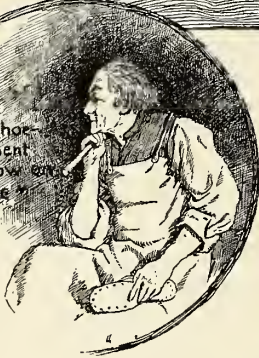
Yet these girls did it, and enjoyed it, too, grateful for even this demure amusement, a hundred years ago.



# "Upon a Dull & Cloudy Day"

By Margaret Johnson

"The little  
brown shoemaker bent  
His elbow on  
his knee."



UPON a dull and cloudy day,  
So drear were wold and town,  
The merchant grumbled in his shop,  
The shepherd on the down.

The little tailor, scowling, stitched  
Cross-legged upon his bench.  
The locksmith bent his surly brows,  
And scolded at his wrench.

The little schoolma'am, frowning, bade  
The restless bairns be still.  
The doctor at his mortar moped,  
And mixed a bitter pill.

Among his dim and dusty books  
The weary student sighed.  
The baby in its cradle turned,  
And tossed its arms, and cried.

The little brown shoemaker bent  
His elbow on his knee;  
"The world 's awry. The sun is gone.  
The wind is east," said he.

*And little Floss went by with cheeks aflame,  
And sang a little song without a name.  
Her voice was very sweet, oh, sweet and shrill!  
A child she was, and blithe, and knew no ill.  
And down the street she piped, without a word,  
Her heart's sheer gladness, clear as any bird,  
And sang (nor knew nor cared if any heard)  
And sang and sang until she crossed the hill.  
And after she had passed, I know not where,  
Her song went ringing on through all the air.*

The little tailor, smiling, stitched  
Cross-legged upon his bench.  
The locksmith hummed a surly tune  
Above his busy wrench.



The schoolma'am kissed the smallest child  
That to her knee had crept;  
The baby in its cradle cooed,  
Forgot to cry, and slept.

The student seized his pen, and wrote  
Grave words of wisdom ripe;  
The doctor sugar-sheathed his pill,  
The shepherd tuned his pipe.

The little brown shoemaker tapped  
The boot upon his knee.  
“The sun is coming out again —  
The wind has changed,” said he.



# THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### A FOOT-RACE FOR FREEDOM.

EZRA the Armorer had long since returned from his first visit to the Cave of Adullam. He had afterward made other visits, and had included in his errands other places as wild and as deeply hidden among the cavernous ridges of Eastern Judea. His wish was to attract attention as little as possible. He could not forget his first warning from Regulus, the centurion who had commanded in Samaria at the time he and Cyril fled from that city. Whenever near Joppa, one of his comforts was to talk with Lois and her friends about Cyril, and to bring them tidings concerning the work and the followers of Jesus of Nazareth. The Galilean Teacher was now known throughout the land, and through wide regions of the adjoining countries. It was said that the pilgrims who had come to Jerusalem to attend the feasts, since his ministry began, already numbered several millions, and that they had carried away with them his marvelous sayings, and accounts of his more than human power, to the remotest corners of the inhabited earth.

Of course great numbers of them had been from Rome, and the name of Jesus of Nazareth was known even in the palace of the Emperor; but the Roman rulers were convinced there was no danger in him, so far as they were concerned.

Cyril's week of preparation went quickly by; but he had made the most of it. It seemed to him that he had never felt better than he did one morning—it was on a first day of the week—when he was marched out with a gang of nearly fourscore others, to see how many of them were really fit to run for a prize in the presence of the Roman people and the august ruler of the Roman Empire.

“Run thy swiftest, thou son of Ezra,” said Crispus. “I have no fear for thee. Run thou like Asahel, or the scourge awaits thy return.”

Cyril had no thought of failure. He said to himself, as they gathered at the starting line:

“I am so sorry for them. Almost all of them will be scourged.”

There was none to protest, for most of them were bondsmen.

The word was given, and off went the racers.

One man had quickly mounted one of the horses held in waiting, and now cantered briskly along with the runners. He was a Roman, he wore his toga thrown over his arm, and he seemed to be watching the runners.

Away went Cyril, as light of foot as a wild roe, and the horseman was compelled to spur his nag, which was a somewhat heavy steed.

There were cheers from some voices behind; but Cyril knew not what it was for. He had seen a number of noble Romans at the stand, and among them was the Valerianus who had so savagely threatened him.

On, on, on, around the circus oval, and still the rider urged his horse; but no other runner was near them as they returned to the starting-line, for Cyril was six good paces ahead.

“Most noble Tallienus,” came with a sneering laugh from the lips of Valerianus, “thou hast need of a better horse if thou art to beat my Syrian panther. I will wage thee a hundred sestertia he wins the race against thy Athenian.”

“Taken! Apollos can beat him!” shouted Tallienus, angrily. Meanwhile Cyril stood awaiting further orders, hardly knowing that he had done anything remarkable, until he was bidden, in a low voice, by Crispus:

“Get thee in, my lad! I am proud of thee! Israel against the world, after all, and this race will be Galilee against Græcia!”



Even the hard heart of the apostate Jew who had forgotten the Law retained some national pride — the brother of Rabbi Isaac was still a Galilean.

Cyril knew the Greek runner who was supposed to be his rival. He had even spoken with him, but they were now kept apart, by order of the prefect of the games, and no other public trial of speed was permitted until the day of the races.

There was a great show for the people of Rome, but none of the men who were to strive in the arena were allowed to witness other performances. Like the lions and tigers, they were kept in their dens until the hour came to send them out. Then, indeed, hundreds were to go out to die, but the mere trials of speed of foot came on before the more barbarous combats.

Just before the hour for Cyril's race, the owners of slaves who were to run, and certain men of distinction, were admitted to the rooms where the runners were gathered. Among them were several whom Cyril had seen before, and he was soon aware that most of them favored Apollos. The tall, finely formed young Greek, half a head taller than Cyril, did, indeed, seem to promise speed. So did a number of others, but the son of Ezra had been studying them during their training, and believed most of them to be overrated by their partizans. He had somehow formed a liking for Apollos, and now it made him sick at heart to hear Tallienus say unfeelingly to his noble-looking bondsman :

"I promised thee thy freedom if thou wert among the first four. Now, I tell thee, if thou art not there, I will slay thee. If thou art only there, I will give thee a prize. But if thou wilt win the race I will free thee and thy father's family, and will also give thee back thy confiscated estate at Athens."

Apollos heard in silence, but his face was of an ashy pallor as he glanced toward Cyril.

"Valerianus speaks to thee," said Crispus at that moment, and Cyril turned to look into the cruel face of the haughty Roman.

"The second prize is five sestertia," said Valerianus. "If thou win but that, thou wilt with it win the scourge, and manacles, and thy hammer in the quarries. So run thy best and remember thou must win the first prize!"

The hot blood flushed the forehead of the young Jew, but his lips closed tightly, and at that very moment the summoning trumpet sounded at the door opening into the arena.

Four ranks of runners marched out, ten men in each rank, each man's place being decided by lot, by a number drawn from a box.

The amphitheater was enormous. All around the oval sandy level of the arena the seats rose, tier after tier, and from them eighty thousand spectators were looking down in eager expectation. Cyril hardly saw them, although the Emperor himself was there, and all the splendid array of the richest people of Rome itself, with kings and nobles and chiefs from all the world tributary to Rome. For one moment he was thinking and he was listening. He and Apollos were side by side, in the foremost rank, and he heard the Greek boy murmur :

"Mother — father — my brethren and my sisters — if I win not their freedom, I hope Tallienus will slay me!"

Cyril did not turn to look at him, for he was thinking :

"The first prize or the quarries — I *must* win, or I shall not be with Jesus of Nazareth when he enters Jerusalem."

The trumpet sounded again from near where the Emperor sat, and the racers were off, all together. Not one of them but was a good runner, and there were several smaller prizes; but the race was little more, after all, than an occasion for gambling to the dissipated, corrupt, idle populace of Rome. It was evil, evil, evil, like all the other games of the Roman circus!

A splendid runner was Apollos, and he shot ahead with a great bound that called forth plaudits from the spectators. Close behind him, quickly, came several others, but before the runners were a third of the way around the arena one of these tripped and fell, and another fell over him.

"They will be scourged!" thought Cyril. "More than half the rest are behind me now. But the pace is too fast at the beginning."

Several more were shortly compelled to slacken their pace and Cyril passed them; but still, away in the front, with an elastic, springing step, the tall young Greek kept the lead.

"The Greek will win!" growled Valerianus

to Crispus, who sat beside him. The Greek is twenty paces ahead of thy Galilean. I will send him to the galleys!"

"Only ten paces now," said Crispus, calmly, after a few minutes. "O noble Valerianus, it is the last circuit that tells."

Just then the runners came nearer, and Va-

these two. Until that moment, Cyril had had no thought but of winning if he could; but suddenly he cast a swift glance at the face of Apollos. It was somewhat pale instead of flushed, and Cyril saw a look of terror, almost of agony, in his eyes.

"He is breathing with difficulty," thought



THE RACE IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATER — "WIN THOU, APOLLOS!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

lerianus was silent until they had passed. The race included one more complete round of the arena.

"All are out of the race but those two," muttered the noble Roman. "I shall lose half my fortune if that Jewish boy fails me. What! See—they are abreast! Bacchus! My Jew is winning!"

Not yet. There was still a long race before him, but he and Apollos ran side by side, and the circus rang with the loud applause of the multitude.

Other runners were not far behind, but it seemed evident that the first prize was between

Cyril, "and I shall beat him! But—he and his family will be slaves forever if I win!"

Cyril was ahead now, and the plaudits rang out again.

"Thy sestertia are safe," said Crispus to Valerianus.

"I will slay that Greek!" hissed Tallienus.

Cyril heard a gasping cry as Apollos put forth all his remaining strength, for they were nearing the goal.

"I can give him his freedom!" flashed into the mind of Cyril. "They may slay him—or me. Shall I?"

Then it was as if he heard certain words,—

but in truth he only remembered,— words he had heard the Master say long ago, upon the mount in Galilee. Cyril could not have told his thought, but in the next moment he spoke in Greek to Apollos :

“Win thou, Apollos! Jesus of Nazareth has bidden me to set thee free!”

Cyril had to slacken his speed, for the Greek was beginning to falter.

One moment more, and they were over the line, with Apollos the winner by only half a pace!

How the amphitheater rang with the shouts, as the two who had distanced all the rest were led before the Prefect of the games to receive their prizes! Tallienus was there, and he at once loudly proclaimed his promise to Apollos, and his purpose to keep it. Valerianus was not there; but Crispus stood by the prefect with a darkening face, and he spoke low to Cyril in Hebrew as the little bag of gold which was the second prize was handed to the Jewish runner.

“Thou didst well. There is no fault to be found with thee. But get thee hence! I have ordered them to pass thee at the gates. Betake thyself to Ostia!— and that with speed! Take any ship that sails this day, no matter whither bound. If thou art found in Rome at sunset, thou art at the mercy of Valerianus. Belt thy prize under thy tunic, that none may know it is with thee. Nay, speak not again to me! Go! Go! It is for thy life!”

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

THE autumnal months were beautiful along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean; the people of Joppa said that never before had their gardens been so lovely or so fruitful. But as the long weeks went by without any word from her brother, it seemed to Lois as if there was no joy in the world.

Ezra the Swordmaker was cheerful whenever he came to see his daughter, but even he grew gloomy when the winter followed autumn and wore away, and he knew not what had become of his only son. All he could say to Lois was:

“Cyril promised to return in time for the Passover, and if he is alive he will keep his word.”

The spring returned, and the gardens of Joppa were one flush of flowers and fruit-blossoms, but neither message nor letter came from Cyril.

Tidings came from Galilee both to Ezra and to Abigail, and many others also seemed to have good reasons for believing, that Jesus of Nazareth purposed being in Jerusalem at the Passover. At the same time it was known that the enmity toward him among the high priests and scribes and Pharisees was becoming embittered.

Nearer and nearer came the April days set apart for the great feast, and Lois found herself more than ever inclined to go often up to the roof of Tabitha's house, and gaze out upon the sea. There were always sails in sight, and one of them might belong to the ship which was bringing Cyril home.

One evening of the first week of the Passover month, Lois was still upon the roof gazing upon the sea. A gale was blowing, and the waters were all one toss of white-capped billows.

She was not the only anxious watcher that night, for even after the shadows deepened so that the white caps themselves were hardly visible, a tall, vigorous man was walking to and fro along the shore. There were others upon the shore, but he was walking alone.

“It has always been a terrible place for wrecks,” he said. “Fleets have gone down off the coast of Joppa. But Cyril must be very near us now. The Master will come to this Passover, and I pray that my son may meet him with me.”

Ezra could not leave the shore, but Lois gave up her vigil on the roof. It was so dark that the ships could not be seen.

That, indeed, was one great peril of the ships, for they could no longer see each other. Neither could they be easily steered in such a storm. Hardly had Lois left the roof before there was, far out on the water, a sound she could not hear. It lasted for only a few moments, and then the gale roared on more loudly than before.

There had come first a terrible crash. One

of the ships, driven by the fierce wind, was borne down upon another with all the strength of the great billow that carried it. Then came shrieks and cries of men and women; for both ships were shattered in the collision, and the sea was quickly dotted with the heads of struggling swimmers.

There were fewer soon, for now and then one of them seized frantically upon another, so that both sank.

Cyril was one of the passengers. He had clung to a piece of plank at the moment when the vessels came together. He had been standing at the prow of the foremost ship, peering out into the gloom.

He was a good swimmer, and had instinctively swum apart from the rest. In only a few minutes he believed himself to be alone, and he said aloud:

"Can I land through the surf?"

"Help!" shouted a loud voice near him. "Hast thou a float?"

"Come!" said Cyril. "I have one."

Soon a second pair of hands were on the plank, but it would not have supported the two men unless both had been strong swimmers. As it was, two were better than one to propel it to the land.

"I am Simon," said the newcomer. "I am of Cyrene. Our craft was full of Passover pilgrims, and of all on board I think I alone am left."

Cyril gave his own name, and then added:

"After we sailed from Byzantium, I found I was on a pirate vessel. The pirates captured three merchant vessels, and our ship was full of slaves, for all the captives were to be sold in Africa. They meant to sell me, too. But I hoped to escape, for they spoke of touching at Joppa."

"Save thy strength," said Simon. "I sailed from Cyrene in the hope of seeing Jesus, the prophet of Galilee, at the Passover. I think yet that I shall see and hear him. There's a light! Swim with all thy strength!"

"I know him thou callest the prophet of Galilee," Cyril exclaimed as he followed Simon's advice. "He is the King!"

Cyril was swimming his best, and Simon was a large, powerful man. Their vigorous

strokes sent the plank yet faster through the water.

"Beware of the surf!" cried Simon, and that indeed was their danger as they neared the shore.

Perhaps they could hardly have overcome it, had no help been near; but the loud, clear voice of Simon made itself heard through the sound of the breakers. Then men came hurrying along the sand, for the Joppa people were used to wrecks and to rescuing those who came ashore.

"A rope!" shouted Simon, but even as he spoke, a long line with a stone at the end of it came flying across the plank.

"Only a slinger could have hurled that," thought Cyril, as he caught it; and the moment he and Simon made it fast, the Cyrenian hailed the shore with, "Pull!" and the life-line drew them in.

"Oh, if it were but my son!" exclaimed Ezra, trying to peer through the darkness.

"Father! I am here!"

Loud voices joined in Ezra the Armorer's cry of gladness and thanksgiving; but some of the men thanked Jupiter, and Neptune, and Mercurius, and even Isis, as well as Jehovah, the God of the Jews — for, along the coast near Joppa, there were many men from many lands.

Cyril was soon rested sufficiently to walk, and he and his father went up the hill together, into the city. As for Simon, the big and burly Cyrenian said a hearty farewell to his young companion, and was then led away in a kind of triumph by a squad of Greek and Sidonian sailors, who said that Neptune had made them a present of him.

Neither the Swordmaker nor his son found much to say on their way to the house. Nor was Lois talkative for a while after her joyful greeting. But, after that, the lamps in Tabitha's large front room burned out and were filled again, and a second time burned low, before any of them tired of hearing the story of Cyril's adventures, out in the world beyond the sea. It was long enough before he came to his escape from Ostia, the seaport of Rome, from the wrath of the disappointed gambler, Valerianus.

"As Crispus bade me," said Cyril, "I took passage on a ship just casting off at the pier.

She was bound for Massilia, in Gaul, and she made a quick voyage; but before we got there she was sold to some Phenicians who were going to the island of Britain, after tin. I knew I would be safer with them, and so I went. I worked hard, for she was a trireme and I took my turn with the rowers to save money and to keep the men from thinking I had any."

He told of many places passed on the voyage, and then he said:

"So we sailed out, between the pillars of Hercules, into the great ocean, with the war-galleys of the Roman general Demetrius—"

"Thou hast seen the further ocean?" Ezra demanded. "Solomon's ships, and Hiram's of Tyre, went there. Go on! Thou art the better fitted to be a servant of the King!"

"We passed the cape at the end of the world and sailed away across the sea until we reached the harbor and town of Londinium, in Britain," said Cyril. "But I did not feel safe except upon the sea, and besides, I had no time to lose. So I sailed back, in another ship, to Malta—"

"Oh, where hast thou not been?" exclaimed Lois, gazing up into his face, admiringly. "Thou hast seen the whole world."

Not many Jewish boys had seen so much of it, certainly; for Cyril went on to tell of his drifting here and there, until he reached Byzantium and made a last effort to return to Joppa and Jerusalem.

"I think I should not be here," he said, at last, "if it had not been for the storm, and for Simon of Cyrene."

"Sleep, now," said his father. "On the morrow we must all set out for Jerusalem. We shall be there in good season. Verily, the God of our fathers, thine own God, has been with thee through all the way by which he has led thee, and he has brought thee back to me in peace! Glory to his name, forever! Amen!"

## CHAPTER XXX.

### IN JERUSALEM.

THREE days after Cyril's arrival at Joppa, Ezra the Swordmaker stood just outside of the Jericho gate of Jerusalem, as the sun rose on the first day of the week.

"We must set out at once," said Ezra, "for the messenger told me that the Master rested on the Sabbath at Bethany. He will reach the city to-day."

"He is really coming?" asked Lois, looking earnestly away down the road from Jericho. "How glad I shall be to see him again, and hear him speak."

Cyril said nothing, but his eyes were flashing, and his sunburned, handsome face wore a warlike expression. He was far taller now, and far stronger, than when he hurled stones at the Roman soldier, across the swift torrent of the Kishon.

Lois eagerly tripped forward along the shaded highway. Village joined to village so closely that it all was really a part of Jerusalem, though outside of the gated walls. They had not walked very long before Cyril remarked:

"This is Bethphage. I must go to the Cave of Adullam soon, and select a sword."

"The time is at hand," said his father. "Many swords are ready. This is to be a week of great events. I think there has been no other like it."

At that very hour the Master was walking toward them, along the road from Jericho, pausing, as he walked, to open the eyes of the blind and to heal those who were sick. And on the way he told those with him of the things that were to come to pass before the sun should set upon another first day of the week. It was to be his own day, thenceforward, and all of them would then remember and would tell one another how he had talked of these things before they came to pass.

Ezra and his party had entered the village, and all the road behind them and all the way before was full of people, for there were many who had heard that the prophet of Galilee was coming.

"The street will soon be thronged," said Ezra. "They are taking those asses out of the way."

Two of these animals had been tethered before a villager's house; one of them was a full-grown colt. He was a large, fine-looking animal, such as brought a higher price than did most horses in the markets of Jerusalem, but

at that moment two men who had come up the road were untying him.

"Cyril!" exclaimed Lois. "Those are two of the Twelve—two of his disciples!" but before he could reply, somebody spoke from the door of the house:

"What do ye, loosing the colt?"

"The Master hath need of him," was the answer from the man who held the halter.

through surrounding the Master, these offerings made a saddle. When mounted the animal seemed to need no bridle, but turned, and began to walk toward Jerusalem, carrying Jesus of Nazareth.

Close pressed the thousands who had already been following. Every village was adding new swarms of young and old. From the now open gates of Jerusalem poured out increasing multi-



THE SHIPWRECK.

Low bowed the speaker in the doorway, and the colt was taken.

"Come!" whispered Lois earnestly to Cyril. "We will follow them."

But Cyril was stepping forward toward one of the disciples, and had forgotten all else in the excitement of the moment. Off came his robe,—a new abba he had bought in Jerusalem the previous evening,—and he threw it over the back of the colt. Ezra and others did the same; and when, not many minutes later, the obedient animal was led through the

tudes. Slowly stepped the colt that required no guiding; and on the highest point of the road, as it went over the ridge of the Mount of Olives, the animal stood still, while his rider gazed long and wistfully at the splendors of the sunlit city.

"He is about to ride in," thought Cyril. "He will soon be crowned there, and he will reign over all the world. Even over great Rome! I wish I dared ask him, or one of the Twelve—" But at that moment he felt the hand of Lois on his arm, and her voice was hushed and awed as she murmured in his ear:

"Cyril! He is weeping."

Then he and all could hear the Master addressing the city in loud and earnest lamentations, as if foretelling some great woe that was shortly to come upon it. They heard, but they did not understand; and neither did Cyril, for he said to himself:

"Perhaps it is because there will be terrible fighting if the city should be taken. I expected that."

On moved the vast procession, and soon the feet of the colt did not touch the earth, because of the many abbas that were spread before him as he walked; and all the way was spread with fresh-leaved branches of palm-trees. Palms, too, were carried by those in advance and those who followed, and chorus after chorus of praise to God, of thanksgiving, and even of triumphant expectation of the new kingdom, arose like the songs and responses in the Temple in a day of national rejoicing. Among them all there was one in which Cyril joined most heartily:

"Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of Jehovah! Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest!"

It meant to him all that he had so long been dreaming; but he saw that the face of his father was clouded. He heard Ezra mutter:

"The Master said that the men who would take Jerusalem would not leave one stone upon another. Who then shall rebuild that he may reign there? I fear that there are dark days coming for Israel."

Many, even of the Pharisees, carried away by the torrent of the Nazarene's popularity, had gone out to meet him. It was from some of these that words of criticism came. They said to him, on the way, as they listened to the glad hosannas:

"Rabbi, rebuke thy disciples."

"I tell you," he replied, "that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

Louder and more exultingly rang the shouts of praise to God, and of honor to the "Son of David," the prophet who had at last come. The whole city seemed to be pouring out to meet him. On, on, on he rode, preceded and followed by the enthusiastic multitude through the

gates and the city streets to the very Temple itself.

Once more the outer court had been turned into a general market-place, but the Prophet of Galilee entered it now. He had no need to drive forth any of the dealers; his order for its cleansing was obeyed in haste.

"It is written," he said, "that my house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves."

It was of no use for Cyril to try to keep close by his King. Not only were the disciples there, but there came continually delegations of the most important men of the city. Still, as Cyril noticed, however great was the tumult and the enthusiasm, there was nothing hostile in it; nothing that at all disturbed the iron composure of the Roman guards stationed in and about the Temple.

Lois returned to the house of a friend of Tabitha, where she and Abigail were waiting for her; but Ezra and his son walked away together, toward the Pool of Siloam.

Until the close of the day, Jesus of Nazareth continued in the Temple, and all that he said or did was peaceful at the same time that he both defied and denounced the Chief Priests and the scribes and the Pharisees. When evening drew near, and before the gates were shut, he and the Twelve returned to Bethany.

It was not strange that the Roman governor, Pontius, "the spearman," turned away in careless indifference when reports came to him of what appeared a mere difference of opinion among the Jewish rabbis concerning some of their curious doctrines—of which he knew nothing whatever.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### BEFORE THE LAST PASSOVER.

THE whole city was moved when the shouting multitude marched up the Jericho road to Jerusalem, announcing the arrival of the great prophet of Nazareth. His bitterest enemies understood that at that hour they were powerless against him. The hearts and hopes of all the people were set upon him, and year after year his works had become better known. All over

the land, in cities and towns and hamlets, were large numbers of men and women whom he had helped to new health and life, while uncounted thousands had witnessed his good works and listened to his teachings.

But now, at last, the very summit of his power and popularity seemed to be reached, and from this time onward there seemed to his enemies to be a waning of public favor.

On the second day of the week, our Monday, the Master came in again from Bethany, and among those who met him before he reached the city were Ezra and Cyril, but there was now no throng, for his return had not been announced beforehand.

They went with him to the Temple. The directions he had given the previous day, for the clearing of the outer court, had been obeyed. The buyers and sellers with their merchandise had been expelled. The "Court of the Heathen" was once more a house of prayer for all nations. Here the Master sat down and taught, and the blind and the lame came to him and he healed them — but this was not at all what a great many of his following or even the patriotic multitude had led themselves to expect.

They came and lingered around him, and went away and came again. They heard what he said and they saw what he did, but even his denunciations of the Pharisees and Scribes puzzled them. Were not the priests still to officiate in the Temple, after the Messiah should come to rule the world? What, too, were those strange things that were said about the destruction of Jerusalem and of the Temple itself?

Darker and darker grew their difficulties from hour to hour. It greatly puzzled Cyril, who was losing something of faith and of enthusiasm. It was not so with Ezra, perhaps, because he was older and wiser; but Cyril noticed that his father was all the while in deep thought, and, at the close of that day, as they walked homeward, he said:

"My son, stay thou here, in the city. I go to the Cave, to see some of our friends, and I return at once. I will get thee a sword. I will not bring the King's sword, now, but thou and I may have need of weapons."

"Has the Master said anything?" asked Cyril.

"One of the Twelve told me," replied Ezra, "that he said, 'If I am lifted up, I will draw all men unto me,' but what he meant, I know not. Of this I am sure, that the God of Israel will tell him when to act and what to do."

"The time is at hand, then?" persisted Cyril.

"This, too, I do not understand," said his father. "He hath said that in his battle for the kingdom he must be slain, and the third day rise again. It is a deep saying, but I have seen him bring the dead to life. Whatever is to come must come."

So Ezra went away, and Cyril departed to have a talk with Lois, who was not at all troubled as were her father and brother. She had now to repeat to her brother something she had already told Abigail.

"Didst thou notice," she had said, "when we were in the Court of the Women, that the Master wore the abba we made in Capernaum, and the seamless vesture? I did, but I saw it upon him first when he was riding in on the colt."

Abigail had not failed to see, and she remarked:

"It was not our gift, Lois. I now know that the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and the other women, have continually ministered unto him from their own property."

Lois was silent, for she strongly felt that her own small hands had worked upon that abba, and she had been proud to see the Master wearing it.

There were many stories told, some of them very beautiful, of the Master's kindness to women and children, and Lois had treasured them all.

Cyril was now thinking of what his father had said to him, for Ezra was not only an old, experienced soldier but a Jew. "Jesus will be compelled to wait," Ezra had said. "He cannot attempt anything until after the Passover, and then not until after the Sabbath. Our best men would not rally on the feast-days nor on a Sabbath."

Cyril, therefore, was waiting wearily and impatiently. The Passover was not to be eaten until the fifth day of the week, or Thursday, at night. During the fourth day, nearly all day



long, Jesus continued in the Temple, teaching. It seemed to some who heard him that his words were more wonderful than ever before. In the morning hour, as he sat in the Court of the Women, opposite the treasury chests, into which many who came were casting their voluntary contributions, he had said of one poor woman, who gave only two small mites, that she had given more than all the rest. It was so hard to understand a great many of the things he said that Cyril had pressed nearer through the throng. Lois had followed until she and her brother were side by side.

He was now speaking again, and his voice seemed to fill the open spaces of the temple and to find its way to the ears of all the crowds that filled the porches and the courts. The voice was so powerful, so full of pathos and of pleading, that all other sounds were hushed. Could he be in pain?—in suffering? He certainly was not now speaking to the people, for he was looking upward.

"Lois—" said Cyril, but her hand on his arm silenced him, and she was gazing upon the face of the Master.

"Now is my soul troubled," they heard him cry out. "And what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name."

All through the Temple sounded the strange prayer of the Prophet of Galilee, and the people held their breath for a moment. Then came, through the corridor and porch and court, an utterance so wonderful that many cowered in sudden terror, exclaiming that it thundered, while those who were nearer said to one another: "An angel spoke to him!" for the words of the sound could both be heard and recorded: "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."

"This voice came not because of me, but for your sakes," said Jesus; but, as he talked on, Cyril crept silently away, and so did many others. He had a frightened feeling that he could not bear to hear any more.

"Something great and terrible is surely com-

ing," he said to himself, "when the angels of God speak to us. Father must know."

It was not until evening that Ezra and Cyril met, according to their appointment, near the Pool of Siloam. Cyril had many things to tell, and his father heard him in silence; but, at the end of it all, he said:

"I reached the city hours ago, and I have been with the disciples. We must watch now. Herod has at last determined to slay him; so have the High Priests. They are the rulers of the people—"

"I am not with them!" sprang to the lips of Cyril. "I am not with the priests and rabbis. I am with the Christ, the King!"

Ezra rose to his feet.

"I also am with him," he answered; "but his enemies follow him closely."

"They will find out where he is to eat the Passover," said Cyril. "Then they can seize him and the Twelve. He must have chosen the place days ago, and many must know it."

"So I thought," replied Ezra; "but the Twelve said not so. Not until to-morrow will they or anybody else know where the Passover is to be eaten by Jesus of Nazareth. Only the Twelve will know even then, lest he should be betrayed to those who seek his life. They know, as well as we do, that after the Feast and the Sabbath he will be free to act."

So reasoned Ezra and his son, and so had reasoned and plotted the enemies of Jesus.

"We will eat our own Passover," said Ezra, finally, "and then we will go out and watch. I gave my own sword to Peter. He asked for it—he had none. The sword I had meant for thee I gave to Andrew. They will all the while be with him. We can go unarmed now; but the servants of the King should be ready with shield and blade upon the first day of the week. The Passover lamb must be slain, and after that he will enter into his kingdom."

So spoke the old swordmaker, and a great longing arose in Cyril's soul.

"We must wait," he said; "but I shall be ready to march with him when he calls for me, on the first day of the week."

*(To be continued.)*

# GOBOLINKS.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

## THE GOBOLINK AND HOW TO MAKE HIM.

DROP a little ink on a sheet of white paper. Fold the sheet in the center and press the ink spots together with the fingers. All of the following pictures were made in this manner — none of them having been touched with a pen or brush.

A great deal of practice only shows that the Gobolink, as his name implies, is a veritable goblin of the ink-bottle. It is hardly to be expected that the animals and birds of prey referred to under more or less familiar names in the accompanying rhymes will be strikingly correct as to anatomy. In fact, the most unexpected and startling results will often occur — results grotesque and strangely beautiful, well worthy of preservation.

Now, some one has said, in a moment of spleen,  
We cannot make pictures of what we've not seen;  
But such an assertion deserves only scorn,  
For the shape of the Gobolink never was born.  
He comes like the marvelous shades of our dreams,  
When one has been supping on salads and creams,  
And curious changes of vision take place —  
The horse may appear with an elephant face —  
The goat with a cane, and the goose with a hat —  
Six legs on the dog, and two tails on the cat;  
We never can tell, though we're sorely perplexed,  
What shape will be shown us, or what will come next;  
And these are the things that our Gobolinks do —  
Dear friends, and dear children, we give them to you.



THE DRUM MAJOR.

A JOLLY little Major of the Drum,  
Behind him all the shadow people come,  
As he bravely leads the way  
For the Gobolink array  
With a bearing most important, and his uni-  
form so gay;

Oh, it's very plain to see that he's the hero  
of the day,  
This jolly little Major of the Drum.

## A WHAT-IS-IT

THERE was an old man of high feather,  
Who said, "I can't really tell whether  
I'm a man or a mouse,  
Or the roof of a house,  
So much may depend on the weather."





STEEPLE MEN

Two funny old three-legged gnomes  
 Came out of their shadowy domes:  
 They made their salute  
 With a hand and a foot,  
 And then hurried back to their homes.

THE SOMETHINGS

A SOMETHING met a Something  
 In the mists of Shadowland.  
 They ran against each other,  
 And came quickly to a stand.  
 "And who are you?" said Something One.  
 And Something Two, said he,  
 "That 's just the very question that  
 At once occurred to me."



THE SHEET-AND-PILLOW PARTY

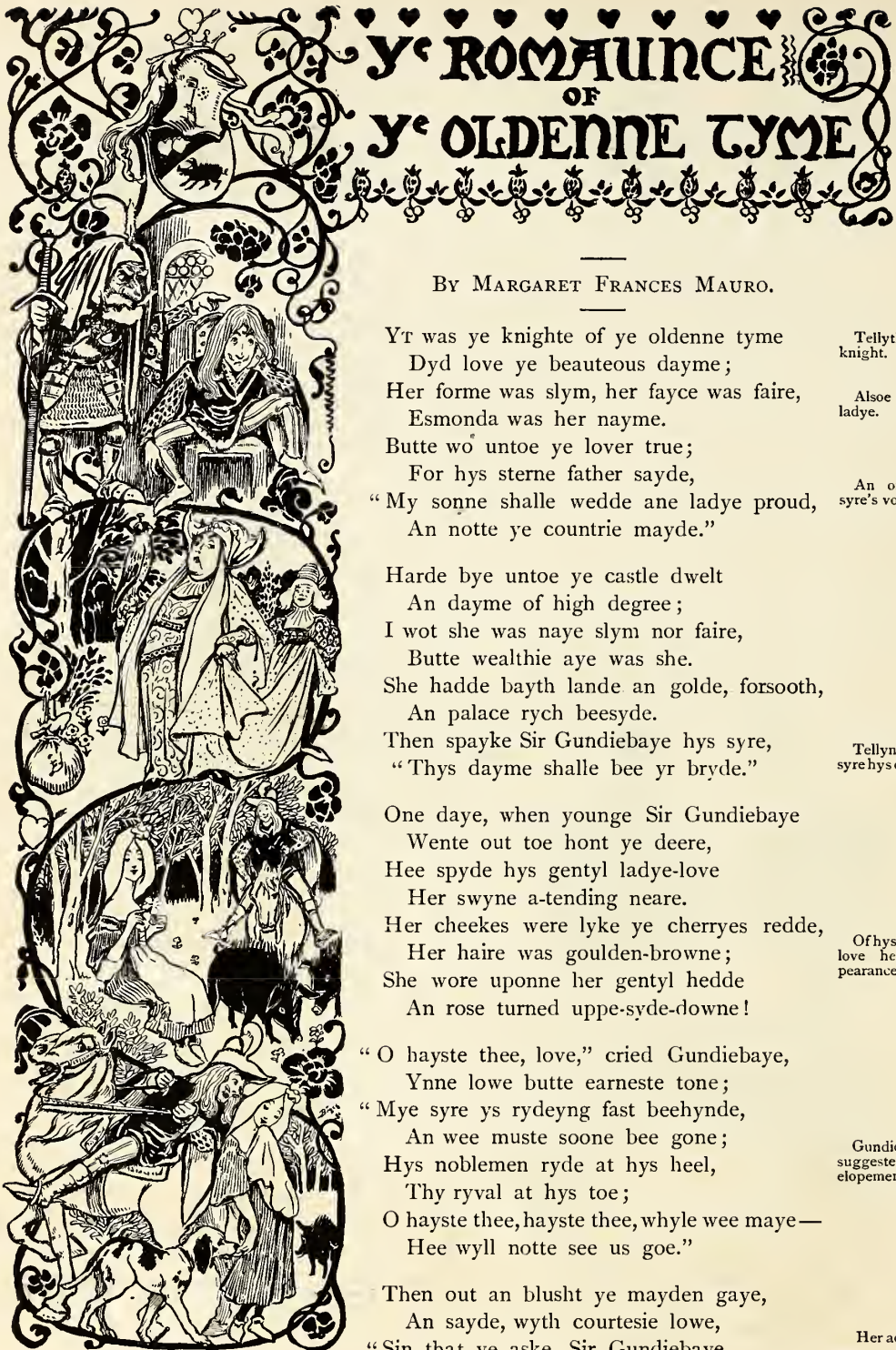
A PILLOW-CASE party the Gobolinks gave,  
 And it proved a right merry carouse:  
 But I'm sure you 'd have laughed at their  
 attitudes grave  
 As they made their ridiculous bows.



THE JACK-O'-MY-GOBLIN

A TERRIBLE creature of Ink-bottle Land,  
 A Jack-o'-my-goblin is he.  
 The sea-urchins made him to place on the  
 sand,  
 And frighten the monsters that dwell on the  
 land.  
 They took a sea-pumpkin and carved it by  
 hand,  
 And lighted it up in their glee  
 With a phosphorus fish from the sea;  
 Now all the day long on the shore doth he  
 stand,  
 While Land-loodles terrified flee,  
 Oh, yes,  
 The terrified Land-loodles flee.





# Y' ROMAUNCE OF Y' OLDENNE TYME

BY MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

Yt was ye knichte of ye oldenne tyme  
 Dyd love ye beauteous dayme;  
 Her forme was slym, her fayce was faire,  
 Esmonda was her nayme.  
 Butte wo' untoe ye lover true;  
 For hys sterne father sayde,  
 "My sonne shalle wedde ane ladye proud,  
 An notte ye countrie mayde."

Tellyth of ye  
 knight.

Alsoe of hys  
 ladye.

An of hys  
 syre's vowe.

Harde bye untoe ye castle dwelt  
 An dayme of high degree;  
 I wot she was naye slym nor faire,  
 Butte wealthie aye was she.  
 She hadde bayth lande an golde, forsooth,  
 An palace rych beesyde.  
 Then spayke Sir Gundiebaye hys syre,  
 "Thys dayme shalle bee yr bryde."

Tellyng of ye  
 syre hys choice.

One daye, when younge Sir Gundiebaye  
 Went out toe hont ye deere,  
 Hee spyde hys gentyl ladye-love  
 Her swyne a-tending neare.  
 Her cheekes were lyke ye cherryes redde,  
 Her haire was goulden-browne;  
 She wore uponne her gentyl hedde  
 An rose turned uppe-syde-downe!

Of hys ladye-  
 love her ap-  
 pearance.

"O hayste thee, love," cried Gundiebaye,  
 Ynne lowe butte earneste tone;  
 "Mye syre ys rydeyng fast beehynde,  
 An wee muste soone bee gone;  
 Hys noblemen ryde at hys heel,  
 Thy ryval at hys toe;  
 O hayste thee, hayste thee, whyle wee maye—  
 Hee wyll notte see us goe."

Gundiebaye  
 suggesteth an  
 elopement.

Then out an blusht ye mayden gaye,  
 An sayde, wyth courtesie lowe,  
 "Sin that ye aske, Sir Gundiebaye,  
 I cannot welle saye noe."

Her acquies-  
 cence.

They flee  
right speedilie.

Butte are  
seene.

Syne, hee has ta'en her on hys steede,  
An thro' th' woodes they flye,  
Butte notte before ye courtlie dayme  
Their course hadde tyme toe spye.

An betrayed.

“Nowe hayste ye, hayste ye, noble Sir!  
Yr sonne has fledde, I ween,  
Wyth ane poore cuntry damsel, when  
Hee mighte have hadde a queene.”  
Ye word ys spayke; ye bugles blowne,  
Toe boote an horse—away!

An honted.

They muste bringe back, ere sette of sunne  
Ye younge Sir Gundiebaye.

An mishappe  
befalleth ye  
syre.

When lo!—a wonder come toe pass!  
Ye swyne left bye ye waye,  
Wroth at their mistress' leeve, throngd' round  
The syre of Gundiebaye.  
Regardless of hys sterne-voict “Scat!”  
An of hys noble bloode,  
They vext hys horse, untyl hee threw  
Hym cleene off in ye mudde!

Hys difficul-  
ties adhere toe  
hym.

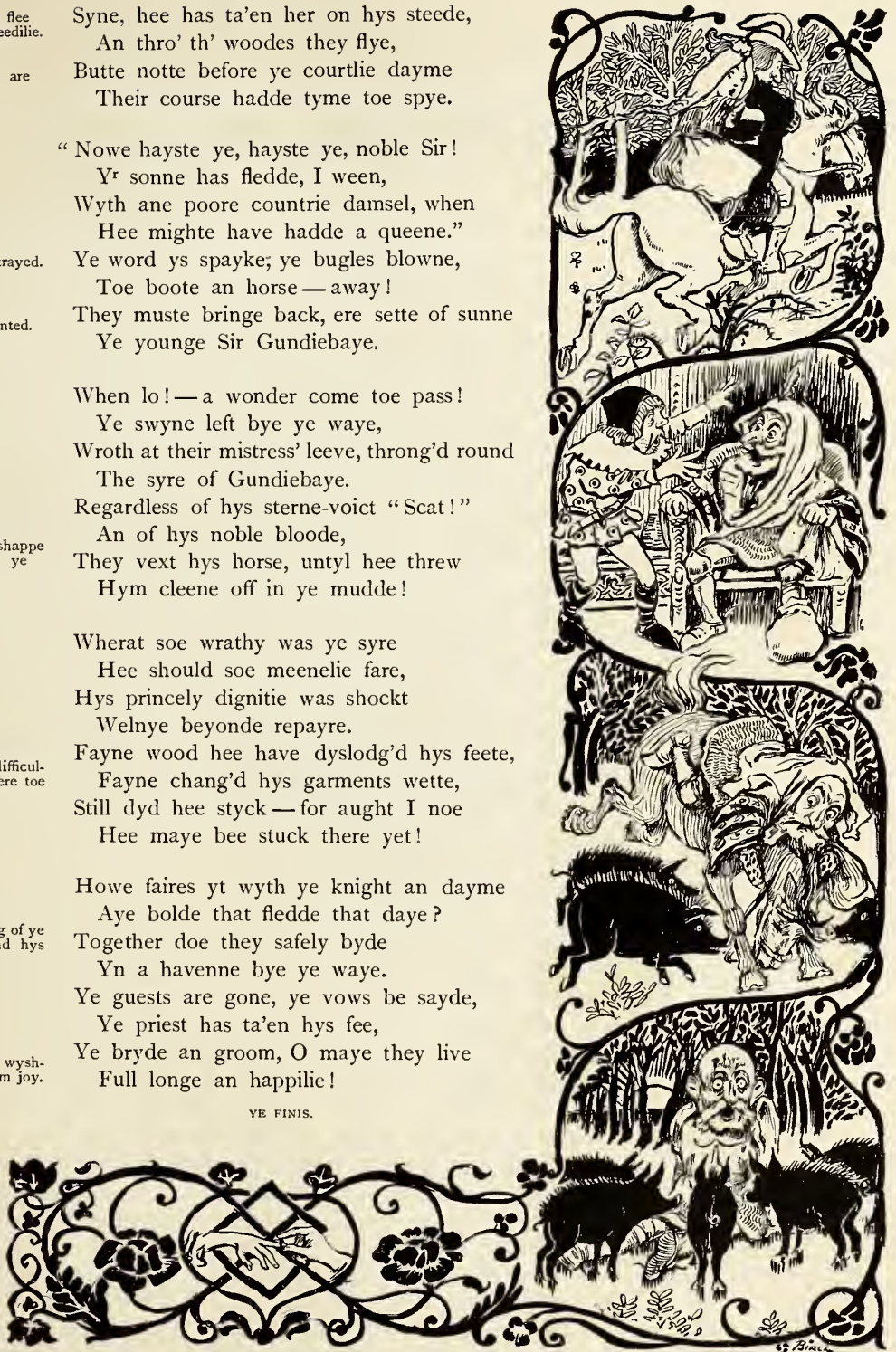
Wherat soe wrathy was ye syre  
Hee should soe meenelie fare,  
Hys princely dignitie was shockt  
Welnye beyonde repayre.  
Princely wood hee have dyslodgd' hys feete,  
Fayne chang'd hys garments wette,  
Still dyd hee styck—for aught I noe  
Hee maye bee stuck there yet!

Tellyng of ye  
lover and hys  
mayde.

Howe faires yt wyth ye knight an dayme  
Aye bolde that fledde that daye?  
Together doe they safely byde  
Yn a havenne bye ye waye.  
Ye guests are gone, ye vows be sayde,  
Ye priest has ta'en hys fee,  
Ye bryde an groom, O maye they live  
Full longe an happilie!

And wys-  
yng them joy.

YE FINIS.





## JOSEPH FRANCIS.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

JOSEPH FRANCIS was born ninety-five years ago in the city of Boston. He died three years ago near Cooperstown, New York, an aged man, one who had done much for the cause of humanity in the long period of his life.

I wonder how many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know who Joseph Francis was, what he did to become one of the noblest characters in modern history, what it is that makes him one of the famous Americans of the century?

In the summer of 1893 at the Columbian Exposition, I had occasion, when in the great Government Building, to look up some models of inventions by Mr. Francis, for he was one of the most remarkable inventors of America. I asked one of the Columbian guards—a body of clear-headed young men for the most part, college students, many of them—I asked him where I could find the Francis exhibit. The guard did not know who Mr. Francis was or what he had done for the world. I asked another and another and yet another, in various parts of the building, and with the same unsatisfactory results. Even middle-aged persons who were in charge of departments in various parts of the Government Building had never heard of him.

Joseph Francis was the inventor of the life-car for saving people from shipwreck, was the founder of the Life Saving Service of the United States and other nations, a service which has been the means of rescuing thousands of men and women who have faced death in one of its most terrible forms—and was the inventor of over a score of life-saving or life-protecting appliances. Others who have been interested in the same line of work have added to his inventions, and have perfected and improved appliances for the saving of human life; but

to this man alone belongs the honor—an honor which his own nation did not accord until after he received noble recognition in foreign lands—of being, as he loved to call himself, “The Father and Founder of the Life Saving Service of the United States.”

When a small boy, he lived on the sea-coast of Massachusetts; and it must have been that he had an unusually powerful mind for a little boy, and a remarkably keen appreciation of the dangers of the sea, for it was a singularly heroic resolve in one so very young to give up his life to saving the lives of others. At twelve years of age he had made a life-boat, the first real life-boat for the rescue of shipwrecked people, so it is believed, in the history of the world. He made it as most coast rowboats are made, save that he adjusted a lot of floats to the interior of the bow and stern in such a way as to give it great buoyancy.

And so, in boyhood, he had begun the work with which he was closely associated for over three quarters of a century, a work whose results have entitled him to a monument as splendid as any ever erected to the memory of a benefactor of the race.

The boat which he made was a rude, rough affair, but proved its seaworthiness on its first trial. Even when full of water, it would safely support four grown men, the buoyancy of the floats making it impossible to sink the boat by any ordinary means.

The boy was poor; he had neither father nor mother; he had no powerful friends; he had no capital but his health and his brains; and yet he had something better than wealth, better than powerful friends, better than all that proud governments could bestow: he had a purpose.

From the day that on the bleak Massachusetts coasts he made with his own hands that crude, life-saving boat until he died, honored by the nations of the world as few civilians were ever honored, it was his one splendid, over-mastering purpose to do good to humanity.

The boy who early adopts a resolution to be good for something in the world has already accomplished one of the most important acts of his life.

This boy, the story of whose life has been strangely interesting to me, was placed among most discouraging surroundings. He had no opportunity of gaining an education; there were far fewer chances of this kind at the beginning of the century than at its close. But he sought what employment there was, studying all that he possibly could meanwhile, and at last secured a place as a page in the legislature of the State of Massachusetts — one of the first boys in America to hold such a position. He passed through all the various stages of boy-life, not unlike many boys in some things, but unlike many in that he steadfastly clung to his main purpose. The cruel sea was near him night and day. It was constantly teaching him new lessons of its terrible strength.

When the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain was in progress there were many disasters along the Atlantic coast. Though the lad was an American in every fiber, interested in the outcome of the struggle between the two nations, and marching to the front himself with one regiment, he never lost interest in the rescue of the shipwrecked nor faltered in his resolve to assist that noble work. All the time he was planning how

he might perfect some sort of a boat which would enable those on shore to reach those in the storm and bring them safely to land. He was a born inventor. The sea was his field, human lives in peril his opportunity.

And so he kept on making all sorts of boats — now a light and fast rowboat for which, in 1819, he received “honorably recognition as an inventor” at a fair held in the Massachusetts Mechanics’ Institute in Boston; now an improved wooden life-boat which long afterward, in the year 1840, rescued the passengers and crew of the British bark “Belinda,” disabled in mid-ocean, a passing vessel having on board the rude but seaworthy boat which the boy had built in 1816 — twenty-four years earlier.

As he grew older he began still more serious planning. It seems strange to think of a man who has but lately died and yet who was older in 1816 than many of the present readers of *St. Nicholas*. It has been hard for me in meeting the subject of this sketch to realize that I was talking with a man who was thirteen years old when Napoleon was dominating Europe, and who had



JOSEPH FRANCIS.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BOGARDUS.)

reached manhood before Napoleon ended his life's tragedy on the island of St. Helena. And when General Lafayette, that noble friend of America, laid the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument, young Francis was several years over twenty-one, as he proudly marched along in the procession which formed one of the features of that occasion.

A number of wealthy gentlemen in New York city founded the New York Boat Club in 1830; and for them Mr. Francis built the first yacht ever constructed in America. He was able, you see, to turn his hand to almost

anything which had to do with sailing on the sea. Some Canadian gentlemen wanted a racing rowboat to beat the boat of some of their friends from England who were coming over from the motherland to give them battle at Quebec. Mr. Francis was called upon to build the boat. It was of mahogany, brass fastened, and it weighed only sixty pounds, a remarkably light racing-boat for that day. It was four-oared and was thirty feet long. They called it the "Eagle," and it well deserved its name, for it won the race against the crack boats of the English. It was the first rowboat for racing purposes ever built in America.

But such work as this, successful as it was, was only what we might call amusement—there was far more serious work to perform. From 1830 to 1840 the young man was spending all his spare time and money at work upon a boat which should not only save lives but which could not be crushed on the rocks when the waves were hurling themselves shoreward. His cork-lined boats were successful, and were giving him a world-wide fame as an inventor and philanthropist; but he felt that unless he could invent a boat of some other material than wood his object was but half attained.

He resolved to try iron. Those of his friends who knew oft his step looked upon him—as many an inventor is looked upon in our own day—as little less than a lunatic. *Iron* for a boat? Why, it would take such a vast amount of wood to float the iron that it would be impossible to propel the boat—to say nothing of having it breast the waves of a furious gale and go out through the storm to a wrecked ship! The idea, they said, was simply preposterous. The young man acknowledged the apparent force of the argument, but he believed there was a way out of the difficulty. He started in the path alone. He found many cruel and disheartening difficulties in the way, but he bravely met all trouble, and he nobly maintained his high purpose, and won at last a magnificent victory, not only for himself but for all mankind.

In his later years Mr. Francis loved to tell of the trials of that critical time. Amid his later honors he never forgot the days when at one moment he seemed so near to success and at another so near to the saddest of failures.

It was now the year 1841. He had taken his family—for he was married—to a country place where they could live more cheaply than in the city. He had the use of a room in a house on Anthony street, in the city of New York, in which to carry on the work of his inventions, by the favor of Myndert Van Shoick, a gentleman who was much interested in the outcome of the matter. Here, shut in from all the world, in sore poverty, he worked for twelve months, a long, discouraging, weary year. The end to be gained was to make iron float on water, something which his best friends thought the dream of a lunatic. Day by day and night by night he worked ceaselessly. He denied himself all luxuries, all comforts. He met with failure after failure.

He found himself one day at the close of the year reduced to actual want—and his object not attained. He had but a pittance in his pocket. He was hungry, but he needed one more piece of iron to make one last supreme effort. He went out to a junk-shop with his last twenty-five cents. He bought his piece of iron for thirteen cents. With the rest of the money he bought bread and molasses. All that night he worked. In the morning he found that the rats had stolen the piece of bread which he had saved for his breakfast, but the labor of the night had brought victory. He had solved the problem! He had conquered in the fiercest battle of his life. He had achieved the success he sought, and this victory meant the saving of the lives of many thousands of his fellow-men.

The corrugation of iron, forming ridges in lines along the sides of the boat, had been invented. By this he was enabled to make the iron float, for he could bend it and shape it to the curved form of a boat, and the bendings or ridges in the sides took the place of all stays, supports, ribs, and timbers, furnishing in themselves the support and strength, while nothing was added to the weight. The metal was put under great pressure to do this, but it stayed in place, and the victory was won.

He had been planning for several years for a life-car, a closed vessel or covered boat, which could be sent out to a stranded vessel on a rope and pulled back and forth. It was to



carry two or three people. He could not see his way clear to make this of wood; but now the iron problem was solved, he could carry out all his plans.

The car was built according to the plan made by him, an inclosed, torpedo-like affair, and along in the terrible winter of 1849-50, it was placed in the care of some untrained fishermen on the New Jersey coast, at Squan Beach. An English ship, the "Ayrshire," was wrecked here, one day, in the midst of a blinding storm. The men on the beach could do nothing with their ordinary boats. The life-car was brought out. A small cannon, or mortar, was loaded with a piece of smooth iron, several inches long, attached to a pile of cord. This was shot out over the spars of the ship. The people on board hauled in the cord and drew along through the surf a stronger rope. This was fastened to the mast and the life-car was swung from the beach, with the rope running through the two rings at each end, and pulled out to the vessel.

There were 201 people on board, and *all but one of the number were saved.*

The story of their rescue went round the world. All that had been said in praise of the inventor's powers was now justified. All Europe was interested. He was recognized by the nations of the world as one who had done a marvelous work for humanity—who had, as some one said, robbed the ocean-voyage of its terrors.

The making of these boats followed, but the original boat Mr. Francis preserved. Its home is now in the National Museum at Washington. It has been sent to many places for exhibition, to London among others, and it was an interesting feature of the Life-Saving Exhibit of the Government at the World's Fair.

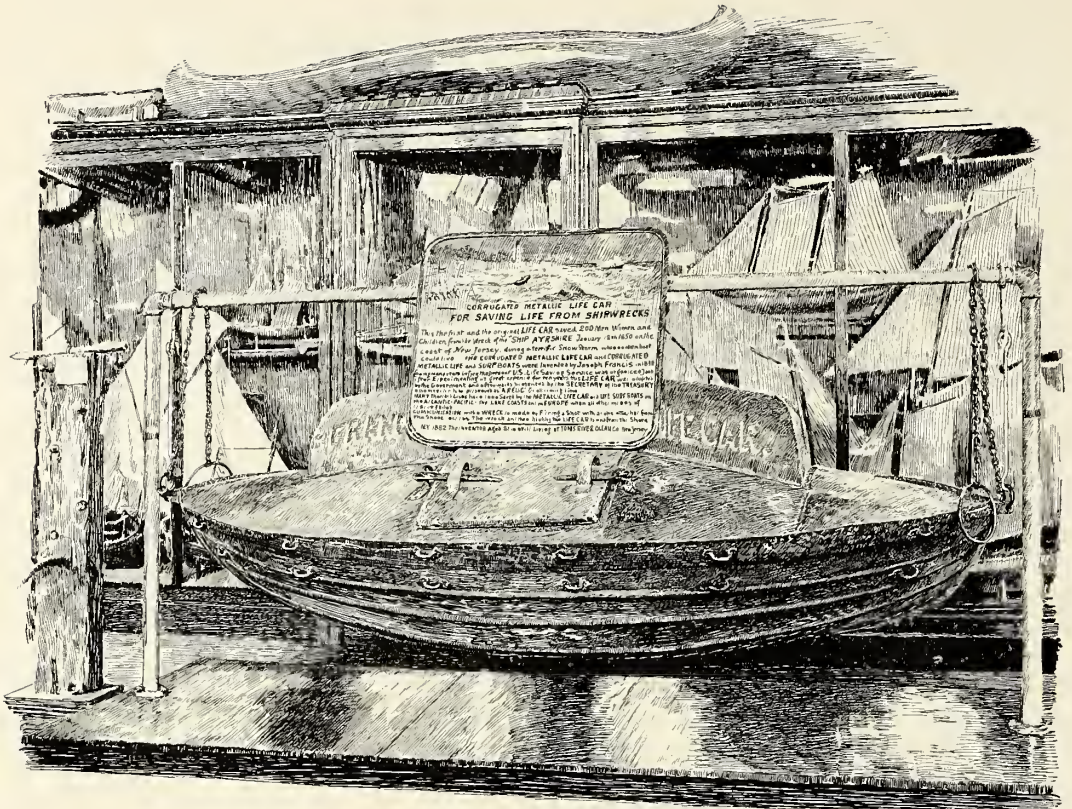
This was the crowning point in the earlier career of the inventor. He had in the invention of this corrugating process solved many other problems. He found many purposes to which the corrugated iron could be put. By its aid he invented the portable steamship. This was a ship which could be transported overland and set up on the shores of an inland sea or lake. By using this device Russia was enabled to navigate the Aral Sea, and open up the way to still more complete conquest of

Asiatic territory. Since the days of that wonderful maritime leader, Peter the Great, Russia had been seeking to enlarge her ocean-coast borders, and successfully; but it was quite another thing to navigate an inland sea. The Russian Czar had heard of Mr. Francis and his inventions, and learned that he had been able to make by means of his corrugated iron a ship which could be carried in sections. A boat was built to order for the Russian government by Mr. Francis, and it was transported overland from Liverpool to St. Petersburg, and then on to the sea of Aral. For much of the distance in Russia the boxed sections were carried on the backs of serfs. The parts were put together on the shores of this great inland sea, and a new question of conquest was solved. The shore-line of the Aral was surveyed, forts were built, and, later, a factory for the construction of these vessels was built on the Volga, Mr. Francis sending out some of his own workmen from his factory at Greenpoint, New York.

In 1855 Mr. Francis went to Europe. He introduced his inventions at many courts. He remained abroad about twelve years, and made many warm friends in many lands by his modest, unassuming frankness and his habitual courtesy. And he received great honors at the courts of kings.

I shall not soon forget the stories he told of the events witnessed in these European capitals; they were all so interesting, and he was so wholly frank and natural in their narration. He was long at the court of the Czar, a sovereign who was deeply interested in the work of the inventor. When Mr. Francis went to Europe he had letters of introduction from many prominent Americans. In St. Petersburg he called upon the American minister. Here, as he told me laughingly, he forgot all about his letters of introduction, one of which was from the President of the United States and another from the Secretary of State, and merely told some of the officials connected with the American Legation that he wished to meet the Czar.

"What!" the official ejaculated in amazement. "Meet the Czar? Impossible, man! Do you realize what you are asking—an introduction to the Czar of Russia? Why, it would



Old Francis 94.

ORIGINAL FRANCIS LIFE-CAR, USED TO RESCUE 200 PERSONS FROM THE WRECK OF THE SHIP "AYRSHIRE," JAN. 12, 1850.

take you a month to get an introduction to the Grand Duke, to say nothing about getting into the presence of the Czar!"

Mr. Francis went away, and, with true

American independence, called at the palace of the Grand Duke. He sent in his plain visiting or business card. He had not long to

wait. The attendant ushered him into a magni-

ficent salon in the ducal palace. "From the further side of the splendid room," said the old gentleman to me as he related the story, his eyes glowing with the recollection of the triumph of the hour, "appeared the Grand Duke Constantine, one of America's truest friends; and, both of his hands outstretched, he took both of mine in his as he reached me."

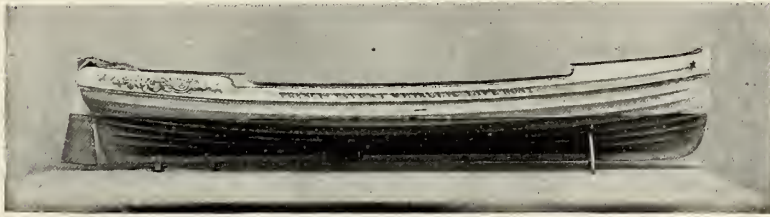


OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE FIRST LIFE-BOAT. THIS BOAT, MADE OF WOOD, AND LINED WITH CORK, WAS USED AT A WRECK IN 1817.

The Grand Duke asked what could he do for Mr. Francis, the man of whom they had heard so much, whose life-saving service was even then of such value to Russia's sea-coast,

And this was his introduction to Alexander II., a ruler who never forgot this gentle, modest American, and who, through long years, owned him as a cherished friend.

A day or two afterward Mr. Francis strolled into the office of the American Legation. I doubt not there was a merry twinkle in his eye, for no man loved a quiet joke better than he did.



MODEL OF FRANCIS METALLIC LIFE-BOAT.

and whose inventions promised so much for Russia—what could they do? Mr. Francis said that he would like to meet the Czar.

The official to whom Mr. Francis had expressed his desire to meet the Czar spoke up jokingly: "Well, how are you coming on in your efforts to meet the Czar?"

Certainly; the Grand Duke would make an appointment with him to dine in a day or two with the Czar at the palace.

"I have seen him."

"What!" with doubt in face and voice, "you



COPY OF AN OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE USES OF THE CORRUGATED-METAL ARMY WAGONS.

have seen the Czar? How did you see him, pray tell?"

"I dined with him yesterday," was the simple answer.

And it was not the last time he was entertained at the imperial palace.

He had been received one day by the Czar at dinner. The Czar was fond of witnessing experiments with new inventions, and Mr. Francis was asked out into a room opening from a conservatory where an inventor with some new-

ship, but he conferred knighthood upon the inventor.

Mr. Francis was warmly received at the courts of the continent. One day when he was at the Austrian court, an exhibition of some of his inventions was being made before the Emperor, whose name, Francis Joseph, was the inventor's name reversed.

There was a large crowd of the nobility and subjects of the Emperor assembled on the banks of the Danube. Some of the workmen did not do their parts as handily as Mr. Francis wished, so, seizing a rope, he began pulling on it. In doing this he swung his arm around unexpectedly and knocked the Emperor down, flat on his back. The subjects were aghast at the sight, even though it was an accident, but all the inventor could do was to apologize.

In France he was warmly received by Napoleon III. Together on the banks of the Seine one day in February, 1856, they witnessed many manœuvres by the French troops which showed the usefulness of the inventions of Mr. Francis. Among them was the use by the soldiery of the army pontoon-wagons. These wagons were so made that they could be driven directly into the water, and their buoyancy would float them, in perfect safety.

Napoleon III. presented to Mr. Francis a beautiful diamond-mounted snuff-box in recognition of his services.

And so it was all over Europe. Wherever he went he received honors. A gold medal was given to him by Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies; a silver medal was voted to him by the Imperial International Shipwreck Society of France, composed of the crowned heads of Europe, and he was also elected a "benefactor" of the society.

There is a saying, which many have magnified into a proverb, that "Republics are ungrateful." It was certainly shown in Mr. Francis's case that, whether ungrateful or not, his own country was assuredly negligent; for it was not until long after the Old World had given him such signal honors that the United States, through Congress, paid the aged man the tribute which was his due.

In 1887 he received the unusual honor of the thanks of Congress. In 1888 a gold medal was

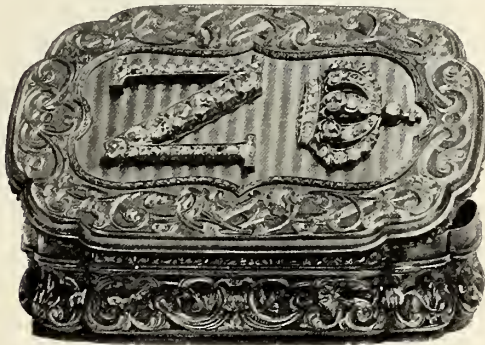


DECORATION AS KNIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL ORDER OF ST. STANISLAUS OF RUSSIA, CONFERRED UPON JOSEPH FRANCIS BY EMPEROR ALEXANDER II., IN 1860.

fangled force-pump was going to give an exhibition. After they had seen the pump, the Czar took hold of the nozzle of the pipe and turned it in the direction of the ladies of the court, who were in the conservatory. Winking to Mr. Francis, the Czar, in mischief, gave them a slight sprinkling, begging pardon afterward for his awkwardness.

The Czar not only vouchsafed his friend-

voted for his services to mankind, and on April 12, 1890, in the historic Blue Room of the White House, at Washington, this beautiful medal, the most costly one ever bestowed by the



GOLD BOX PRESENTED TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BY NAPOLEON III.

Government of the United States upon an American citizen, was formally presented to Mr. Francis by President Harrison. Mr. Harrison referred to the medal as the tribute of a grateful country to a citizen who had rendered conspicuous service to mankind, and in his address said:

“The tributes you have received from foreign countries to the value of your life-saving appliances are now tardily but generously and fittingly confirmed and crowned by this testimonial from your own. It was not enough that the savage wrecker should be driven from the coast—for the arm of the sympathizing watcher who had taken his place was still shortened, and impotent to save. You have given it power—you have made it possible for the shore to send succor to the ship. You have invented and suggested appliances that have saved many thousands of human lives. Not many of these have been able to know or to thank the man who saved them: but the nation to-day voices the gratitude of these and many thousands more who will owe their deliverance to you. In the name of the American Congress and the American people I now place this medal of honor in your hand.”

The medal is of large size. It cost \$6,000. It was designed by the well-known sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens. A portrait bust of Mr. Francis, in relief, fills the center, and is surrounded by thirty-eight diamonds. This is the inscription:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
BY ACT OF CONGRESS, 27 AUGUST, 1888, TO  
JOSEPH FRANCIS,  
INVENTOR AND FRAMER OF THE MEANS  
FOR THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY.

The reverse shows a ship in distress with the rescuers at work.

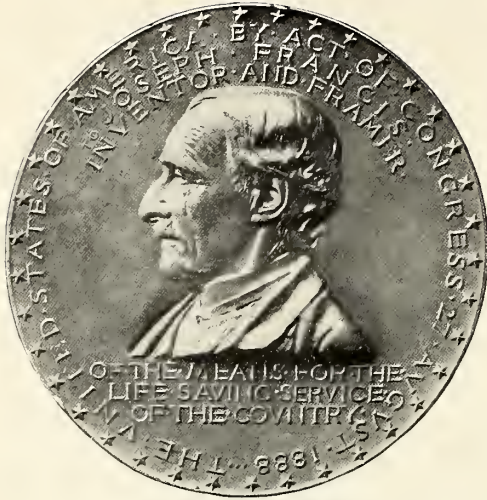
On one of the early days of April, 1892, an added honor was awarded to Mr. Francis, one but seldom vouchsafed—an introduction, by unanimous consent, to the United States Senate in session.

One beautiful summer day, when on the way to the home where Mr. Francis lived, I met him a mile or more distant from his house. He would not consent to ride, but, ninety and one that he was, set a pace for me that was anything but slow. He laughingly said, after we had gone a half-mile or so, at a good brisk pace, that he would take a car if I was tired!



SILVER MEDAL PRESENTED TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BY THE “IMPERIAL INTERNATIONAL SHIPWRECK SOCIETY,” OF FRANCE.

Once before when I had met him, late one autumn evening, with a letter of introduction to him, he surprised me not a little by reading the letter in the dusk without any spectacles, laugh-



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF MEDAL PRESENTED TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

ing as he remarked that he wore spectacles until he came near losing his eyesight, and then threw them out of the window—some forty years before—and had n't had any use for them since.

He was fond of children, and with one little girl, Lulu Rhodes, at whose house he lived, he was a constant correspondent whenever they were separated. He made for her a scrap-book which contained interesting material in regard to his life, and I have found this book useful in supplementing other material in the preparation of this article.

This was no ordinary man. Without many graces of speech, he could yet express himself clearly, forcibly, neatly. With none of the polish of the man of the world, he was ever an example of native politeness. With full respect for au-

thority, wherever he found it, he was always a firm advocate of the liberty of America. Without a trace of arrogance, or undue pride, he was yet dignified and self-possessed. With tolerance for the opinions of others, he yet had an indomitable will which would yield to nothing when he believed himself in the right. I found him, what all those who had been more intimately acquainted with him found him, a singularly modest man, gentleness itself, and yet a lion in the cause of justice. He believed that others had sought to usurp his place, and he battled with unremitting earnestness, through the last quarter of a century of his life, for that which at last came to him—justice.

While I knew him he was a sweet-faced, gentle old man, in whom shone forth the rare elements of a pure and noble life.



# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ABDALLAH'S AËRIAL CRYSTAL PLATFORM.

TOM and Mr. Brown stared at each other for some moments in speechless astonishment; then the latter gasped:

"Wh—where has he gone?—what has become of him?"

The boy shook his head.

"I give it up. He's a wonderful man."

"I should say he was. Why, when he was balancing himself on that flagstaff I expected to see him fall and break every bone in his body!"

"So did I. But I don't believe he *can* be killed."

"Well, it begins to look so. But where is he?"

"Up there, somewhere; you know he said we could follow him if we had courage enough."

Mr. Brown coughed nervously.

"Oh, I have courage enough, so far as *that* goes," he said, "but—but do you think it would be worth while?"

"I'd like to know what has become of Mr. Sindbad," said Tom.

"Oh, yes, so should I; I hate awfully to lose sight of him in this way. But the question is, should we be justified in risking our necks to satisfy a mere idle curiosity?"

"It is n't an idle curiosity," responded Tom. "Mr. Sindbad is our partner, and I think it is our duty to go to him; he may need our aid."

"Oh, he can look out for himself very well!" said Mr. Brown, with a sneer; "take my word for that."

"Well, he said he was going to start on a journey," went on the boy impatiently. "If we're going to follow him we'd better be about it, for he may not care to wait much longer for us."

"Yes, that 's so," returned Mr. Brown, so nervous that his voice shook; "but the top of a flagstaff does seem a rather odd starting-place for a journey—does n't it strike you in that way? I'll tell you what I'll do!"

"Well?"

"I want a little more time to think this thing over; and, besides, I'm not feeling very well. Suppose you go first, eh? What do you say to that?"

"All right, I'll go."

"Good boy! And say, Tom, when you get to the top, just before you step off, if you have reason to think that there's no particular danger wave your hand; will you do that?"

"Yes."

"Then go, my boy, and if you need help just call out, and James P. Brown will fly to your rescue."

A minute later, Tom was "shinning" up the flagstaff, watched in breathless interest by the Co. When he reached the top of the pole a surprised, delighted smile appeared upon his face; then he waved his hand, and disappeared exactly as Sindbad had done.

Mr. Brown scratched his nose in surprise and bewilderment.

"This is a little too much for *me*," he muttered, "and that's saying a good deal. What shall I do now? If I follow my partners I may be incurring great risks; if I don't I may lose the chance of a lifetime. What had I better do?"

While the Co. stands with wrinkled brow and compressed lips, trying to decide this momentous question, we may follow Tom and Sindbad.

When he had climbed to the top of the flagstaff he saw, to his amazement, Sindbad standing upon a platform about twelve feet square and composed, apparently, of transparent glass.

"I thought *you'd* follow," the explorer said,

extending his hand. "Come on board. You might get dizzy standing there; *I* did."

Tom obeyed.

As he stepped upon the platform, he perceived that it was furnished with three chairs, and that there was a high railing on three of its four sides. It was transparent, and yielded to the touch of his feet. He felt as if he were walking on air.

"What sort of a thing is this, Mr. Sindbad?" he asked, excitedly. "Is it an air-ship? Why can't it be seen from the ground? How did you know it was here. Why—"

"One question at a time," interrupted Sindbad, smilingly. "I will answer them all, only give me time. But first, I want to know if that fellow Brown is coming."

"I think he is," said Tom. "I told him that I would signal him if I thought there was no danger."

"Oh, that 's why you waved your hand, is it?" said Sindbad, with a dissatisfied look. "Well, I 'm sorry you did it."

"Why?" asked Tom. "Don't you like him?"

"Like him!" cried Sindbad. "I—well, you are not a very keen observer if you have not noticed that our relations have become—to put it mildly—somewhat strained. Just look at him, standing there trying to make up his mind to follow us! Did you ever see such—ah! he has decided to come! Dear, dear! I don't know when anything has made me so nervous as that man's conduct. In all my experience with men and things I never met a man or a thing like him."

"He does n't mean any harm, Mr. Sindbad," said Tom. "You know it takes a little while to get used to your ways."

Before the words had left the boy's mouth he saw that he had made a mistake. He was about to stammer out an apology which would probably have only aggravated the original offense in Sindbad's eyes, when the explorer burst out with:

"Aha! that 's your opinion, is it? It takes time to get used to me, eh? You 're the first person that ever told me *that*. If the idea were not so utterly ridiculous I should become angry; as it is, I only laugh. Ha, ha!"

"Mr. Sindbad—"

"Excuse me, but I don't care to discuss the matter any further. Ah! your friend is beginning to climb the flagstaff. Well, I said I 'd wait for him, and I will; but would n't I like to—no matter! I only hope he 'll succeed in getting up here without attracting the attention of any one. Luckily, when you and I came up, all the hotel guests were at the back of the house on the lawn-tennis ground, and now—but here he is!"

Tom could not help thinking Sindbad a little hypocritical when, after helping Mr. Brown upon the platform, he said very effusively:

"My dear fellow, I can't tell you how delighted I am that you met with no accident in your ascent. I was *so* afraid that you might forget where you were. If that curiously treacherous memory of yours had failed you when you were half way up the pole, it might have been extremely awkward for you, you know—now, might n't it?"

"What sort of a contrivance is this, anyhow, Sindbad?" asked Mr. Brown, ignoring the senior partner's question. "Quite an idea, is n't it? Your own invention, I suppose; I always said you had it in you. It never made any difference to me when people ran you down, and said you were overrated. 'Gentlemen,' I used to say, 'it makes no dif—'"

"Quite so," interrupted Sindbad with frigid politeness; "and I 'm sure I 'm greatly obliged. But I think you asked me what sort of a— a contrivance—I believe that was the word you used—this is. Allow me to inform you that you are standing upon Abdallah's Aërial Crystal Platform!"

Mr. Brown did not appear as much impressed by this statement as Sindbad evidently expected him to be.

"I am, eh?" he said, glancing about him. "Well, what 's the use of the thing, anyway? *I* think it 's a good deal more comfortable down below. 'Aërial Crystal Platform!' Ha, ha, ha! You Orientals have some funny ideas—there 's no use talking, you do have some very queer ideas!"

"See here," cried Sindbad, very red in the face, "I 'm no more an Oriental than you are; I 'm a cosmopolitan, if there ever was one.



And if you don't like this platform you can leave it just as soon as you please."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Brown, apologetically, "I did n't say I did n't like it. I *do* like it—in fact, I'm quite infatuated with it. But I should like to know what it is for."

"You 'd like to know what it is for!" exclaimed Sindbad, scornfully. "Well, what do you *suppose* it is for? You are in possession of all your faculties, are n't you? But no matter; rather than get into another argument with you I will explain that it is intended as a means of locomotion, and that as such it has few equals and no superiors."

"I don't for a moment doubt it," returned the Co., who seemed to be afraid that he had gone too far, and to be anxious to conciliate Sindbad. "I can see that it is a great invention, though I have not the slightest idea how it works. Where is the machinery, Mr. Sindbad?"

"There is n't any machinery; all that is needed to start the platform is my will-power," replied Sindbad.

"Really, now! That 's an immense saving of fuel and energy, is n't it? How did you happen to think of the thing?"

"It is not my invention, Mr. Brown," said the explorer. "I thought I told you that it was *Abdallah's* Aërial Platform."

"So you did, but I thought maybe your first name was Abdallah. It 's a pretty name, too; don't you think so?"

"No, I don't," snapped Sindbad. "It 's a name I always detested, and I 'm glad it is not mine."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brown. "I see. Well, perhaps when you come to think of it it is not such a desirable name, after all. But who is Abdallah?"

"He is an Arabian magician," replied the senior partner—"at least he *was*; I don't know whether he 's alive now or not."

"Well, he must have had a great head," said the Co. "I wish I 'd known him."

"You would n't have liked him," remarked Sindbad.

"You think not, eh?"

"I 'm sure of it."

"Well, how did he happen to invent this

thing? And how did you get hold of it? Pardon my curiosity, but this is really such an extraordinary piece of mechanism that—"

"It is n't mechanism, it 's magic," interrupted Sindbad. "I don't mind telling you all I know about the thing, but to do so it will be necessary for me to relate an incident of my one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage, and that might bore you."

"I should be delighted—charmed!" Mr. Brown assured him.

"But our young friend Thomas, perhaps—" began the explorer, with a questioning look at the youth.

"I 'd like to hear the whole story, if you have time to tell it, Mr. Sindbad," said Tom.

"Time! What is time to me?" laughed Sindbad. "Have n't I drunk of the Fountain of Youth? Well, since you both want to hear the story, here goes!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-NINTH VOYAGE.

"HOLD on!" interrupted Mr. Brown, as Sindbad seated himself in Oriental fashion upon the platform, cleared his throat, and prepared to begin the story.

"What 's the matter now?" asked the great adventurer, irritably.

"Had n't we better get out of sight of that hotel? We don't wish to attract attention, you know."

"We *are* out of sight of the hotel," said Sindbad.

"Eh?"

"We 're not attracting attention; we could n't attract attention if we wished to. This platform and everything on it is invisible from below; that is one of the best things about the invention, to my way of thinking."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, drawing a long breath, "that magician did n't do things by halves, did he? But our voices may be heard."

"That is impossible, too."

"Well, I declare! Then we could sit here all day shouting at the top of our voices, and no one would be the wiser?"

"No one," said Sindbad, positively.

"Well, *now* I see why you value the old platform so highly. At first I thought — but go on with your story, Sindbad."

"Whenever *you* have quite finished," said the explorer, with a disagreeable curl of the upper lip. "I'm not one of those persons who desire to monopolize the conversation, I assure you."

"We never thought you were — did we, Tom?" said Mr. Brown, winking at the lad. "Go on, please. It was your one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage, I think you said."

"Your memory has not failed you on this occasion, at any rate," responded Sindbad. "If I were writing an account of this voyage, Mr. Brown, I should not need that rubber stamp, for I was not living in Bagdad at the time, and did not go to Balsora. I was stopping in Bagdad as an English tourist, and under an assumed name."

"Oh, under an assumed name, eh?" said Mr. Brown, with a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Dear me! But I suppose you had your reasons; and after all, it's none of *my* business."

"Yes, sir," responded Sindbad, with heightened color. "I *had* my reasons, and it *is* none of your business. But I'm going to tell you the whole story, if you will allow me."

"Please don't keep interrupting, Mr. Brown," said Tom. "Mr. Sindbad is all ready to go on with the voyage, if you will only let him."

"If I'll only let him!" cried the Co. wildly. "Why, what am I doing to prevent him? No matter what happens, I'm the one blamed. I never saw anything like it."

During this episode Sindbad had been drumming impatiently on the edge of the Crystal Platform. He now said with an air of resignation:

"Whenever you have quite finished, Mr. Brown, I shall proceed — not before."

The Co. closed his lips tightly, and stared straight ahead at nothing in particular, and with an utterly expressionless face.

After an impressive silence of a full minute, Sindbad began:

"I am not going to relate my entire one-hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage, for I feel sure that the recital would not only take up too much of

your valuable time, but would excessively bore two gentlemen so thoroughly up-to-date as I know you both to be. I shall simply detail one little incident which occurred during my residence of a few weeks in Bagdad. I shall make the story as short as possible, and I crave your kind indulgence."

With these bitterly sarcastic words the explorer, after a vain attempt to catch the eye of Mr. Brown, who was still gazing into vacancy, glared at Tom with a look of mingled reproach and defiance. Then he went on:

"My business in Bagdad was to rescue a captive maiden from the power of a wicked magician, a task for which some of my friends were kind enough to think me especially fitted. But what are you laughing at, Brown?"

The Co., who really seemed to have been doing his utmost to suppress his mirth, now broke out with:

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! You must excuse me, Sindbad, but this seems to carry me right back to the days when the nursery was the only world I knew. 'Captive maiden!' 'Wicked magician!' That *is* good, Sindbad!"

"You think so, do you?" said Sindbad, with ominous quietness. "I am so glad you are pleased. Stop pinching him, Tom; I really like to see him enjoy himself, and I'm glad to know that his memory is improving so rapidly; *now* he can remember all about his nursery days. Go on, Mr. Brown; laugh all you like. And let me tell you one thing that I think will amuse you greatly: I could by a mere effort of my will cause this platform to turn upside down and send you and my other valued partner to the ground in just about the time it would take me to say Jack Robinson. I don't know that this fact will possess any particular interest to you, but I thought it would n't do any harm to mention it."

By this time Mr. Brown's face had lengthened considerably, and wore a somewhat apprehensive expression.

"Oh, I don't doubt you could do it, my dear fellow," he said; "in fact, I am sure you could. But you won't — now, will you?"

"I'm not so sure about that," replied the explorer uncompromisingly.

"But I am," said Mr. Brown, with a ghastly



“YOU KNOW HOW THESE MAGICIANS ARE — ALWAYS CRUEL AND VINDICTIVE.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

attempt at sprightliness. “He, he, he! Tom, hundred-and-sixty-ninth voyage. Is n’t that just imagine Sindbad doing such a thing! Why, a good idea, Sindbad? He, he! I tell you he could n’t; his noble nature would revolt at the very — help! help!”

The crystal platform had begun to lurch in a very peculiar and dangerous manner.

“I did n’t do that,” said Sindbad, evidently almost as much alarmed as the Co.; “honestly I did n’t.”

“Well, how do you account for it?” asked Mr. Brown.

“I can’t account for it,” replied the explorer; “it never did such a thing before.”

“It’s pretty evident,” said the Co., “that the old platform is out of order; and it’s no wonder, after all, when you consider how long you’ve had it, Sindbad. You’d better send it back to — to wherever you got it, for repairs. And now suppose we go back to the hotel piazza? there is n’t a soul there, and the chairs are really very comfortable. Then you can tell us all about your one-



“ABDALLAH PASSED HIS SHOP WEARING AN ELEPHANT’S TRUNK.” (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

two heads are better than one. Shall I climb down first?"

And Mr. Brown stepped toward the flagstaff.

"You will kindly remain just where you are," said Sindbad icily. "The platform is all right now."

"Oh, it *seems* all right," said Mr. Brown, "but you can't tell."

"Yes, I can tell," replied Sindbad. "Don't you worry about this platform; it is, as I have told you, entirely under the control of my will."

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said the Co., "and I 'm sure your management of it, so far as I have seen, reflects great credit on you. But then, don't you see? you can't *always* keep your will-power concentrated on this rick—I mean, this handsomely appointed platform. You 'll get to thinking about something else, and the first thing you know the machine will begin to wobble. Oh, I know *you*, Sindbad! I 'm not blaming you, you understand; but, as the old saying has it—"

"Never mind about the old saying," interrupted the explorer; "you 're going to stay right here. I have said it, and that settles it. Now will you sit down?"

"Of course I will, if you insist," said Mr. Brown, "but I can't help thinking that—"

"Well, you can help talking," interposed the senior partner. "I 've undertaken to tell this story, and I 'm *going* to tell it, and tell it right here. Do you understand me, Mr. Brown? *right here!*"

"I 'm not deaf," said the Co. "I heard what you said. Go on with your yarn. Your business in Bagdad was to rescue a captive maiden, I believe you said. Did you do it?"

"If you will listen quietly," said Mr. Sindbad with frigid politeness, "you will learn whether I did or not."

"*Do* keep quiet, please, Mr. Brown," added Tom.

The Co. again closed his mouth tightly, and Sindbad resumed his story.

"As I informed you, my mission in Bagdad was to rescue a captive maiden. She was in the power of a magician known as Abdallah."

"The man that invented this platform?" asked Tom.

"The same. He was really a first-class ma-

gician—I 'll give him credit for that. He could turn you into an ostrich, or a cat, or— or anything that happened to come into his head just as easily as he could eat his breakfast. It was really extraordinary, the things that that man could do. Why, what would be hard work for you or me was mere child's play for him. I saw him turn a man into a tree and back again inside of five seconds."

"Well, that *would* be hard work for me," said Tom, drawing a long breath.

"Of course it would; it would take you years of study to accomplish it, and even then you might make a mistake. If Abdallah had possessed a gentle, kindly disposition with his great ability he would have been a very fine fellow. But you know how these magicians are—always cruel and vindictive. The least little thing offends them, and then they can't think of anything but revenge until they get it. Now, the father of this maiden whom I undertook to rescue was a good-natured, simple-minded merchant of Bagdad who had incurred Abdallah's enmity once because he laughed at him."

"Why did he laugh?" asked Tom.

"I don't exactly remember," replied Sindbad; "but I think it was because Abdallah passed his shop wearing an elephant's trunk. Yes, that *was* it! The magician had been transacting some sort of private business disguised as an elephant, and in changing himself back into a man had forgotten to utter certain necessary words, in consequence of which omission the elephant's trunk remained."

"He must have been very absent-minded not to have noticed it," said Tom.

"Yes, he must; but the fact remains that he did n't until reminded of it by the merchant. And now may I go on with my story?"

"If you please, Mr. Sindbad," replied Tom, meekly.

"Thank you. Well, I gained admission to the magician's house disguised as a traveling merchant. I had a box filled with little odds and ends,—bric-à-brac and all that sort of thing, you understand,—and I exhibited them to the magician. Now, among my stock was a bottle of very peculiar ointment that had been furnished me by an opposition magician who did

not like this one. If I could only manage to rub a little of this stuff on his forehead he would become completely the creature of my will, and I could walk away with the captive maiden without the slightest fear of any resistance on his part.

"Well, the old rascal summoned the maiden from her room, and told her to help herself to anything in my stock that took her fancy — that money was no object to him, and that although his relations with her father were somewhat strained, he had nothing in the wide world against *her*.

"That gave me just the chance I wanted.

"'Here's something I think will just suit you, miss,' I said, uncorking the bottle of ointment.

"But that old fox Abdallah was wide awake. What do you think he did the moment he got a sniff of that ointment? Quicker than I can tell it he seized the maiden, placed her beside him in the middle of the room, and with a piece of chalk drew upon the floor around them a circle about three feet in diameter.

"Of course you know that a circle of this sort drawn with chalk has from time immemorial been regarded as a sure protection from all sorts of misfortune.

"'You've got to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of old Abdallah,' said the sorcerer, with a hideous grin, as he observed the look of dismay on my face. '*Now* what are you going to do?'"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ABDALLAH'S REVENGE.

"WELL, that *was* a fix!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "The magician had you there."

"That's what *he* thought," replied Sindbad,

complacently; "but he was mistaken, as you are."

"Why, what did you do? What *could* you do?" cried the Co. "There he and his prisoner were inside the magic circle, and there you were outside. Why, there was nothing for you to do but submit."

"That is also just what Abdallah thought," returned Sindbad, with a smirk. "But Necessity is the mother of Invention. Like an inspira-



"'NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?' ASKED THE SORCERER."

tion, a way out of the difficulty occurred to me. There was a bottle of water on the table; I picked it up, moistened my handkerchief, and quietly wiped out the chalk-mark."

"Well, well!" gasped Mr. Brown, "I should never have thought of that!"

"No, I did n't suppose you would," said the explorer; "but in a case of emergency I am usually right on hand. To be perfectly

frank with you, I think I might have saved myself the trouble of rubbing out the chalk-mark."

"How could you possibly have done that?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Very easily. What was there to prevent me from stepping over the line? It was n't a picket-fence, but only a clumsily made chalk-mark."

"Well," said the Co., drawing a long breath, "you really are a remarkable man, Sindbad. Why, you 're a genius!"

"So I 've been told before," responded Sindbad, "but all I lay claim to is ordinarily good judgment and invariable presence of mind. Shall I go on?"

"By all means, my dear sir; and please pardon the interruption. Of course the magician was greatly terrified when you wiped out his chalk-mark."

"I should say he was. Why, he turned as white as a sheet; and, getting down upon his knees, began to sue for mercy. But, without paying any attention to him, I seized the maiden, and started for the door with her. Then he jumped up, and threatened to turn me into a spider if I advanced another step. In the quietest possible manner I told him that I should transform him into a fly if he made the slightest attempt to do anything of the sort."

"Could you really have done it?" interrupted Tom.

"Well, no," replied Sindbad with an embarrassed cough; "as a matter of fact I could n't. The threat was only what would in modern parlance be termed a bit of 'bluff.' But Abdallah believed it and begged me to have pity on him, if not for his own sake for that of his family.

"Well, Abdallah," said I, "I 'm willing to do what is right; but I can't forget the eternal principles of justice. I really think that I should be acting for the best good of the community at large if I turned you into a fly. I do, honestly. But I will consent to negotiate with you. I 'll agree not to molest you in any way, but you must make it worth my while."

"He was half frightened to death, and began telling all about this Aërial Platform — his latest invention. I mentally decided in a very

short time that it was a good thing, and I told him that if he would give it to me I would n't transform him into anything at all.

"You shall have it," he said; "but I must have two hundred sequins to boot."

"I pretended to object, though of course the two hundred sequins did n't make any difference to me, for I was wearing my enchanted trousers at the time. The end of it all was that I paid him the money, got the Crystal Platform, took the young woman home, received a liberal reward from her father for my services in rescuing her, and left Bagdad.

"It was, everything considered, a very fair speculation. The Crystal Platform is ready whenever I want it, and many are the pleasant trips I 've had on it."

"Did n't the magician make a fuss when he found that the two hundred sequins had disappeared?" asked Tom.

"Fuss!" laughed Sindbad. "Well, that is a mild word for it. I understand that he was so furious that he changed himself into a house on fire in his rage. But of course that did n't hurt *me* any. In fact, I did n't hear of it until long afterward. He sent word to me, however, by a mutual friend that he intended to get even with me, and that he would give me one voyage on the Platform that I should n't like."

"Oh, he said that, did he?" cried Mr. Brown, nervously. "How do you know that this very voyage is n't the voyage he meant? — you know how the Platform acted a little while ago."

"Oh, I 've no fear," said Sindbad, laughing. "And now I 'll show you how the Platform works. As I have told you, my will is the only motive power used. I now will that the platform go to yonder church steeple and back; just as a little trial trip, you understand, to get you used to the thing."

Before he had finished speaking the Aërial Platform started off at a terrific rate of speed in the direction of the steeple. On the way it performed the most extraordinary antics, gyrating rapidly for a full half minute, then rocking, then tilting until it reached an angle of nearly forty-five degrees.

"Dear me! it never behaved like this be-

fore!" cried Sindbad, with a very white face. "Whoa, there! — steady!"

Instead of obeying, the Platform made a sudden rush for the steeple, into which it ran with great force. Tom, who was a good deal frightened, had just time to leap into the belfry window when the eccentric Platform started back for the flag-staff; a moment later it had disappeared entirely from the boy's view.

He hurried down the narrow spiral staircase, and ran at the top of his speed toward the flagstaff.

When he was within a few hundred feet of it he heard a sudden crash and a mocking laugh, then Sindbad and Mr. Brown suddenly appeared at the top of the pole and began sliding down.

As they reached the ground he ran to meet them, asking:

"What has happened?"

"Abdallah has had his revenge," replied Sindbad, "and the Aërial Platform has gone to smash. I never had such luck in my life before!"

"Nor I either, so far as I can remember," said Mr. Brown. "You don't get *me* on any more Aërial Platforms, I can tell you that."

"Luckily, nobody saw us," added Sindbad. "Come, let's get back to the hotel; I, for one, feel quite shaken up."

"Shall we take that nine-o'clock train, sir?" asked Tom as they again seated themselves on the piazza.

"I suppose so," replied Sindbad shortly.

"And what shall we do when we get to New York, Mr. Sindbad?"

"When we get to New York!" said the ex-

plorer in a voice of awful significance. "Why did n't you say *if* we get to New York?"

"Do you mean to say that you have any doubt that we shall reach the Metropolis?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"We may — in time," answered Sindbad;



"'WHOA, THERE! — STEADY!' CRIED SINDBAD."

"but I am willing to stake my professional reputation that we shall *not* reach it on *that* train."

"Oh, well, if you know anything against the train," said Mr. Brown, "let us by all means take another."

"It's not that train in particular," said Sindbad. "What I said applies as well to the ten-o'clock train, or the eleven-o'clock train, or the twelve-o'clock train, as to the nine-o'clock train. You know my reputation, Mr. Brown; that train will not — *cannot* — get through without an accident."

"Oh, that's nonsense," laughed Mr. Brown. "Excuse me, Sindbad, my dear boy, but I'm

afraid you 're getting superstitious in your old age. Oh, that is really funny! The train can't get through without an accident! Why, the run takes only a little more than an hour."

"I don't care if it takes less than a minute," replied Sindbad. "It cannot be made without an accident if I am a passenger. Tom can tell you that."

"I guess that 's so, Mr. Brown," said Tom; "you know I told you what happened when Mr. Sindbad and I started for New York the other time."

"Oh, that was a mere coincidence," said the new partner. "Don't permit such ideas to remain in your mind for a moment. I 'd rather be a slave in the mines of what-you-may-call-it — I can't think of the name now — than a victim of such degrading superstition."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Sindbad, "that you term a belief in my voyages a 'degrading superstition'? Do you, sir? Speak out like a man!"

"Now *don't* be so quick-tempered, Mr. Sindbad," said Mr. Brown. "It 's not only in bad taste, but it 's positively dangerous for a man of your age. I have the greatest possible respect for you as a gentleman and an explorer, but you must admit — now, really you must — that the generally accepted story of your voyages is — well, is a little exaggerated. And as for your idea that a train can't travel from New-hampton to New York with you on board without being wrecked — why, that 's simply bosh!"

"It is, eh?" cried Sindbad in a voice broken with passion. "Well, it 's evident that your experience on Abdal-lah's platform has n't done you much good. I 'll forfeit to you all I possess if the train upon which we start for New York does not meet with a serious accident!"

"Do you mean that?" cried Mr. Brown.

"I do, certainly; I never say what I do not mean."

"Will you forfeit the enchanted trousers?"

"Yes. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

And the explorer rose abruptly and entered the hotel.

"Awfully touchy, is n't he?" said Mr. Brown to Tom. "But, really, I was in the right, you know. Well, I think those enchanted trousers will belong to me to-morrow."

What remained of the afternoon was tedious and uneventful; and before nine o'clock Tom went to bed with a headache.

"It 's an awful strain on a fellow to be a member of such a firm," he said to himself as



he blew out his light. "Somehow the real Sindbad does n't seem much like the one in the book. I think Hindbad flattered him, but I should n't dare say so to *him*."

(To be continued.)



# THE CITY OF STORIES.

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

## I.

HAVE you ever heard of the Princess Yolette, who was born many years ago? I do not know the exact date of Yolette's birth, but I think it was near the end of the same year in which there was such a stir over the mysterious disappearance of Prince Zeramo, only son of the King of the Cloud-capped Mountains. If you remember when that was, you can fix upon about the time the Princess was born.

Yolette was the daughter of a famous king,—a king famous for being able to say more about less in a shorter time than any other person then living. Upon one thing in particular he spent many words, and wasted much breath: and that was the sad condition of his beloved daughter. The Princess Yolette was as healthy and hearty a child as ever came into the world; but for some unknown reason she did not talk. The King could not sufficiently lament the fact that his dear child had been born dumb.

Indeed, by his loud complaints he at length worried his poor Queen into a serious illness; and at last she quietly expired, lamented throughout the kingdom.

Her death was a heavy blow to her husband, for she had been a good and patient listener to him in his talkative moods. However, his sorrow gradually gave place to his growing anxiety on account of Yolette, who was now known the whole world over as the Silent Princess.

He presently fell into the way of talking about her with his prime minister many hours daily, until at last that official advised that, all else having failed, the courtiers should make a diligent search for the lost voice. This was done, and during the quest a remarkable thing took place. Among the seekers was the first lady in waiting of the Princess Yolette, and with her was the little Princess herself. All at once, just as everybody was beginning to wish

somebody else would suggest there was no use in hunting longer, Yolette, who had seemed buried in deep thought, opened her mouth and said, in the most natural manner possible:

“Tell me a story!”

These words, the first that had ever been heard to fall from the Princess's lips, caused such amazement to her hearers that for a moment they were dumb themselves. In fact, not one of them had left wit enough to obey her Highness's order until, with a stamp of her small foot, she repeated emphatically:

“Tell me a story, I say!”

Thereupon the first lady in waiting, whose mouth was already wide open, hastily began with “Once upon a time—” and then stopped short to rack her brains for something to say next. Meanwhile, two or three dozen courtiers hurried off to see who should be first to tell the King the great news. His majesty was so delighted to hear that his daughter had found her voice at last that, when he learned of her request for a story, he gave orders that every member of his court should be ready at once to tell the Princess as many stories as she might be pleased to ask for.

This proved to be a wise precaution. Yolette's first demand for a story, having been complied with, was followed by a second, and that by a third, and those by any number more. In fact, her craving for stories was something so extraordinary that soon the stock of stories at court was quite exhausted. To supply her ever-growing demand, the King then engaged professional story-tellers, whose duty it was to amuse the Princess from morning till night, and from night till morning, too, if she so willed it. At first there were only one hundred of these functionaries, but their number was shortly increased to five hundred, and finally to one thousand. And still, with this large force, occasionally Yolette was left storyless. As time



“TELL ME A STORY!”

went on, the supply of stories in the country began to show signs of giving out, so that by and by it became necessary to put the Princess on an allowance of only five stories a day,—a most shabby way of treating a royal maiden who had always been used to having as much as she wanted of everything. However, there was no help for it, and indeed there seemed to be every prospect of a story-famine at an early date. This outlook grieved the fond father almost as much as it did the daughter, and he was at his wit's end to know what to do about it. At last the prime minister, who did not look at the matter at all in the same light as did his royal master, ventured to give some good advice.

“May it please your majesty,” said he, “this dearth of stories, in my humble opinion, is far from being a calamity. Do you not know that the Princess has been wasting time that would be better employed in study? Why, it would be as well to send her to the City of Stories at once, as to let her thus go on listening to idle tales and growing up in ignorance of the things that all children ought to know!”

The King admitted the truth of all this, and he resolved immediately to get for her the very best masters in the country. But when the Princess found that the learned men either could not or would not tell her stories, she sent them away and positively refused to have anything

to do with them. Her wilful conduct in this respect pained the King exceedingly.

Luckily, however, Yolette had a grandmother, a good old queen, who induced the Princess to learn one thing that was of some benefit to her. On Yolette's tenth birthday she sent her a beautiful gold pen with a pearl handle and a diamond point. With the gift was a note promising that if the Princess would send an invitation, *written by her own hand*, she would come and make her a long visit, during which she would tell her a great many delightful stories.

Now it chanced that, on the day before, the one thousandth story-teller had come to the end of his last tale and gone. And so, as it seemed her only chance of hearing any more stories, she reluctantly consented to learn to write. Much rejoiced, the King immediately sent for the Eminent Writing-master, a teacher of rare talent in his line.

When this accomplished instructor came to give his first lesson, Yolette thought him, at first sight, a very strange person indeed. He was remarkably tall and slim, and was clad all in black except his broad white collar and cuffs, which were ornamented with finely executed mottos in script. On his back he carried his quill pens in a sort of quiver, such as is used by archers for their arrows. With him came two pages,—not pages to be written

upon, but pages in waiting,—called by the queer names of Ynkie and Wypa. The former wore on his head a hat in the shape of an ink-bottle, and filled with ink, while the thick bushy hair of his companion was exactly suited for cleaning pens.

After a short speech, the teacher took a pen, passed it through Wypa's hair, and, dipping it into Ynkie's hat, began his instructions.

Yolette learned quickly, and before long could not only write, but could read tolerably well.

At last the course of lessons came to an end, and Yolette sat down one morning to write the letter to her grandmother. That letter the good old lady never received; in fact, it never was even finished, for reasons that will soon appear. The Princess began thus:

MY DEAREST GRANDMOTHER: I thank you *very* much for your *beautiful* present, and I hasten to write you this letter to invite you to come to see me *as soon* as you can. Stay *as long* as you can, and tell me *all* the stories you know.

Here the Princess was about to sign herself "Your loving and dutiful granddaughter," when it occurred to her that perhaps she ought to add something else before closing it. But the difficulty then arose; what else should she say?

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I wonder what people usually write about! The Eminent Writing-master surely should have taught me that, as well as writing, before he went away."

At that moment her glance wandered out of the open window, across the courtyard, and thence upward to the clock on top of the great tower of the castle. It was a very

old clock indeed, having been put in its place by one of the Princess's ancestors many years before, and it really was a wonderful machine. Besides always giving the correct time of day, it told all sorts of curious and useful things, and, moreover, it needed winding only once a

year. But, in the whole course of its previous existence, this Tower Clock had never done anything half so strange as what Yolette saw it do now.

While she was looking at it she suddenly perceived that its face wore a look of intelligence, and seemed to return her gaze. And presently in some way the face took to itself a body and arms and legs, and, to her still greater amazement, began to descend from its tower. Then it came directly across to Yolette's window, and, resting its elbows on the ledge, looked in at her with something of a defiant air.

"Why do you desert your post and come down here?" demanded the Princess, severely.

"Simply because I am tired of staying any longer up there at my *post*, as you call it," retorted the Tower Clock, ill-humoredly. "It is a dreadful bore always to be going and never to be getting anywhere. If I were allowed to rest at night like other people, that would be something; but no, I must work, work, night and day, week in, week out, Sundays, holidays, and all other days, until this dull routine has quite used up my patience. I know it will soon use me up, too, unless I take steps to secure



YOLETTE AND THE EMINENT WRITING-MASTER.

relief. The Custodian of the Royal Timepieces wound me up for another weary year or so, this morning. Oh, how I detest that man! He is determined I shall get no rest until I drop to pieces from old age. So, as I seem doomed to be forever on the go,—thanks to his officious-

ness,—I have determined that henceforth I will go to some purpose. For several years I have been revolving in my head a plan that I have now decided to carry out. I am going to travel; and they who are wise travel straight forward, thus getting over the most ground in the least time; for a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Would you like to travel, Princess?"

"Perhaps I should like it. What shall we see in our travels?" queried the Princess.

"Oh, a great many things! The City of Stories, for—"

"The City of Stories!" Yolette interrupted, eagerly. "What is that?"

"It is the finest city in the world, and in it is a collection of all the stories ever written."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Yolette. "If we are to visit *that* city, certainly I wish to travel. Come, let us be off at once."

"At once," repeated the Tower Clock; and, putting his long arms through the window, he lifted Yolette out, and set her upon his shoulder. Then he started across the courtyard, and strode through the palace gate as if he were afraid the Custodian of the Royal Timepieces might discover that he was running away and try to make him stop. But it chanced the King had given a grand ball the night before, and now all the guards, as well as every one else belonging to the court, were taking a forenoon nap. So the deserter got away quite unnoticed, and in a short time afterward was stalking through the open country, far beyond the reach of pursuit.

Yolette soon decided that she liked traveling. From her elevated perch on the shoulder of the Tower Clock she could see all there was to be seen, while at the same time she was being borne on toward the wonderful City of Stories.

By and by, as they were thus journeying, there suddenly sprang into the middle of the road before them a yellow-haired youth, who, somewhat to Yolette's alarm, drew his sword, crying out, in fierce tones, as he did so:

"Hold, vile enchanter! If thou dost not release the maiden instantly, then by my faith this good sword shall seek thy marrow straightway!"

To this, the Tower Clock replied with scorn:

"Young man, you are talking nonsense. I

am not an enchanter, or anything of the sort. That rusty blade of yours is far from being a good sword. And you would seek a long time for *my* marrow."

"I really beg your pardon," stammered the yellow-haired youth in some confusion. "I see I have made a mistake. I honestly thought this young lady to be a maiden in distress, and



OFF TO THE CITY OF STORIES.

so I hastened to her rescue. It is many long weeks since I set out, and it is high time I rescued some one, if I am ever going to. You don't happen to know of any one who needs rescuing, do you?" he inquired anxiously.

"No, I do not," replied the Tower Clock,

shaking his head. "Where I come from people are prudent, and seldom run any risks or get into any danger. But if you care to accompany us, we may help you to find what you are looking for. We are going far, and it will be strange if we do not meet some rash person who has got himself into trouble and is waiting to be rescued by a heroic youth, such as you are."

"You are very kind," returned the young man, joyfully; "and if you will take me—"

Ere he could finish he had been lifted to a seat on the left shoulder of the Tower Clock.

"I should like to ask why you are so eager to rescue some one?" remarked Yolette to her new companion as the Tower Clock moved on.

"It is my destiny," replied the yellow-haired youth, impressively. "*I am a third son.*"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Yolette; "I do know about them. I have heard of their doings often. I understand you now. Tell me, what great deed are you expecting to do?"

"Ah! but that is the very thing I cannot tell," answered the youth, ruefully. As a third son, I feel sure before long of slaying a giant, or a dragon, or an enchanter, or a wicked dwarf at the very least. Why, of course I *must* do something heroic sooner or later; though it does seem," he added, with a sigh, "as if the chances to perform great deeds were much scarcer than they used to be. Why is it, I wonder?"

"I cannot tell you," said the Princess, "unless it be that there have been so many third sons in the world already that the heroic deeds are now all done. But don't be downhearted; we will keep a sharp lookout as we travel on, and no doubt something or other will turn up in time. I am sure," she continued, with a look of admiration, "you must be very brave. I was quite frightened when you rushed out in front of us just now."

At these words the Tower Clock gave a contemptuous "Pooh!" and shrugged his shoulders so high as nearly to unseat the two passengers.

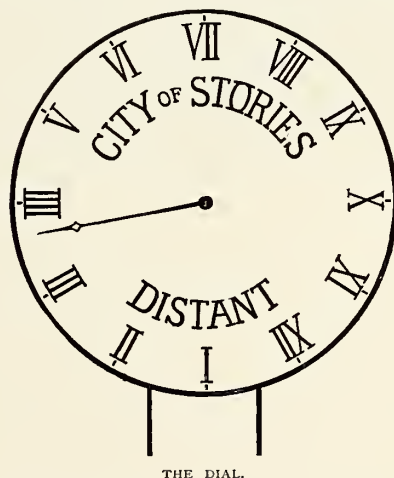
Meanwhile, as they journeyed, the Third Son did his best to cheer up, and succeeded so well that Yolette found in him a very agreeable traveling companion. He was a handsome youth, and seemed to be something better than a common peasant lad. His desire to do heroic deeds made him rather flighty at times, and he often

asked to be set down that he might stalk up to a house and ask whether any one within needed to be rescued.

As they traveled onward, by and by they came to a dial set upon a post at the roadside. It at once aroused Yolette's curiosity.

"What a queer clock!" she exclaimed. "Why do they have the VII up instead of the XII, I wonder?"

"Humph! that 's no clock," returned the Tower Clock, scornfully; "it is only a sort of thermometer, and I don't know why the VII may not as well be up as down on a mere thermometer. That dial," he explained, "shows us that the City of Stories is distant to-day about three hours and a half from where we now are. You know heat expands and cold contracts metals, roads, and days, or at least it has the same effect; for you will find you can get over less ground in a given time on a hot day than you can on a cool one. As we are now in the cool season of the year, it will not take us nearly so long to reach the City of Stories as it would if we were in the middle of summer. But you must n't suppose that three hours and a half for such short-legged creatures as men means that length of time for me. Not by a good deal, as you'll soon perceive."



THE DIAL.

In support of these last words the Tower Clock, who had been moving steadily all the while, presently brought them to the top of a little hill, and the far-famed City of Stories was suddenly disclosed to their view.

## BOB, AND JOSHUA, AND BALAAM.

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.



"TWO LITTLE BOYS, ONE WHITE, ONE BLACK, WERE LOOKING FEARFULLY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN." (SEE PAGE 947.)

BOB, and Joshua, and Balaam went up the mountain one late summer afternoon. Joshua was a jet-black boy, *un joli petit nègre*, Natalie called him. Balaam was a donkey clever enough to talk. The clouds had been piling up all the afternoon, and Bob's mother had suggested that the drive should be short in consequence — "around the mountain," for instance. These fortunate people were living on a blessed big hill, with great peaks rising all about them, and air as fresh as the best in all the world for daily breathing. The name of the place was Onteora.

Balaam was a very slow donkey. His ears

were longer than his legs, Joshua said; and Joshua knew, for he and Balaam had been chums for three years. The boys jogged slowly around the mountain, once, twice; and then finding it monotonous, and being much interested in the mysteries of "the top," they suggested in a breath, both at once, that they should climb up to the very top, and get the view. So, much against Balaam's will, they started up the rocky path, and began the ascent. It was very interesting in the wood, dark and green and cool, and little tremblings and stirs in the underbrush suggested all sorts of beautiful possibilities to Bob — ground-squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks,

chucks, or even game. At each start or crackle in the brush one boy would cry to the other :

“Phew! that ’s quail rising. We flushed ’em. My, don’t I wish ‘Reddy’ was here!” Reddy was a setter pup.

“If I had my gun—” said Joshua.

Joshua’s gun was still in the gun-shop, but he knew it well. It was a fifteen-bore gun, and he used No. 8 shot. Joshua had not lived in the mountains for nothing. The many evenings when he joined the group around the big fire-place listening to the tales of mighty hunters, had resulted in Joshua’s owning a gun in fancy, in being a good shot, and in knowing the haunts of all the birds in America, especially of woodcock; which Joshua confounded in his mind with woodchuck, Bob thought, though he was too loyal to say so.

So they went on, and the path grew steeper, and other trails crossed it, and the clouds were blacker, and that dear delightful sense of being brave and yet a little afraid grew on them both. They sat very near each other. Now and then a sharp flash of lightning came. Bob said carelessly :

“I suppose there ’s no good place to turn around till we get to the top.”

“There ’s no place here nor there,” says Joshua. “Balaam ’ll have to climb up a tree and down on the other side of it before he gets his nose turned to home.”

“Hurry,” replied Bob, listening critically to the wind rising and the rumbling thunder. “Well, we ’re most there. Don’t be scared, Balaam”; for Balaam’s ears were wiggling rapidly, and a loud bray came suddenly from his mouth—a bray that might have flushed all the woodchucks, at least, for miles around.

“Shut up!” called Joshua. “Balaam, you ’ll scare the things. Say, Bob, you know they ’s cats up here on the mountain.” In a loud whisper. “Someone saw one, a *cat*—last week. Ned Green, I think it was.”

“Hum!” said Bob scornfully again, though he looked out of the tail of his right eye into the woods. “Hum! a cat! It might have been ‘Queen Hatasu’ probably. She goes everywhere alone. She ’s not afraid. I wish she were here now. I ’d like to see her and feel her.” Yes, Bob would have liked to see or

feel anything so homelike, so domestic, so cozy as a hearthstone kitten with a pink ribbon and a bell around her throat. It would have been a link between him and the little mother half-way down the mountain.

“Hatasu!” called Joshua scornfully. “Naw, a wild-cat, I mean—wild. Don’t you know? They climbs trees and jumps on you—some calls ’em cow-panthers—when you don’t expect them.”

“Shut up!” said Bob crossly. “You ’re a scare-cat yourself!”

“An’ then there ’s b’ars,” continued Joshua. “I ’d ought ter know—big black b’ars—that hugs you till they ’ve hugged you all to nothing but a kind of red jelly. I ’d ought ter know—’t ain’t my first summer here.”

“Oh, be quiet!” cried Bob. “You ’re a-scaring Balaam all to bits. See him tremble?” In point of fact, whether it was the thunder or the lightning or the new road or Joshua’s fearful tales, Balaam was plainly very much frightened. He drew his legs together and shook all over, as a horse does when he is about to bolt; and then, as a blinding flash lit up the woods with a lurid glare, and the thunder rolled around among the hills like the sound of Waterloo battles, and the rain began to descend in torrents, Balaam took the bit in his teeth and ran away. He dashed off the stony path, struck into the very heart of the forest, over trunks and rocks, until some sixty yards on he came to grief, and the climax arrived. The cart struck a big birch. Over it went, and spilled the boys, and Balaam, kicking, braying, struggling, but helpless, wedged tightly between two high trees, waited for his fate.

“Coward!” cried Joshua in a rage.

“Poor old thing!” said Bob soothingly. “I don’t wonder he ’s scared. It *is* pretty bright at times, is n’t it, Joshua? My, that was a big one!” as Balaam leaped again almost out of his harness. “He ’s only a poor animal and he does not know—as we do—that it ’s no use being frightened. It does not do any good.”

“I think he smelt a b’ar,” said Joshua. “They do smell ’em—horses, ponies, donkeys, and such; and it just scares ’em blind and deaf.”

“If Balaam were only blind and deaf he ’d

be all right," said Bob. "It's the lightning — there, I have it!" and he began pulling off his heavy white sweater with the big red letters F. S. on the breast. "Lend a hand, Joshua!"

So Joshua lent a hand, recalling the fact that "when horses was scared folks did tie they eyes up"; and so Balaam was tied up as to his eyes and whole head in a mass of white woolen, with the two vivid scarlet initials branded on his forehead, and the sleeves of the sweater meeting securely under his head-stall behind his ears.

"Poor beast," said Bob, who loved animals. "There now!" and he patted Balaam gently on one side, while Joshua stood on the other, beating a nervous tattoo on the sweater. The donkey quieted a little. The boys dragged away the dilapidated cart, and left him, braying at intervals, not yet recovered from his paroxysm of terror.

Bob and Joshua sat on the edge of the cart, side by side, till a vivid flash recalled to their minds the fact that the wheel was rimmed with iron, remembering which they both sprang to see if Balaam needed care, and then huddled under the same tree with him, as if there were safety in numbers.

"It's the way God takes to look at the world, I think," said Bob after a pause.

"He's a-lookin' at the world all the time," said Joshua. "Did n't you know that?"

"Do you know how many worlds he has to look after?" asked Bob scornfully. "Well, go to the Fay school and you'll find out."

"Say, don't let's talk any more about God," whispered Joshua. "Hush, what's that?" for a great crash and crackle sounded very near them.

"A tree struck," Bob called out boldly.

"Hope there's no cow-panthers up it," mused the black boy. "She'd be lookin' for a new home, 'bout now, I s'pose."

"You be quiet," said Bob, "and don't you say cow-panthers again; no, nor bears either. Creatures all go to their holes when it rains. They don't like it better than — than Balaam does."

"No more do I," said Joshua, "and I would n't mind having a little den of my own jist now. 'T would n't sound loud down there,

would it? An' you would n't see this blamed lightning."

"I would not call it names," said Bob, looking about him uneasily.

"I guess this is the side of the mountain that always gets struck. There's always one side, you know."

Another crash farther away, and Balaam brayed again. The boys shivered and sat silent.

"Say, Bob," began Joshua, "I wish I had n't talked 'bout goin' into a hole in the ground. It makes me think of — you know what. What's that?"

Far down below them, coming through the woods, was a light — two lights, very near the ground and pretty close together.

"It's a b'ar's eyes, a-shining in the dark," whispered Joshua.

"Oh, *will* you be still?" asked Bob. "It can't be that, but it might be some kind of queer lightning. There's ball lightning, you know," he continued in a scientific tone, "and zigzag lightning they have, and —"

"An' grease' lightning," put in the black boy.

"And it might be going for something iron, perhaps," added Bob.

"The cart wheels," cried Joshua. "It's coming for the cart wheels — or us — Oh, it's the devil sure enough"; and the negro in him coming to the fore, he screamed at the top of his lungs.

A flash of lightning lit up the scene. One of the spectators will never forget it. The heavy swaying tree-tops, the overturned cart, Balaam with his white head and branded letters, and two little boys, one white, one black, staring wide-eyed, looking fearfully down the mountain.

"Is that you, Bob dear?" called a very cheerful, happy little voice. And then the boys heard a laugh, gay and unafraid and natural, and saw before their eyes — a lantern in each hand — the straight, small figure of Bob's mother. She had on a very smart mackintosh, and a soft felt hat, and had quite the air of starting on a very pleasant day, for a little trip somewhere. Bob saw, however, that her eyes shone like stars, yet she did not even kiss him.

"I thought I would walk up and meet you



boys — I always like to walk in the rain. And what have you done with your sweater, Bob?"

"I put it on Balaam, he was so afraid, poor fellow."

"Put it on Balaam? Why, I should think it would be too small."

"Oh, no; the sleeves would just fit his ears."

"Well, we'd better go down the mountain now," said Bob's mother cheerfully.

"And leave Balaam?"

"Certainly, leave Balaam. He can stay where he is until morning. I'm not pleased with Balaam. He has behaved very badly. He should have kept in the road."

"It was partly our fault, mama," said Bob. "We wanted to see the top of the mountain, and I don't think he could help being afraid. It was pretty — terrible."

"Terrible? Fine, great, you mean," and Bob's mother took a hand of each little boy and led them out to the mountain top, for they were really there. "Look!" And when the next flash came they all looked, and not even Balaam said a word. Such is the contagion of courage. Bob glanced at his mother curiously. "Why, I should think you'd have been afraid," he said. "You don't like snakes, you know, or the dark, and I've seen you shut your eyes in a thunderstorm when you thought I was not looking."

"But that was in the house, Bob," said his mother. "It's very different out of doors."

By this time they were well on their way down the mountain. The little woman still held a warm, boyish hand in each of hers — a black one in her left, a white one in her right — and Bob and Joshua carried the two lanterns. They were all very gay and cozy and jolly, and it seemed a great lark. Laughter rang out when Bob asked his mother why she brought two lanterns. "I did not think they were likely to be blown out both at once," she replied.

"If they had, the lightning could have started them up again," said her son drily.

"Oh, I have matches," said the mother.

"What is there to be afraid of?" asked Bob.

"Yes, what?" echoed Joshua.

At this moment a loud tread was heard behind them. It seemed like the rapid run of some large animal, and it distinctly gained

on them, for the slipping stones and crashing branches came nearer. A moment of silence in which all pretended bravely to hear nothing, and then "What's that?" cried both boys.

"That?" answered Joshua, in terror, but triumph, "that's a b'ar! I told you so!"

"It is n't a bear, is it, mama?" asked Bob.

"No, it is not, my dear. I think not. But if it is, God will protect us, and we'll protect ourselves, too. There are a great many things we can do to divert it. It's only after the lights, and we will put them quickly right here in the middle of the road, and then we'll just stand aside, and let the creature pass."

The little lanterns were placed side by side in the stony path, and the woman and children stepped into the edge of the woods.

"It is a b'ar," whispered Joshua.

"And if it is, it won't touch us. Only mother bears with their young cubs meddle with people, and this is not the time for young animals to be with their mothers, is it, mama?" said Bob.

"No, Bob, no; it is not," said Bob's mother. "Now, my darling, stand a little behind me, and if she — he — it should see us, do you boys each skin up a tree."

"*Shin* up, you mean, mama!" said Bob, giggling even at that painful moment.

"Don't get hysterical, Bob," called his mother. "Don't! I could n't stand that. Here she comes — stand behind me!"

"No," said Bob, in a fit of sudden bravery; "you stand behind me, mama. It's my place ahead, and, besides, I don't mind him much. I always did rather like wild animals, you know"; and plucky Bob stepped out toward the lanterns just in time to welcome Balaam as he frantically dashed toward them, the sweater and his long ears flying in the wind.

So they walked home, all four of them, very contentedly. Balaam with his head on Joshua's shoulder; for Bob was taken up with his mother, who, he discovered, had been a "dandy little mother and no mistake." He proposed stopping at one of the cottages for her sake, but the small woman remembered that Joshua had a mother, too — the cook at the Club-house, and she might be frightened. So they went all the way down, laughing and chatting as merrily as if they were at an afternoon tea in town.



# COMPOSITE

# A

# SPORT

How to sail his bicycle,  
And how to wheel his boat,  
Were questions that perplexed the mind  
Of Sportive Dicky Sloat.

At last he worked the problem out  
With secret toil and fuss,  
And anxious friends were pleased to see  
He solved the question —

— Thus.

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## FIREFLIES UP-TO-DATE.

By LUCY BOSTWICK.

WHAT are the mystic sparks that steal  
Through hedges and lanes on summer nights?  
Why, the elves and brownies are all awheel,  
And these are their fairy 'cycle lights!

# TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT THEMSELVES.

BY MRS. M. BERNARD.

## II. HOW YOU MOVE.

ALL healthy boys and girls move about and use their bodies a great deal. If we see a child sitting and doing nothing, with feet and hands still, and not speaking a word, we think there must be something wrong — that he is ill. I dare say you are often told that you move about too much, your tongues as well as your feet making too much noise sometimes, so that grown-up people say: "Oh, children, do be quiet!" or "Do try to make less noise!"

Just think for a moment what parts of your bodies can move. When you walk or run, your legs and feet move, and when you throw or take hold of something, your arms and hands move. Now keep your arms and legs still, and see what other parts of you can move. Your head, I am sure you will say at once, as you nod or shake it. Then keep your head still, and see what else is moving. Your eyes can still look half around the room, and you can move your eyelids up and down. Your lips can move to smile, and your tongue to talk and laugh; your jaw, the big bone that makes your chin, can move to eat. Can you move any other part of your face? Your nose? Yes, just a little; and your ears? Perhaps some of you can, but probably most of you cannot.

Even if you try to keep as still as possible, you can't help some parts of your body moving. Just try. You will soon find that your eyelids close quickly over your eyes, and that you cannot keep them from doing so for very long. And even if every part outside your body is still, some part inside is always moving. Your chest is rising and falling as you breathe; your heart is beating; your blood is rushing through the little pipes all over your body; and many other parts inside you are moving whose movements you cannot feel.

Now what is it that makes all these different

parts move? Perhaps you will say: "*I* make them move when I like"; but although you may be said to make your leg or arm move when you walk or catch hold of something, you do not make your heart move; and even if, as you say, you do make your leg and arm move, I want you to know *how* you make them move.

When we spoke, in our last talk, of the different things of which your bodies are made, we mentioned the red muscle that lies everywhere under the skin, forming pads sometimes, and sometimes a kind of ropes. These ropes of muscle are very important, for it is they that move your arms and legs, and other parts of your body. These fleshy ropes are fastened at both ends; near each end the rope gets rather thinner, and turns into a sort of strong cord which is called a *tendon*, and these tendons are fastened to bones; they are not tied on, but they and the bones grow together. But though we have called muscles fleshy ropes, they are quite unlike ordinary ropes in one way, for they have a curious power of suddenly growing shorter and thicker. When a muscle draws itself together in this way, it is said to *contract*.

You can feel a muscle shorten and thicken if you like. Stretch your right arm out straight, then lay your left hand on it just inside and a little above the elbow, and hold firmly. Now suddenly bend up your right arm, and what do you feel? Something hard rises up under your left hand. That is the muscle which is fastened at one end to the upper part of your arm bone, and at the other to one of the two bones of the lower part of your arm, just below your elbow. When you wished or *willed* it, this muscle suddenly grew short and thick, that is, it contracted, and so pulled the lower part of your arm up.

Look at the two figures I have drawn of an arm. In Fig. 1, the lower part of the arm lies out flat, as it would if resting on a table, the elbow being half bent. *SH* is the shoulder joint,

and *EL* the elbow joint, and *M* is the muscle which passes from the upper to the lower part of the arm. *T, T, T,* are the tendons by which the muscle is made fast. In Fig. 2, all is the same, except that the muscle has changed its shape and is much rounder and shorter than it was in Fig. 1. By growing thicker and shorter, it has pulled the lower part of the arm up. Now you can understand that muscles, by con-

tracting, especially on a soft bed, all your muscles can rest, except those which never rest, like those of the heart. During sleep, however, even your heart gets a kind of rest because it beats much more slowly.

We all have to learn to use our muscles rightly. Perhaps you have a tiny brother or sister whom you saw when it was only a day or two old. Do you remember how its little head

Fig. 1.

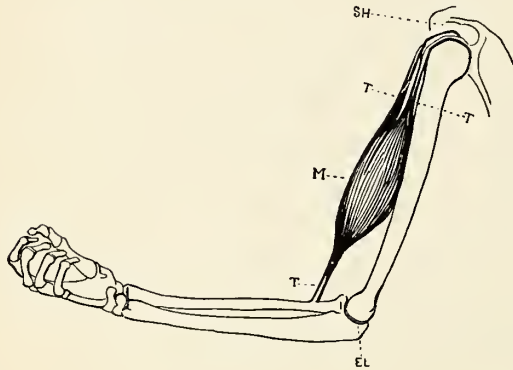
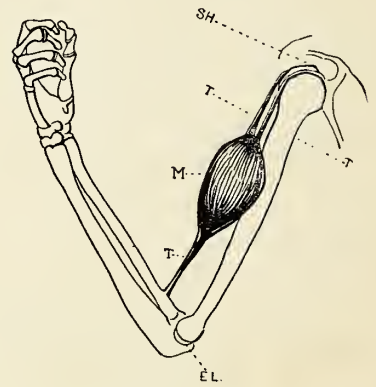


Fig. 2.



tracting, bend your arm (or leg) if they are on one side of the joint, and straighten it if they are on the other.

You have hundreds of muscles in different parts of your bodies, all contracting when necessary. All your bones are moved by means of muscles, and all the different machines of which we spoke last time — your stomach, heart, lungs — are worked with their help. Some of these muscles, as we have already said, go on working just the same whether you are awake or asleep.

You not only need to use your muscles to walk or run, but you have to use them even to stand and sit straight. Have you ever watched any one go to sleep sitting in a chair, and seen what happened? His head first nodded when he began to feel sleepy, and then when he really slept, it fell forward on his chest. Why? Because, to keep the head upright, some of the neck muscles have to be contracted, and when you fall asleep, you lose the power of making some of your muscles do their work. This is why it is so tiring to stand for a long time, and why lying down is such a rest, because when

always had to have something under it, because the baby could not hold it up? It learned to hold it up after a few weeks, but it took much longer to learn to use some of its other muscles — to stand, to walk, and to run. You all had once to learn how to do these things which now seem so easy.

If we use our muscles very much, they become strong and thick. Have you seen a strong man rowing? If you can see his bare arm, you can watch how the muscles rise up like thick ropes as he works with them.

When we speak of some one being strong, we mean that his muscles have grown powerful by being a great deal used. All of you children need to walk and run about so as to strengthen your muscles. If you were to lie down most of the day, and hardly use your legs and arms at all, your muscles would grow thin and soft, and soon you would not be able to use them any better than your baby brother or sister could at first.

You now know that you are helped to make all your movements by the contracting of your

muscles; but what is it that makes your muscles contract?

Do you remember the fine white threads we mentioned in our last talk — the nerves, which run through every part of your flesh? These all come from that wonderful machine in your head, your brain, or from a long nerve-string which passes from it down your backbone, and it is these which bring a message to the muscles when it is necessary for them to contract. They are like wonderful, living telegraph-wires carrying messages. Sometimes it seems to you as if

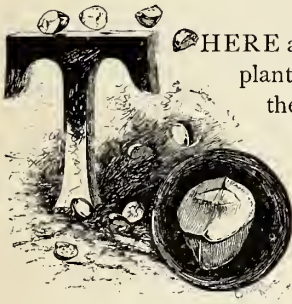
you yourself sent the message because you know what is going on in your brain; but at other times the brain may work and the nerves may be carrying their messages without your knowing anything about it. If your brain were hurt, so that it could not work, not one of your muscles would be able to contract.

So you are able to walk and run because your muscles can contract; and they, in contracting, are only obeying messages sent to them through the nerves which run to them from that wonderful brain that rules your body.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE JUMPING BEAN.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.



HERE are many varieties of plants which plainly move their leaves or flowers, but the movements these make are confined to an expansion or contraction of the fibers only. The plant as a whole

remains fixed in its original place. The Jumping Bean, as it is called, possesses a more astonishing power; for it can and does change its position from one spot to another. Some time ago I came into possession of one of these beans, and was much interested and amused by its actions.

The bean is of triangular shape. It has two flat surfaces and one convex surface, and its appearance gives no hint of the powers inclosed within it. In size it is about equal to a large currant. The convex surface of the bean is coffee colored; the flat surfaces, the shade of hay. The general shape of the bean is that of an apple which has been cut away until only about two-fifths of it are left. Its likeness to an

apple is further carried out in the irregularly shaped core of a lighter color than the surrounding portions of the bean, which covers about one-third of its flat surfaces.

To all appearance, however, the bean is solid. There is no hole or crack in the shell which snugly covers it. The bean before me looks to-day just as it did when I first saw it, two months ago, and, I am told, it looked then exactly as it did when taken from its place of growth in one of the Mexican States, which is the only region in which it is found. Each of these beans has as companions two others which grow with it in one pod or berry; but of these three beans only one has any power of movement. The berries are the fruit of a peculiar species of tree.

The bean appears to have several kinds of movement. The most common movement is a sort of somersault, by which, when laid on one of its flat sides, it turns itself over on the opposite side, or perhaps on the convex side. The next is an actual jump, by which the bean rises from whatever it has been resting on, sometimes an eighth of an inch, and kicks itself ahead a quarter of an inch or so.

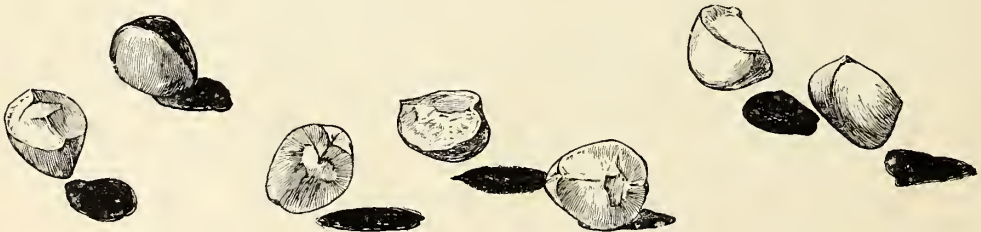
The third movement is an oscillating one, which is continued for a brief period, and then ceases, or ends in the complete somersault. Each one of these movements is unmistakable, though performed in no regular order. Moreover, at times, the bean appears to be disinclined to move, and, even when placed in the sun, which usually encourages it to perform, lies perfectly still for several minutes. Again, it will be extremely lively, and jump, rock, and slide forward and backward with hardly a stop. It would seem, too, that a very vigorous action tires it, as, after making a series of big jumps, it usually rests for a period before continuing its movements.

The best way to observe these movements is to put the bean in the sun for a few minutes, and then place it on a piece of white paper. Sometimes I have marked a circle as big as a half dollar on a sheet of foolscap and laid the bean within it. In fifteen minutes to a half hour the bean would have traveled entirely across the paper, or perhaps have moved to that distance and then back again to its first position. Apparently there is no system in its movements; for at one time it would proceed forward almost in a direct line; at another, jump up and down and scarcely progress at all. If placed in a small pasteboard box and the lid left open, its movements could be distinctly heard as it scraped against the rough surface of the box.

Why the bean moves about has not, I believe, been discovered positively. It is known, however, that in each of the Jumping Beans is a tiny worm. This worm is said to measure about one-third of an inch in length, and one-

tenth in width, and has sixteen feet. How it gets into the bean, since there is no hole in the latter, is a puzzle; but it seems likely that the egg from which the worm came was laid in the bean while it was yet soft and in its blossom form, and that the worm itself did not hatch until the shell had developed about the berry. The worm does not appear to want to get out of its nest either; for, if any hole, however small, is made in the shell of the bean, at once the inmate weaves a covering like a cobweb over the opening. The question then is: if Mr. Worm likes his home so well, why does he kick so vigorously against its walls? It is, of course, possible that he is merely taking exercise, and that the warmth of the sun or the effect of the light striking through the walls wakens him up, and makes him active. However it is, he manages, at times, to make his home go through some curious performances, and, by throwing his weight on one side or the other of it, causes it to tumble over and over, now on the side which looks like its roof, now on that which might be called its foundations. Mr. Worm usually lives only ten to twelve months, even when his house is given a regular sun-bath every day or so; but what does he live on, and how does he secure air?

Some naturalists say that he secures air through the pores in the shell of the bean, and lives on the kernel of the bean itself. They give, as a reason for his movements, that in his native land an insect which always lives near the tree which bears these beans eats up Mr. Worm by boring through the shell of his house, and that it is to escape from these enemies that the worm kicks about in such lively fashion.



Air



Earth.

Sea.



After the  
Nandoli  
Winkler

NATURE'S MUSIC.

# THE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

[*Begun in the June number.*]

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE SEA OF SAND AND ITS MARVELS.

LEAVING Turkestan, and entering China to the eastward of Kashgar and Yarkand, Marco Polo crossed the western end of the Great Sandy Desert of Gobi, or Shamo, otherwise known to the Chinese as the Sea of Sand. This vast extent of desert extends over forty degrees of latitude, and has never been fully explored even in our own day. In Marco's time it was a haunt of mystery, thought to be peopled by the strange creatures of the air. That part traversed by Marco is narrow, and he crossed it in a southwesterly direction. Here is his account of the Desert of Lop, or, as it is sometimes called, Lob :

Lop is a large town at the edge of the Desert, which is called the Desert of Lop, and is situated between east and north-east. It belongs to the Great Kaan, and the people worship Mahommet. Now, such persons as propose to cross the Desert take a week's rest in this town to refresh themselves and their cattle; and then they make ready for the journey, taking with them a month's supply for man and beast. On quitting this city they enter the Desert.

The length of this Desert is so great that 't is said it would take a year and more to ride from one end of it to the other. And here, where its breadth is least, it takes a month to cross it. 'T is all composed of hills and valleys of sand, and not a thing to eat is to be found on it. But after riding for a day and a night you find fresh water, enough mayhap for some fifty or a hundred persons with their beasts, but not for more. And all across the Desert you will find water in like manner, that is to say, in some twenty-eight places altogether you will find good water, but in no great quantity; and in four places also you find brackish water

Beasts there are none; for there is naught for them to eat. But there is a marvellous thing related of this Desert, which is that when travellers are on the move by night, and one of them chances to lag behind, or to fall asleep or the like, when he tries to gain his company again he will hear spirits talking, and will suppose them

to be his comrades. Sometimes the spirits will call him by name; and thus shall a traveller oftentimes be led astray so that he never finds his party. And in this way many have perished. Sometimes the stray travellers will hear as it were the tramp and hum of a great cavalcade of people away from the real line of road, and taking this to be their own company they will follow the sound; and when day breaks they find that a cheat has been put on them and that they are in an ill plight. Even in the day-time one hears those spirits talking. And sometimes you shall hear the sound of a variety of musical instruments, and still more commonly the sound of drums. Hence in making this journey 't is customary for travellers to keep close together. All the animals too have bells at their necks, so that they cannot easily get astray. And at sleeping-time a signal is put up to show the direction of the next march.

So thus it is that the Desert is crossed.

It is likely that this tale of the desert, told by Marco Polo, was one of those which gave him a bad name among people who were ignorant of what really goes on in the midst of a vast desert. From the earliest times men have associated deserts of land or sea with mystery; and all sorts of evil spirits were believed to inhabit the waste places of the earth. And those who heard Marco's stories, or read them afterward, thought that they were the idle tales of oriental romancers.

But it is true, nevertheless, that strange sounds are often produced by the shifting of the sands, especially in the night, after a hot day, when the sand cools and the wind blows. It would be easy for a superstitious person to believe that these sounds were the voices of unseen creatures in the air. Sometimes the sounds are like those of a bell, or of a drum: and scientific writers have described the places where they have been heard in various parts of the world.

In the story of "The Boy Emigrants," published in *ST. NICHOLAS*, in 1876, the author tells of a lad who hears, in the midst of the Great American Desert, as it was once called,



the nine-o'clock bell ringing in his New England home, far away. This really happened, and the author of the book actually thought he heard the bell ring. So, too, the same party of boy emigrants saw what they thought were trees, water, and lovely hills floating just above the edge of the desert. That was a mirage; and people have seen on the seacoast a strange apparition of towers, palaces, and lofty pinnacles, most beautiful to behold. "This is a natural phenomenon, and is called the *fata Morgana*. So much for this "marvelous" story, which no doubt has been called "one of Marco Polo's lies."

In what he says about the fabulous salamander you will find some more truth; but he uses it to put to ridicule an ancient fable. Here is his account:

Chingintalas is also a province at the verge of the Desert, and lying between northwest and north. It has an extent of sixteen days' journey, and belongs to the Great Kaan, and contains numerous towns and villages. There are three different races of people in it — Idolaters, Saracens, and some Nestorian Christians. At the northern extremity of this province there is a mountain in which are excellent veins of steel and ondanique. And you must know that in the same mountain there is a vein of the substance from which Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth; and I will tell you about it.

Everybody must be aware that it can be no animal's nature to live in fire, seeing that every animal is composed of all the four elements. Now I, Marco Polo, had a Turkish acquaintance of the name of Zurficar, and he was a very clever fellow. And this Turk related how he had lived three years in that region on behalf of the Great Kaan, in order to procure those Salamanders for him. He said that the way they got them was by digging in that mountain till they found a certain vein. The substance of this vein was then taken and crushed, and when so treated it divides as it were into fibres of wool, which they set forth to dry. When dry, these fibres were pounded in a great copper mortar, and then washed, so as to remove all the earth, and to leave only the fibres like fibres of wool. These were then spun, and made into napkins. When first made, these napkins are not very white, but by putting them into the fire for a while they come out as white as snow. And so again whenever they become dirty they are bleached by being put in the fire.

Now this, and naught else, is the truth about the Salamander, and the people of the country all say the same. Any other account of the matter is fabulous nonsense. And I may add that they have at Rome a napkin of this stuff, which the Grand Kaan sent to the Pope.

Modern geographers are uncertain as to the precise location of the province of Chingintalas; but it is probable that it lies somewhere east of Kamul, in Chinese Tartary. The story of the salamander, an animal which could pass unharmed through the fire, is one of the oldest in the world. The ancient Greeks believed in it; and in the middle ages it was believed that the salamander's body was covered with a soft white wool which could be made into threads, and spun and woven into cloth. But the general belief was that the creature was like a lizard in shape; and it was said that if one would keep a fire burning for one whole year and one day without its ever once going out, a salamander would appear in the live coals to play about.

So far as we know, Marco Polo was the first to dispose of this fable, and tell the truth about the salamander. The stuff called by the Tartars "salamander's wool" was merely asbestos, a mineral substance with a considerable fiber, which can be spun out and woven. It is indestructible by fire; and the crude mass may be cleaned and made into sheets for various purposes, such as wrapping steam-pipes and water-pipes, as is done in our own country. The salamander is heard of no more. The "ondanique" of which our traveler speaks is a very superior kind of iron ore from which the orientals made their famous steel sword blades, which were of so exceeding fine temper that a blade could be doubled into a loop without its breaking.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW KUBLAI KHAN DEFEATED PRESTER JOHN.

Now we come to a fabulous personage whose existence was generally believed in by Europeans for hundreds of years and up to the time of Columbus. This was Prester John, a Christian prince, who was supposed to reign over a rich and powerful kingdom somewhere in Central Asia "east of Armenia and Persia," which is a pretty vague way of putting the case. Sometimes he was said to reign on the eastern coast of Africa; and his name was shortened from Prester to Prester. Several European potentates sent letters to Prester John, and

tried to find him and his kingdom. But the mysterious sovereign was never found. What Marco Polo says about Prester John, therefore, must be taken with many degrees of allowance for the superstitions of the time. What he says about Jenghiz Khan, however, is worthy of respect and belief; and this account of the origin of the Mongol Empire is interesting, for this is history which Marco gives us now.

#### OF CHINGHIS, AND HOW HE BECAME THE FIRST KAAN OF THE TARTARS.

Now it came to pass in the year 1187 that the Tartars made them a King whose name was CHINGHIS KAAN. He was a man of great worth, and of great ability, eloquence, and valor. And as soon as the news that he had been chosen King was spread abroad through those countries, all the Tartars in the world came to him and owned him for their Lord. And right well did he maintain the Sovereignty they had given him. What shall I say? The Tartars gathered to him in astonishing multitude, and when he saw such numbers he made a great furniture of spears and arrows and such other arms as they used, and set about the conquest of all those regions till he had conquered eight provinces. When he conquered a province he did no harm to the people or their property, but merely established some of his own men in the country along with a proportion of theirs, whilst he led the remainder to the conquest of other provinces. And when those whom he had conquered became aware how well and safely he protected them against all others, and how they suffered no ill at his hands, and saw what a noble prince he was, then they joined him heart and soul and became his devoted followers. And when he had thus gathered such a multitude that they seemed to cover the earth, he began to think of conquering a great part of the world. Now in the year 1200 he sent an embassy to Prester John, and desired to have his daughter to wife. But when Prester John heard that Chinghis Kaan demanded his daughter in marriage he waxed very wroth, and said to the Envoys: "What impudence is this, to ask my daughter to wife? Wist he not well that he was my liegeman and serf? Get ye back to him and tell him that I had liefer set my daughter in the fire than give her in marriage to him, and that he deserves death at my hand, rebel and traitor that he is!" So he bade the Envoys begone at once, and never come into his presence again. The Envoys, on receiving this reply, departed straightway, and made haste to their master, and related all that Prester John had ordered them to say, keeping nothing back.

#### HOW CHINGHIS MUSTERED HIS PEOPLE TO MARCH AGAINST PRESTER JOHN.

When Chinghis Kaan heard the brutal message that Prester John had sent him, such rage seized him that his heart came nigh to bursting within him, for he was a

man of a very lofty spirit. At last he spoke, and that so loud that all who were present could hear him: "Never more might he be prince if he took not revenge for the brutal message of Prester John, and such revenge that insult never in this world was so dearly paid for. And before long Prester John should know whether he were his serf or no!"

So then he mustered all his forces, and levied such a host as never before was seen or heard of, sending word to Prester John to be on his defence. And when Prester John had sure tidings that Chinghis was really coming against him with such a multitude, he still professed to treat it as a jest and a trifle, for, quoth he, "These be no soldiers." Natheless he marshalled his forces and mustered his people, and made great preparations, in order that if Chinghis did come, he might take him and put him to death. In fact, he marshalled such an host of many different nations that it was a world's wonder.

And so both sides gat them ready to battle. Chinghis Kaan with all his host arrived at a vast and beautiful plain which was called TANDUC, belonging to Prester John, and there he pitched his camp; and so great was the multitude of his people that it was impossible to number them. And when he got tidings that Prester John was coming, he rejoiced greatly, for the place afforded a fine and ample battle-ground, so he was right glad to tarry for him there, and greatly longed for his arrival.

#### HOW PRESTER JOHN MARCHED TO MEET CHINGHIS.

Now the story goes that when Prester John became aware that Chinghis with his host was marching against him, he went forth to meet him with all his forces, and advanced until he reached the same plane of Tanduc, and pitched his camp over against that of Chinghis Kaan, at a distance of twenty miles. And then both armies remained at rest for two days that they might be fresher and heartier for battle.

So when the two great hosts were pitched on the plains of Tanduc as you have heard, Chinghis Kaan one day summoned before him his astrologers, both Christians and Saracens, and desired them to let him know which of the two hosts would gain the battle, his own or Prester John's. The Saracens tried to ascertain, but were unable to give a true answer; the Christians, however, did give a true answer, and showed manifestly beforehand how the event should be. For they got a cane and split it lengthwise, and laid one half on this side and one half on that, allowing no one to touch the pieces. And one piece of cane they called *Chinghis Kaan*, and the other piece they called *Prester John*. And then they said to Chinghis: "Now mark! and you will see the event of the battle, and who shall have the best of it; for whose cane soever shall get above the other, to him shall victory be." He replied that he would fain see it, and bade them begin. Then the Christian astrologers read a Psalm out of the Psalter, and went through other incantations. And lo! whilst all were beholding, the cane that bore the name of Chinghis Kaan, without

being touched by anybody, advanced to the other that bore the name of Prester John, and got on the top of it. When the Prince saw that, he was greatly delighted, and seeing how in this matter he found the Christians to tell the truth, he always treated them with great respect, and held them for men of truth forever after.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN CHINGHIS KAAAN AND  
PRESTER JOHN.

And after both sides had rested well those two days they armed for the fight and engaged in desperate com-

It is difficult to understand that "Christian" men were among the astrologers who practised magical arts to find out whether the Great Khan or his adversary would be victorious in the battle that was to be fought. We know, however, that Jenghiz Khan was one of the mighty conquerors of that age; and that he was the victor in the fight with the so-called Prester John we need have no doubt. Rods and wands have been used for divining purposes all



TARTARS ON THE MARCH. (SEE PAGE 959)

bat; and it was the greatest battle that ever was seen. The numbers that were slain on both sides were very great, but in the end Chinghis Kaan obtained the victory. And in the battle Prester John was slain. And from that time forward, day by day, his kingdom passed into the hands of Chinghis Kaan till the whole was conquered.

I may tell you that Chinghis Kaan reigned six years after this battle, engaged continually in conquest, and taking many a province and city and stronghold. But at the end of those six years he went against a certain castle that was called CAAJU, and there he was shot with an arrow in the knee, so that he died of his wound. A great pity it was, for he was a valiant man and a wise.

over the world, and in some parts of the world they are used to this day; not only in Oriental countries, where the people are ignorant and superstitious, but in America. Money-diggers, or men hunting for buried treasure, pretend to find the gold underground by means of divining rods; and others hunt for water with wands, or forked sticks from a green tree, the notion being that the stick will bend down to the earth when the "diviner" walks over an underground spring.

## CHAPTER IX.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF A STRANGE  
PEOPLE.

MARCO is now on familiar ground, and the accounts which he gives us of the manners and customs of the Tartars, both in peace and war, are not only entertaining but true to life.

## CONCERNING THE CUSTOMS OF THE TARTARS.

Now that we have begun to speak of the Tartars, I have plenty to tell you on that subject. The Tartar custom is to spend the winter in warm plains, where they find good pasture for their cattle, whilst in summer they betake themselves to a cool climate among the mountains and valleys, where water is to be found as well as woods and pastures.

Their houses are circular, and are made of wands covered with felts. These are carried along with them whithersoever they go; for the wands are so strongly bound together, and likewise so well combined, that the frame can be made very light. Whenever they erect these huts the door is always to the south. They also have wagons covered with black felt so efficaciously that no rain can get in. These are drawn by oxen and camels, and the women and children travel in them. The women do the buying and selling, and whatever is necessary to provide for the husband and household; for the men all lead the life of gentlemen, troubling themselves about nothing but hunting and hawking, and looking after their goshawks and falcons, unless it be the practice of warlike exercises.

They live on the milk and meat which their herds supply, and on the produce of the chase; and they eat all kinds of flesh, including that of horses and dogs, and Pharaoh's rats, of which last there are great numbers in burrows on those plains.

## CONCERNING THE TARTAR CUSTOMS OF WAR.

All their harness of war is excellent and costly. Their arms are bows and arrows, sword and mace; but above all the bow, for they are capital archers, indeed the best that are known. On their backs they wear armor of cuirboully, prepared from buffalo and other hides, which is very strong. They are excellent soldiers, and passing valiant in battle. They are also more capable of hardships than other nations; for many a time, if need be, they will go for a month without any supply of food, except milk and such game as their bows may win them. Their horses also will subsist entirely on the grass of the plains, so that there is no need to carry store of barley or straw or oats: and they are very docile to their riders. These, in case of need, will abide on horseback the livelong night, armed at all points, while the horse will be continually grazing.

Of all troops in the world these are they which endure

the greatest hardship and fatigue, and which cost the least; and they are the best of all for making wide conquests of country. And this you will perceive from what you have heard and shall hear in this book; and (as a fact) there can be no manner of doubt that now they are the masters of the biggest half of the world. Their troops are admirably ordered in the manner that I shall now relate.

You see, when a Tartar prince goes forth to war, he takes with him, say, 100,000 horse. Well, he appoints an officer to every ten men, one to every hundred, one to every thousand, and one to every ten thousand, so that his own orders have to be given to ten persons only, and each of these ten persons has to pass the orders only to other ten, and so on; no one having to give orders to more than ten. And every one in turn is responsible only to the officer immediately over him; and the discipline and order that comes of this method is marvellous, for they are a people very obedient to their chiefs. Further, they call the corps of 100,000 men a *Tuc*; that of 10,000 they call a *Toman*; the thousand they call *Miny*; the hundred *Guz*; the ten *On*. And when the army is on the march they have always 200 horsemen, very well mounted, who are sent a distance of two marches in advance to reconnoitre, and these always keep ahead. They have a similar party detached in the rear, and on either flank, so that there is a good lookout kept on all sides against a surprise. When they are going on a distant expedition they take no gear with them except two leather bottles for milk, a little earthenware pot to cook their meat in, and a little tent to shelter them from rain. And in case of great urgency they will ride ten days without lighting a fire or taking a meal.

They also have milk dried into a kind of paste to carry with them; and when they need food they put this into water, and beat it up till it dissolves, and then drink it. It is prepared in this way: they boil the milk, and when the rich part floats on the top they skim it into another vessel, and of that they make butter; for the milk will not become solid till this is removed. Then they put the milk into the sun to dry. And when they go on an expedition, every man takes some ten pounds of this dried milk with him. And of a morning he will take a half pound of it and put it in his leather bottle, with as much water as he pleases. So, as he rides along, the milk-paste and the water in the bottle get well churned together into a kind of pap, and that makes his dinner.

When they come to an engagement with the enemy, they will gain the victory in this fashion. They never let themselves get into a regular medley, but keep perpetually riding round and shooting into the enemy. And as they do not count it any shame to run away in battle, they will sometimes pretend to do so, and in running away they turn in the saddle and shoot hard and strong at the foe, and in this way make great havoc. Their horses are trained so perfectly that they will double hither and thither, just like a dog, in a way that is quite astonishing. Thus they fight to as good purpose in running away as if they stood and faced the enemy, because of

the vast volleys of arrows that they shoot in this way, turning round upon their pursuers, who are fancying that they have won the battle. But when the Tartars see that they have killed and wounded a good many horses and men, they wheel round bodily, and return to the charge in perfect order and with loud cries; and in a very short time the enemy are routed. In truth they are stout and valiant soldiers, and inured to war. And you perceive that it is just when the enemy sees them run, and imagines that he has gained the battle, that he has in reality lost it; for the Tartars wheel round in a moment when they judge the right time has come. And after this fashion they have won many a fight.

All this that I have been telling you is true of the manners and customs of the genuine Tartars. But I must add also that in these days they are greatly degenerated; for those who are settled in Cathay have taken up the practices of the Idolaters of the country, and have abandoned their own institutions; whilst those who have settled in the Levant have adopted the customs of the Saracens.

The huts in which the Tartars lived in Marco Polo's time were just like those used to-day by the wandering tribes of Central Asia. These slight houses were built of a light frame-work of osiers, or willow wands, bent to form a rounded, dome-like hut; and this was covered with felt, or cloth, made waterproof by being soaked in tallow or milk. Some of the larger huts were built on wheels, and when the tribe was traveling, the chiefs and their families would ride within one of these big vehicles very comfortably, if not luxuriously. One traveler, Friar Rubruquis, who saw some of the Tartars on their march, measured the space between the wheels of one of the great wagons and

found it to be twenty feet. "The axle," he says, "was like a ship's mast, and twenty-two oxen were yoked to the wagon eleven abreast." One of the huts which Rubruquis saw was thirty feet in diameter and projected ten feet beyond the wheels.

The animals to which Marco refers as "Pharaoh's rats" were probably a species of marmot, very common in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Central Asia, and sometimes called the jerboa. Behind it is formed like a long-legged little beast and is a famous jumper, like the kangaroo rat, which it closely resembles. The creature feeds on grass and roots, like our American "prairie dog," and its flesh is esteemed a delicacy.

The Tartars fought with bows and arrows of great power and weight, with which they wrought havoc among their enemies, so that they were known among the other nations as "The Archers." They made shields and other harness for warlike purposes of leather which had been boiled and then molded to any desired form while it was soft and warm. This is the "cuirbouly" alluded to by Marco.

You will see that the Tartars of those far-off days knew how to condense milk, although we regard that process as a modern invention. Marco says that they dried the milk in the sun. We can understand how some of his critics would laugh at the notion that milk could be dried to a paste. But Marco is right for it can be done, nevertheless.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A BOUNDLESS SEA.

BY M. L. B. BRANCH.

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BENNY was a little boy who lived by a river that ran into the great ocean, and he liked to sail ships so well that his father made him six, all of a size, with a boom and a gaff and two sails apiece. They were not really ships, but he called them so. This was Benny's fleet, and in a little cove, where the water was not too deep nor too rough, he took great delight in sailing his ships. They were

named "Pearl," "Phœbe," "Dolphin," "Star," "Racer," and "Kate."

Now, there was a great stirring about in Benny's family, for grandpa, who lived away out west, and who had a ranch there, had written to them to come and join him, and help him raise sheep and horses. So they began to pack up their things; but, as they could not take all, they sold some, and some they

gave away. Papa told Benny he had better give his ships to his playmates.

"Why, no," said Benny; "I can't do without my ships! I'll give the boys my checkers and my ninepins, but I can't give away my ships. I love my ships!"

And, with his mama's help, he packed them the next day carefully in a box, along with her five o'clock teacups.

"There is n't even a brook on the ranch!" papa said to mama; "and all the water has to be pumped with windmills."

"Never mind," she replied. "Benny has to leave the sea he loves, but he shall not leave his ships. It may make him happy to look at them and to remember."

In another month the little family reached the far-off ranch, where grandpa welcomed them. Benny was very happy. He had a pony to ride upon, and a dog to follow him, and some lambs were given to him for his own. For three weeks Benny did not say one word about his ships, but he did not forget them. Wherever he went, he looked about to see if there was a pond or a brook, though ever so little, but there was not one.

"Do you like it here, Benny?" asked grandpa, at the end of three weeks, as they stood looking over the billowy plains and pastures.

"Yes, grandpa, I do," said Benny, pat-

ting his dog's head. "All I want now is a brook."

And then he told his grandpa that he had brought six ships named Pearl, Phoebe, Dolphin, Star, Racer, and Kate.

Grandpa whistled, and then he laughed.

"We must sail them!" he exclaimed.

"But there is no water," said Benny.

"Water is not the only element, nor the only fluid," said grandpa. "Water does n't swell the sails."

"No, the wind does that," Benny admitted.

Grandpa now went to work and made a frame with six arms, and on each arm he fastened a ship. On the top of his barn he fixed a strong pivot, and on the pivot he put the frame, like a wheel on its axle. When he came down from the ladder, a little breeze was filling the sails, and the ships were gently careering around. By and by it blew harder, and the ships increased their speed. Benny shouted for joy, and called everybody to see.

"They are going sixty knots an hour," said his father.

So now the ships had a place where they could sail east, west, south, north, and many a time they went so fast that nobody could tell, not even Benny, which was Pearl, or which was Phoebe, or which was Dolphin, or Star, or Racer, or Kate.



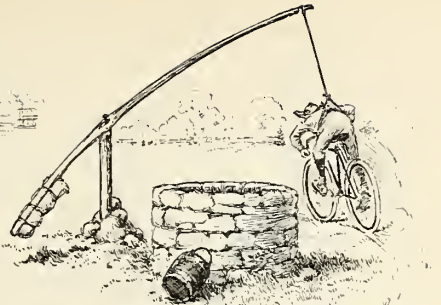
"THE SHIPS COULD SAIL EAST, WEST, SOUTH, AND NORTH."



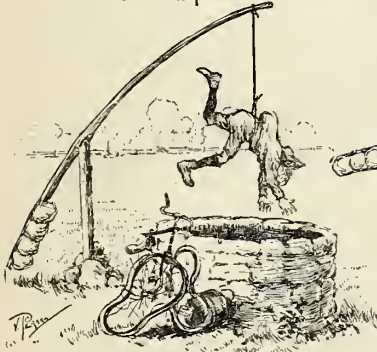
Quite unexpected.



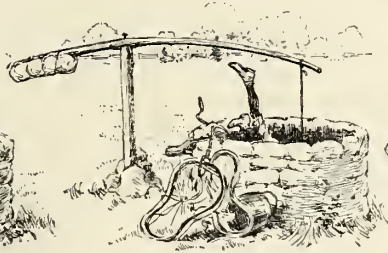
But he does not lose heart.



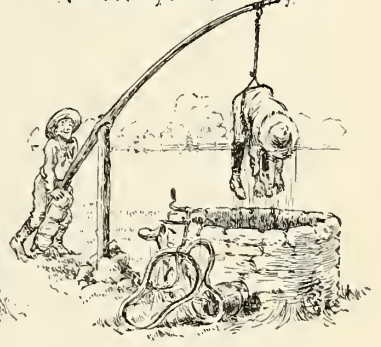
And thinks he finds an easier way.



But runs into the well.



And gets his ideas on bicycling cooled off.



But help is at hand so that  
All is well that ends well.

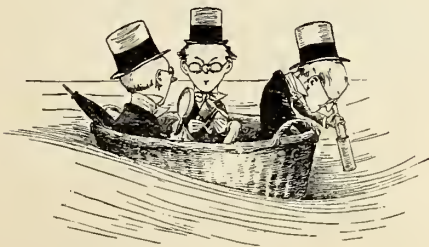
THE FARMER-BOY'S FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH HIS BICYCLE.

## THREE LITTLE SCIENTISTS.

BY E. A. BLASHFIELD.

THREE brave little men, as wise as could be,  
Determined to visit the depths of the sea,  
And put to the test a plan of their own  
Better than any the world had yet known.

So they set out from port in a basket of straw,  
With glasses to study whatever they saw;



But soon through each crevice the water  
soaked in,  
And they sank to the goal they intended to win.



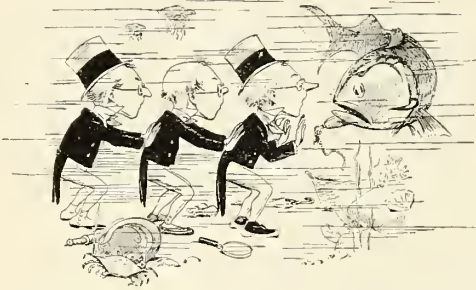
Down on the bottom they land with a bump.  
"How simple!" they cry, as out they all jump;

Then each little sage sets to work with a will  
In the cause of great Science long pages to fill.



When wearied at last, they think with concern,  
"It surely is time for our homeward return."  
But how to get back? For, strange as it seems,  
This problem so puzzling ne'er entered their  
dreams.

To increase their perplexity, fright, and dismay,  
A monstrous great fish came swimming that  
way,



Which made them all quake in their six little shoes  
Till the fish kindly said: "My appearance  
excuse.

"I would not hurt man, though man has hurt  
me —

If you look in my gills a great hook you will  
see."

"We 'll gladly remove it," the brave three re-  
plied,

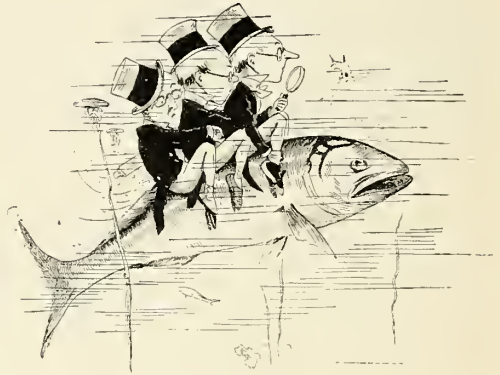
"If you in return will give us a ride."

"Least said soonest mended." The hook was  
removed;

The fish said its health would be greatly im-  
proved.

Then up through the deeps the fish takes his  
course,

While the three sit astride on their novel sea-  
horse.

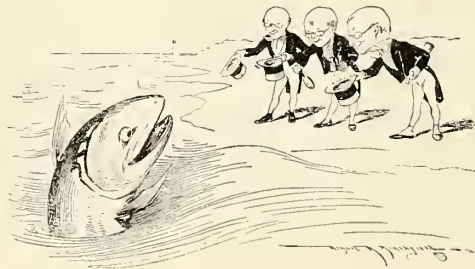


I am happy to say they came safely to  
shore,

Somewhat sadder, no doubt, but more wise  
than before,

Having learned, at some cost, that when plan-  
ning to roam

It is well to provide for a way to get home.





# POEMS.

BY MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

OUR readers will remember with pleasure the "Poems by a Child" printed on pages 856 and 857 of our August number. This month we publish three more poems by Margaret Mauro. "Ye Romaunce of Ye Oldenne Tyme," printed on pages 918 and 919, and illustrated by Mr. Birch, is a remarkable composition for a girl of twelve, and the two poems which follow are also very creditable indeed, considering the age of the young author.

## THE UNKNOWN BIRD.

HE sings where, bending in soft repose,  
The willow-boughs rise and sink,  
When the sunset glows with crimson and rose  
And opal and pearl and pink.  
Oh, the waving boughs that are bending o'er  
So softly swayed by the wind—  
With a mist of green-gray leaves before,  
And a melody sweet behind!

He does not sing in the eye of day  
When men are awake to hear,  
And he does not trill his silver lay  
Into a human ear.  
But when the rest of the sweet-voiced throng  
Are leaving the darkened sky,  
He pours the rich incense of his song  
At the altar of the Most High.

Few ears are awake to hear him sing,  
Few eyes are opened to see  
The bird who weaveth a silver string  
For the harp of minstrelsy.  
But that silver call from the willow tall  
By the all-hearing ear is heard;  
And he who noteth the sparrows fall  
Will care for the Unknown Bird.

## MY FLOWERS.

*(Written in acknowledgment of a gift of potted plants.)*

My flowers with their sweet perfumes,  
Their balmy, rustling sighs,  
Op'ning their fragrant, wingèd blooms  
And smiling to the skies;  
Fair as the bright sun's dancing ray,  
Whose light and warmth they seek;  
And sweeter than a minstrel's lay  
The language that they speak.

First, Cinneraria's blossoms sweet  
From green-wrapped buds unclose,

And where her flame-lipped petals meet  
A purple center glows.  
You catch the sunbeams bright that dart  
Across the shadows cold,  
And store them in your purple heart  
Until 't is flecked with gold.

Geranium's branching stalks upturn  
Their close buds to the light,  
Waiting for blooms that soon will burn  
With ruby colors bright.  
She has not yet begun to show  
Those blossoms blushing fair,  
But soon her tall green tree, I know,  
Some clustering fruit will bear.

Then Hyacinth's young buds begin  
To show her leaves between,  
As if they locked some secret in  
Their tightly folded green;  
But soon those buds, though folded fast,  
Beginning to uncurl,  
Disclose their secret sweet at last,  
A blossom pure as pearl.

Fair, graceful, feathery Maidenhair,  
Well hast thou won thy name.  
No pearly blooms thy tall stems bear,  
No blossom lipped with flame,  
But the fair sky looks down to see,  
With her soft eyes of blue,  
More graceful, waving locks on thee,  
Than ever maiden knew.

Aunt Abby, you have always known  
I hold all flowers dear,  
They speak with me — they breathe their own  
Sweet secrets in my ear;  
The forest leaves could not express,  
If tongues they all should be,  
The daily joy and happiness  
Your blossoms give to me.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. G. H. Yenowine for the photographs and originals used in illustrating both of the articles on Eugene Field in our last number. Mr. Yenowine owns the original manuscript of Eugene Field's first poem, "Christmas Treasures," and he kindly obtained for us the admirable photographs of Eugene Field and his little son, "Posey," and also the facsimile copies of "Little Boy Blue" and the inscription for Posey's plate.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years and don't know now how I could do without you. I am eleven years old and have lived in Kansas City seven years.

We came here from New York when I was four years old, too young to read you. You have been in our family for many years, and before there was a ST. NICHOLAS we took "Our Young Folks," which afterward was merged in ST. NICHOLAS. Mama gave me a little party the other evening. We had such a nice time. When school is out we can go to the parks for picnics. Some of the Kansas City parks are very beautiful.

Some Indians who have been in Kansas City, Kan., came over to see our city, the other day. They were taken to the top of one of our highest buildings, the New York Life Insurance Building. One said, on looking around, "Heap smoke—heap brick wigwam, big'nough plenty squaw, plenty pappoose." They were frightened dreadfully when they rode down in the elevator.

I look forward every month to reading you, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Good-by. HAROLD C—.

{ BELVIDERE, near KNYSNA,  
SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am thirteen years old, and I live at Belvidere, which is separated from the town of Knysna by the Knysna River, which here widens out into a lake three miles wide. Belvidere has a beautiful harbor. The entrance is called The Heads, and it has high hills on each side, which are one hundred and sixty yards apart. The bar is rocky, and has eighteen feet of water over it at high tide.

We live on a farm which belongs to my uncle. I go to school with seven of my cousins; two of them, named Walter and George, stay with us, and we go to school together.

The other day my uncle was out shooting bucks, when his dogs caught a small hare. He brought it home, and gave it to my cousin Madge. She feeds it on milk; it is just learning to eat grass now.

I have two cats. The old one is four years old. Her name is "Keen." On her birthday she always has a picnic, and asks all her friends. She catches rats and moles and

sometimes snakes. This evening she caught one and brought it into the house; she and her kitten were playing with it when we killed it.

My uncle has a good many ostriches. They make nests in the sand out on the hills. When he thinks the little ones must be hatched, he goes and gets them and brings them to the house, because if they are left with the old birds they get so wild that they cannot be caught to be plucked. They are then put in an enclosure and fed on cabbage leaves, small stones and chopped-up bones. They are very pretty when they are quite small.

A friend of my mother's, in England, has been sending you to me since the beginning of the year. I like you very much and look forward to your coming.

From your loving reader, IRENE T—.

WAVELAND, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a black cat named "Tommy." He is black all over, and has a scar on his side near his hind legs. He had it when we found him.

We go crabbing every day, and to-day I caught nineteen crabs. The water is full of shrimps. This is a part of the Mississippi Sound. Down at Bay of St. Louis there is an old sunken warship.

I have been to Jefferson Davis's home in Mississippi City. We just got a glance at it. In the dining-room was the bust of Mr. Davis. I saw his library and then we had to go. Your reader, WILLIAM K. D—.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased to see my name on the honor roll of the "Fairy Godmother Puzzle."

About two weeks before the time to hand it in I started to work on it. I had to work hard to finish as much as I did, and at almost the last moment was going to back out, but thought of all the work thrown away. Not thrown away, either, for I learned very much by looking up different things. It was very exciting, and like playing a game of detective. Thinking of a possible answer, and diving into some book to find it, then catching a glimpse of another clue, just turning the corner, and searching for that. And, too, acting on some suggestion, even though it turned out a mistaken one, I would perhaps get interested and learn a lot by reading an article through.

I enjoy your stories very much, and enjoy reading the old bound volumes. It is very interesting to read of the little friends' joys and sorrows in the "Letter-Box," though I am glad to say they are usually joys. I think that while writing to ST. NICHOLAS no sorrowful thoughts are apt to come to one's mind.

I must tell you of a storm we had last summer. It had been raining hard all night, and I had been enjoying the lightning and thunder, never thinking of the little lives out in it. The next morning I started out to my lesson, and when about a half mile from the house I noticed a great many sparrows lying dead on the ground,

and soon I found myself tip-toeing to keep from stepping on them. There were hundreds. They must have been in some large tree that had been struck by lightning. Still I cannot understand why so many should be in one tree. But perhaps it is true with birds as well as with people, that "misery loves company," and that the frightened birds had all huddled into the same tree.

With love and wishes for a prosperous future, I am one of your many readers.  
MARY E. D—.

WELLINGTON, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a short letter from my sunny State.

I suppose most of the readers who live in the East must imagine this a very unpleasant place to live; but if they should visit us I am pretty sure they would change their minds. We have such delightful climate that we can stand the wind.

The numerous cyclones always recall to my mind the one we had 9 P. M., May 27, 1892. It swept away a good part of our little city, which is mostly rebuilt now. Before that eventful night we thought nothing of wind, but now, visit our city, and see the many caves which have been dug for the safety of the people! I hope that your city will never be visited by a cyclone.

If you think my letter worthy, I should be pleased to see it printed, if not, I will try again.

Your loving friend,  
GEORGIA S—.

WALTHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICK: I am a little girl nine years old, and this is the first time I ever wrote to you. My brother has taken you two years or more. My little sister Hazel is almost three years old, and is very cunning.

One night we had cake with chocolate frosting, and she was eating the frosting and not the cake, and mama told her to eat the cake, too, and she said, "It might make me nervous."

Your affectionate friend,  
ELSIE A. B—.

GENEVA, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a few little pictures, which I hope you will like.

I like you immensely, and could n't get on without you. I am twelve years old. Papa bought me a bicycle a few day's ago, and I ride it everywhere. There is hardly any one 'round here who has n't one. I hope you will be printed forever.  
Your loving,  
ELIZABETH R—.

BATAVIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a very pretty town in the western part of the State.

My grandfather always sent your paper to me while he lived, and now my father gives it to me. I enjoy it *very* much.

I have a black cat named "Ubiquity," so named because she seems to have the power of being in more than one place at once.

I remain ever your willing reader,  
FRANCES R. A—.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and enjoy you very much. This is the second time I have been to St. Paul. I have traveled a great many times. My sister and I have a wheel, and we ride a good deal. We were in Washington last winter, and we had no snow, except in March, when we had one or two little snow-storms that did not last long. Before we left we shook hands with the President in his office. Mr. Miller, the Eternal Revenue, introduced us.

I remain your devoted reader,  
LOTTIE V F—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a black cat I had. When we lived in Oswego, N. Y., we had a very large house with a wood-shed. Well, one summer a great many skunks made a nest under the wood-shed. We soon got very weary of these objectionable animals. So my papa took a piece of meat, and put some poison on the meat, then he put the meat in a small hole under the woodshed; then he went into the house to tell the servants to lock the cat in the house; and when he came out the cat was coming out of the hole, licking its whiskers as if it had had a very good feast.

Of course, papa knew that the cat had eaten the meat, poison, and everything. Then he ran in the house again for my mama, the olive-oil bottle, and a spoon to pour the oil down the cat's throat—in the act of which it (the cat) scratched my mama's hand. The cat got well and so did mama's hand; but I think the poison was stale.

I have had three black cats since then. One of the funniest names was "Piltzt." I have one now called "Melba."

Believe me your friend and interested reader,  
LAURA A. W—.



## MANISTEE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you ever since I can remember, and now I take you. We all enjoy you very much. I was in New York last fall, and saw the building in which you are published.

There are six children in our family, and five are girls. I am the middle daughter, and I am twelve years old. We have for pets a bird and a pony. The bird is mine, and is quite tame. We had a cat, but some one shot it; by mistake, we think. It was a Persian cat, and was very handsome. Our pony is a very queer color—almost orange, with stiff, black mane. We have beautiful sunsets on our lake. I can swim, float, and dive; and so can all the children, except the youngest, who is almost five. Very sincerely your friend,  
B. B. M—.

## BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of eleven years, and I live on a farm just outside of Baltimore, Maryland. I have three brothers and one sister, who is older than myself. She is now traveling in Europe with my mother. I have for pets a dog, a pair of pigeons, and a kitten.

My youngest brother, who is two years old, is very funny. He says to father when he comes home, "John, did you get a letter?" And if father says "No," he says "What a pity!" His name is Frederick, but he calls himself "Master." He thinks he owns everything; and he is very fond of our black cat, whom he will pick up by the tail, and the cat will not even bite him.

I remain ever your reader,  
DOROTHY R. G—.

## OCHEYEDAN, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old to-day. We have every number of ST. NICHOLAS bound in nice big books, and I love to read them.

I am alone with papa and mama. My only brother is married, and has a home of his own; and my only sister is at college in Washington, D. C., but will be home in a few days. Six dolls and six cats are the only pets I have besides my wheel, which I enjoy riding very much. I wish every little girl could have ST. NICHOLAS for her own. Your constant reader,  
MAGGIE MCG—.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is over one hundred degrees in the shade here, and I can't go outdoors. We are going camping out to McCuck Lake soon, and then I expect to have some fun. The last time that I was out there I caught the biggest perch that had been caught that summer. I have a rifle, but it is only a single one, and so I have to load every time I fire. I am going to get a repeating rifle, that will carry a mile and repeat sixteen times. I have to get the money first, though.

The other day they found an Indian skeleton, and weapons, under one of the principal streets of the town. The Indians are thick in town now, selling gooseberries which they pick on the reservation. I go and watch the troops drill every time they drill. I am going to see the "Soo" Gun Club shoot this afternoon, and some of them are crack shots.

I will have to stop now, so good-by.

GEORGE W—, JR.

## NAGOYA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day my father took me to see the largest Buddhist temple, of which there are 2000 in this city, with 5000 priests and nuns. The name of the temple is Higashi (east) Hongwanji. The height

of the temple is about 100 feet, and it is 125 feet square. It cost upward of 1,000,000 yen, Japanese money. Inside are 400 mats (a mat is 3 feet wide and 6 feet long), that is, 7200 square feet, beside the wide porches.

As we enter the temple by a flight of steps we see crowds hurrying to pray before their gods of wood. The people kneel at any convenient place facing the altar, throw in their money, say their prayers, and go away. Some of the priests are kept continually gathering up the money in a sort of scoop, or dust-pan, and putting it into the boxes. Above the throne of the god there are some fine carvings, overlaid with pure gold. There are 54 pillars of keyaki (black walnut) which are nearly 6 feet in circumference, and 30 feet in height.

In the temple there are 37 priests, 12 of whom are ordained, the rest are pupils or disciples. In the theological school attached to the temple are 100 students preparing to be priests. Within every temple inclosure there is a large bell which does not swing, but which is rung by striking a heavy timber against it. Many times a day we hear the melodious boom, boom, boom, of the temple bells, which are being rung while the priests are saying their prayers. The prayers of both priests and people are simply one or two sentences repeated over and over again. Great numbers of the people do not know the meaning of their own prayers. There are only two Christian churches in this city of 200,000 people.

Yours truly,  
HARRY J. S—.

## HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in the Hawaiian Islands. I live at the Kamehameha School for Girls. We take your magazine and I enjoy it very much.

I have a little pony; her name is Jennie. I ride her two miles to school every day.

I have been on these islands for three years. I lived in the State of Ohio before I came here. I missed the snow very much at first, but there are so many beautiful things here to enjoy that I do not miss it now.

It is so much fun to go sea-bathing. I can swim, dive, float, and do almost anything in the water. The Hawaiian girls are very fine swimmers.

Last summer we went up Haleakala, a very high extinct volcano, on the island of Maui. We had to travel on horseback. I was very sick when we reached the top, on account of the thin air.

When we reached the top, about five o'clock, it was very hot; about six, it turned suddenly very cold. About seven o'clock we went up to see the moon rise over the crater. I got so cold that I had to go back to the house and get warm. There were small crystals of ice on a pail of water standing near the fire.

On the steamer coming back, we had to have mattresses spread out on deck and sleep there. It was very rough, and I was seasick.

It was interesting to see them load the cattle. First, trained native men lassoed them, and took them out to small boats, where they were tied by their horns; then they were taken out to the steamer, where they were brought on deck by pulleys.

I remain your faithful reader,  
NORA M. S—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude M. E., George Alden, Evelyn M. S., Matilda Berns, N. Nagle, Molly, Cosette M., Marjorie L., Sarah S. Wilkinson, Eleanor Peters, Lillian B. O., Dorothea W., Ralph S. L., Rosaline W., Louise H. Curtis, Martha Genung, Miriam, Conrad C. Prue, Frances M. Jebb, Robert M. Jackson, M. L. M., Elizabeth J. Hitch.



# THE RIDDLE BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Nansen. Cross-words: 1. Nemean. 2. nAnt. 3. hiNder. 4. theSis. 5. weazEn. 6. weakEN.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Wolfe. Cross-words: 1. Worms. 2. Oates. 3. Lamb. 4. Fox. 5. Eagle.

FALSE COMPARATIVES. 1. Ring, wringer. 2. Bit, bitter. 3. Let, letter. 4. Mite, miter. 5. Skip, skipper. 6. Mist, mister. 7. Hen, henna. 8. Mull, Muller. 9. Man, manor. 10. Light, lighter.

PROGRESSIVE GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. Popocatepetl.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Tattles. Cross-words: 1. Tattles. 2. Slang. 3. Ate. 4. T. 5. Ale. 6. Pleat. 7. Dressed.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Hand. 2. Heed. 3. Daub. 4. Deep. 5. Lean. 6. Flop.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Frush. 2. Rollo. 3. Ulnas. 4. Slant.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. McG. — Paul Reese — Helen C. McCleary — Josephine Sherwood — Arthur Grime — Marguerite Sturdy — Chiddingstone — "Uncle Sam and Cholly" — "Midwood" — "Clive" — Nessie and Freddie — Marian J. Homans — "Jersey Quartette" — George Bancroft Fernald — Ella and Co. — Mildred Shakespeare — K. M. T. — W. L. — "Buckeye Nut-cracker" — Sigourney Fay Nininger — "Hilltop Farm" — Paul Rowley — "May and 79" — "Dondy Small" — Jean Hallett — Jo and I — Clara D. Lauer and Co. — W. Y. W. — L. O. E. — No name, Chestnut Hill — "The Bottle Imps" — "Pro and Con" — Mabel and Henri — "Edgewater Two" — Delavan and his Mama — No name, Phila. — "Three Flowers" — "Anno and Tansie" — "Tod and Yam" — Hubert L. Bingay — Two Little Brothers — Effie K. Talboys — Florence P. O'Sullivan — "The Brownie Band" — F. Miles Greenleaf — "The Two Georges" — Grace Edith Thallon — Greta Simpson — Mama and Jack — Edward Arthur Lyon — Louise Ingham Adams — R. E. L. and J. S. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from E. P. J. and F. R. J., 4 — "Mighty," etc., 2 — "Brynhild," 4 — E. Carleton McDowell, 1 — Grace Minaldi, 1 — "The Twins," 1 — Mary K. Rake, 2 — Fred Wennberg, 1 — Charlotte A. Smith, 1 — M. R. Everett, 1 — Fedora Edgar, 4 — Charles Townsend, Jr., 4 — Charles B. Whitney, 1 — J. E. Schermhorn, Jr., 5 — Percy D. Nagle, 2 — G. B. Dyer, 11 — Jake and Jane, 1 — Dorothy R. Gittings, 2 — Robert I. Miner, 1 — C. Edwin L., 9 — Frieda P. Foote, 5 — Elsie Hoxie, 1 — Leone W. Weiler, 1 — Margaret Ellis, 1 — Ralph Owen, 1 — A. N. J. and Antoinette Heckscher, 11 — Hallie Pierce, 1 — Marguerite Union, 6 — Helen Lawrence, 1 — Henry L. Lincoln, 2 — "Old Scratch and Fits," 6 — Elizabeth Crane, 1 — J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 5 — "Spooks," 1 — Violetta Lansdale Brown, 2 — Edwin Jobbins, 1 — H. E. Strong, 7 — "Nemo," 7 — Edward Lincoln, 1 — Georgina Stipp, 3 — Frank De Vroey, 1 — Amy P. Butler, 1 — Clara A. Anthony, 10 — Erlmah L. Paulette, 6 — "Will O' Tree," 10 — Katharine Minot, 1 — H. A. R., 11 — Victor J. West, 7 — "Toddlekins and Tippytoes," 5 — G. Isabel Ashwell, 2 — Laura B., 1 — Florence Elsie Turner, 9 — A. E. and H. G. E., 11 — Albert P. Weymouth, 9 — Thioistie A. Rice, 2 — "Myhnepo," 5 — Warren Barton Blake, 4 — Mildred Schrenkeisen, 2 — Theodora B. Dennis, 9 — Lawrence Warner, 1 — Clotilde, 4 — Charlotte Q. D., 6 — Harnet B. Harmon, 3 — No name, Cincinnati, 9 — Martha Gardner, 1 — Harry Senevly, 1 — W. P. Anderson, 2 — Wm. A. Lochren, 7 — "Cambridge Friends," 9 — Frances R. D., 1 — N. Van Shaick, 6 — D. Rowell, 2 — Franklyn A. Farnsworth, 11 — Stanley and Philips, 1 — Edward H. Merritt, 2 — "Knowledge," 10 — Katharine D. Hull, 1 — Margaret G. Findlay, 5 — Bessie and Percy, 3 — "Merry and Co.," 11 — "Kilkenny Cats," 11 — "Sindbad, Smith, and Co.," 5 — Helen Lorraine Enos, 4 — "Adulcentes," 10 — Frederica Yeager, 10 — Adelaide Gaither, 7 — Edna Taylor Smith, 9 — Harnet Perry, 4 — Daniel Hardin and Co., 8 — Bertha Getzelman, 5 — "The Whole Family," 9 — "The Butterflies," 10 — Rebecca E. Forbes, 4 — "Woodside Folks," 11 — Katharine D. Parnly, 11 — Laura M. Zinser, 9 — Charlotte Schram, 1 — Grace Colyer and Nettie Sherwood, 3 — C. C. S. Moncrieff, 10 — Louise G. M. Cochrane, 8 — Lloyd R. and Derby W., 4.

### HOOR-GLASS.

MY centrals, reading downward, spell the name of a famous American author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Knowledge. 2. Called. 3. A pronoun. 4. A letter from Norway. 5. To inquire. 6. To invest with royal dignity and power. 7. Ardent in the pursuit of an object. "MARY ANNE."

### COMBINATION PUZZLE.

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WHEN the five words described are rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the initial letters will

5. Hosts. 11. 1. Hare. 2. Agog. 3. Rome. 4. Eger. III. 1. Chop. 2. Hake. 3. Okra. 4. Peak.

CHARADES. 1. Trowbridge. 2. Kipling. 3. Stockton. 4. Alcott. 5. Burnett.

ZIGZAG. John Loudon Macadam. Crosswords: 1. Jonah. 2. Boast. 3. Bohea. 4. Shunt. 5. Newel. 6. Melon. 7. Flute. 8. Odeon. 9. Omega. 10. Annoy. 11. Cameo. 12. Nomad. 13. Civic. 14. Tread. 15. Sodom. 16. Fatal. 17. Motor.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Kipling. 1. Kangaroo. 2. Ibis. 3. Pigeon. 4. Lion. 5. Ibex. 6. Narwhal. 7. Goat.

ANAGRAM. Ian Maclaren.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. B. 2. Sad. 3. Babel. 4. Demon. 5. Lover. 6. Newel. 7. Redan. 8. Labor. 9. Noted. 10. REBUS. 11. Dun. 12. S.

spell the name of a celebrated English philosopher. The acrostic will include a diamond (as indicated in the diagram) and the diamond will include a three-letter word-square.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Supports or strengthen by aid or influence. 2. To lessen. 3. The weight of four grains. 4. Any eared seal. 5. Dating from one's birth.

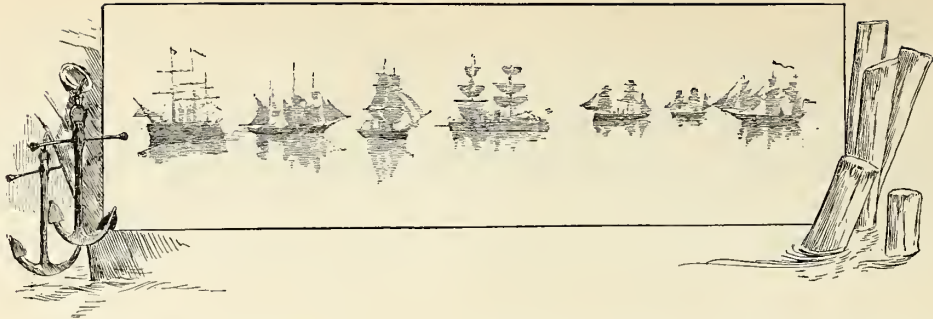
NELLIE R. T.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will name a famous naval commander.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sly. 2. The predominant qualities of a drug, extracted and refined from grosser matter. 3. A structure of lattice-work for supporting plants. 4. A sitting. 5. A military officer. 6. Transgressors.

S. J., W. P. H., AND M. J. H.



### A FLEET OF SHIPS.

THE steamship *New York* had been four days out at sea. A group of young people had gathered on the upper deck and were trying to pass the long hour before dinner by asking conundrums.

"Let us suppose," said a gentleman who strolled up to them, "that all the sea around us is covered with vessels great and small, famous in song and story."

"Tell us about them," they cried, "and we will guess their names."

He readily complied:

"I see a little fleet of three ships, sailing ahead of us out into the west, bound on a voyage of discovery. The largest of them (1) is only ninety feet long, and she carries the Admiral (2) and a crew of 66 men; the second (3) does not steer very well, for she dislodged her rudder at the beginning of her voyage; both it and the third (4) are half-decked, and all three carry the flag of Spain. They are a strange trio, but near them is a stranger ship still, for she (5) was built to sail over the land. Then there is a wonderful ship (6), full of giants and heroes, sailing off to a garden just to gain possession of some wool from a sheep. To the leeward of her is a gilded barge (7), and how she keeps afloat on the Atlantic I can't imagine, for she was built for the canals of Venice and the sunny Adriatic, and every Ascension Day the Doge rowed out in her and dropped a golden ring into the sea with these words: 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of true and lasting dominion.'

"There, sailing together, are the flagships of three famous admirals. The first admiral (8) has placed at his mast-head a broom, with which he intends to sweep the British from their own waters; the second (9) captured a British squadron on Lake Erie, and the flag of his vessel (10) bears the motto 'Don't give up the ship'; and the third, England's greatest naval commander (11), lies on the deck of his man-of-war (12), dying in obedience to his own signal, 'England expects every man will do his duty.'

"Over there, looking strangely out of place on a modern torpedo boat, are three discoverers chatting away in the most friendly fashion. There is the famous Portuguese (13) who first rounded the southernmost point of South America; the captain (14) in the service of the Dutch East India Company who in his ship (15) first sailed up the Hudson River; the first Englishman (16) to sail around the world, from the timbers of whose ship (17) a chair was made and presented to the University of Oxford by Charles II.

"Nearer to the *New York* are some more modern boats. There is one built by a Swedish American inventor, which on account of its strange shape was called a 'cheesebox on a raft' (18), and which did great havoc to a southern ship in the Civil War; there is the largest vessel ever constructed (19), which in 1865 carried out the Atlantic cable, and the steamer (20) which has made the fastest passage from Queenstown to New York. There

is the yacht (21) which sailed over to Cowes more than thirty-five years ago and carried off the cup which England has so far tried in vain to win back, and the ship (22) all covered with icicles in which Nansen started in June, 1893, to discover the North Pole.

"Lying closest to our vessel, as it should lie closest to our hearts, is a ship which is no ship at all, though Longfellow called it the 'Ship of State' (23), yet we are more interested in it than in any of the others we have talked about, and we Americans should love it better than anything else in the world."

The boys and girls on the *New York* guessed the answers to all twenty-three questions. Which of the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS can do as well?

MARGARET JACKSON.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a famous yacht.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Empty. 2. Capable. 3. To lounge or loiter about. 4. A joint of the leg. 5. A sailor's story. 6. A hostile incursion. 7. Averse to labor or employment. 8. Continually.

"SAND CRABS."

### A BOAT RIDDLE.

(Twelve kinds of boats are suggested by the following lines.)

BEHOLD a gallant fleet indeed;

Pray guess what they can be.

1. The first's the swiftest craft that sails,  
Though ne'er afloat is she.
2. The next appears as fleecy clouds  
In summer skies above.
3. And weapons sharp the third conceals,  
Beneath a velvet glove.
4. The shipwrecked man on desert isle  
The fourth would gladly see;
5. And in the fifth e'en gentle-folks  
Live for economy.
6. Handle the dangerous sixth with care;
7. The seventh with meats we use;
8. And if with dynamite you play,  
The eighth you're like to lose.
9. The ninth most college boys aspire  
To do both well and fast;
10. The tenth's a guide through dangerous ways,  
And brings to port at last.
11. A narrow, winding, watery way  
Gives to the next its name;
12. The coarsest part of broken flax  
Does for the last the same. F. AMORY.

### WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. A GARDEN flower. 2. A notion. 3. The hero of one of Shakspeare's plays. 4. A measure of length.
- II. 1. A quadruped. 2. A masculine name. 3. A minute particle. 4. A ponderous volume. ISOLA.





KATRINKA.



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## KATRINKA.

BY M. M. D.

KATRINKA, fresh as the morning,  
Gazed from her casement low ;  
Far off, the great-sailed windmills  
Stood darkly in a row,  
And the sky with the changing splendor  
Of dawn was all aglow.

“I wonder,” thought the maiden,  
Thrilled with the glorious sight,

“If all the beauty around us,  
And all the love and delight,  
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise  
To bide with us, day and night ?

“I wonder if all the goodness  
That makes us steady and true  
Glides softly in with the dawning  
To gladden us through and through —  
To lift our hearts to the Giver,  
And help us in all we do ?

“Yet, whether we lose it or keep it,  
Depends upon many a thing :  
Whether we 're lazy or busy,  
Whether we grumble or sing ;

Whether our thoughts are noble,  
Or whether they grovel and sting.

“Oh, the wonderful sky!” sighed Katrinka,  
“How grand! — But the day has begun.  
There ’s breakfast, and spinning, and mending,  
And the kettles to shine — one by one —  
Good-by, you dear, beautiful morning!  
There ’s so much to do; I must run.”

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,  
In the land of the dyke and the sea!  
They who live in the glow of the dawning  
Are, all the world over, like thee.  
Bearers of sunlight and gladness,  
Faithful in shadow and sadness —  
The path of the day is diviner  
Wherever their light may be.

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## GEORGE O’ GREEN AND ROBIN HOOD.

—  
BY CAROLINE BROWN.  
—

IN the dusky aisles of the greenwood caroled lustily a man, clad in Lincoln green from top to toe, as he took his way blithely adown the woodland path:

“Oh, give me my bent bow of yew;  
Oh, give me my lads so good and true;  
Oh, give me my forest so wild and green,  
And the dappled deer the boles between!

“I must take me further afield if I would have adventure this day,” he mused, thinking aloud. “’T is but five o’ the clock, and a good ten miles from Nottingham. It may happen a fat monk will pass, with purse well filled with gold.” Thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew it out empty, and looked at it with rueful countenance. “But alack! mine is as empty as yon nest!” — glancing at a wood-pigeon’s nest atop a sturdy oak. “’T would be a fine frolic to fill it from some fat purse in the priory yonder.”

A few steps brought him to a cool dell wherein bubbled a brown spring, now somber in the deep shadows, but under the sun rays sparkling as a crystal cup. He stooped, and drank a

draught from its depths, and again proceeded on his way to the outskirts of the forest where ran the road. When he came in sight of it, he saw, slowly coming toward him, two lean monks, whose habits were gray with dust of the highway. Their cheeks were sunken with fasting, and their steps slow and uncertain.

The man in green hid behind a tree, and laughed softly, as he said:

“If any purse they have, ’t is empty! The mendicant friars ne’er carry coin in their purse, nor victual in their wallet.”

The monks dragged wearily out of sight, with slow and solemn gait. When they were well away he took to the road, and set off down Nottingham way. He walked for a matter of two miles, when he came to a glebe parceled out to the country folk thereabout for pasture. There he found, stretched out at full length, on a bank of thyme bordering a brook, a young country fellow of great breadth and brawn, fast asleep, although it was now full day. As he approached, a lark rose high in spiral curve till it seemed lost in the ribbon-like clouds that

streaked the blue sky, then thrilled forth a song so sweet and joyous to greet the day, that the forester raised his cap in reverence.

"Aha, bonny bird! Hast borrowed an angel's song? And yet that lout sleeps!" So saying he prodded the churl with the oaken staff till he grunted like one of the pigs that strayed near.

"Sandy, thou varlet!" the sleeper muttered drowsily; "is 't 'ee again?" and he raised his great bulk half up, supporting it on his elbow, as he rubbed his eyes free of sleep.

"And who may Sandy be?" put in a blithe, laughing voice.

"Sandy is the canniest pig i' all the country-side," said the man, fully rising. "Ay, that pig, there 's naa lout i' a' the parish that 's wiser than he be!"

"Hoot, toot, man!" quoth Robin Hood—for the man in green with the laughing voice was he,—"how canst thou make such speech! Thou knowest *me* not!"

The man standing on his feet towered over Robin two or three inches, a very giant in girth and stature. His face betokened dullness and good nature.

"Na-a, by the good Saint Dunstan I know thee not," he said; "but I know my pigs. There 's the speckled pig, that 's the slyest beast o' the lot; and the

red pig,—that 's Sandy,—he has a coat like a borderman's poll, so I calls him by that name,—he 's uncommon wise; and there 's the black—"



"HE CAROLED LUSTILY AS HE TOOK HIS WAY BLITHELY ADOWN THE WOODLAND PATH."

"That 'll do, man! Pigs are pigs till they be killed, then they be bacon! But tell me how a man o' the brawn and bone o' thee

comes to be minding pigs? Why, man, any bairn could do as much!"

The man muttered, "They 're none o' mine.

"Now, I doubt me if in all that brawn there lurk one ounce of strength," muttered Robin.

"How art thou called, Master Pig-minder?"

"George o' Green."

"Why that?"

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the churl. "So wise, and don't know that withal! Why, I live on the green and mind the pigs!" And he wiped tears of laughter from his eyes on the sleeve of his fustian jerkin.

"I doubt me," said Robin, "if thou canst play with the quarter-staff."

"Ay, but I can!" said George, quickly.

"Show thy prowess then!" said Robin, with a quick thrust at him with his white-oak staff.

"Bide here and mind the pigs till I go to yon thicket and get me a staff."

Robin consented, and gazed after the brawny man as he walked with long, slow strides to the oak thicket on the hither side of the brook. There he carefully selected a tough green

sapling, almost two inches thick, and then wrenched it off near the ground with a twist of his powerful hands.

"This bodes me no good in the coming tilt," thought Robin. But though he never withdrew for any cause, rarely had he suffered defeat.

George turned him about, and, coming up to Robin, said:

"Canst lend me that knife o' thine? 'T is o'er too frayed for a good staff," he said, looking at the fringe of splinters where he had snapped off the stem.

He trimmed the staff carefully, then handed



"THE MONKS DRAGGED WEARILY OUT OF SIGHT."

They be Goody Hoskins's, an' she gi'es me a sixpence, and a bed at night, and a bowl o' porridge morn and eve, and an oatcake at noontide for mindin' 'em."

"So, thou 'rt a pig-minder when thou mightest be the greatest wrestler hereabout, or even carry a free lance!"

"Eh? Think'st thou so?" said the man stupidly. "But I could n't sleep between mindin' as I can now. When the pigs stray too far afield Sandy cooms and grunts to warn me. Then I take my withe and beat 'em back to our part of the glebe. And so I make shift to live."

back to Robin his knife. But chancing to look around, he saw the pigs scampering off to a distant corner of the common.

"Thou 'st not minded the pigs! Now Goody Hoskins will rate me well!" cried George with heat, yet timidly withal.

"But Sandy did n't give *me* warning!" pleaded Robin.

"Good old Sandy! Faithful shoat! He knows thee not. He 'll talk only to me!" and George's ill-nature left him at this proof of the faithfulness of his favorite.

He set off at full speed after the pigs, Robin at his heels. When they had got the swine back to their own feeding-ground they lay themselves down on the short thymy turf to rest. The chase had been a right merry one, and both were short of wind; for the pigs had scampered and dodged sprightly in a way that made the men more weary than a five-mile sprint.

George dozed off on the instant, and Robin panted loud. In ten minutes Robin prodded George with his staff, and said:

"Sluggard! Art ready?"

George yawned prodigiously, showing strong teeth, white as a young dog's, rimming his jaws. Then he rose and ran his fingers through his shock of red hair, stretched mightily, and said briefly:

"I be. Lay on!"

"Well, then," cried

Robin, "stand forth now and defend thyself! I 'll warrant thou wilt be no longer sleepy when I shall have done with thee!"

At once the sound of the clashing of staves filled the air. As both were so deft in handling the staff, all blows were skilfully parried. At the end of an hour Robin's arm began to weary, but George's brawny arm was unailing. In warding off a powerful blow Robin's arm swerved, and George's staff came down on his crown with a sharp rap, the first hit made by either. For near two hours longer the clashing of staves kept up, when Robin's foot slipped on the thyme, and down he rolled into the brook.

George greeted his fall with hoarse guffaws, bending double and clinging to his staff to keep from falling, so tickled was he at Robin's sorry plight. Robin climbed out of the brook splut-



"SO TICKLED WAS HE AT ROBIN'S SORRY FLIGHT."

tering and gasping, and gave himself a mighty shake, which sent the water flying in a shower all about him.

When George could speak for laughing he said:

"Rest thee here and let the sun dry 'ee a bit while I gather the pigs."

The beasts had again strayed, led by the treacherous Sandy, who like a bad boy took advantage of his master's unheeding.

George set off in a shambling run, and Robin threw himself down full length on the ground. Soon George came back with all his pigs; but Sandy was not in favor this time, and George took his oaken staff, and laid it lustily over the pig's back till he squealed loud and shrill.

"Take that for thy pay, base varlet that thou art!" said George, as seriously as if the red pig were a naughty boy. "Hast not eaten of my porridge, and shared my oaten cake? I'll not favor thee next time!"

For reply the Sandy grunted "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" as he rubbed his smarting back against a low shrub.

Glancing up at the sky, where hung the sun in the middle, George exclaimed:

"The morn hath passed right merrily. It is noontide. Wilt share my oaten cake?"

And he drew it from the pocket of his jerkin and broke it in two.

"Right gladly," said Robin, "for such a morning's bout whetteth one's appetite."

They sat them down on the bank, and each munched his cake in silence, and washed it down by a draught of water from the brook out of a cup made of a dock-leaf.

"Hast had enough?" queried George of Robin, whose nether garments were still steaming in the sun's heat.

"Not I," quoth Robin; "nor till one or t' other hath proven the better man. And I bethink me, George o' Green, thou'rt a better man than first I thought thee." This last Robin said to himself.

They set to again. This time both were in earnest, each eager to prove himself the victor, and the blows fell thick and fast on pates and shoulders. Many a hard rap George gave, and many a skilful blow Robin dealt; for the advantage George had in strength Robin made up in skill.

The pigs were again forgot, and had long since routed Farmer Arkell's swine from their

allotted corner of the glebe, and were enjoying the forbidden ground as only pigs or vagrants could.

The sun began to decline, and still the staves clashed, not so briskly and merrily, but warily and carefully. Each blow was studied. Five hours they had been at it since the nooning, and the graying light betokened but a few hours of day.

Robin heaved a mighty sigh, for he was well-nigh spent, and, raising his hand to his head to dash off drops of sweat that were trickling into his eyes, his staff fell with a feeble blow against George's, while the pig-minder's sapling came down on Robin's head with a crash that laid him low and well-nigh brained him. For a moment he lay stunned. George ran to the brook, and, gathering water into the bowl made of his two hands, dashed it into Robin's face.

Robin came to himself, and rose up on his elbow. Said George to his fallen foe:

"Hast had enough?"

"Look I not like a man that knows when he hath enough?" said Robin, testily. Then rising to his feet, he took George by the hand and said:

"Thou'rt the first to lay Robin Hood low."

George's chin fell, and his eyes stuck out; for until that moment he had not known the name of his friendly foe.

"I—I—knew thee not!" he stammered, "or by St. Dunstan—" and he choked so he could say no more.

"Nay, nay!" said Robin, good-naturedly. "Take it not so. Thou'rt too good a man to mind pigs. Come! Go with me to Sherwood, and I'll give thee occupation worthy of thy brawn and bone."

"But Goody Hoskins—and the pigs—and Sandy—" faltered George.

"I'll have speech with the good dame, or my gold will speak for me,"—thrusting his hand in his pocket. He drew it out empty, while a rueful look spread over his face. "Never mind, 't will soon fill again. Wilt go with me if I can win thee from the good dame?"

George trembled and whimpered. "The good dame, as thou call'st her, hath a bitter tongue. She'll rate thee up hill and down dale."

Robin laughed, then his lip curled with scorn.

"I've ne'er seen matron or maid but I could win a smile from by soft words. Enough. Courage! And let's set off to Goody Hoskins's cot."

They gathered the pigs and started, each man using his staff, that but now had played so merrily about the other's crown, to keep the drove together. Betimes they reached the hovel of Goody Hoskins. It was made of sticks and

Robin looked surprised at George,— who stood the picture of fear, twisting his fingers and shuffling his feet, but saying not a word,— and wondered if he could be the same man that had used his staff so lustily and valiantly against him. Now he seemed too much affrighted to speak.

Robin advanced and took off his cap. Bowing low, he said:



"STILL THE STAVES CLASHED."

stones plastered together with mud, and the roof was of thatch, with a hole in the middle for the smoke to go out. The dame was busy, bending over a little fire, stirring porridge with a long wooden ladle, for her supper. When the squeal of the pigs broke on her ear, she rose hastily, and a flush of anger spread over her face. She hobbled to the door, and cried out:

"Thou lazy varlet! Late again! Only half a porringer shall be thy portion to-night!"

"Good mother, the blame rests with me. This man hath done me service that hath taken his time; but had I known, it should have been devoted to thee, believe me, naught would have made me accept it. It hath ever been my delight to yield to such as thee!"

The old dame's looks softened, and she made answer:

"If he hath done aught for thee thou'rt right welcome; but 't is little he does but eat and

sleep and snore like one of his own pigs!" and she shook her crooked finger in George's face till his knees knocked together with fright.

"Is not the fellow faithful in his minding?"

"No, no; a younker of ten could do better!"

"Why not get rid of so worthless a churl, then?" said Robin, bending a look of contempt on George.

Stupid George looked surprised, and was about to protest when Robin gave him a glance that warned him to be silent and let Robin do the talking.

"Farmer Arkell's son Peter asked but to-day to mind my pigs along o' his, and he wants no bed nor porridge, only the sixpence."

"Then why not take him?"

"Why, I ha' na the sixpence that he must ha', he saith, every sennight."

"Those thou gavest George will do, I be-think me," said Robin.

"Oh," broke in the guileless George, "I ha' to gi'e 'em to Goody Hoskins to pay as fines to

Farmer Arkell for letting my pigs stray into his part of the glebe. It's a ha'penny every time."

Robin bent a shrewd look on the old dame, and said:

"Ah, I see! If I send thee five shillings will that do, good mother, to pay the lad? I have it not about me now. But I'll send it thee!"

"Nor ever will!" snapped the old woman, suspicious at once.

"Good dame, didst ever hear of Robin Hood wronging any woman?"

"I never did. But thou 'rt not he. He goeth forth with threescore followers and his purse is always well lined!" said the old dame scornfully.

"Thou believest me not! I'll soon prove thee the truth!" and he drew from under his cloak a silver horn on which he blew three short blasts. After a little there was a crackling in the bushes at the right, and a splash in the brook, and a sound of rustling leaves, and



"THOU LAZY VARLET! LATE AGAIN!"



lo!—about him there stood a score of men dressed in Lincoln green, all that were within sound of his magic horn. They now thronged closely to his side.

“What 's your will, good master?” asked one, a youth who, under his mantle of green, was clad in scarlet from top to toe.

“Only that thou tell yon dame who I am.”

“Thou 'rt Robin Hood!” “A free archer of Sherwood forest.” “And captain of a lusty band of rangers,” came in chorus from the score of throats.

The old dame curtsied low, and said, nothing abashed:

“I e'en believe thou art he! Wilt share my porridge? Yon lout can have none. His share shall fall to thee.”

Robin laughed and thanked her, but declined her courtesy.

“Hath any man of you five shillings?”

Twenty hands dived into twenty pockets, and all came out empty.

Each man stared at the other with blank looks.

“It 's not so great a matter. ‘Easy come, easy go!’ To-morrow, good dame, I 'll pay thee thy shillings, and Jock o' Nimble Heels shall fetch them,” said Robin, laying his hand on the shoulder of a stripling that stood near.

“Meantime take this as earnest of my faith,” and he drew from his thumb a golden ring and pressed it in her palm.

“Now this lout may go with me?” pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at George, who had shrunk back at the rating tongue of the dame.

“Yes, yes; but forget not my silver,” she said persistently.

George bent to Robin's ear and said, in a faltering whisper:

“But I canna go wi' thee. I canna leave Sandy.”

“Sandy! Who might Sandy be?” asked Robin in surprise. “Ah!”—recollecting—“yon red shoat!” and he placed his hands on his hips and laughed long and loud. “Thou shalt take thy pet along,” he said softly. “Leave it to me!”

“But he 's not mine i' the law.”

“Pooh, pooh, I 'll make him thine!”

Turning to Dame Hoskins, he said:

“Good dame, canst spare a pig for six good bottles of sack? It seems to me 't would taste right well, roasted whole.”

A look of fear crossed George's face, and he was about to object when Robin trod on his toe and made him cry out, thus turning his attention, and interrupting his speech. The dame seemed bent on haggling, but soon consented to the bargain, and asked:

“Which wilt 'ee have?”

“Oh, anyone! The easiest-caught!” said Robin, with a knowing wink at George, who at once chased off after the whole drove, and soon came back with Sandy squealing and squirming under his arm.

Robin's men all grinned at their master's cunning, and he himself hid the smile on his lips by stroking his mustache.

“To the forest, men! For the sun declines. The wood-dove even now sobs for his homing-mate, and the nightingale will soon sing from yonder cove.”

They all set off smartly toward the forest, Robin and George, with Sandy under his arm, bringing up the rear. The men sang cherrily, accompanied by the squeals and grunts of Sandy:

“Oh, give me my staff of whitest thorn;

Oh, give me my bow of yew;

Oh, give me the dun deer's dappled side;

And my arrow stanch and true.

Tirralee, tirralla, tirrallee!

There be none so happy, none so free,

As the men that live under the Greenwood tree.”

When at last they reached the forest, the moon, cut clean in the middle like half a warden pie, lit up but faintly the forest paths; but they made their way through them as readily as if the noontide sun himself filtered through the laced boughs of beech and oak over their heads, making a tunnel of greenery. The nightingale sang softly from its bower in a wild-rose, and from the top of an oak, near to the road, an owl suddenly called out its never-answered question, “Who, who?”

“Why, Robin Hood and his merry men,” gaily answered Jock o' Nimble Heels.

“Hey, youngster, bandy not words with yon bird of night, for he can blight thee with his

spell. 'T is best to be friends with his ilk," said grim John o' Groats.

For a few moments there was silence. Twigs crackled underfoot, and forest sounds that had been all unnoticed made themselves heard, the falling of leaves and the stir of sleeping birds, the crickets' homely song, and the distant creak of frogs. A gleam of red flashed on their sight, and silence fled.

"'T is good Friar Tuck and Little John roasting the deer," said Will Scarlett.

And each man gave a joyous shout. A few moments brought them to the trysting tree, and into the full glare of the huge fire where the two men were busily roasting a deer for their suppers.

"Is the buck roasted to a turn?" queried Robin. "Hunger, they say, is a good sauce; and, by my troth, we bring our share to the feast this eve."

"Ay, ay; a minute's patience, and 't is done," said Friar Tuck as he blew a breath coolingly upon the back of his hand, which had been for a moment too near the fire.

"But whom have we here?" he asked in surprise, as George's huge bulk was revealed in the leaping flame.

"'T is George o' Green, erstwhile a valiant pig-minder to as cross-grained an old dame as e'er stirred porridge." And Robin roared again as he thought of George's fear of Goody Hoskins, and the men joined in, as George gravely set down the grunting pig.

All eyes were bent on him, and he bore their looks but ill, shuffling his feet, and twisting his fingers, and keeping his bashful eyes turned toward the ground.

"Thou hast snared a brave bawcock, good Robin," sneered Little John.

Robin made answer, "He who hath a mind to beat a dog will easily find a stick. Wait till he hath supped and try him in a bout at wrestling, good Little John!"

"That I will; and now, if thou sayest so!"

"No; after," said Robin decisively. "We are both nigh famished—have only fed upon one oat-cake since morn."

At that moment Friar Tuck announced the buck was done to a turn, and all fell to. After they had eaten excellently, and had rested at

full length on the sward for a space, Robin said:

"Now, good Little John, since thou art so eager, just try yon younker in a wrestling bout."

"'T were a pity to bruise so much brawn!" laughed Little John.

The two men took position, and at the fall of an oaken twig set to. The fire leaped high, and the half moon added her misty light to the strange scene. The men writhed and twisted, this way and that, till their breath came in gasps like those of hunted stags. Then all of a sudden Little John came sprawling at full length on the ground at Robin's feet, flung clean over George's shoulder.

"'T were ne'er done before!" panted Little John, ruefully.

"We must all have our fall, 't would seem," quoth Robin, with a wise smile.

After George had rested a little Jock o' Nimble Heels said to him: "Well, good George o' Green, canst leap yon hazel clump i' the widest part?"

This was Jock's great feat, and at it he had ne'er been worsted. George only grinned, and nodded "yes."

Thereupon young Jock threw off his jerkin of leather, and running swiftly for four or five yards, cleared at a bound the thicket he had chosen; but as he descended his feet scraped the other side. A cheer greeted him, while the men nodded to each other as if to say, "He will ne'er beat that!"

George rose, shook back his red hair, bent toward the ground, swung his long arms to and fro, and in one tremendous bound his great bulk rose with the lightness of a bird, cleared the bush, and landed full four feet beyond. There was no cheer to greet him—only deep silence, for they were too surprised to speak.

Robin called him to his side and asked:

"Canst use the short cudgel?"

"A little, good master," answered George, modestly.

"Here, Friar Tuck, art thou willing to show this clown how handy thou art i' the matter of short cudgels?"

Friar Tuck threw back his cowl, slipped off his sandals, and, baring his brawny arm to the shoulder, cried "Come on!" as he bran-

dished his cudgel—a club of white thorn about three feet long and thick as a man's arm.

"Hast no cudgel, George?" asked Robin. "Well, go to yonder tree,"—pointing to a little thorn growing near,— "and pluck one."

The men all grinned, for they thought it but a pleasant jest of Robin's. To their amaze, the man walked to the tree, chose a branch, and broke it from the trunk as if 't were an osier twig. Friar Tuck threw down his cudgel.

"I can fight fist to fist with man, but not with the evil one," quoth he.

"'T is thy true work!" shouted the men together. They crowded round George, and grasped his hand heartily in congratulation.

"Think you he 's worthy to belong to the merry men o' Sherwood?" asked Robin.

"Ay, ay," came a chorus of answers.

"And, my men, there be something more. He hath this day beaten me and my good oak staff in a bout lasting from morn till nigh set of sun; but was himself worsted by the clattering, unruly little tongue in a woman's head."

A shout of laughter greeted this, and jests flew from mouth to mouth.

"Henceforth," said Robin, "let it be said, when one excels in anything, 'Thou 'rt as good as George o' Green'; for he hath beaten each of us in what he does most excel."

And so it is to this day the proverb stands.



TURTLE-BACK FERRY. THE LAST BOAT.



# A Vegetable Ogre.

BY EUSTACE B. ROGERS.

WE who live in the temperate zone are accustomed to Nature on her best behavior. We see her orderly ways in the woods, where pines and oaks, poplars and maples, alders and willows, and other forest trees have roots that grow down into the ground and limbs that grow properly up and out into the air.

But elsewhere Nature has other moods and methods. In a tropical forest there is none of this air of dignity and good principle. The odd pranks, the wild absurdities, the vegetable freaks, which she is there guilty of, make a difference that is astonishing.

Trees apparently grow upside down, and assume all sorts of eccentric shapes. Great dragging vines sprawl over everything, twisting and distorting the poor tired trees until they are crippled for life with what looks like rheumatism. The heavy rains and the hot sun make the plants grow rapidly, and there are fierce fights to see which shall win a little space in all that tangle. Such pushing, such climbing!

Then there is the orchid, clinging fringe-like everywhere — frail and lovely, swinging back and forth in the soft air; but it has no conscience. It will not do a stroke of honest work, and is determined to live on some one else, in which it certainly succeeds.

And there too is the wild pineapple (called in the West Indies the "pine"), which takes root in the rich mold lying on the upper sides of the largest branches of the mightiest and oldest of the trees. Where its diverging leaves start a cup is formed, which catches the rain and stores it up for the dry season. In this water little tree-frogs and small crabs live; and it is

told that years ago one of the expeditions sent against the fierce marooners in the mountains of Jamaica would have perished from thirst had it not been for the little "pines" and their tiny reservoirs.

But of all the vegetable inhabitants of the tropical woods the strangest is that one whose seed, it is said, will die if it falls upon the ground, and which only grows when it finds a resting-place on the rock or a fence, or on another tree, where there is not a particle of earth or moisture; and in all the West India forest this tree is the greatest criminal. It has a long and beautiful Latin name, which, it might be supposed, would have some subduing influence upon it, but it does not seem to. This plant is the wild fig.

Let us imagine that some hungry bird, taking in its beak one of these figs, flies to a neighboring tree, and, alighting on a lofty branch, eats the fruit. One seed is left. The sun is warm and the air moist, and after a while the tiny germ begins to sprout, and the minute leaves, breaking their thin shell, shoot upward — a tender little innocent, putting up its slender arms in a "please-help-me" sort of way; while its spider-like legs are reaching out to get a firm hold on its aerial home. The little plant seems so harmless, and the hospitable forest giant can not know to what a robber and monster it has given a resting-place. After a while the fig sends up a stem, and its root, peeping over the edge of the lofty branch, finds the ground eighty or one hundred feet below. But nature has endowed this sprig with daring, and, nothing daunted, the slender thread leaps into the air, and, feeding upon the moisture with

which the hot atmosphere is laden, it drops slowly and boldly to the ground and there takes root. As the plant grows, it lets fall other long feeders, one by one, which descend to the earth. Some of the tentacles have by this time found that the tree itself affords an easy descent, and one day a root starts along the branch, and, reaching the trunk, trips lightly down its spiral stairs, and thus reaches the soil. Others, finding this way so easy, follow, and so the roots increase in number and size, nourish-

far from Northeast Point, on the coast of the beautiful island of Jamaica. The trunk of the larger is about thirty-six feet in circumference. It is composed of a mass of great columns, twisted and strained together like tangled and knotted cables of enormous size. Some of them, twelve and fourteen inches through, are separated from the main trunk. Apparently a rock formed the foundation for this great tree. The other has displaced what was once a tree about a foot in diameter, which can still be seen in



THE WILD FIG-TREE.

ing their master above. It has now grown in strength and vigor, and, wrapping themselves around the trunk of the tree that supports them, the roots strain and press upon it cruelly. It is a struggle for life, but their forest host is doomed. Slowly and surely they envelop it. The embrace of the fig is death. At last the great tree dies, and little by little, rotting branch by branch, it falls to pieces, and its place is taken by the ogre that has strangled it.

The fig-trees shown in the illustration are not

the midst of the twisted strands of the fig which make up a trunk three feet in thickness. Its roots sprawl over the ground like so many big snakes.

The wild fig belongs to the same family as the banyan. It is found in the East and West Indies and in Australia, and has the same destructive habits everywhere. Sometimes it grows to an immense size. The wood is soft, and the natives make bowls, trays, and spoons of it. The fruit is about as large as an apricot.



## THE FIRE ON THE WATER.

*(Based upon an actual incident.)*

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BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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I WAS riding on the big red-and-black engine of the "Flying Bluenose," the crack train of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. We were roaring down from Halifax through the heart of the "Evangeline country," making swift time and few stops. In the long, straight runs between stations the burly engineer, Bill Steeves, found time to talk to me, though his eye never ceased to scan the lines of shining metal stretching ahead.

I began to question Steeves about railway accidents, all unmindful of the fact that it is

contrary to railroad etiquette to talk of accidents when on the train. The engineer evaded my queries for a time, calling my attention now to a fine bit of landscape, and now to the speed we were making on the down grade, till at last I realized my error.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I cried, half laughingly, but with sincere apology. "I forgot the time-honored superstition of the road."

"No," said Steeves, quickly, "I'm not a mite superstitious. The truth is, I've been mighty

fortunate so far, ever since I took charge of an engine. I only pray that Providence will be as kind in the future as in the past."

"Do you really mean to say," I asked, in some surprise, "that you have never been in a serious railroad accident in all the years since you first became an engineer?"

"Since I took charge of an engine," was the answer, "there's never been any one killed on a train of mine. Two or three little break-downs I've had, but only just enough to shake us up a bit—nothing more. But since you're asking, I'll tell you about a smash-up I was in when I was fireman on a freight engine on a railroad in Michigan—"

"What railroad was it?" I asked, interrupting him.

Steeves looked grave. "It is n't exactly fair to mention names; in fact, it is n't friendly or lucky, when you're telling of an accident on a railroad. As I was saying, I'm not a mite superstitious, but we're bound to respect other people's superstitions, say I."

"Again, I beg pardon!" I exclaimed. "Never mind what road, as long as you tell me the yarn."

"Well, it's not much of a yarn, either," persisted Steeves. "There was nobody killed. But it was a pretty complete smash-up, and mighty exciting while it lasted; so I'll tell you about it as nigh as I can remember. The strangest thing about it was that it threatened the ruin of a whole town of six or seven thousand inhabitants."

"Ah! What town?" I inquired, my curiosity again getting the better of me.

Steeves smiled mysteriously.

"If I told you what town, you'd know what road I referred to," said he. "We'll call the town Jonesville, because that is n't its name, and its real name begins with some other letter."

"My engine was hauling an oil-train. The time of year was October. We had had a long spell of dry weather, and fires were beginning to break out in the woods all over the country. That afternoon the air was hazy with smoke, and the sun went down like a ball of hot copper in the thick sky.

"About three miles above Jonesville the line

crosses a shallow little river which, running through the heart of the town, supplies water-power for two big mills. The mills were at the lower end of the town, where the water falls some thirty feet into a deep ravine. At the place where the railway crossed the river, the banks were steep, and the bridge was a piece of wooden trestle-work.

"As we thundered down the grade leading to the bridge,—which was hidden from view by a curve,—we noticed that the fires were getting close to the track on both sides.

"It'll be bad if the fire gets into the bridge," said Bob Macdonald, the driver, to me, as I heaved a shovel of coal into the fire-hole. It was dusk by this time. I looked out ahead before I answered. Then I said:

"There does n't seem to be much fire in that direction. I reckon the bridge won't get scorched this time."

"Three minutes later we were round the curve, and in full view of the bridge. To our horror, there were the vicious little blue-and-orange tongues of the fire licking away hungrily at the tall trestles.

"Down brakes!" screamed the whistle wildly. But there was no stopping that rushing mass of loaded tank-cars. With what seemed to us undiminished speed we slid down the burning bridge.

"Jump for it!" yelled Macdonald. We sprang, almost together; and the brakemen behind followed our example. The speed was, of course, slackened by this time.

"End over end I went down the embankment, and fetched up in a mossy pool not ten yards from the gulch. I staggered to my feet. The engine was just crashing through the bridge. Down piled the oil-cars on top of it, like so many sheep playing follow-my-leader over a fence. I remember noting how they kicked up behind, just as sheep do, as they went over the edge. The next minute the flames were roaring up like mad. The oil had caught.

"None of the fellows was much hurt but Bob Macdonald; and he, though his arm was broken, was able to crawl up on to the track, where we huddled to watch the dreadful sight. Then a strange and terrifying thing took place.

The flames ran out swiftly from the burning ruins over the top of the water, just as if the river itself was on fire. The oil was being carried down by the current.

"Great Heavens!" wailed Macdonald, "the whole of Jonesville will go, sure. In thirty minutes that will be a river of fire rushing through the town!"

"At these words a pang tightened around my heart. You 'll smile when I tell you why. On the day before, when my train was running up the other way through Jonesville I had chanced to catch a glimpse of a little lad, with fluffy yellow curls, on the balcony of a house right by the edge of the water. The little lad had smiled and waved his hand at me, and looked after me some way, as if he was lonely, and wanted to come. I carried his look with me all day. About that time I had a little lad of my own, with curls something like this one's, away East. My boy was a good deal bigger than this one; but maybe a streak of homesickness made me sort of sentimental, you know.

"Well, at those words of Macdonald's it was n't the town I thought of, but the little lad at the window.

"I 'll warn the town!" I shouted. Then I scrambled down the bank, on the side above the fire, got across the river by alternately swimming and wading, and started on the run down the track toward Jonesville.

"In those days I was a smart long-distance runner, and five miles was my pet distance. But it was one thing running on a well-made racing-ground, and quite another on the irregularly placed sleepers of a railroad!"

"I should think so!" I interjected feelingly. I had tried it more than once.

"But I tell you," continued Steeves, "I made good time. The river was swift, and those sliding flames had a big start; but in five minutes I was abreast of them. Soon I was well ahead; and then I lost them behind a turn of the banks.

"Before I reached the town my eyes felt full of blood, my heart seemed as if it would burst, but my legs could have gone on forever. The streets were lighting up. I began shouting, as I ran, 'Fire! Fire!' as vigorously as my dry throat and heaving lungs would permit. There

was no sign of fire to be seen, but the wondering people caught up the cry, and by the time I reached the engine-house everything was ready for a start, and the firemen were looking anxiously about them to see where they were wanted. I told my story; and before it was through the engine was tearing toward the waterside as fast as the horses could gallop.

"For half a mile above the town the river ran a straight course. When we reached the waterside there was nothing to be seen. Presently a murmur of incredulity arose among the crowd; but it changed suddenly into cries of horror as a red line of flames appeared around the bend and rolled noiselessly toward the imperiled town.

"Houses, many of them built out on wooden piles, were crowded thickly along the very edge of the water, and interspersed with great heaps of sawed lumber—deals, clapboards, shingles, laths. The town had a good water-service, and all the hose that could be got was fastened to the hydrants. Engine and hydrants were presently playing great streams along the water-fronts of exposed buildings; while the lumber was rapidly tumbled into the current, in the hope that most of it would escape over the falls.

"For my own part, I had run at once to the house where the yellow-haired child had greeted me. There the little lad was. He was in an upper window, clapping his hands at the approaching terror. Then he was snatched away; and a minute later a lady, I suppose his mother, appeared in the street, and carried him away to some less perilous neighborhood. I was relieved at once of my curious anxiety, and turned again to watch the stream.

"The blazing oil formed a sort of phalanx from shore to shore, and spread for some forty or fifty yards up stream. As it passed the waterside buildings, all the streams from engine and hydrant were turned upon the threatened points. The invading flames were thus foiled. They failed to gain a foothold in any part of the town. But at last they reached the two big mills below town, one on each side of the river.

"And now they found their opportunity. The various sluices and waterways led them into the heart of the great wooden structures; and in a very few minutes, in spite of the utmost efforts of the firemen, both were in a blaze.



"The crowd drew back, and we all stood in silence watching the splendid and awful scene. Just then a man in light-gray clothes pushed wildly through the throng, rushed across the plank way leading to the first mill, and disappeared in the building. The plank way itself was already on fire. It seemed to me, and to everyone, that the man had gone to certain death. A murmur of horror arose.

"'Who is it?' I asked. And some one near me answered, 'It 's Sam Byers, bookkeeper of the Company. The mill has just made big shipments; and if the papers are burned, it 'll be as bad as the loss of the mill itself.'

"Two, three, four, five minutes passed, and Byers did not reappear. I couldn 't stand it.

"'Won't any one go in after him?' I cried.

"No one answered.

"'Whereabouts is the office?' I asked.

"'Yonder, in the right-hand corner!' some one said; 'but nobody can get there now.'

"I had my own idea about that, however. I knew a good deal about saw-mills, and had now detected a way by which I calculated I could get in—and get out again safely, too. I ran down the bank, below the edge of the fall, and swung myself in among the timbers of the under-work, which dripped with a ceaseless shower of spray. In less than no time I was up into the mill, in the midst of the terror of smoke and flame. I was already deafened by the roar of the water; but, even above that, the roar of the fire made itself heard.

"I pointed straight for the office; but before I had gone ten feet I stumbled over something soft in the smoke. It was Byers. I dragged him back to where I had started from, and then down into the spray, where the air was clear. He was still clutching a big book under his arm; and, seeing that he 'd risked so much to save that book, I took his neckerchief and tied the book to him for safety. Then I looked about to see how I was going to climb out with that senseless weight.

"It was n't half a minute, however, before

Byers came to himself. He had been suddenly overcome by the smoke. He had fine nerve, and was able to work along with a little help from me. And, there, on the wet rocks, were half a dozen men, who had seen my risky venture and climbed down to try to help me out. We got Byers, book and all, over to the shore without much difficulty. Some of his friends led him home. I myself, with two or three others, seeing that the wet bushes screened us from the heat, stayed there a bit longer to watch. Truly, it was the greatest sight I ever saw,—the flames and the cataract, all mixed up together, as it were. But the blazing oil did n't get below the falls. It got so tumbled about in the foam and spray that it was smothered before it reached the bottom. By and by the mill buildings fell in, the greater part of them went down into the roaring chasm, and a few glowing timbers were all that was left to light up the darkness."

As Steeves stopped his narrative the outskirts of Windsor rose about us, and our speed began to slacken.

"But what did the good citizens of Jonesville have to say to you for saving their town?" I asked.

Steeves was busy with his engine, and for a moment did not answer. Then he said:

"Oh, they did the handsome thing. In fact, as I found afterward, I was burned some, and I had to 'lay up' for a few days at Jonesville. The town council gave me a fine address of thanks, with a good fat purse to emphasize it. And the mill company gave me this gold watch for saving their bookkeeper—or their papers—I don't know exactly which."

I made no further remark, thinking that Steeves was for the present too much engrossed to heed me. But as the train rolled slowly into the station he said:

"And who do you suppose that bookkeeper I saved was?"

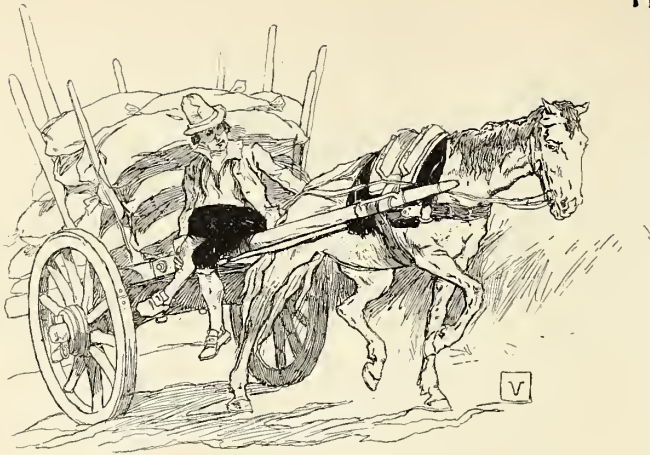
"Who?" I inquired.

"Why, the father of the little lad with fluffy yellow curls! Queer—was n't it?"

THE  
HORSES  
OF THE  
CASTLE.

By

Tudor Jenks.

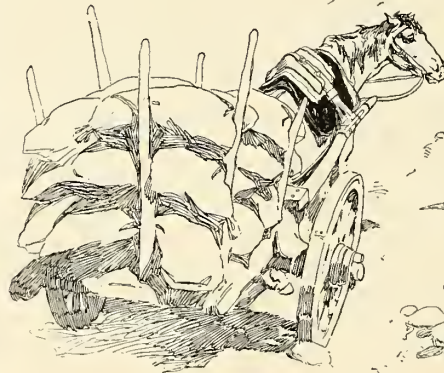


ON the top of a steep and high hill there stood a great castle, the home and fortress of a brave knight. The road that led up the hill went zigzag because it was so steep, and, even then, from the bottom to the top was no easy journey.

Yet every few days the long, hard climb was made by the patient pack-horse who brought certain supplies from the village below.

One night, just as this hard-working creature was coming toward the castle after his usual trip, he met in the road the knight's favorite charger — a mettlesome, high-bred steed, the sight of whom always made the pack-horse unhappy with his lot.

The man who was driving the cart cried, "Whoa!" and, jumping from his perch, walked about for a few minutes, talking with the stableman who was exercising the charger. And the two horses, being left near together, likewise



V

"A LITTLE TALK."



entered into a little talk.

"Beautiful weather," observed the charger. "It's a pleasure to be alive on such a day."

"Humph!" grunted the pack-horse, rather ungraciously; but he

was tired. "I could enjoy any sort of day if I had nothing more to do than such lazy gentlemen as you!"

"Your work must indeed be tiring," was the charger's kindly reply. "The rough road from the village is no joke to tired hoofs."

"None, indeed," the old pack-horse agreed. "It seems hard that I should have to travel it so often. Why should not some of you others take a turn now and again?"

"Each has his duties. If it were necessary, I would gladly do my share," the charger said, for the hint of the pack-horse was not to be mistaken; "but, to tell you the truth, my friend, I am not sorry that I wear the trappings while you haul the cart. Very likely, though, when the bugles sound the onset, the cart won't seem quite so heavy!"

The carter came back, climbed up, and drove on; and there were no further words between the horses.

"He talks glibly enough," said the pack-horse, as he tugged again at the traces, "but it is easy to see that he knows that his talk is all bosh. Anybody can go to war, tricked out in a shining uniform, with trumpets blowing, banners waving, and all one's gallant friends galloping alongside; besides, a war does n't come every day, and most of the time these lazy aristocrats simply eat their heads off in their fine stables, or have their grooms to walk them up and down for fear they won't get exercise enough. Useless creatures! If it was n't for them, there would n't be any need for these heavy bags of corn I have to drag. As for me,

I fail to see the use of these high-strung, pampered, lazy, supercilious ——"

But just then he came to the stable-door, and stopped.

Not long afterwards the country was invaded by its enemies, and for a time they carried all



V

"ONE EVENING THERE ARRIVED A MESSENGER AT THE CASTLE."

before them. Their attack being unexpected, they met little resistance. Towns were taken; castles were stormed, pillaged, and burned; and meanwhile the forces of the invaded land were scattered here and there in fancied security, since in those old days news had to come afoot or on horseback.

So one evening there arrived a messenger at the castle, warning the knight that a force of the enemy was approaching, with the intention of destroying his stronghold. The messenger had been pursued, and indeed had narrowly escaped with his life—a bullet having pierced his leather jerkin, and wounded him slightly in the shoulder.

"How long before they will be here? How much time have we left?" asked the knight.

"About four hours," was the answer.

"It is scant warning," said the knight, anxiously. "There is a mere chance that I can reach the city in time to bring back the garrison. If it can be done, I have the steed that can be trusted to cover the distance; but there is not an instant to lose."

Directing his squires to look to the needs of the wounded messenger, the knight ordered his charger to be saddled and bridled.

No sooner was the charger ready than the knight sprang to his back, struck spurs into his sides, and was off down the hill at breakneck speed.

As horse and rider shot down the hill, they passed the old pack-horse, who was dragging the cart upward to the castle. There was time only for a word in passing.

"Where away?" said the pack-horse.

"For help!" was the charger's reply as he bounded past.

When the pack-horse reached the castle, he found everything in confusion. Provisions were being carried to the great keep—the strong tower on which the defenders meant to put their last reliance. Timbers and earth were formed into barricades; bridges were cut away, leaving only the drawbridge by which to cross the moat; sheaves of arrows were piled here and there behind the battlements, and great machines for throwing bolts or stones were fitted together.

When the pack-horse was able to exchange a few words with one of his stable mates, he soon learned the state of affairs; and then his heart began to beat loudly.

"Four hours!" he exclaimed,— "only four hours, in which to go to the city and bring back the garrison? Why, then we're lost! I could n't do it in eight."

"But the knight's charger may," answered the other.

"What—that lazy, delicate creature?" said the pack-horse, disdainfully. "He?—he will drop in his tracks before he's gone a half-hour!"

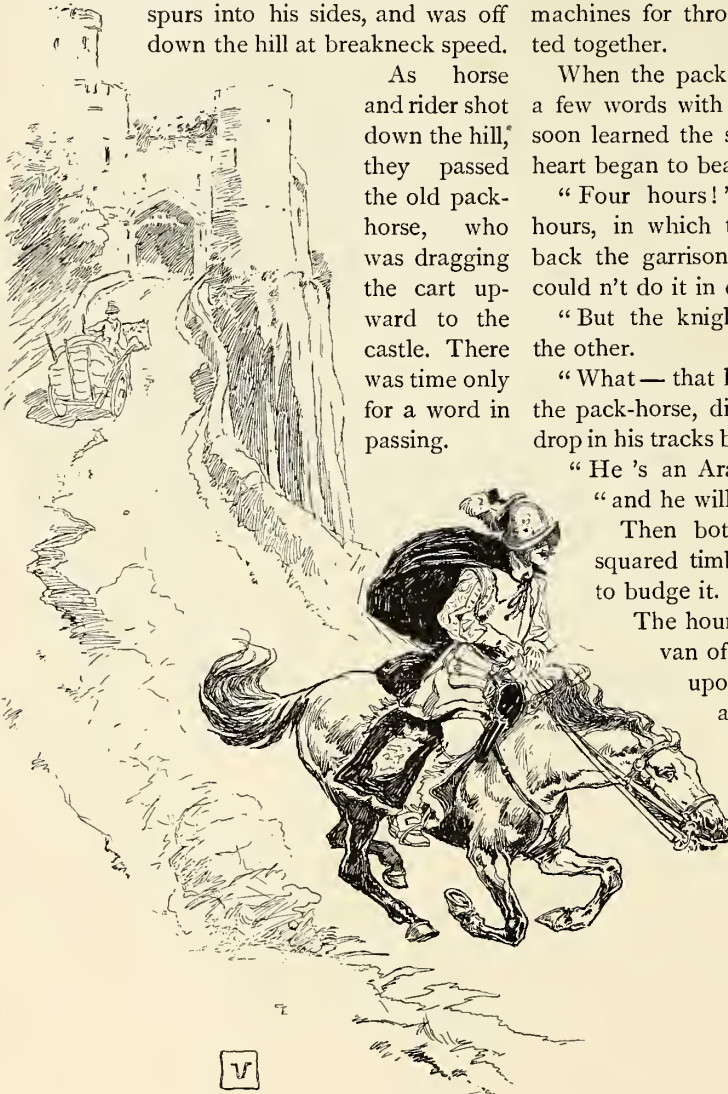
"He's an Arabian," said the stable-mate, "and he will go till he dies."

Then both were hitched to a long, squared timber, and needed every breath to budge it.

The hours wore away, and just as the van of the enemy's forces were seen upon the brow of a distant hill, a trumpet call was heard, and down in the valley the watchers upon the castle-tower made out a rider coming at a good rate of speed.

Up, up the steep road he came, his horse scarcely slacking his speed even on that slope; and behold, it was the knight upon his charger, and behind him came the serried ranks of the garrison!

So the charger saved the castle and all its inmates.



V



"IT WAS THE KNIGHT UPON HIS CHARGER, AND BEHIND HIM CAME THE SERRIED RANKS OF THE GARRISON."

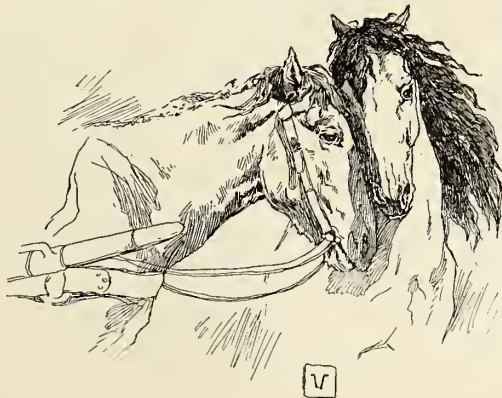
And when next the pack-horse met the Arabian, he humbly begged permission to rub noses — which was cordially granted.

"I see," said the pack-horse to the charger, "that the work of the world is of more than one sort. I am ready and willing to drag up sacks of corn for you the rest of your life."

"Nonsense!" the Arabian replied, laughing; "you would have done the same as I, if you had been trained for it. 'Each for all, and all for each,' is my motto."

"It shall be mine, also, from this day forth," said the pack-horse.

And they remained good friends.



# The Three Wise Owls.



—JOHN BENNETT—96—

There were  
three owls  
in Kankakee,

And they were wondrous wise:

They perched upon a hollow  
tree, and goggled  
with  
their eyes.



And when  
a cruel huntsman  
came, those three  
wise owls to slay  
They goggled  
proachfully  
and ran away.

so re-  
He turned

# HISTORICAL MILITARY POWDER-HORNS.

BY J. L. STICHT, U. S. N.

POWDER-HORNS have become quite rare, and are curious objects for the study of the collector and the historian.

Like coins and medals, from which the collector may find out many interesting facts about the past, powder-horns which have been decorated with pictures and inscriptions give much information concerning the geography and history of famous places and events.

The use of horns of animals for carrying gunpowder was introduced into America from England and France, but the exact date when they were first used in Europe is not known. Certainly it was not less than three hundred and fifty years ago, as can be seen from the dates on specimens in European museums.

Before improved guns and cartridges were used, the curved horn was the best device for carrying gunpowder in war time for the use of the muzzle-loaders and flint-locks, and the horns were used even with some of the later guns—those that were fired by percussion-caps.

A desirable horn could be had easily and cheaply. It was quickly prepared for holding the gunpowder, and, moreover, it was light, and yet strong enough to withstand the rough usage to which horns were often subjected, as in skirmish-fighting or making long marches through the wilderness. The horns neither rust nor decay, even if buried in the earth for a century; and, if the plugs are properly fitted, the powder will keep dry although carried for days in the rain. They can be floated, or dipped in the water, without harm to the powder within, this being a matter of the greatest importance during the Colonial and Revolutionary wars, when bridges were hardly thought of, and armies had to wade through swamps and streams of water, often up to the necks of the soldiers.

In order to prepare the horn for the soldier's

use, the ends were stopped by wooden plugs and were securely fastened to a strap which was worn under the left arm and over the right shoulder, the curved horn fitting the left side of the waist of the wearer; and a more graceful equipment could not be desired.

During the Colonial times and during the Revolution, when a soldier volunteered or was ordered out for active service, he was generally required to come provided with four articles, namely: gun, powder-horn, blankets, and knapsack. The Government furnished the rest of the accoutrements and the outfit of clothing.

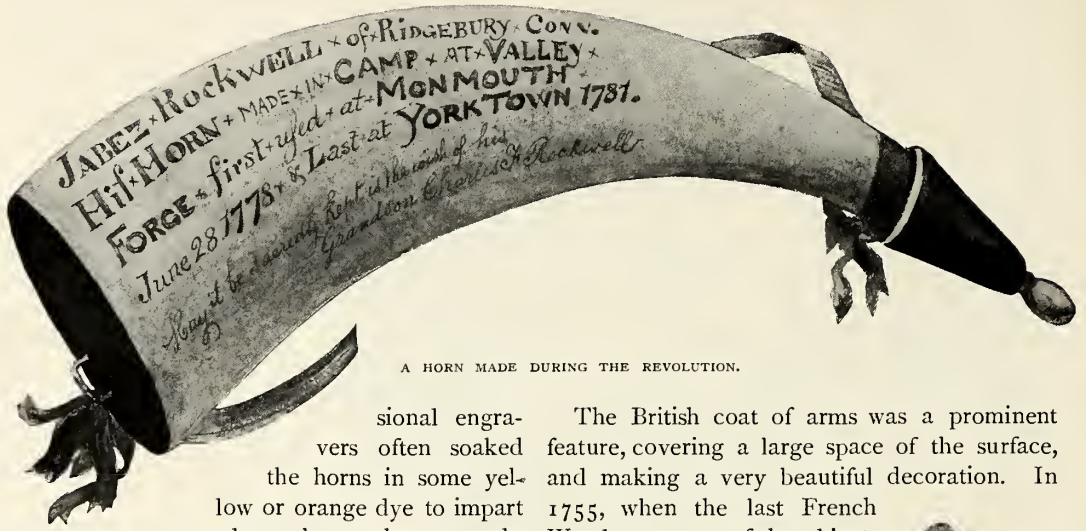
A military order required every powder-horn to be marked with the owner's name, so that it could be quickly returned to him after being filled at the powder-wagon.

In order to make a good powder-horn, a new and suitably-curved horn was chosen; the inside pith was removed by soaking or boiling the horn in water containing a little potash; then, after being scraped and cleaned, the horn was fitted with a wooden bottom, the point was shortened by sawing off the end, the smaller end was bored to secure an opening, and after the outside was cleaned and polished, it was engraved.

As a rule, each soldier decorated his own powder-horn; but if one was not skilled in the art he employed a comrade to do it for him, perhaps in return for the favor taking his friend's tour of duty standing guard, or doing some other service for him. Professional engravers also did some very fine work.

Only the rudest engraving could be done by means of a pocket-knife, as the blunt blade was apt to slip and break the lines. Some horns were marked quite successfully by picking the surface with the point of a needle. But the best work was done with the engraver's tool.

If a horn was dry or old its glassy surface had to be first softened by hot water; and profes-



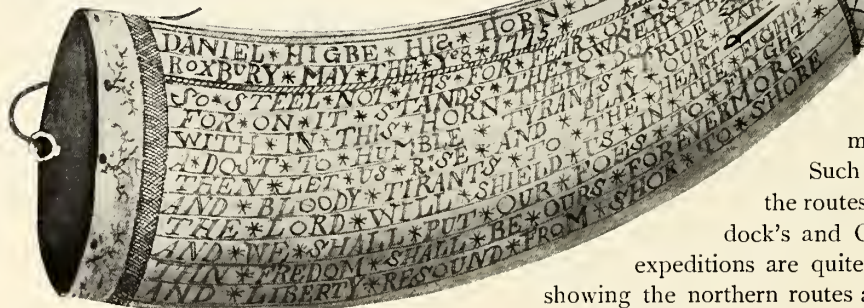
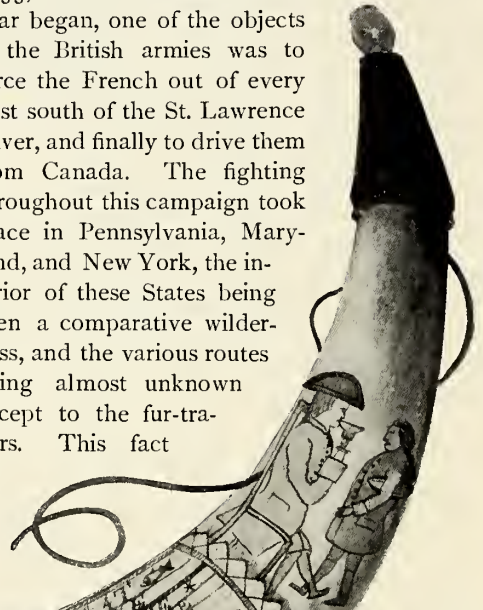
A HORN MADE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

sional engravers often soaked the horns in some yellow or orange dye to impart an amber color to them; a rubbing of brown paint followed, to fill the markings made by the engraver, and the process was finished by a polish with emery-cloth and oil.

If an officer had gained the admiration of his command by bravery or success, they expressed their regard or esteem by presenting a finely-decorated powder-horn to him. After the Battle of Bennington, General Stark was thus honored by his soldiers for his brilliant leadership. General Washington also received a horn for his services in the French and Indian War.

The horns made and decorated during the period of early French Colonial wars, from 1739 to 1745, when the fighting was in the New England States, are quite plain when compared with those used in the French and Indian War, when the finest and most artistic work was done, far surpassing the Revolutionary War productions.

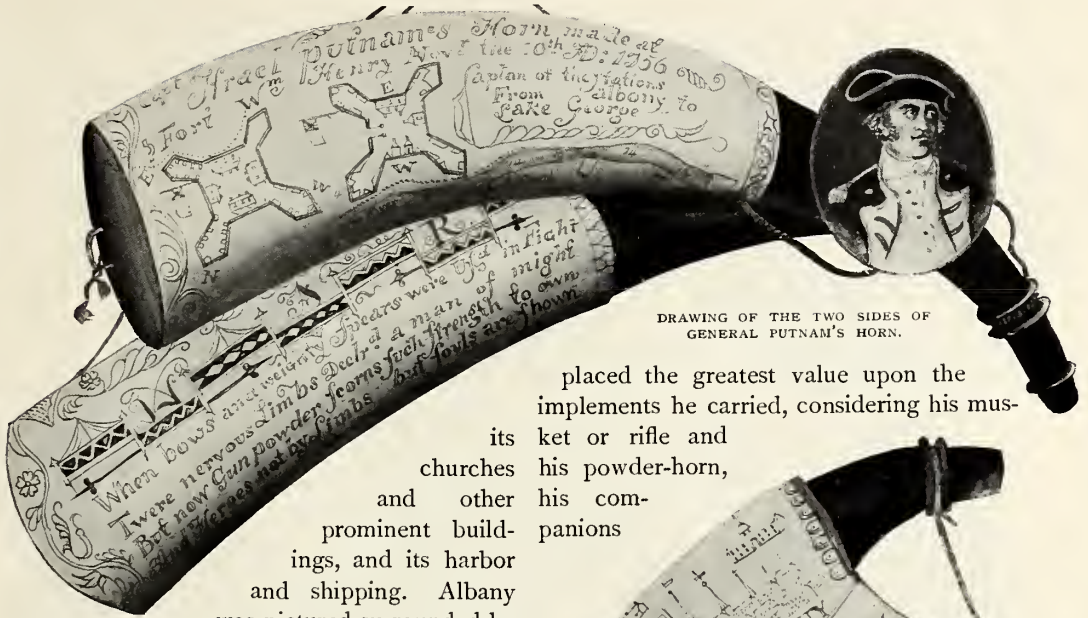
The British coat of arms was a prominent feature, covering a large space of the surface, and making a very beautiful decoration. In 1755, when the last French War began, one of the objects of the British armies was to force the French out of every post south of the St. Lawrence River, and finally to drive them from Canada. The fighting throughout this campaign took place in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New York, the interior of these States being then a comparative wilderness, and the various routes being almost unknown except to the fur-traders. This fact



A HORN WITH POETICAL INSCRIPTION.

caused a new feature to appear on the horn of the soldier — a map of the route. Such horns, showing the routes of General Braddock's and Colonel Bouquet's expeditions are quite rare, while those showing the northern routes are numerous, the country portrayed varying greatly in extent. Many begin with the city of New York, showing





DRAWING OF THE TWO SIDES OF GENERAL PUTNAM'S HORN.

placed the greatest value upon the implements he carried, considering his musket or rifle and his powder-horn, his churches and other prominent buildings, and its harbor and shipping. Albany was pictured surrounded by a stockade, and crowned by a fort on a hill, and its church steeples topped by the conventional weathercock. Then came Schenectady, and the numerous forts and military posts. Such maps include the Hudson and Mohawk river regions, the country and the lakes in New York, and sometimes the intervening sections of Canada to Montreal and Quebec.

These were not only handsome in appearance but extremely useful to both the officers and the men, as the maps showed the roads and told where supplies could be obtained when needed. At that time few printed maps existed even for the use of the higher officers, who were forced to depend on these horns for maps of the wilderness, especially those showing the routes of the fur-traders from Canada to New York, and giving the various camping-places. The maps also told where boats could be obtained to make the voyage easier, and to make the land journey as short as possible; for roads were almost unknown, and the trails were often very roundabout. A soldier



THE INSCRIPTION ON A HORN GIVING THE ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO ALBANY.—DRAWN AS IF THE HORN WAS UNROLLED, IN ORDER TO SHOW THE WHOLE SURFACE.

during years of dangers and hardships, as his greatest friends. He learned to love and cherish them; and at the close of the war he hung them upon the wall of his home over the great fireplace, where they were constant reminders of his war-experiences.

the regular size, so that they could be placed conveniently in the pocket.

Between the years 1755 and 1760, about eighteen hundred army horns were used in the English and American armies engaged with the French, and probably the same number existed in the American Army during the Revolution. Each horn used in the Continental Army was marked with the initials or name of the soldier who carried it. The spirit of the times is shown by the sentiments engraved on the horns, and daily read by the owner and his companions, such as these:

Liberty or Death.  
In defence of Liberty.  
My Liberty I'll have or my Death.  
Liberty, no Slavery.  
Death before Dishonor.  
Now is the time ye hearts of oak,  
To give our foes a fatal stroke.

Horns were last used in the war with Mexico in 1848. After that they rapidly disappeared. Many were shortened to make

them more convenient for hunting purposes; some of them were cleaned, the valuable records and engravings upon them being scraped off and thus lost.

Of the horns shown in the pictures the one called The Nicholas is the only "geographical horn" known that shows the route of the fur-traders from Oswego to Albany. The streams were used whenever there was sufficient water to float a canoe. The date of this horn is be-



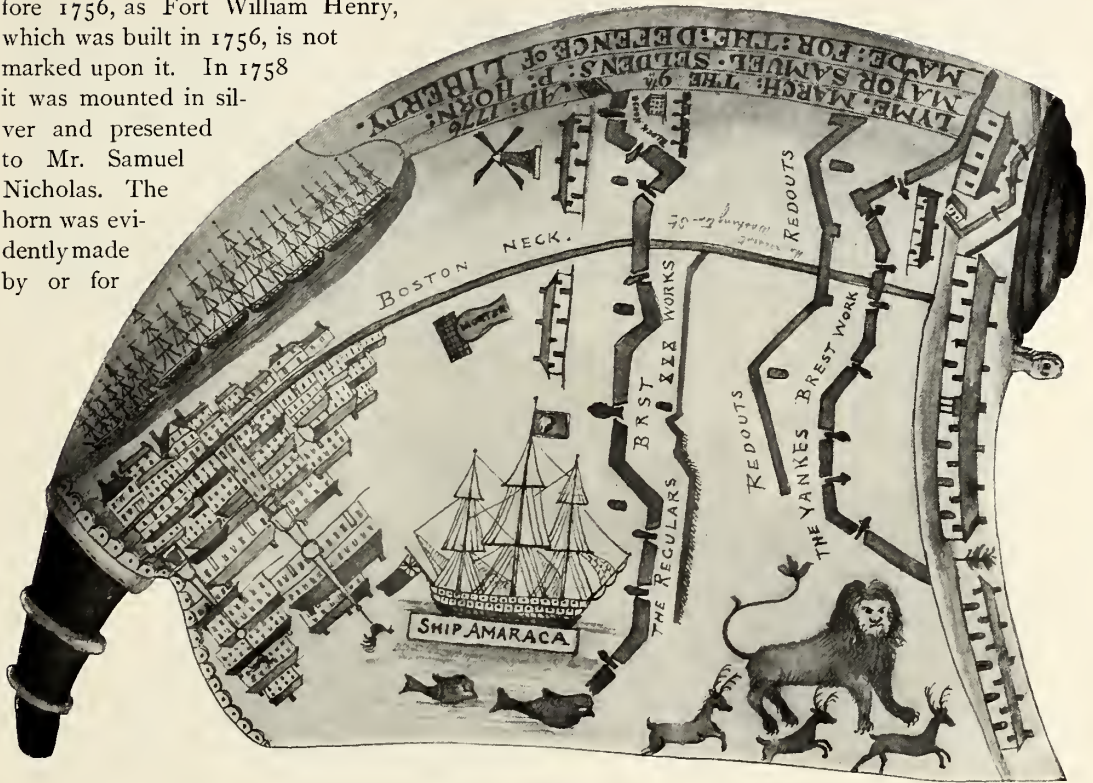
THE NICHOLAS HORN; SHOWING MAP OF THE ROAD FROM ALBANY TO OSWEGO AND LAKE ONTARIO. DRAWN AS IF THE HORN WAS UNROLLED.

He never parted with them, but at life's close willed them to his descendants, or to some dear friend.

One old soldier, though he left much property, when making his will disposed first of all of that which he most prized — his ornamented powder-horn.

Every officer and private soldier carried a powder-horn. Mounted officers and others who carried pistols used horns smaller than

fore 1756, as Fort William Henry, which was built in 1756, is not marked upon it. In 1758 it was mounted in silver and presented to Mr. Samuel Nicholas. The horn was evidently made by or for



THE DORCHESTER HEIGHTS HORN. DRAWN AS IF UNROLLED.

a British officer who spent some time in Cuba and then in the Colonies of America.

Another excellent specimen of the decorated powder-horn is shown on this page. It is known as the Dorchester Heights horn.

This intensely interesting relic of the Revolution was presented in 1881 to the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston by James Lord Bowes of Liverpool, England. It shows the British and American works on Boston Neck

as they existed on March 9, 1776, eight days before the British evacuated the city and the American army marched in. The British fleet is shown in the harbor

The illustrations in this article are taken from a few pictures selected from a collection of over four hundred water-colors of military powder-horns. These water-colors were painted by Professor R. A. Grider, Canajoharie, New York, and are owned by him.



ANOTHER OLD HORN; SHOWING BRITISH COAT OF ARMS, AND SKETCH MAP.



AN AUTUMN FROLIC.

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## THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

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[*Begun in the June number.*]

### CHAPTER X.

#### TIBET.

HAVING given us some description of the manners and customs of the Mongol Tartars, Marco Polo works his way southwestward toward the frontier of Tibet. In the country of Sinju (as he calls Sining-fu, the Chinese city nearest the Tibetan frontier), he saw many interesting beasts and birds. In describing some of these he says:

There are wild cattle in that country almost as big as elephants, splendid creatures, covered everywhere but on the back with shaggy hair a good four palms long. They are partly black, partly white, and really wonderfully fine creatures, and the hair or wool is extremely fine and white, finer and whiter than silk. Messer Marco brought some to Venice as a great curiosity, and so it was reckoned by those who saw it. There are also plenty of them tame, which have been caught young. These the people use commonly for burden and general work, and in the plough as well; and at the latter they will do full twice as much work as any other cattle, being such very strong beasts.

In this country, too, is found the best musk in the world; and I will tell you how 't is produced. There exists in that region a kind of wild animal like a gazelle.

It has feet and tail like the gazelle's, and stag's hair of a very coarse kind, but no horns. It has four tusks, two below, and two above, about three inches long, and slender in form, one pair growing upward, and the other downward. It is a very pretty creature. The musk is found in this way. When the creature has been taken, they find between the flesh and the skin something like an impostume full of blood, which they cut out and remove with all the skin attached to it. And the blood inside this impostume is the musk that produces that powerful perfume. There is an immense number of these beasts in the country we are speaking of. The flesh is very good to eat. Messer Marco brought the dried head and feet of one of these animals to Venice with him.

The people are traders and artisans, and also grow abundance of corn. The province has an extent of twenty-six days' journey. Pheasants are found there twice as big as ours, indeed nearly as big as a peacock, and having tails of seven to ten palms in length; and besides them other pheasants in aspect like our own, and birds of many other kinds, and of beautiful variegated plumage. The people, who are idolators, are fat folks with little noses and black hair, and no beard, except a few hairs on the upper lip. The women too have very smooth and white skins, and in every respect are pretty creatures.

The large animals mentioned first in the extract I have given of which Marco speaks as being "almost as big as elephants," are yaks, sometimes called "grunting oxen" on account

of the peculiar noise they make. The yak may be tamed and used as a beast of burden; and generations of them have been so used in Tibet and China. But the wild yak is much larger than the captive of its species; it is very fierce, with big, curving horns, and long white hair on its lower parts. These creatures are sometimes six feet high and seven or eight feet long.

The Chinese pheasant mentioned by our traveler is a handsome bird, specimens of which have been brought to the United States since commerce between this country and China has been opened. Marco's description is not exaggerated. The feathers of the pheasant are partly golden and partly azure, mingled with a reddish brown; and the tail feathers are sometimes seven feet long. Marco's "ten palms" length was rather an understatement.

Musk deer are still hunted on the frontiers of China and Tibet; and the musk used in the perfumery trade is brought from China and Burmah, having been previously brought from the region referred to by Marco Polo. The little animal has only two canine teeth, or "tusks," however, and not four, as described by Marco. Formerly musk was used as a medicine in various parts of the world; but doctors in civilized lands do not hold musk in high repute. In China it is still thought to be a very good medicine; but the Chinese have queer notions about cures and charms. Abbé Huc, a distinguished traveler, says that when a Tartar doctor finds himself without his drugs and medicines, he is not in the least embarrassed. He writes the names of the needed drugs on slips of paper, and these, being rolled up in little balls, are swallowed by the sick man. "To swallow the name of a remedy, or the remedy itself," say the Tartars, "comes to precisely the same thing."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SPLENDORS OF THE COURT OF KUBLAI KHAN.

TURNING his face again to the eastward, Marco takes us to one of the localities near the Great Wall; for, although he never once makes mention of that wonder of the world, it is sup-

posed by many eminent writers that he had in his mind its ramparts when he speaks thus of the region which he says is Tenduc: "Here also is what *we* call the country of Gog or Magog; *they*, however, call it Ung and Mungul, after the names of two races of people that existed in that province before the migration of the Tartars. *Ung* was the title of the people of the country, and *Mungul* a name sometimes applied to Tartars."

The Great Wall was built before the Tartars, that is Mongols, had overrun China, and was intended to keep them out. It begins at the Kiayu Pass, near the Desert of Gobi, in one of the extreme western provinces of China, and extends to the mouth of the

Gulf of Liau-tong, on the eastern coast, about fourteen hundred miles. Part of the way the wall is double, and even triple, so that the actual length of the builded structure is estimated to be two thousand miles. Its height varies, but is generally about twenty feet; it is twenty-five feet thick at the base, and fifteen feet at the top. The towers which are built along the wall are three hundred feet apart, and they are about forty feet high. The material used is brick and stone laid up in thick



A CHINESE PHEASANT.

walls, and filled in with earth. The part of the wall which lies to the westward has been called the Rampart of Gog and Magog.

to London, where they were chained at the door of the palace of the King. When they died, wooden images of the two giants were put in their places.

In the course of time, a great fire destroyed these, but now, if you go to London you will see in the Great Hall of one of the famous buildings — the Guildhall — two immense wooden effigies of men, called Gog and Magog.

But there are other traditions of the two giants. One is to the effect that when Alexander the Great overran Asia, he chased into the mountains of the North an impure, wicked, and man-eating people who were twenty-two nations in number, and who were shut up with a rampart in which were gates of brass. One of these nations was Goth and another Magoth, from which we readily get the names of the mythical giants. It is supposed, however, that the Turks were meant by Gog, and the Mongols were the children of Magog. We shall find mention made of Gog and Magog in many books,



A TARTAR MAGICIAN CONJURING.

Who were Gog and Magog? English tradition says that they were the last of a race of giants who infested England until they were destroyed by some of the Trojans who went to the British Isles after the destruction of Troy. Gog and Magog, it is said, were taken captive

including the Bible; but there is the Great Wall and the Rampart of Gog and Magog, whatever may have been the fact that gave the names of the two giants to that portion of the structure.

Outside of the walls, and north of the city

of Kalgan, was the summer palace of Kublai Khan. It was in the city of Kaiping-fu, or City of Peace, and it was here that the three Polos found the Great Khan when they first came together to visit him. The palace was called Chandu by Marco, but Xandu is believed to be the proper way of spelling the title. The traveler's description, as you will see, is very enjoyable, and we can imagine that young Marco had a good time viewing its glories and its magnificence. He says:

And when you have ridden three days from the city last mentioned, between northeast and north, you come to a city called CHANDU, which was built by the Kaan now reigning. There is at this place a very fine marble palace, the rooms of which are all gilt, and painted with figures of men and beasts and birds, and with a variety of trees and flowers, all executed with such exquisite art that you regard them with delight and astonishment.

Round this Palace a wall is built, inclosing a compass of sixteen miles, and inside the Park there are fountains and rivers and brooks, and beautiful meadows, with all kinds of wild animals (excluding such as are of ferocious nature), which the Emperor has procured and placed there to supply food for his gerfalcons and hawks, which he keeps here in mew. Of these there are more than 200 gerfalcons alone, without reckoning the other hawks. The Kaan himself goes every week to see his birds sitting in mew, and sometimes he rides through the park with a leopard behind him on his horse's croup; and then if he sees any animal that takes his fancy, he slips his leopard at it, and the game when taken is made over to feed the hawks in mew. This he does for diversion.

Moreover, at a spot in the Park where there is a charming wood, he has another palace built of cane, of which I must give you a description. It is gilt all over, and most elaborately finished inside. It is stayed on gilt and lackered columns, on each side of which is a dragon all gilt, the tail of which is attached to the column whilst the head supports the architrave, and the claws likewise are stretched out right and left to support the architrave. The roof, like the rest, is formed of canes, covered with a varnish so strong and excellent that no amount of rain will rot them. These canes are a good three palms in girth, and from ten to fifteen paces in length. They are cut across at each knot, and then the pieces are split so as to form from each two hollow tiles, and with these the house is roofed; only, every such tile of cane has to be nailed down to prevent the wind from lifting it. In short, the whole palace is built of these canes, which serve also for a great variety of other useful purposes. The construction of the palace is so devised that it can be taken down and put up again with great celerity; and it can all be taken to pieces and removed whithersoever the Emperor may command. When erected, it is braced against mishaps from the wind by more than 200 cords of silk.

The Lord abides at this Park of his, dwelling sometimes in the Marble Palace and sometimes in the Cane Palace for three months of the year, to wit, June, July, and August, preferring this residence because it is by no means hot; in fact, it is a very cool place. When the 28th day of August arrives he takes his departure, and the Cane Palace is taken to pieces. But I must tell you what happens when he goes away from this Palace every year on the 28th of August.

But I must now tell you a strange thing that hitherto I have forgotten to mention. During the three months of every year that the Lord resides at that place, if it should happen to be bad weather, there are certain crafty enchanters and astrologers in his train, who are such adepts in necromancy and the diabolic arts, that they are able to prevent any cloud or storm from passing over the spot on which the Emperor's Palace stands. The sorcerers who do this are called TEBET and KESIMUR, which are the names of two nations of Idolaters.

There is another marvel performed by those BACSI, of whom I have been speaking as knowing so many enchantments. For when the Great Kaan is at his capital and in his great Palace, seated at his table, which stands on a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him on a great buffet in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some ten paces from his table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor such as they use. Now, when the Lord desires to drink, these enchanters by their enchantments cause the cups to move from their places without being touched by anybody, and to present themselves to the Emperor; This every one present may witness, and there are oftentimes more than 10,000 persons thus present. 'T is a truth and no lie! and so will tell you the sages of our own country who understand necromancy, for they also can perform it.

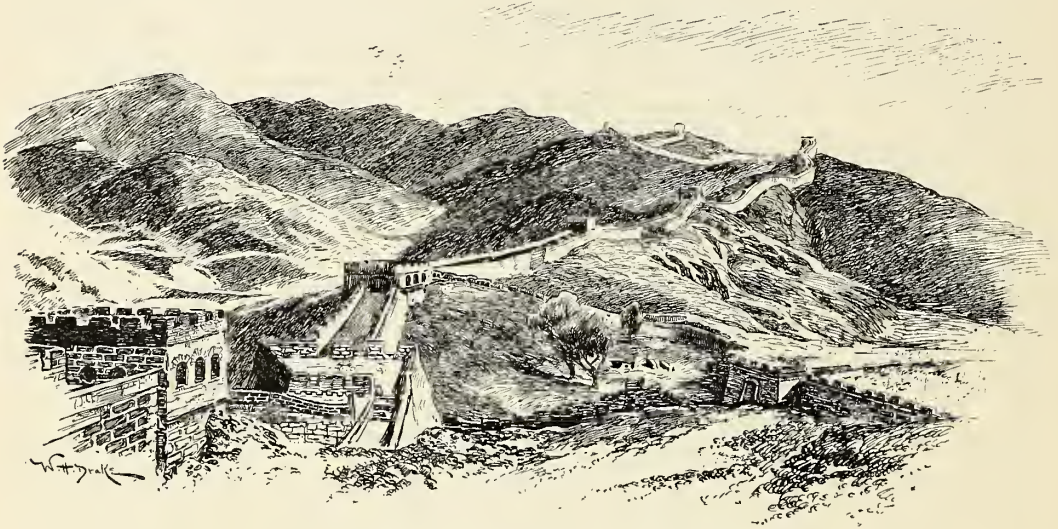
And when the Idol Festivals come round, these BACSI go to the Prince and say: "Sire, the feast of such a god is come" (naming him). "My Lord, you know," the enchanter will say, "that this god, when he gets no offerings, always sends bad weather and spoils our seasons. So we pray you to give us such and such a number of black-faced sheep," naming whatever number they please. "And we beg also, good my lord, that we may have such a quantity of incense, and such a quantity of signaloes, and"—so much of this, so much of that, and so much of t' other, according to their fancy—"that we may perform a solemn service and a great sacrifice to our Idols, and that so they may be induced to protect us and all that is ours."

The BACSI say these things to the Barons intrusted with the stewardship, who stand round the Great Kaan, and these repeat them to the Kaan, and he then orders the Barons to give everything that the BACSI have asked for. And when they have got the articles they go and make a great feast in honor of their god, and hold great ceremonies of worship with grand illuminations and quantities of incense of a variety of odors, which they make up from different aromatic spices. And then they cook the meat, and set it before the idols, and sprinkle

the broth hither and thither. Thus it is that they keep their festivals. You must know that each of the idols has a name of his own, and a feast-day, just as our Saints have their anniversaries.

They have also immense Minsters and Abbeys, some of them as big as a small town, with more than two thousand monks (*i. e.*, after their fashion) in a single abbey. These monks dress more decently than the rest of the people, and have the head and beard shaven. There are some among these Bacsì who are allowed by their rule to take wives, and who have plenty of children.

The Chinese emperors, long after the descendants of Kublai Khan had vanished from the Celestial Empire, were in the habit of spending the hot weather at a very beautiful summer palace, far to the north of Peking, which was one of the wonders of the world. It was wantonly destroyed by the allied armies of France and England, during the war of 1860. The palace, which was filled with a



THE GREAT WALL AND THE RAMPART OF GOG AND MAGOG.

The glories of Chandu, or Xandu, have been celebrated by many travelers since Marco's time. The city and the palace have long since disappeared, but one traveler saw the ruins still standing when he visited the site, toward the close of the seventeenth century. It was just after reading Marco Polo's description of the splendors of the court of Kublai Khan at Xandu that Coleridge, the poet, fell asleep and dreamed the famous poem beginning with these lines:

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding spots of sunny greenery.

vast quantity of precious objects of art and rare fabrics, was known as the Yuen-min-Yuen. One of the pavilions of the palace may give the readers of the *ST. NICHOLAS* some idea of the appearance, though not of the extent, of the Great Khan's summer palace at Xandu.

The "canes" which Marco mentions as used for building material were bamboo. In most oriental countries where the bamboo is common, it is so universally used that the people regard it as the staff of life. They eat the green shoots, and of the canes in various stages of growth they make an infinite variety of articles.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TRICKS OF CHINESE CONJURERS.

MARCO gives a full account of the wonderful tricks of conjuring which he witnessed at the court of Kublai Khan. We make no doubt that he saw, or thought he saw, the feats which



he says were done before his eyes. He intended to be strictly truthful, and he says, with some notion that he may be disbelieved, that these things are true, and no lie. Other and later travelers have described the same tricks, and have given no explanation of them, except to say that the spectators were probably hypnotized — that is to say, they were made to believe that they saw that which did not exist. At the present day, weather-conjuring is practised in China, Tartray, and India, and there are so-called conjurers who pretend to be able to make fogs and clouds come and go.

Not many years since, a Chinese Emperor found it necessary to forbid his people to offer prayers for rain after he had in vain prayed to Heaven for that blessing. He indignantly said: "If I, offering up prayer in sincerity, have yet room to fear that it may please Heaven to leave MY prayer unanswered, it is truly intolerable that mere common people, wishing for rain, should at their own caprice set up altars of earth, and bring together a rabble of Hosgang [Buddhist priests] to conjure the spirits to gratify their wishes."

The court jugglers in the time of Kublai Khan made it appear to those who looked on as if dishes from the table actually flew through the air. One of the travelers who visited the regions of which Marco gives us some account says: "And jugglers cause cups of gold to fly through the air and offer themselves to all who list to drink." And Ibn Batuta, a Moor who visited Cathay a century after, gives this account of a similar incident:

That same night a juggler, who was one of the Kán's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amír said to him: "Come and show us some of your marvels." Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it through which long thongs were passed, and (laying hold of one of these) slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared also! By and bye he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, and then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the

head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody kissed the ground before the Amír, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amír gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. The Kazi Afkharuddin was next to me, and quoth he: "*Wallah!*—'t is my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 't is all hocus-pocus!"

Mr. Edward Melton, an Anglo-Dutch traveler, who visited Java in 1670, gives a long description of the tricks of some Chinese conjurers who performed in Batavia while he was there. After describing various other feats, he says: "But now I am going to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I would scarcely venture to insert here if it had not been witnessed by thousands before my own eyes." He then goes on to describe a trick very much the same as those witnessed by Marco Polo and Ibn Batuta; and he adds: "Then straight-



A PAVILION OF THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR.

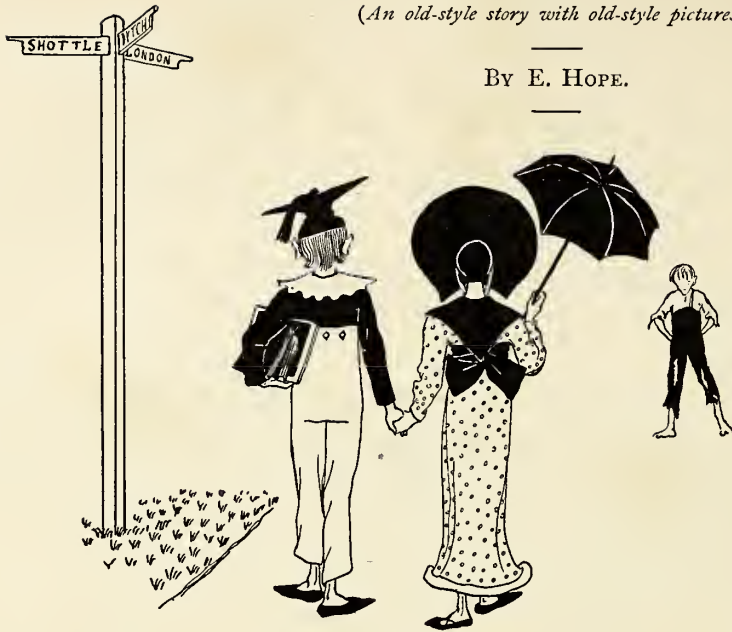
way we saw with these eyes all those limbs creep together again, and in short time a whole man, who could at once stand and go just as before, without showing the least damage!"

(To be continued.)

# GOOD LITTLE MISS AND MASTER.

(An old-style story with old-style pictures.)

By E. HOPE.



As Miss and Master went to town  
They met a poor lad coming down,  
All rags and tatters, pale and wan.  
Miss saw him first, and thus began:

“Look, brother, look at yon poor lad!  
How thin he seems—how pale and sad!  
I think he’s almost starved, don’t you?  
I’ll tell you, brother, what we’ll do.





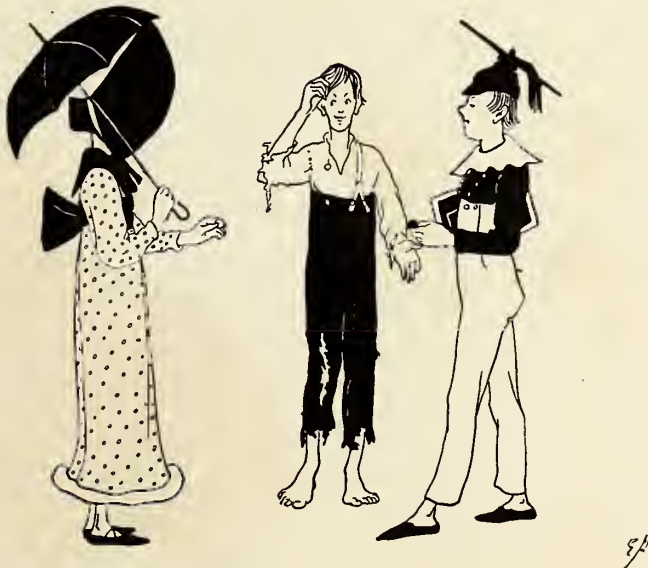
“My aunt, when we went there to play,  
Gave us some pence, the other day;  
Now with this money of our aunt's  
We may relieve his pressing wants.”

“Ay, so we will, with all my heart!

I 'm glad I have not spent my part.

“Here, you poor boy without a hat,  
This penny take—and now take that.  
We do not want it, but you do.”

“Oh, thank you, Miss, and Master, too!”



# THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE NIGHT IN THE GARDEN.

It was late in the Passover night. All through Jerusalem, all over the world, wherever there were Jews, those who had eaten the Paschal lamb had arisen from the sacred feast. For the greater part, they remained in their houses, or went only short distances to other houses, or in and about Jerusalem, to the booths and tents provided for pilgrims. Rarely had these been so numerous, for men had come from all the world to hear and see the new Teacher, the Prophet of Galilee.

Out of one house came two who went in haste, and one said to the other: "My son, we did well to watch when he came in. Now that we know where to seek him, let us not be too late. He will not stay in the city."

"Father!" suddenly exclaimed the other, "look yonder! There are torches and armed men. They are coming from the house of the High Priest. They are the priests, and the captains of the temple, and the elders!"

They paused, while around a corner of massive masonry near them trooped a motley throng from which came angry words and exclamations.

"Cyril!" exclaimed Ezra, "seest thou that man with the torch? It is Judas Iscariot, one of the Twelve. The Master is betrayed! Oh, that we could warn him!"

It was impossible! They knew not, as Judas did, that Jesus had appointed the shadowy garden of Gethsemane as the place of his last hour of agony and prayer and communion with the men he loved, before he should be given up to death. All that Ezra and his son could do was to follow the throng that was led by Judas.

On went the traitor, and those who were with

him, through the eastern gate, opened for them by its guards, and out toward the Mount of Olives. With them went Ezra and Cyril, as if they were members of the band of men who were seeking the life of the prophet of Nazareth.

"If they succeed," muttered Cyril, "if they should take him, what will then become of the kingdom?"

No answer came, for Ezra was striding forward, his right hand now and then working convulsively, as if he longed to grasp a weapon.

In strong contrast with that rush of angry men, through the streets of the city and out across the Kidron, was the scene presented near a shaded spot upon the Mount of Olives.

Three men lay there who had been overcome more by grief and anxiety than by bodily fatigue, and they were sound asleep, although they had been bidden to wait there and to pray. At no great distance from them, in one direction, waited eight others who, though awake, were silent. Within a stone's cast in the opposite direction knelt One who was alone.

He had been praying again and again, each time returning to find his followers asleep. He had wakened them with words of pitying reproof; but they could not keep awake, for they were weary.

The third time, when he came back to waken them, he again rebuked them gently, but added:

"It is enough, the hour is come; behold the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand."

Not many minutes later, the throng of men with torches, staves, and swords, went up the slope at a point directly across the valley from the Temple, and poured in among the trees and vines of Gethsemane.

Cyril knew at once that Judas had guided

only too well, and the son of Ezra saw rather than heard, for all his soul was in a tumult of dismay.

He saw the Master stand as if waiting, and he saw Judas press forward to greet him with a kiss. Then he saw the sword of Peter flash from its sheath and strike one blow; and he learned afterward from one of the Twelve that a servant of the High Priest received a wound which the Master at once touched and healed, as he said to Peter:

“Put up thy sword into its sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”

The armed men stepped forward, but the disciples had fallen away, at that moment, from around their Master, and he stood alone, in the light of the many torches. From so majestic, so kingly a presence, those who came to take him shrank backward, and many fell upon their faces.

They arose and again rushed forward. All the disciples turned and fled, while Cyril gasped in terror:

“They have taken him!”

The Jewish priests would not have been permitted to go with their servants armed through the streets of Jerusalem, either by day or night, nor would the gate have been opened for them had they been unaccompanied. The real arresting force had therefore been a strong party of Roman legionaries from the Temple guard. These acted as a protecting escort while the captors led the Master back across the Kidron and into the city. The officer in command of them, as Cyril knew, was responsible for the safety of a prisoner until delivered to the authorities. Cyril, therefore, feared no immediate harm as he marched along with them into the city and up the street which led to the princely house of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas the High Priest, to whom the first report of the arrest was, for some reason, to be made.

All who could manage to do so—and many had joined on the way—pushed through the ample portal into the great hall where Annas awaited the prisoner.

“There is John,” said Cyril to himself. “And there is Peter, warming himself by the

brazier. Not another man of the Twelve is here.”

In every direction, as he glanced around, were only angry and threatening faces, or else those whose open exultation more plainly declared the spirit that brought them. The Master, deserted by his followers, was alone before his accusers.

Cyril himself was thinking: “There is nothing that I can do—” when suddenly his cheek flushed with helpless anger and shame. A soldier had struck the unresisting prisoner.

All in that chamber had been humiliated by the blow except the unflinching majesty which had been smitten. Cyril was watching the servants of Annas, who were now tying the hands of Jesus as those of an accused criminal, to lead him away to the house of the high priest, Caiaphas.

“I will be there before them!” exclaimed Cyril, turning to hasten toward the door; but a voice at his side responded:

“Thou here? I had hoped to see thee again. It was in the name of this prophet that thou didst give me freedom in the Arena. I heard of him again, both at Rome and at Athens. I come to Jerusalem to see and to hear him.”

“He is my King!” answered Cyril. “Oh, Apollos, he is the Messiah that was to come, and they will slay him!”

“I fell before him when the rest did, in the garden,” said Apollos, as they hurried on, side by side. “Tallienus commands the new legion of the city—and I, though I am now free, was with him when he ordered the guard for the chief priests. My own people condemned Socrates for speaking the truth. I think the Jews will slay this prophet, for I heard him say, in the Temple, ‘I am the truth.’ I believe he is. His word set me free. Come, friend Cyril, let us go. Thou art a Jew, and I am a Greek, but he is my King as he is thine. Let us see what will be the end.”

So the two strong youths who had raced before the Emperor in the Roman amphitheater were among the first arrivals at the house of Annas to enter the ample audience-room in the palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest.

It was something more than a mere popular

assembly that had gathered there. Had Cyril and Apollos been a moment later, they might not have gained admission; but they went in with some of the most distinguished members of the Sanhedrim, the great council of the Jewish nation, and shortly afterward the doors were closed against the multitude that thronged the open space without.

It was an exceedingly dignified, pompous tribunal, like a Senate, and the High Priest sat as its presiding official. Before him, calm and utterly silent, stood Jesus of Nazareth, while the witnesses attempted to give some reason known to the laws why he should be arrested or punished. No questioning drew from him a word of comment or response, while the conflicting witnesses, one after another, broke down in their too willing testimony.

"They must let him go," thought Cyril. "He has done no wrong."

But at that moment the High Priest himself arose and stepped forward, confronting the prisoner, and said:

"I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

Cyril's heart seemed to stop beating, for a new and wonderful thought that had been dawning upon him was now taking a shape of which he had never dreamed.

"In truth," whispered Apollos, "he is more than man. I believe he is one of the gods."

For Apollos was a Greek, and his people believed that their divinities sometimes visited the earth.

Deep, hushed, awful, was the stillness over the Sanhedrim, as they listened for the reply to the question of the High Priest. It came distinctly, in words which sent a thrill through all who heard:

"Thou hast said: nevertheless I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven."

The High Priest rent his clothes and exclaimed:

"What further need have we of witnesses? Behold now ye have heard his blasphemy."

Angry responses from all sides declared that the answer merited only death; but only one

authority in Jerusalem could inflict the death-penalty. The prisoner must therefore go before the Roman governor.

"Let us go to Pilate's house," said Apollos, in a low voice; and Cyril turned away, feeling almost as if the earth were failing from under his feet.

"It is all over," he said. "They will imprison my King, as they did John."

"No," exclaimed Apollos, as they hurried onward, eager to be first at the house of Pilate. "No power can compel him. Did you not hear him say it? — he is the Son of God!"

Many things had been said which Cyril had heard but could not now recall, and he was thinking only of what might be the next scene in that dreadful night. It was now, indeed, no longer really night, but in the dawning of the sixth day of the week — our Friday. It was still one of the festival days, and no member of the Sanhedrim would have entered the house of a heathen, like Pilate, for fear of becoming thereby unclean, unfit for entering the Temple.

It was for this reason that Pilate, notified of what was coming, had ordered his throne-chair of judgment brought out to a spot called Sabatha, from its ornamental "pavement," in front of his palace portal.

Here he now sat, and before him came the Jewish notables, bringing with them their prisoner.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE JUDGMENT OF PILATE.

IT was indeed an imposing spectacle, that court before the splendid palace of the Roman ruler of Judea. It was nevertheless a great piece of hypocrisy. Pilate, sitting in the Judge's seat, knew very well the true nature of the case brought before him. The course pursued by Jesus of Nazareth, year after year, all over the land, had been known of all men. Pilate was entirely willing, however, to see and hear one so celebrated as the Galilean prophet. There were political reasons why he was willing, at that time, to gain favor with the Jewish priests and people.

So there he sat and listened while members

of the Sanhedrim presented, with their prisoner, their formal accusation against him: that they had found him "perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that he himself is Christ, a King."

"Art thou the King of the Jews?" said Pilate to the prisoner.

"Thou sayest it," was the Master's response.

Immediately Pilate arose from his chair, and the two went into the palace together, out of

"After all, this Roman law has something of justice in it."

But loud, fierce, angry, threatening in its tone, was the response of a white-robed rabbi who now stood forth in front of the rest:

"He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee, to this place."

The face of Pilate was crafty as well as cruel, and there came a change in it as he heard the accuser speak of Galilee.



"THE THRONG THAT WAS LED BY JUDAS."

the hearing of all who stood around the judgment-seat.

After a few moments of suspense, during which scarce any audible words were exchanged by those who were waiting, the two came out again, and Pilate spoke:

"I find no fault in this man."

Cyril's heart leaped gladly, for a moment, and he heard Apollos mutter:

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"He belongs to Herod's jurisdiction," he said. "I will send him to Herod, for his decision."

Herod had no power to inflict capital punishment in Judea, but the responsibility was to be shifted.

It was not difficult for Cyril and his friend, less dignified than their elders, to speedily reach the palace where Herod maintained a kind of

royal state during the Feast. He too had been notified, and was waiting in his judgment-hall the arrival of the escort which Pilate sent with Jesus, and the priestly accusers who came with them.

Herod had slain John in the dungeon of the Black Castle, but this prophet of Galilee he had never seen. His face wore an attentive look as the throng poured in and the people took the places which their rank or assumed duty assigned to them. Certainly, nothing was lacking of external pomp and state and splendor in the appointments of Herod's hall and throne of public audience. Jewels and gold and royal robes and armed guards and the assured appearance of conscious power over the lives of men, all these were there with Herod, and not in all the world were there men of more personal dignity than that of the Jewish rulers who now stood before him as accusers of the prisoner sent to him by Pontius Pilate.

Nevertheless, this pomp, even in the eyes of the multitude, was not regarded.

The real royalty, the one manifest greatness in that hall, stood unattended before them. He was in plain clothing, bareheaded, but kinglier than any king, as he listened in undisturbed silence to the many questions put to him, loftily at first, then angrily, by Herod himself.

Not a word of response was made to either accusation or inquiries. To Herod's disappointment, there was no exhibition of the super-human power concerning which the slayer of John the Baptizer had heard so much. At last, it became plain that Pilate's cunning attempt to rid himself of a troublesome case had failed, although he had succeeded in pleasing Herod by a semblance of deference to his authority over Galileans. The whole matter must therefore be referred back to Roman jurisdiction.

So Cyril understood, half gladly, even while the wrath and disappointment of Herod and his officers broke out in fierce derision of the "pretended king," as they called their prisoner. A King, they scornfully said, should have a better robe than the plain abba he was wearing, and so, as they sent him away, they threw over it one from the wardrobes of the palace, gorgeous in tints and embroidery upon its ground

of royal white. He was not crowned, as yet, but upon him had been placed the raiment which, by old tradition, belonged only to Hebrew royalty, to the princes of the house of David.

Once more did Pontius Pilate come out to sit in the chair of judgment at the Pavement. Once more the accused Prophet of Galilee stood before him, the royal robe he wore neither adding to nor taking from the majesty of his serene, undisturbed demeanor. His head was not bowed, nor did his lips utter a word.

No one knew what had been going on in the mind of Pilate, nor what motive he might have for wishing to spare his prisoner. But Cyril now heard him again declare his first decision that he found no fault in this prisoner; he added that Herod also had sent him back uncondemned. Therefore, as it was an honored custom to release one important prisoner at the Passover Feast, he would but scourge him and let him go.

"Scourging, for the King!" thought Cyril; but at that moment there arose a cry of many voices, acting on a quick suggestion by the accusers:

"Not this man, but Barabbas!"

"What?" exclaimed Cyril, "the robber instead of the Christ?"

Then Pilate added, as they called loudly for Barabbas:

"What then shall I do with Jesus, who is called the Christ?"

Not till that very moment had Cyril understood how deep and deadly was the enmity which had been growing during all the years of the Master's open condemnation of the priests and rabbis, the scribes and Pharisees, their teachings and their works. There had been a war, long and severe, waged without swords or armor, and it was a war of life and death. The old evils or the new good must perish. Hot and fierce, therefore, was the fanatical zeal of Isaac Ben Nassur, as his stentorian voice sent forth the cry caught up and repeated by so many:

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Cyril heard other words around him. He heard Pilate speak again, and the priests and rulers replying. He knew that Jesus had again been taken into the palace, but knew not what there had passed between him and Pilate.



"He is coming now!" exclaimed Apollos at his side, and in a moment more they saw Jesus standing near the judgment-seat.

"Behold your King!" said Pilate, and then loud shouts replied:

"Away with him! Crucify him!"

He once more almost pleaded for his prisoner:

"Shall I crucify your King?"

The tumult deepened; the outcries became more seditious; and the weakness of Pilate's nature yielded to the clamor of the rabble.

"Come thou away!" said Apollos. "They are leading him forth."

Cyril was in such distress that he hardly knew how Apollos led him, but in a minute more they were out from the throng.

"Apollos," he said, wringing his hands, "I must go to my father and my sister, and tell them that the Romans are leading the Master away to put him to death!"

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE NEW KINGDOM.

THE next day was the Sabbath, and a deep stillness, as of fear, seemed to have settled over Jerusalem. Men were whispering to one another concerning the signs which had accompanied the crucifixion — the darkness and the earthquake, and the rending of the veil before the Ark of the Covenant in the Temple.

Abigail, Tabitha, and their friends, were only waiting for the morrow, to return to Joppa; but Lois had been provided for, as had Cyril, in the house of one of Ezra's friends, an old disciple of John the Baptizer.

"We will remain in Jerusalem for a season," said Ezra to Cyril and Lois. "We must have courage, and wait. The kingdom will surely come, for the Master said it was at hand. I believe him."

So did Cyril and Lois, though it seemed all hope was gone. Perhaps the old Swordmaker could not clearly have told them what he meant or what he expected; but every now and then he looked at his restored right hand, and always his face brightened when he did so.

There was little or nothing to be done on the Sabbath, except to wait, and to weep at thinking of what the Master had suffered on the cross.

The Sabbath passed, the first day of the week came, and a troubled, uncertain state of mind seemed to weigh down Ezra the Swordmaker. The morning hours went by and still he sat gloomily in the house with his children. That is, with Cyril, whenever his impatience would let him keep still, for Lois took her part in household duties. It was a little after noon, therefore, when Cyril was summoned to the outer door. He opened it and uttered a loud exclamation, for there stood Apollos, his face all radiant, like that of a bearer of good tidings.

"Oh, my friend," he said, "thy King is risen!" and then, in quick, excited sentences, he told a story of women who had been early at the tomb, and of some of the disciples; and how the guard had fled in fear of an angel who came and rolled away from the sepulcher the stone that closed its door. The women, first, and then the disciples, had not only seen the risen Jesus, but had spoken with him.

"Oh, that I might see him again!" exclaimed Cyril.

"They know me not," said Apollos, "and I cannot join their company. Neither must thou, except secretly, for Valerianus is here and he might do thee a mischief if he found thee. He is a man who never forgets or forgives."

Ezra had come out and had listened.

"I believe it!" he declared. "I go to the Cave and to our friends. I will return before next Sabbath. My son, thou wilt be safer in one of the villages than in the city. I will send thee out to Emmaus unto my friend Cleopas. Thou knowest him."

Cyril might have preferred remaining in the city, but he knew that his father's counsel was best. Before long, he was on his way and beyond the city walls. His father's friend, Cleopas, once a disciple of John the Baptizer, was the very man with whom he could talk most freely concerning his lifelong dream of the King and the new Kingdom, and of how it had been shattered.

And when Cyril reached Emmaus he found

that Cleopas had a story to tell that confirmed the joyful tidings brought by Apollos.

Cleopas had left Jerusalem with another follower of the Master.

Heavier grew their hearts, and slower, more thoughtful, their long walk through the winding valley and over the hills between Jerusalem and Emmaus.

Of course they met with many wayfarers, and many more, bent upon pressing business, passed them; but one, at last, a stranger who caught up with them, seemed in no more haste than were they themselves. It seemed to Cleopas that his heart was too full to speak to any man, but the stranger drew near and went with them.

"What manner of communications are these things," he asked, "that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?"

They stood still, looking sad enough, but Cleopas responded quickly:

"Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that are come to pass there, in these days?"

"What things?" again asked the stranger.

"Concerning Jesus of Nazareth," replied Cleopas, "which was a prophet, mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and have crucified him—"

"But we trusted," exclaimed the friend of Cleopas, "that it should be he which should have redeemed Israel."

"And besides all this," continued Cleopas, "it is now the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also, of our company, made us astonished, which were early at the sepulcher, and when they found not his body, they came, saying that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive. And certain of them that were with us went to the sepulcher and found it even so, as the women had said, but him they saw not."

"O fools!" exclaimed the stranger, "and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken: Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory?"

He was evidently one learned in the Scriptures, for he began, as they now resumed their walk, a series of quotations, from the books of Moses onward to the latest prophets, all of which, as he brought them out and explained them, seemed to tell the story of Jesus of Nazareth, to the very hour when the Romans crucified him.

At length they reached the house which was the temporary home of Cleopas, and the stranger ceased to speak. He would even have walked on if Cleopas and his friend had not urgently invited him to come in.

It was time for the evening meal and it was put out upon the table for the refreshment of the arrivals from Jerusalem. So they reclined at the table, with their guest in the place of honor. Immediately he took in his hand a loaf of bread and blessed it and broke it, and gave to each of them one of the pieces.

For one brief moment they gazed at him in glad, astonished recognition.

"It is the Master!" said something in the heart of Cleopas, although for some reason he did not speak.

Then they saw him no more, for he had vanished out of their sight.

"Did not our hearts burn within us," said Cleopas, "while he talked with us on the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

"Come," said Cyril, when he had heard the story told by Cleopas; "let us return to Jerusalem, that we may tell the disciples and all the Master's followers."

"I will go gladly," said Cleopas; "for we can bring joyful tidings."

"I must tell Lois and the women and Apollos," said Cyril, "but, first of all, I must go and tell my father. I think this is part of what he was looking for. Jesus of Nazareth is not dead, but he is risen. It is just as he said to Pilate: His kingdom is not of this world. He is the Christ, and he has suffered, and he has entered into his glory."

"Amen!" said Cleopas.

And so Cyril and Cleopas walked on, together, into Jerusalem.

## THE KIND-HEARTED BEAR.

(Translated from the Russian of Vera P. Zhelikhovsky.)

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BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

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THIS remarkable incident happened in the year 1847, in the Trans-Caucasian German colony of Elizabeththal, about thirty miles from Tiflis.

In that region, bears and all sorts of wild beasts are still to be found in abundance, but fifty years ago it was a perfect paradise for sportsmen; hence unarmed admirers of nature were sometimes alarmed by unexpected encounters. It was regarded as an ordinary, everyday occurrence to run across a bear, especially at the season when berries, fruits, and grapes were ripe in gardens and forests. All inhabitants, even the summer residents in the villas, who had come for refreshment to the villages, colonies and military settlements in the vicinity of the capital of Georgia (which was deserted from June to September), knew this very well, and did not run the risk of going unarmed to work or on pleasure parties. It is well known that even women and children, in that region and in those days, understood how to handle daggers and firearms.

But it sometimes happened that weapons, even firearms,—which were far from having the long range which they now possess,—proved unavailing, powerless to save the victims.

This is an account of an original scene, exactly like a fairy-tale, which was enacted, once upon a time, in the outskirts of the Elizabeththal colony, before the eyes of a number of people who were riding to the forest on a picnic, and a party of the colonists, who were returning from their work. The colonists were descending from the opposite mountains, and the horsemen were riding along the bottom of the ravine-like valley on the bank of a turbulent mountain stream. On the right hand, where lay the planted fields, grew bushes and small trees; but on the left bank of the stream rose the barren cliffs, which became more steep and perpendic-

ular as they increased in height. At their summit, just below their last, jagged crest, which seemed inaccessible and rose in peaks, like the walls of a fortress, a mountain path descended. It wound like a narrow ribbon around a vast crag which thrust forward its granite bosom. The inhabitants had broken it through the thickets for the purpose of communicating with the mountain villages. In some places this footpath was a fathom wide; but just at that point, on the cliff, it had been hard to blast it out with powder, and it was so narrow that it was difficult, not only for mules but even for tiny donkeys and people, when they met upon it, to pass each other. Even pedestrians generally halted behind the projecting crag, and did not enter upon that strip until they had shouted vigorously, thereby giving notice to any one who might chance to be on the other side, so that they might not meet at dangerous and impassable points.

On both sides of the cliff, springing from the rifts, clinging and intertwining, from summit to base, grew a mantle of barberry, raspberry and thorny blackberry bushes of that region, with their rich clusters of fruit, which at a distance looked more like grapes, and near by more like huge mulberries, than like the squat, bluish, sour berry which is called a blackberry in Russia.

The children — little Tartars from the mountain villages and little Germans from the colony — in company with the goats, had broken many a path along the steep slopes of the clefts nearest to the exit from the gorge; but they rarely peeped further into it, because they were afraid of wild beasts. There was no making one's way through the wild game there.

The little path ran to the left; on the right, along the mountains, the forest began, in a thick mass, cut by such deep ravines, by such crevices and jagged ridges of rocks, that the foot of man

probably had never trodden them at all; certainly not in the days of which we are speaking.

From these forest-clothed vales crept unbidden guests in search of fruits and, sometimes, of living food — wolves, bears, jackals, wildcats, even hyenas, who had come from Persia or Anatolia.

When the villa residents of those days, who lived in the colonies or in the regimental headquarters, set out upon an expedition to the forest, they always sent men on ahead to clear the way. The noise of the cavalcade, the firing of the escort, frightened away the denizens of the forest, and thus rendered the place safe for the members of privileged society. Never were picnics and riding parties in such vogue, half a century ago, as in the Caucasus and in Georgia; but people rarely ventured upon them without these preliminary precautions; so that the little company which had, in the present instance, assembled for a picnic, appointed at a spot two or three versts\* from Elizabeththal, had not the slightest expectation of encountering a wild beast. All at once, one of the ladies, on raising her eyes to the summit of the cliff which we have described, on the opposite side of the rushing river, uttered an exclamation, and drawing rein, called general attention by pointing with her whip. Men and women all halted, and gazed in silence to the spot aloft which she indicated.

There, on the narrow path which has been mentioned, with slow and stately tread, swaying his dark, heavy body about on all four feet, a huge bear was wending his way.

Apparently "Míshenka" † was either sad or was thoughtfully considering some difficult problem, or simply had overloaded his stomach by eating his fill of herbs and grasses which at that season of the year were abundant — red, green, and yellow. Like a tortoise, he barely moved; his muzzle was hanging close to the ground, and swinging lazily, as though he were burdened with its weight.

For several minutes the interested spectators watched in silence the unusual sight of a bear on a leisurely ramble, and then all began

\* A verst is nearly two thirds of a mile. † "Mickey." The Russians call a bear *Mikháil*, diminutive, *Mísha*, or *Míshenka*, which is still more diminutive, adding (as will be presently seen) either *Ivánovitch*, the son of John, or *Potápovitch*, the son of Potap.—I. F. H. ‡ "General Trampler" is as near a translation as can be given for the title of Bruin.—I. F. H.

to talk at once. Some were sorry that they were so far away — no bullet would reach the peak from such a distance; others propounded divers theories as to whence he had come and whither he was bound; others, still, had already concocted a plan for a future hunt, coveting poor "General Toptygin," ‡ who calmly continued his stroll, neither hearing nor seeing his sworn enemies, and not suspecting their evil designs against his person. At the moment he was, evidently, in the most blissful state of mind, cherishing no evil thought against any one, peaceably digesting the forest fruits and berries, and perhaps, also, the juicy products of the colonists' vineyards, to which he had, plainly, been treating himself.

With a laugh, one of the riding-party made the suggestion, in the hearing of all, that "it would be a good thing to hit his Waggleship with a bullet."

"You can't reach him from here with any gun," objected another.

"Nevertheless, we might try," suggested the ladies.

"Of course, we might try! Perhaps he would quicken his pace."

"At least, let us knock the arrogance out of him! Hurry him up! Let 's see how he 'll run! That would be fun!"

"What fun it will be! You 're bold enough at a distance; but what if we were riding on that side of the river? It 's not pleasant to meet such fellows."

"And on such a path, to boot,—where there 's no getting out of the way. You would either have to leap into the abyss head-foremost, or fall victim to the teeth and claws of that beast!" all exclaimed, excited by a spectacle which was not on the program of amusements for their picnic.

"Well, after all, why not? Mikháil Ivanitch will not feel our shot, but he 'll hear it. It will startle him, and we shall see the result," said one military man decisively, to the satisfaction of the ladies.

And, turning to a kazak of the escort, he gave the order:

"Come now, brother, try to hit that lazy, shaggy fellow; fire a shot!"

In an instant the kazak had unslung the gun from his shoulder and was taking aim, when suddenly, from behind the riders, a restrained but authoritative shout rang out from the midst of a group of Germans who were descending on the other side of the gorge, and whom they had not, up to this moment, perceived.

"Don't fire, gentlemen!" the voice cried in German. "Stop! Don't fire!"

"What's the matter? Why not fire?" all exclaimed, addressing the colonists, after ordering the kazak not to fire just yet, and comprehending that there must be some reason for such a command.

All four of the Germans, who were walking with their pitchforks and rakes on their shoulders, halted two or three fathoms higher up than the riders, and all, except the man who had hailed them, and who hastily approached them, stared intently upward, with an expression of dumb terror on their faces.

"What terrible thing do they see yonder?" was the general thought of both the men and women. And they, also, raised their eyes aloft.

The bear was still proceeding along the path with his former rolling gait. That was all they could see.

Meanwhile, the German who had stopped the shot had come up with the Colonel who had given the order to fire, brought him to a halt, and hastily explained something to him. The roar of the river prevented their all hearing distinctly what the matter was, but those nearest groaned, and immediately, in affright, communicated the news to the rest.

"He says that they have descried up yonder some man or other, who is descending the path from the other direction. He says that they could not make it out clearly, because of that projecting cliff,—but that they distinctly perceived a human figure moving directly toward the bear."

"Oh, but now we *must* fire! We must call the man's attention to us, and warn him to turn back—to go no further."

"On the contrary!" this adviser was answered. "These people think that if we let

the bear alone he will probably turn off through that ravine yonder—do you see? The Germans declare that he probably has his den there."

"But what if he does not turn off there? If he goes straight on he will meet the man on the narrowest part of the path—what then?" all exclaimed at once.

"If we scare him with a shot he will set out on a run, and, thinking that he is being pursued, he will pass his den. In that case they will meet."

"Oh, what a terrible situation! And there is no way to help!"

"Perhaps these Suabians have already devised some method. They seem to have an idea."

"Look, look! Those up above are pointing!"

In fact, the colonists who had remained above, and who were able to see further along the mountain-path than was possible from the bottom of the gorge, suddenly began to move frantically, to talk together in haste, pointing out something to each other, and exhibiting plain evidences of being overwhelmed with terror and excitement.

All the members of the riding party, also seized with involuntary terror, kept their eyes steadfastly fixed on the cliff, in expectation of what was coming. What horrible sight were they about to see?

And, all at once, a simultaneous cry of pity, terror, horror, broke from all. From behind the crag a little girl made her appearance. The tiny colonist was seven or eight years old; not more. She was strolling along with her arms crossed carelessly on her pink apron. A large hat of coarse straw, such as all the colonists, whether young or old, wear in hot weather, had fallen quite over on the nape of her neck; and surrounded by this aureole, all flooded with sunlight, the poor little thing stepped out on the path which skirted the cliff on the brink of the abyss.

The poor child was going to her death in plain sight of many men and women—and to what a dreadful death! And not one of them could help her! No one could either save her or even warn her of her danger.

All were condemned to gaze, inactive, at the

dreadful event which was on the point of happening before their eyes.

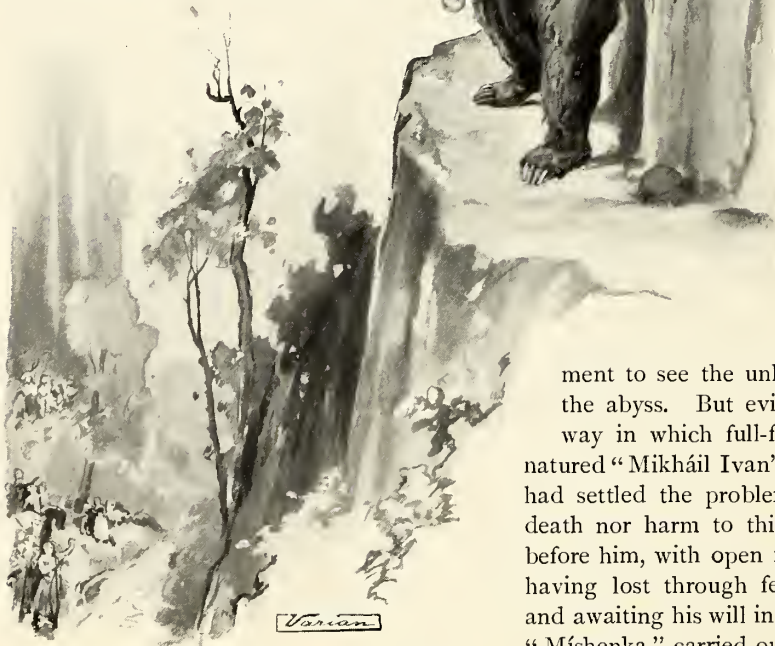
The women raised a cry, and fell to weeping. The majority of them sobbed themselves into hysterics beforehand. The men, even those who had been in battle more than once, who had beheld death and blood, said afterward that they became cold and dizzy, and many turned away their eyes in anguish. But those who endured the ordeal, on the other hand, beheld a marvel.

Because of the turn in the path, the child could not see the terrible fellow-traveler who was coming to meet her. She only caught sight of that dark-brown shaggy mass at the moment when it almost came in contact with her. The huge beast completely blocked her road. His left paws stood on the very edge of the path, while

of the child revealed her presence to the beast, as he was walking along with his muzzle and eyes drooped earthward. They stared fixedly at each other. The little girl was petrified with fear; the bear halted, in indecision, no doubt much astonished if not frightened. For one moment, probably, he reflected: "What am I to do now?" It was impossible to pass without crushing the unexpected obstacle, without striking it or hurling it into the abyss. The path was so narrow at this point that he could not even turn round on all fours. What was to be done?

Down below the people waited, with bated breath, expecting at any moment to see the unhappy child pushed into the abyss. But evidently that was not the way in which full-fed and therefore good-natured "Mikháil Ivan'itch, General Toptygin," had settled the problem. He wished neither death nor harm to this tiny creature, helpless before him, with open mouth and staring eyes, having lost through fear all power of crying, and awaiting his will in trembling silence. And "Míshenka" carried out his will.

With a faint growl, caused not by anger but by the necessity of putting himself to trouble, he reared up on his hind legs, strode close up to the little girl, and, bracing his back against the cliff, clasped his forepaws round her, just beneath the shoulders.



"THE KIND-HEARTED BEAR LIFTED THE LITTLE GIRL UP CAREFULLY AND, TURNING, SET HER DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATH."

with his right side he almost rubbed the cliff. They caught sight of each other almost at the same moment.

Probably a cry or an exclamation on the part

Shrieks and groans of despair resounded from below. The ladies, who still continued to gaze with dim eyes, grew faint; but the men, especially the huntsmen, who were acquainted with the murderous habits of the bear-family, leaped in spirit, and with a hope—a mad hope—for the child's safety. They perceived that Mishka was behaving in a very remarkable manner, with all the caution and dexterity which he could command.

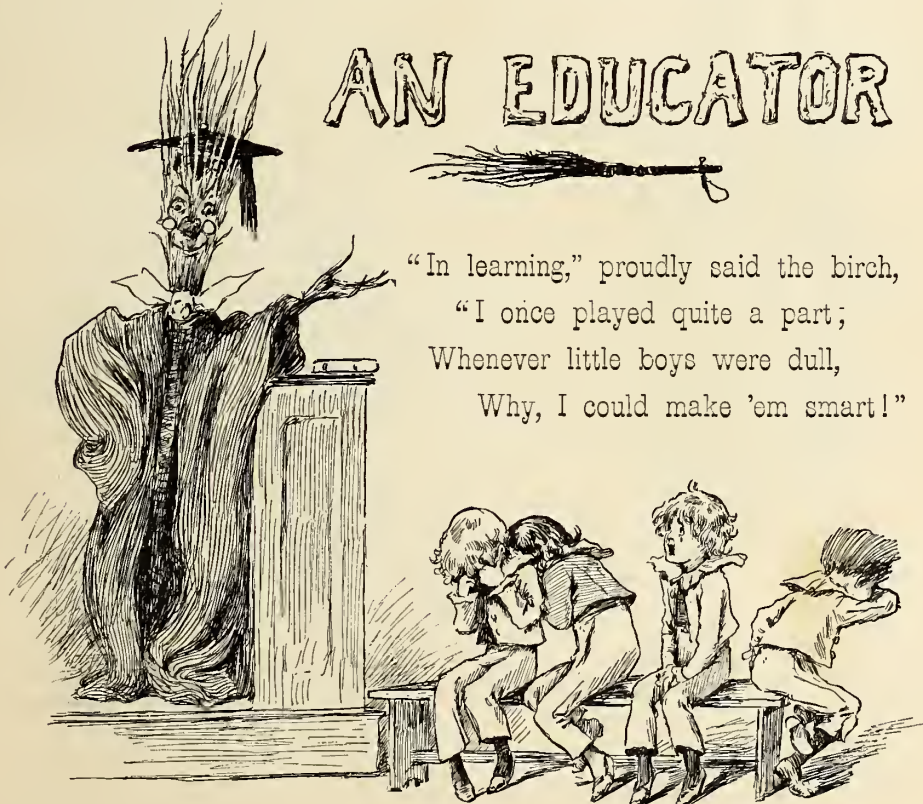
They were not mistaken as to his unprecedented goodness. The kind-hearted bear lifted the little girl up, carefully bore her over the precipice, and, turning on the pivot of his hind paws, set her down on the other side of the path.

Having performed this gymnastic exercise, the bear, without waiting to be thanked (evidently he was well acquainted with the human

race), whirled about, dropped on all fours, and proceeded quietly on his way, swaying from side to side, and grunting contentedly in anticipation of sweet repose in his lair not far away.

The colonists hastened to the spot, and found the little German child safe and sound, but greatly frightened by the bit of a waltz with such an unusual partner. But I must confess, to the shame of the men, that the virtuous bear was not in error as to his bad opinion of us. I know not whether he slept sweetly after his humane act, but I do know for a fact that it was his last night in this transient vale of ingratitude and evil. On the following morning a hunting-party set out after him, and a month later his magnificent skin lay in Tiflis, in the private study of one of the witnesses to this miraculous scene.

NOTE.—Madame Zhelikhóvsky lived for years in Tiflis and the Caucasus. She probably heard this story from one of the spectators. She died not long ago. I. F. H.



"In learning," proudly said the birch,  
 "I once played quite a part;  
 Whenever little boys were dull,  
 Why, I could make 'em smart!"

## MORE GOBOLINKS.\*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



### THE BEARS AND THE HARLEQUINS.

GAY harlequins dancing—beribboned are they,  
And carry two poles in the air;  
That rest on their heads in a curious way,  
And atop of each pole is a bear,  
I declare,  
A wonderful, long-tailed bear.



### UNPLEASANT COMPANIONS.

HERE are two Wiggles from Wriggleumtown—  
Their legs are sky-blue and their bodies are  
brown,  
Their tails are a wonderful changeable hue;  
I don't care to have them for playmates, do you?



### PREPARING FOR WINTER.

THESE squirrels have paused to consider  
The fact that 't is late in the fall,  
And time to lay nuts up for winter  
If they would have any at all.  
The red squirrel hoards like a miser;  
But, alas, the improvident gray,  
He's only a pauper of winter  
Who scampers the summer away.

\* See ST. NICHOLAS for September, page 916.





JUST LIKE OTHER CHILDREN.

Two little Gobolinks one day  
 Were sent to do the dishes;  
 Instead of which they ran away  
 And fished for shadow-fishes.

They fished and fished and fished and fished,  
 And but a leaf they caught-o;  
 And then they wished and wished and wished  
 They 'd done the thing they ought to.

So by and by they homeward crept  
 With plumage drooping sadly;  
 And there they bowed their heads and wept  
 Because they felt so badly.



THE MERRY WATER-WEEDLES.

WITHIN the caverns of the sea  
 Two Water-weedles stay.  
 Their hearts are happy as can be;  
 Within the caverns of the sea  
 They sing and frolic in their glee  
 Throughout the livelong day.  
 Within the caverns of the sea  
 Two Water-weedles stay.



OUR PET.

THE head of a Gobolink Tiger—  
 With smellers arranged as you see.  
 He used to reside on the Niger,  
 But now he is living with me.

"The things that I think I am loath to relate,  
You look so exactly like me."



#### VERY CONVENIENT.

THE shadow-rack stands in the Shadow-man's  
hall;  
It holds shadow-canes and umbrellas, and all  
The various things that the Gobolinks use  
When they go for a walk to get rid of the blues.

#### A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

Two Widelums went for a walk one day  
By the shores of a shimmering sea;  
And one of them said to the other, "I pray,  
Now what 's your opinion of me?"

Then the Widelum looked at his wigelous  
mate :

"My charming companion," said he,

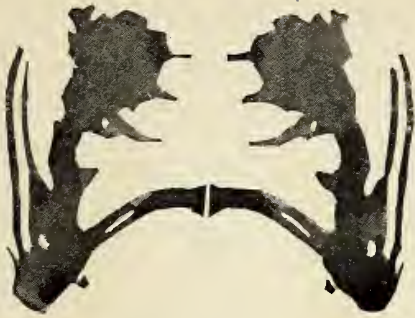


#### BROTHERLY CONSOLATION.

##### A THINGAMY-BOB

Got out of a job  
And went to consult with his brother:  
Said his brother to him,  
"Your chances are slim  
Unless you go hunt up another."





GOOD-BREEDING.

Most Shadow-people are polite,  
 And bow whene'er they meet;  
 For us to do the same is right,  
 At home or in the street.



A HARD QUESTION.

HERE is a pair of funny beasts,  
 I hardly know their habits —  
 Perhaps they may be elephants —  
 Perhaps they may be rabbits.



**B**enny **B**unting  
 went a-hunting,  
 (**H**e hoped to shoot wild boar),  
**B**ut all the trees  
 there were about  
**G**rew round  
 his own  
 front door.

Dorothy G. Rice.

## “ALL THINGS COME ROUND—”

It was terribly hot, and I laid me down  
At the foot of a hickory tree;  
And a squirrel above who was n't afraid  
Sat barking, and scolding me;  
And a bumble-bee swung by a winding  
path  
With his surly “Get out of my way”;  
And a roving mosquito came blowing his  
pipe,  
So what could a fellow say?—  
“This bumble-bee thinks that he owns the  
earth,  
And the squirrel, there, claims the tree,

And this third little varlet would take all the  
rest  
That 's of any importance to me!”  
But, you see, I was tired and fell asleep,  
And when I opened my eyes,  
They found out the door of the bumble-  
bee's store,  
There was honey enough for a prize!  
And the squirrel had thrown me a parcel  
of nuts;  
And near, on a floating spray,  
A robin was singing a cheery song—  
The mosquito had come his way!

*W. C. M'Clelland.*

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## THE END OF WEEK AFTER NEXT.

*(Second story of the series entitled “The City of Stories.”)*

BY FRANK M. BICKNELL.

BOTH the Princess and the Third Son exclaimed in delight. In the midst of a vast plain lay a large and beautiful city. The walls were not high enough to hide the glittering domes, the stately towers, the graceful spires, and the harmonious colors of the housetops.

“Oh, how lovely—how charming!” cried Yolette, after a moment of silence. It needed but a few minutes to reach the walls of the city. They found a spacious gateway surmounted by an arch bearing an inscription in golden letters:

### CITY OF STORIES STREET DIRECTORY.

Beneath, on the closed gates, was a long and curious list of the streets in the city. A few of these, which from their familiar look particularly attracted the attention of Yolette, are given here: “Cinderella Street,” “Sleeping Beauty Avenue,” “Blue Beard Square,” “Hop o' my Thumb Place,” “Little Red Riding Hood Lane,” “Puss in Boots Crescent,” “Jack the Giant Killer Street,” “Beauty and the Beast Avenue,” and “Jack and the Beanstalk Lane.”

“I will now set you down,” said the Tower Clock, “as I suppose you will wish to look about. You can ramble over the city, and

I will look you up occasionally to see how you are faring; and when you have had enough of it we will continue our tour.”

Yolette and the Third Son at once passed through a small doorway at one side of the great gates, and entered the city. They soon perceived that the City of Stories was very different from any city they had ever seen before. Its streets branched out in all directions from the main entrance, and each one bore the title of some story. These names were all beautifully printed in raised letters on fanciful sign-boards. Many of them were already known to Yolette, but by far the larger part were quite new to her. The streets were not straight as city streets usually are,—or, at least, as they ought to be,—but wound about in graceful curves. But by far the strangest thing of all was the fact that each street formed one long page containing the story from which it took its name. The pavements were of white marble, and on each block was painted a letter. These letters were so joined as to make up the words and sentences of the story. Only, instead of being arranged as in books, each successive line was put *above* the last, thus making it

easy for the reader to walk onward and also to enjoy the story at the same time.

Naturally, Yolette was eager to begin reading something at once; and although the Third Son would have been better pleased to do great deeds himself than to read of those done by others, he decided to stay with the Princess a while, in the hope that eventually he might be able to rescue her from some peril. So the pair, having chosen a handsome street not far from the great gates, started into it and read upon its pavements the story of

#### THE END OF WEEK AFTER NEXT.

THERE was once a King whose kingdom was not bounded by any other king's kingdom—that is to say, he ruled over an island and had no neighbors except the fishes. This island was large and very beautiful, being of circular shape and fancifully indented along its shores. The King lived in a magnificent palace situated in the exact center of his dominions.

The King had an only daughter who was one of the most beautiful creatures that ever was born. Moreover, she was wise, witty, and accomplished, but, withal, inconceivably proud.

Though, to be sure, there was some reason for her pride. She was one of the fairest and wisest maidens the sun ever shone upon. She dwelt in a beautiful palace, and her father's domains—which she would one day inherit—were bounded only by the ocean. Under these circumstances it is not strange that when it came time for the Princess to think of marrying, no one could be found half good enough for her—at least, in her own opinion. Scores of the handsomest, bravest, most learned, and most virtuous princes living sued for her hand, but not one of them pleased her; she turned up her pretty nose at them all. She made a pretense of giving them a trial, indeed, but small comfort they got from that. She asked them questions they could not answer or set them tasks they could not perform, and then, ridiculing their failures, sent them away covered with confusion.

This state of affairs disturbed the King greatly. He was growing old and was anxious to see his daughter well married and settled be-

fore his death, but, from present indications, there seemed little chance of that desire being gratified. He could not force her to wed, because there was an old law forbidding the marriage of royal children without their own consent.

At last, however, just as he was at his wit's end, his majesty was lucky enough to discover the existence of another old law to the effect that when a king's daughter had refused an hundred suitors her father could oblige her to take as a husband whomever he chose, even though it were a beggar at the palace gates. Now the Princess had already sent ninety and nine highly estimable and accomplished young men about their business, and so, when he heard she had packed off the one-hundredth, the King, losing all patience, rushed to his daughter's apartments with the statute-book in hand and cried out in a passion: "Proud and wilful child, since the very best is not good enough for you, you shall be married to the first fool who comes along."

It happened, not a great while before this, a certain rich man of that kingdom had died and left behind him two sons. The elder was a youth clever enough, but the younger was little better than a fool. He was so stupid that he scarcely knew as much as A B C, to say nothing of D E F and the other letters that follow. And as for counting, he could not have told how many hands he had if you had asked him in a hurry. But one fine morning what should the simpleton do but arise and astonish his elder brother by suddenly exclaiming:

"Brother, give me my share of our father's wealth that I may go forth and see what the great world is like."

But the brother, thinking that the simpleton knew nothing of the care of money, and would only waste or lose it if it were given to him, was unwilling to grant his request.

"My brother," he said, "I cannot do as you ask, for our father's property has not yet been divided."

"Well, then, when will it be divided?" persisted the Youth, who was not thus easily to be put off.

"Oh! surely not until the end of week after

next," answered the elder brother, hoping to get rid of him.

The simpleton asked no more questions, but he did not go back to his chimney-corner. On the contrary he began to walk the floor, repeating over and over again, in a doleful voice:

"Alack! I would that the End of Week after Next were here! Oh! that the End of Week after Next were come!"

Until finally the elder brother, quite weary of his whinings, exclaimed impatiently:

"Well, if you are in such a hurry for the coming of the End of Week after Next why do you not go out and meet it half way?"

"Ah! that is a fine idea, brother; a famous idea!" cried the simpleton in delight; "but, tell me, which way shall I go?"

"Which way, indeed, if not toward the east, whence all the days come?" was the response.

"To be sure!" said the Youth, and he set off at once in high good humor.

After he had traveled for some time he met a wayfarer.

"Pray can you tell me," he asked, "how soon the End of Week after Next will be along here?"

"In fourteen days," replied the wayfarer, for it was then Saturday.

The simpleton thanked him and journeyed on for two days more, at the end of which time he met a second wayfarer. To him he repeated the query he had put to the first, and the answer he now received was that the End of Week after Next would come in nineteen days, for it was then Monday. This news might have discouraged some people, but the simple youth did not know that nineteen was a larger number than fourteen, so it made very little difference to him. He kept patiently on his journey for some weeks longer, inquiring of every one he met about the arrival of the End of Week after Next, but all to no purpose. The much-wished-for day was like a will-o'-the-wisp; sometimes a shorter and sometimes a longer distance away, but never quite within reach. At length he really began to be disheartened, and one evening, weary and foot-sore, he sat down by the roadside and for the first time in his life he fell seriously to thinking.

"I set forth," said he to himself, "to meet the

End of Week after Next half way, and surely I have gone far enough, at last, to have met it *whole* way. Can it be, then, that we two have passed each other on the road? That is a question I cannot answer. Alas! as I grow older I find there are a great many questions I cannot answer. This must be because I am such a simpleton. Would it not be better for me if I were wiser? I think I will give up looking for the End of Week after Next, and use my time in trying to become wiser. Then, perhaps, the world may run more smoothly with me."

This resolution, although made by a simpleton, was really a very sensible one; for, when a man realizes that he knows very little, certainly he has learned something, and in the end he will be almost sure to gain still further knowledge.

On the following morning, animated by his new purpose, the youth resumed his wanderings, until by and by he came to the King's palace. Now it fell out curiously enough that he arrived just after the King had declared that his daughter should wed the first fool that came along. So when his majesty caught sight of the simpleton staring up at the precious-stone palace with eyes and mouth wide open, the thought struck him at once that there was the very fellow he wanted, and he sent a servant to fetch him in. Some moments later, the youth being shown into his presence, he turned to the Princess, and said:

"Behold your bridegroom, my daughter! Go and don wedding attire, that you may be married without delay."

At these words the simpleton looked more a simpleton than ever, and the Princess, turning pale as death, besought her father to reconsider his hasty determination. But she pleaded in vain; the King was deaf to her entreaties. He had firmly resolved that she should wed the youth; he had said it, and nothing could induce him to break his royal word. However, by the most earnest prayers the Princess finally did obtain a delay of three days, and the permission to set the youth three tasks before she married him.

"Thus far you shall have your own way," quoth the King; "but remember, it will make

no difference, for marry this youth you must and shall in any case."

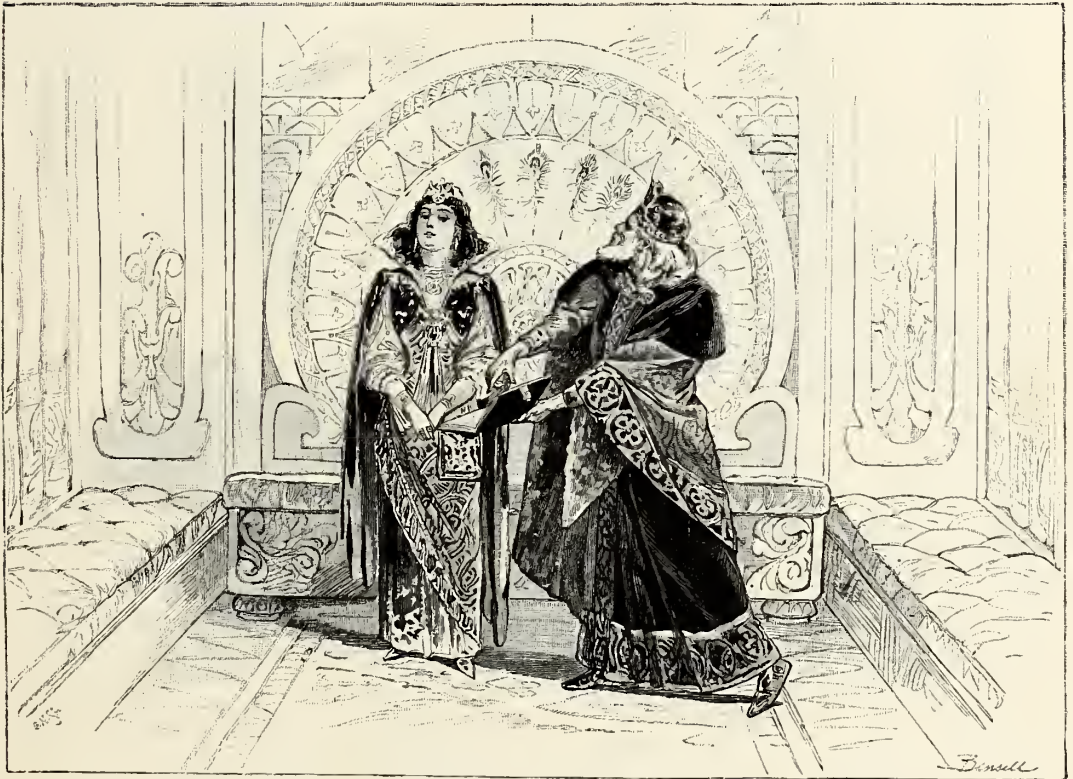
The Princess bowed her acquiescence in her father's will, and then addressing the simpleton, she said:

"This shall be the first task. Around my father's palace runs a wide avenue, as hard and smooth as glass, and in the form of a circle. Tell me what part of it the workmen made last."

"That I cannot do, Princess, unless you give me until to-morrow to think about it," replied the Youth, bowing politely to her.

was, made a sorry appearance, was thrust into a garret, high up in a tower at one corner of the palace.

As the Youth was tired from much tramping, he went early to bed and straightway fell sound asleep, not troubling himself in the least to give another thought to the Princess's question. He slept like a log until the clock struck twelve, when he was suddenly awakened by the sound of voices. These voices belonged to the Big Wise Weathercock on the Tower, and the Little Foolish Weathercock on the Turret,



"THE KING RUSHED TO HIS DAUGHTER'S APARTMENTS WITH THE STATUTE-BOOK IN HAND."

"Very well," returned the Princess, who felt sure he would never solve the problem, "until the morrow you shall have, then."

Thereupon the Youth was placed in the charge of a servant, who gave him some supper and showed him to the chamber in which he was to spend the night. All the other suitors of the Princess had been lodged sumptuously in fine state apartments, as befitted their rank; but the poor simpleton, who, travel-worn as he

who were having a talk with each other as was their nightly custom.

"That was a hard task the Princess gave the Youth," remarked the Little Foolish Weathercock to his larger companion.

"Oh, not so very hard, after all," returned the Big Wise Weathercock.

"How then should one set to work to do it?" queried the Little Foolish Weathercock.

"It is very simple; one should answer the

Princess thus," replied the Big Wise Weathercock; and thereupon he explained all to the Little Foolish Weathercock, while the youth listened eagerly, and carefully remembered every word. Then he turned over and went to sleep again.

The next day, when he appeared in presence

now since you are so clever at asking questions, let your second task be to ask me one that I cannot answer."

"Princess," replied the Youth, "that I cannot do without some preparation. Give me until to-morrow to think upon it."

To this the Princess assented, and the Youth



“MARRY THIS YOUTH YOU MUST AND SHALL,” SAID THE KING.”

of the Princess, she asked with a mocking smile whether he were ready with his answer.

“Princess,” returned the Youth, “before I answer your question will you answer one for me?”

“Yes,” said the Princess, “provided it is not the one I have asked you.”

“Oh, no; quite the contrary,” said the Youth. “You asked me what part of the circular avenue running around the palace the builders made last. I ask you what part of it they made *first*?”

“They began to work in front of the great gates,” replied the Princess.

“Then there they also finished working,” exclaimed the Youth, “for between the beginning and the ending of a circular road there is not so much as a hair’s-breadth of space.”

“Very good,” returned the Princess, when she had recovered from her surprise. “And

went away. That night again he slept in the garret under the roof of the tower; and at the stroke of twelve once more he was aroused by the voices of the Big Wise Weathercock and its foolish little neighbor.

“Certainly that is a very hard task the Princess set for the Youth to-day,” remarked the Little Weathercock on the Turret.

“Oh, not so very hard, after all, if one but knows what question to give to the Princess,” answered the Big Weathercock on the Tower.

“What question should one give her then?” inquired the Little Weathercock.

“One should question the Princess in this manner,” returned the Big Wise Weathercock; and thereupon he explained the whole matter to the Little Weathercock, while the Youth listened eagerly and carefully stored away in his memory every word that was said.



The next day when the Youth appeared before the Princess and she asked him if he were ready to perform the second task he answered thus :

"Princess, it is well known that deep beneath the foundations of your father's palace there lies buried an iron chest. In this iron chest is an oaken chest which incloses a box made of silver. This in turn contains a box made of gold, wherein is a casket all studded with precious gems. In the casket is a flask cut from a single diamond. Within the flask sparkles a tear-drop from the eye of the queen whose husband built this palace. Now can you tell me whether that tear-drop fell from the right eye or from the left eye of the queen?"

"No; neither I nor any other person living can answer that question," returned the Princess. "You have performed successfully the second task; now for the third. Look very closely at my hands! Look well at them!"

"Yes, Princess; I think I should. Nevertheless, I beg you will give me until to-morrow to consider the matter."

"So be it," said the Princess, and the Youth went away.

That night for the third time he slept in the tower chamber, and for the third time he was awakened by the voices of the two weather-cocks.

"Without any doubt that is a very hard task the Princess is to give the Youth to-morrow," began the Little Weathercock.

"Oh! no," returned the Big Weathercock; "if he but knew how, he might easily get the better of her."

"How, then, could that be managed?"

"In this way," replied the Big Wise Weathercock, and he explained all to the Little Foolish Weathercock, while the Youth listened eagerly and carefully remembered every word.

The next day the Youth was conducted by



"POINT OUT THE HANDS THAT BELONG TO THE PRINCESS," SAID THE ATTENDANT."

"Yes, Princess; they are the most beautiful hands I have ever seen," answered the Youth, who was not so much of a fool as once he had been.

"You think so, do you?" retorted the Princess in a tone that seemed disdainful; "and would you know them again among the hands of nine-and-forty other maidens, do you suppose?"

an officer of the court to a room that was divided across the center by a great curtain falling from ceiling to floor. Behind this curtain stood fifty maidens whom he could not see, while before it, put through convenient holes, their fifty pairs of hands were exposed to view.

"Look at them all," said the attendant, "and point out the hands that belong to the Princess."

The Youth advanced, and pretended to examine carefully each pair of hands. They were all equally small, equally white, and equally beautiful. There seemed no choice between them. After having gazed at them for some minutes the Youth spoke thus:

“The Princess is not behind this curtain, and yet *all* those hands belong to her, for they are the hands of her maids of honor and therefore are hers — to command.”

At this the King, who was in hiding with the Princess at the other side of the room, exclaimed triumphantly:

“My daughter, the last task is done and you have no longer any possible excuse for not accepting this youth as your husband.”

“Ah! but wait a bit,” replied the Princess calmly; “something yet remains to be said on that subject.”

“Indeed! And pray what may it be?” demanded the King in surprise. “Have I not said that you must marry him? Are you not bound by my royal word to do so?”

“Oh, no! I am not bound in the least,” returned the Princess. “You said I was to marry *the first fool who came along*. By performing my tasks so satisfactorily this youth has proved plainly that he is no fool; therefore I am not bound to take him for my husband.”

The King was staggered. He saw that he was in danger of being thwarted, which would be a very humiliating thing for him both as a sovereign and as a father. However, he did not give up quite yet.

“The Youth has proved nothing of the kind!” he declared. “He has had counsel or

he could not have got through the three tasks so easily. Did he not take twenty-four hours to consider each one of them? I will soon show you that his wit was borrowed and that he has none of his own. I will give him a riddle to guess on the spot, and you shall see how blank he will look over it.”

Whereupon, coming forth from the hiding-place, the King asked the Youth to solve the following riddle:

“What is that which is always coming, but never arrives?”

“Oho!” exclaimed the Youth, “nothing could be easier to answer. That which is always coming, but never arrives, is surely the End of Week after Next.”

On hearing this reply it was the King and not the Youth who looked blank. Indeed, his Majesty had not a word to say for himself. But just then, most unexpectedly, the Princess (who really was not averse to the Youth, although she had been too proud to acknowledge it) declared herself so charmed by his ready solution of the riddle that she was quite willing to accept him after all. So the wedding took place and everybody rejoiced to think that the Princess was married at last.

After this the Youth and the Princess lived long and happily together, and when in due time the old King died the young King succeeded to the throne, which he occupied to the satisfaction of all. And if ever he was perplexed by affairs of state, he had only to betake himself for a night to the tower and all was sure to be made plain to him by the weighty words of the Big Wise Weathercock.

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## DOT AND THE NEW MOON.

---

I HAVE been told — do you think it is true? —  
That when the new moon first comes into  
view,  
The bright little moon, like a bent silver bow,  
If I see it just over my left shoulder — *so*,  
Bad luck will follow me all the month through;  
But I don't believe much in signs. Do you?

But the new moon, last night, above the elm-tree,  
Over my *right* shoulder glanced down at me,  
The pretty new moon, and, you know, that 's  
a sign  
That the best of good luck will surely be mine.  
I can't help believing *that* sign will come true.  
Signs may be silly — but, now, would n't you?



PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

(FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH.)



## A COOKED-UP ROMANCE.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.



LADY," said a brave and courteous Knight,  
While waiting for his supper at an inn,  
"To me it is a very painful sight  
To see you blistering your pretty skin  
Over that broiling fire and blazing light.  
And, though a thousand triumphs I might win,  
In field or tourney or in off-hand fight,

I really think it would be quite a sin  
For me to now forsake you in such plight.

So, while I tire not of the battle's din,  
Because I am a brave and courteous Knight,  
If I might hope your fairy hand to win,  
I would change places, if you think it 's right,  
And stir the porridge thick or stir it thin,  
Just as you bid me, morning, noon, or night,  
And thus together we might keep the inn—

For cased in armor I'm protected quite,  
While you would save your lily, milk-white skin."

So runs the legend. Thus do men explain  
The queer design by which is still bedight  
The sign that marks through wind and sun and rain,  
"The Hostelry of the Most Courteous Knight."

Ye lady  
readeth ye  
centurie  
cook-booke  
of her daye.



Ye courte-  
ous knighte  
yeldeth  
somewhatte  
to ye heat  
and smoke.

## A VEXED QUESTION.

BY ELLA JOHNSON KERR.

I WENT in the school-room, one morning;  
My two little girls were there,  
And over their atlas bending,  
Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,  
And said, with an anxious look:  
"Mama, perhaps you can help us.  
It says here, in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana  
From the French. Now that seems queer!  
For Nellie and I don't understand  
How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over  
Must have taken so many trips.  
Nell says they put it in baskets;  
But I think it must have been ships."

# FIFTY CHARADES: A PRIZE PUZZLE.

A CHANCE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

## LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED.

FOR the best lists of answers to the fifty charades here printed, according to the conditions of the competition, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Ten Dollars.

Two prizes of Eight Dollars each.

Five prizes of Six Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Four Dollars each.

Twelve prizes of Two Dollars each.

These, amounting to one hundred and twenty dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills.

The competition this time is open to all subscribers, or regular readers, of ST. NICHOLAS from the age of ten to the age of eighty years inclusive.

The Committee of Judges in awarding prizes will take into account not only the correctness of the answers but

the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All answers must be received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS before October 15, 1896, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

Arrange the answers in the order of the charades and number them on the left-hand margin.

Give your name, age (if over eighteen, simply so state), and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

Union Square, New York City;

and write in left-hand lower corner of the envelope "Prize Puzzle."

I.

IN a little old school-house that stood on a hill  
A little old schoolmaster taught with a will.  
But over his pupils he had no control;  
They said he was crusty and cross and my  
whole.

And the rascals declared it would serve him  
just right

To play him a practical joke some fine night.  
So down to the river they went, and they took  
My first from my last of the dark, muddy brook.  
Then they eagerly hurried, yet quiet as a mouse,  
Till they came to the little old schoolmaster's  
house.

They smuggled my first in my last with great  
glee,

And chuckled to think how irate he would be.

2.

FROM History's truthful page,

We all of us may know

My first was strongly built

Thousands of years ago.

The books of ancient lore

We read again and see

That long before my first

My whole was said to be,—

And people who lived then,

Had surely never heard

Of eighteen ninety-six,

My second and my third.

3.

WE were all alone in the castle,

Sir Harry and my first;

We sat by the smold'ring embers,

And idly we conversed.

Sir Harry went to the window

And looked out through my last,

"'T is a biting night outside," quoth he,

"It blows a roaring blast."

It was twelve by the clock in the turret,

I was smoking my last cigar;

My whole, on the bridge at midnight,

Was chained to a metal bar.

4.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,

Hear my first with tender heart;

Ere another hour is past,

Let me be of thee my last.

Then behold my very soul

Filled o'erflowing with my whole.

5.

To the grandest of monarchs that ever was  
seen

My first was presented by Sheba's fair queen.

Far, far away back in the ages long past,

According to science, the earth was my last.

My whole is a creature exceedingly fair,

Addicted to singing and combing her hair.

6.

DOROTHY DAUBER sat serene,  
 Painting my total on a screen,  
 When a little mouse went scampering o'er  
 Dorothy Dauber's yellow floor.  
 Dorothy, with a piercing cry,  
 Clambered up on a table high;  
 My first went madly rushing past  
 Waving vigorously my last.  
 Such a commotion in the house,  
 And all on account of a little mouse.

7.

HOPING my first kind Heaven will send her,  
 The suppliant prays on bended knee.  
 Like Little Billee, "young and tender,"  
 We all desire my last shall be.  
 So that she might become my whole  
 God breathed in Eve a living soul.

8.

A SOLDIER of the rebels lay dying in the field;  
 A brave but sturdy fighter, he could fall but  
 could not yield.  
 But a comrade stood beside him while his  
 life-blood trickled fast,  
 And bent, with pitying glances, to wrap him  
 in my last,  
 Seeking his country's glory, e'en in the can-  
 non's mouth.  
 Though in the midst of bloodshed, my first  
 stood for the South.  
 The dying soldier faltered as he took his com-  
 rade's hand,  
 Saying, "Make my whole, my brother, it is  
 my last command."

9.

BENEATH the Roman Eagle's glory,  
 Great Cæsar, famed in song and story,  
 Triumphant banners floating o'er him,  
 Carried my Roman first before him.

In springtime days of sunny weather,  
 When lads and lasses dance together,  
 Around the May-pole gaily flying,  
 They are my last, there 's no denying.

A gallant knight and lovely lady  
 Were sauntering down a pathway shady;  
 He offered her, with words beguiling,  
 My whole, which she accepted, smiling.

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10.

AN old philosopher was my last,  
 And his wife was my first in the distant past.

Select two sticks that are smooth and straight,  
 Lay them with care and precision great,  
 One north and south, one east and west,  
 They are my whole, it must be confessed.

11.

LEAVING my whole with grief and pain  
 Columbus sailed across the main.  
 He came at last to western lands  
 And saw the Red Men's savage bands.  
 They were my last, they were my first,  
 Columbus' fears were then dispersed.

12.

MEN often strive my first to gain  
 By strength or skill, by speed or worth;  
 It causes deepest woe and pain,  
 It causes also joy and mirth.

I watched a tennis-player serve,  
 And through the air the ball whizzed fast,  
 But took an unexpected curve;  
 The umpire said it was my last.

With thoughtful eyes and puzzled brow,  
 It is my whole you 're reading now.

13.

My first, men call thee wicked, and perhaps  
 they may be right,  
 Yet I contend thou shouldst be judged ac-  
 cording to thy light.

My last, thou art a messenger received with  
 joy or dread,—  
 Frequently driven, very deaf, found in an hum-  
 ble shed.

My whole, of upright bearing, and found in  
 many lands,  
 In order to be seen of men, upon street-cor-  
 ners stands.

14.

My first is a statesman, a pen and a bird;  
 There are people who worship my last, I have  
 heard.  
 My whole sailed away in a ship called the  
 Argo,  
 And hoped to obtain a much-coveted cargo.

15.

My first, of high degree,  
Thousands succumb to thee —  
In Oriental countries thou art found;  
Beneath thy mighty power  
Thy fainting victims cower,  
Thy greatness brings them prostrate to the  
ground.

Unhonored and unsung,  
My second was, when young,  
Beheaded by a tyrant's stern decree;  
Her home and friends she left,  
Her children were bereft,  
Yet martyred in a worthy cause was she.

In far Afghanistan,  
In China and Japan,  
On Greenland's ice and India's coral strands;  
My whole in mighty hordes,  
So history records,  
Worship their idols in barbaric bands.

16.

AH, distinctly I remember  
'T was my first and not December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought  
its ghost upon the floor,  
Eagerly I wished the morrow,  
Vainly I had sought to borrow  
In my last, surcease of sorrow, sorrow for  
the lost Lenore.

For my whole so rare and radiant,  
Whom the angels name Lenore —  
Nameless here forevermore.

17.

At my first was my friend.  
We went for my last;  
I 'd a half-hour to spend,  
At my first was my friend;  
As we went round the bend  
O'er my total we passed.  
At my first was my friend,  
We went for my last.

18.

My total of the heavens showed that a storm  
would burst,  
So we went into my second before it should  
my first.

19.

AN artist stepped into an office one day,  
And held up my first for the clerk to survey;  
"It 's a good black and white,  
But it is n't quite right,  
For I just drew it off in a hurry last night.  
It 's not very fine,  
Nor of novel design,  
But I hope 't will be taken and hung on the  
line."

He had scarcely gone out when a lady came  
by,  
And she stopped in to ask if my second was  
dry.

"'T was a canvas," she said,  
"And it fills me with dread,  
To think that the colors have faded or spread."  
Well, I sat there all day,  
In that very same way,  
Amazed at the endless and changing array  
Of my whole that appeared in a motley dis-  
play;

Percalé and piqué,  
Some green and some gray,  
Worn in all colors and worn in all shades,  
Worn by the ladies and worn by the maids,  
By large and by small,  
By short and by tall,  
Till I ran away home to get out of it all.

20.

MY grandsire in the Mayflower came across  
the raging waters,  
And so I sought to join the Revolutionary  
Daughters.

I studied up my pedigree, and when my search  
was ended,  
I learned to my chagrin that from my first I  
had descended.

The cashier left his books in wild confusion  
and disorder,  
And started to my last across the far Cana-  
dian border.

My whole is used by artisans of every clime  
and nation,  
The blacksmith's need, the mason's pride, the  
school-girl's detestation.



21.

THE breaking waves dashed high,  
The vessel rose and fell;  
My first was drenched from end to end  
With every heavy swell.

The vivid lightning flashed,  
The awful thunder boomed.  
“Unless my last is sent to us,”  
The captain said, “we ’re doomed.”

The tempest cleared away  
Before the morning light.  
“Within my- whole,” the captain said,  
“I ’ve not seen such a night.”

22.

THE jolly old farmer was my last;  
As he went to my first, o’er my total he passed.

23.

OLD Deacon Griggs made money fast;  
His greatest virtue was my last.  
But his son John turned out my whole,  
Which grieved the deacon’s sordid soul;  
For hast’ning to my first, the son  
Disbursed the gold that Griggs had won.

24.

MY first, with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet.  
If where wild-flowers blossom rank,  
You my last upon the bank,  
Down the hillside you may roll  
And play havoc with my whole.

25.

I CROSSED my first upon a bridge  
Although my first was dry;  
And when I reached the other side,  
My first was in my eye.

My second it would puzzle me  
Exactly to define,  
Perhaps ’t is easy to your powers,  
’T is difficult to mine.

My whole used with intelligence  
A wondrous power will prove,  
And if it is but great enough  
A mountain it may move.

26.

UPON my last I saw a yacht;  
My last is smooth, my first is not.  
My first felt Alexander’s blade,  
My last has formed a strong blockade;  
Both can be broken, cut or made;  
And when you see my whole displayed  
Upon my last, oh, then beware!  
To venture near it do not dare.

27.

The yacht was flying fast; the day was fair;  
The sky was clear and blue; and my first,  
white  
Upon the sailors and upon the sea.  
I stood upon the deck, and with my last  
I saw the distant shores of Barnegat,  
I watched the heaving billows roll and toss,  
I thought that we were going to my whole.

28.

My first, an Irish poet,  
Sang songs and ballads gay;  
My second was a Redcoat,  
A general in his day.

My whole was large and heavy,  
(It was a sorry case),  
The stranger took it with him,  
Yet left it on the place.

29.

As my first was walking with weary step, on  
a drear and lonely road,  
With a heavy heart and a downcast glance,  
of my second he bore a load;  
He saw my third, he was soon my third, he  
had reached his welcome goal,  
And with song and dance and merry jest, he  
listened to my whole.

30.

AN ancient family of Chaldee  
Went from my first to Canaan’s land.  
My second I can never see,  
But I can hold it in my hand.  
My whole is found on the ocean’s bed,  
Though often on pillows he rests his head.

31.

IT was my whole, a thunder-storm had burst;  
My last was fierce, and filled us with my first.

32.

My whole drops from trees.  
 My last is a season,  
 When as every one sees  
 My whole drops from trees.

My first is a breeze,  
 And that is the reason  
 My whole drops from trees.  
 My last is a season.

33.

BENEATH the gaslight's brilliant glare  
 The feast was spread with dainties rare.  
 My whole was set with silver fine,  
 And shining glass and sparkling wine.  
 A wise professor, old and staid,  
 Was talking to a chattering maid.  
 In ancient lore she was not versed,  
 She was my last, and he my first;  
 While I across the table sat,  
 Wishing I could enjoy her chat.

34.

My first is black and white and blue and red,  
 'T is yellow, yes, and sometimes it is gray;  
 'T is high and low, 't is restless and 't is dead,  
 'T is writ for us to read and sing and play.

My last is greeted with delight and dread,  
 The farmer's solace and the farmer's bane;  
 Trod by his feet, yet worn upon his head,  
 Refreshed and ruined by a drenching rain.

My whole lay deep beneath the waves, they  
 said,  
 But bravely rescued from the billow's roll,  
 Though dripping wet upon the sands out-  
 spread,  
 With gladness and delight I pressed my  
 whole.

35.

THE melancholy days have come, the sad-  
 dest of the year;  
 There's not a flower on all the hills because  
 my first is here.  
 And through the keen and wintry air I watch  
 the leaves my last;  
 I shall not see my whole again until the win-  
 ter's past.

36.

My first's a very common thing,—  
 It has been worn by cat and king;  
 Part of my lady's fine attire,  
 The soldier's pride, the tramp's desire.

My second, with a vacant stare,  
 Jaunty red cap and curling hair,  
 Once at a gay and festive scene,  
 Captured a bright and smiling queen.

My whole is very often used  
 To hit a beast that's much abused.

37.

My first is often broken, 't is so frail;  
 Sometimes it has a head, sometimes a tail;  
 Lives in the water, worn upon the hand,  
 Dooms the offender, represents a land.  
 My last is found on mankind and on brute,  
 Possessed alike by fish and fowl and fruit.  
 The daring mariner who seeks the pole,  
 Failing to find it, may secure my whole.

38.

My first was ground beneath the oppressor's  
 wheel,  
 Subjected unto barbarous tyrannies;  
 With ears cut off, encaged in netted wire  
 Into a burning fiery furnace thrust.  
 My first take from my second, and my whole  
 Remains.

My second is a faithful friend.  
 Gaily with him across the moors I go  
 From morn to dewy eve.

I went one day  
 To visit an old man. Beside the fire  
 He sate. His well-loved pipe, made of my whole,  
 He smoked in calm and undisturbed content.

39.

WHEN from my ivied casement I look down  
 Upon the garden bathed in sunset glow  
 I see my first ranged in imposing rows  
 Yet distant as the poles,

I hear the noise  
 Of merry children romping in their glee;  
 I hear their laughter and I hear my last.

A hero of my youthful days there was,  
 Who, with inquiring mind and hatchet sharp,  
 Upon my whole reached everlasting fame.

40.

A SOLDIER and a sailor met

One day upon the shore;  
 And one was my first with a coat of my last,  
 And my whole the other wore.

41.

OF my first, 't is averred  
 That there is no such word;

But we know better.  
 Unless you said "Proceed"—  
 I would not dare to read  
 My second letter.

Unless my total you have made,  
 Already you 've guessed this charade.

42.

BOSTON, my first is said to be,  
 And Milton was my next.

My whole, an ancient mother.  
 Who was often much perplexed.

43.

A COLLEGE youth toward magic yearned,  
 And all the wizard's arts he learned.

He had the mumbo-jumbo pat,  
 And made my first in his silk hat.

Sorcery, black art, and all the rest  
 He could accomplish with the best;  
 And when, as wizard, he fell flat,  
 He made my last in his silk hat.

Dressed for the street, he chanced to pass  
 One day, before his cheval-glass;  
 With faultless garb and new cravat,  
 He saw my whole in his silk hat.

44.

THOUGH some one spoke this truthful word,  
 "The pen is mightier than the sword,"  
 Without my first, you 'll all agree,  
 Of little use the pen would be.

Deep in my second, long ago,  
 Young Mr. Green was said to throw  
 A victim innocent of wrong,  
 The hero of a well-known song.

What products of what mighty brains!  
 What wond'rous books my whole contains!  
 What reams of prose and verse! Yet all  
 Tinged with the bitterness of gall!

45.

In certain realms men have to bring  
 My first to earth before their king;

In others, they are only bound  
 To make my second touch the ground.  
 My whole 's a curious little man—  
 One of a most amusing clan.

46.

A BRAVE man looked forth and a figure he saw;  
 'T was bound to my first—he surveyed it  
 with awe.

And as it was fast disappearing from sight,  
 He began to my second with furious might.  
 An often-fought foe, very hard to control,  
 In the Scriptures we read of the fall of my whole.

47.

My dogs I love, my horses I adore;  
 They 're much to me, and yet my last is more.  
 And though my first is less, my whole I know,  
 Has ever been my last's unconquered foe.

48.

IN my first sweet Peggy rode,  
 Like my whole her fair cheek glowed;  
 At her feet my heart I 'd cast,  
 If she 'd only be my last.

49.

SAFE from the cold December storm,  
 I sat by my whole so bright and warm,  
 When the cry of my first I plainly heard.  
 My last sprang up without a word;  
 And panic-stricken, in sudden fright,  
 We rushed out into the winter night.

50.

THE night was dark, the way was cold,  
 And very cold and tired was I;  
 Across the wide, deserted wold  
 We trudged beneath a heavy sky.  
 We felt of friends and joy bereft  
 Since my bright second we had left.

In sooth, 't was bad enough to plod  
 From scenes so dear to beau and belle,  
 But Fate had still a heavier rod—  
 My first without a warning fell,  
 And on the ground lay white and still,  
 Just as we reached the castle hill.

We ran, and as we ran we pressed  
 My first into my second small.  
 Not ours to sleep, to sit, to rest,  
 If we would reach the town at all;  
 But still we stooped my first to roll,  
 And thus that night we made my whole.

# SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FIRM DISSOLVES.

THE Co. seemed to have forgotten all about his quarrel with the senior partner the next morning, but Sindbad soon reminded him of it by his icy reserve and his studied politeness at the breakfast-table. It was: "Mr. Brown, we await your pleasure, sir"; or, "Thomas, my lad, pass the butter to Mr. Brown. He must be served first, of course."

After a while the situation seemed to dawn upon Mr. Brown, and at length he said very mildly:

"I hope you don't hold any grudge against me, Mr. Sindbad?"

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Sindbad, his nose high in the air. "I had almost forgotten your existence when I met you on the piazza just now. Let me see. I believe you claim to have a treacherous memory?"

"Treacherous is not the word, sir," replied Mr. Brown. "My memory is too weak to be treacherous."

"How sad!" sneered Sindbad. "But I don't suppose you have forgotten our agreement of last night?"

"Agreement of last night?" said Mr. Brown, tapping his forehead. "Let me think! Oh, yes! you were to forfeit the enchanted trousers if we met with no accident between Newhamp-ton and New York."

"I *thought* you would n't forget it," said Sindbad. "But let me assure you that you'll never own those trousers, sir."

"Are you going to back out?" asked Mr. Brown, anxiously.

"Back out! No, sir; George W. Sindbad's word is his bond. But that train *will* meet with an accident."

And he strode from the room, followed by Tom and Mr. Brown.

"I say," whispered the angry boy to the Co., "let 's dissolve the partnership at once."

"Let 's do nothing of the sort," returned Mr. Brown promptly. "*I* can't afford to, for I expect to be the owner of those trousers within an hour and a half. Stick to me, my boy, and you won't regret it."

They were just in time to catch the express for New York, and were fortunate enough to secure parlor-car seats.

For some minutes neither of the trio spoke. Mr. Brown was the first to attempt to break the ice.

"Beautiful day, Mr. Sindbad," he said with an ingratiating smile.

"Umph!" grunted Sindbad.

"I suppose you've often visited New York?" continued the Co.

"Umph!"

"Now, my dear fellow," said Mr. Brown, leaning over and placing his hand on Sindbad's, "it is really wrong for you to allow a slight difference of opinion to estrange us. You believe that this train will not reach New York safely, I believe it will. Should it prove that I am in the wrong I shall acknowledge my error, and entertain in the future a greater respect for your judgment than I have at present — if that be possible."

The severity of Sindbad's features had gradually relaxed during this speech.

"You are very kind, sir," he said. "I assure you that you *are* in the wrong; and I am willing to stake my reputation as an explorer that this train will meet with a serious accident."

"Let us hope so," said the Co. suavely.

Meanwhile Tom sat staring out of the window with a very long face. He was obliged to confess to himself that he was disappointed. The Arabian Nights Sindbad and the real Sind-

bad, the Arabian Nights adventures and the real adventures, were so different.

"I'm afraid Sindbad is getting too old," he soliloquized. "It seems to me he's in his second childhood, or pretty near it; it must be time. But maybe we're going to have a bet-

ing, brought the water. Sindbad swallowed the contents of the glass at a gulp; then he said:

"I am better now, I think; but this is a severe blow to me. A run of that length, and no accident! Tut! tut!"

"The old man is breaking up fast," whispered Mr. Brown to Tom. "It is as I feared. We must get him to a hotel as soon as we can."

Sindbad was tenderly lifted into a cab, and driven to a hotel not far from the station.

When the partners were alone in their rooms the great explorer suddenly rallied.

"The enchanted trousers are yours, Brown," he said.

"Yes, I suppose they are," replied the new partner; "but I want you to keep them until you become reconciled to parting with them—say, a week or ten days."

"No, you shall have them at once," said Sindbad. "Excuse me a few minutes—" and he entered his dressing-room.

"Poor old man!" said Mr. Brown, evidently trying hard to assume a compassionate tone, "it is rather rough on him. But a bargain is a bargain."

Tom made no reply; a few minutes later Sindbad entered, wearing a pair of trousers of the latest London cut.

"You will find the others in my dressing-room whenever you wish them," he said. "I tell you because I may not be here."

"Really, you alarm me, my dear Sindbad," cried Mr. Brown. "Where are you going, may I ask?"

"I don't know that myself yet," replied the explorer; "but I am about to take a serious step."

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Brown, edging toward the door.



"THE PORTER BROUGHT THE WATER."

ter adventure now. I can't help feeling sorry, though, for the other passengers, who don't know that Sindbad is on board."

His sympathy was wasted, however, for the train rolled into the Grand Central station exactly on time. Just before it came to a standstill Sindbad's face grew very pale, and he said, addressing Tom, with a ghastly attempt at a smile:

"They tell me this is New York, but I'm sure there must be some mistake. No? Really, this is unaccountable. Will some one kindly bring me a glass of water?"

The porter, who chanced to be within hear-

"I am going to summon an eminent and powerful fairy," answered Sindbad. "I do this for two reasons: first, because I know you both doubt the truth of my claims, and this will convince you of it; and secondly, because I feel the need of assistance at this trying time. Please be seated. You 'd better take that chair over by the window, Mr. Brown. Thomas, you sit on the sofa. And mind that neither of you speaks while the fairy is here, unless she addresses you."

Tom took his place on the sofa, and Mr. Brown seated himself on the edge of the chair.

In a moment, Sindbad sprinkled upon the hearth a few grains of a white powder which he had taken from his pocket; he now applied a match to it, at the same time muttering several words which neither Tom nor Mr. Brown could understand; a cloud of smoke arose, but quickly cleared away.

"Say, Sindbad," exclaimed Mr. Brown, giggling hysterically, "this is really nonsensical! Your methods are out of date. Why, in this enlightened age, in the glare of the nineteenth century — *gracious!*"

This sudden exclamation and the nervous jump that accompanied it were occasioned by a sharp rap upon the door.

"Come in," cried Sindbad, and a servant entered, with a tray upon which was a card.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Sindbad," he announced. The explorer glanced at the card.

"Mrs. Parkinson Chadwick, eh?" he said. "Show the lady up."

As the man left the room Mr. Brown, who was evidently greatly relieved, said:

"Now this is very annoying, just as we were expecting to have a seance with a real fairy. But, after all, Sindbad, your charm does n't seem to work. Own up, please, that your fairy was only a creation of your lively imagination. But who is Mrs. Parkinson Chadwick?"

"Don't you see? — *can't* you see?" shrieked Sindbad in a high falsetto voice, "that she is the fairy?"

"A fairy with such a name as Mrs. Parkinson Chadwick!" laughed Mr. Brown. "Oh, now, I say, Sindbad, that is really taxing our credulity a little *too* much. Because your incantation fails to work you try to pass off a chance caller

as a fairy. It won't do, my dear boy, it really won't."

Tom could see that Sindbad was about to make a very sharp reply, when the door flew open, and a dowdily dressed little old lady entered.

"My dear Mrs. Chadwick," exclaimed the explorer, "this is, indeed, kind of you!"

"It is n't anything of the sort," snapped the newcomer, ignoring Sindbad's outstretched hands and sinking into a chair; "I should n't have done it if I could have helped myself. And I *do* think it was inconsiderate, not to say unkind, in you to summon me in such a hurry after this long lapse of years. You must remember, Sindbad, that I 'm not so young as I used to be."

"I am very sorry," said Sindbad apologetically, "to have caused you any inconvenience, but you remember you gave me permission to summon you —"

"At a critical point in your life," interrupted Mrs. Chadwick. "Those were my words; I remember them well."

"And so do I," smiled Sindbad; "and very kind, indeed, it was in you to allow me the privilege, and I am truly grateful. But won't you be seated?"

"No, I won't," said the fairy. "Tell me what you want, and be quick about it."

"I want your advice and assistance," responded the explorer. "I —"

"Wait a minute, we are not alone. Who are these — persons?"

And Mrs. Chadwick glanced scornfully at Tom and Mr. Brown.

"They're my partners," replied Sindbad; "if I'd never met them I should n't have summoned you to-day."

"Then I wish you 'd never met them. Well, is it necessary they should remain here during our interview?"

"If you don't object, my dear Mrs. Chadwick."

"Don't 'Dear Mrs. Chadwick' me! I don't care whether they stay or not. Now then, Sindbad, out with it! what do you want me to do for you?"

"I 'm in a fix," cried the explorer, evidently much agitated; "I seem to be losing my grip,

if you 'll pardon the expression." And he impetuously poured out the story of the events of the past few hours.

The fairy listened attentively; and, when he had finished, said:

"It 's all your own fault; you should n't have taken partners."

"I realize that fact now that it is too late," almost sobbed Sindbad. "Do not reproach me—I beg."

"Don't be a baby," said Mrs. Chadwick, sharply. "I 'll help you out this time, but I warn you not to summon me in a hurry again."

"I won't."

"Just sprinkle upon the hearth a little more of the powder which you used to summon me."

Sindbad obeyed.

"Now ignite it. That 's it. Now I 'll proceed to transport both your objectionable partners to an uninhabited island in the Pacific, and I 'll warrant they won't get away from it in a hurry."

"Hold on!" interrupted Tom, "that won't do."

"Not by any means," added Mr. Brown. "I am quite satisfied with New York."

"Were there ever two such marplots as you!" cried Sindbad frantically. "Did n't I tell you not to speak while Mrs. Chadwick was here? If you could have kept quiet only ten seconds longer everything would have been all right; you 'd have been comfortably deposited on a nice, commodious island where you could have had things all your own way, and I should have been rid of you forever. Mrs. Chadwick, I don't like to trouble you, I assure you, but will you not kindly begin all over again?"

"No, I won't," replied the fairy in a very sharp, high-pitched voice. "It would be against all rule and precedent."

"But," pleaded the explorer, "can't you make an exception in this case?"

"No, I can't," snapped Mrs. Chadwick. "All I can do for you now is to grant you the regulation three wishes, and I 'll divide 'em up among you. Each of you three people has a wish—now make whatever use of them you like." And the fairy very abruptly flounced out of the room, slamming the door with great violence.

"Well," said Sindbad, drawing a long breath, "I never saw her in such a temper before, and



“IT 'S ALL YOUR OWN FAULT. YOU SHOULD N'T HAVE TAKEN PARTNERS.”

I 've known her ever since your great-great-grandfathers were in swaddling-clothes.”

“The duration of your acquaintance with the so-called Mrs. Chadwick,” said Mr. Brown very stiffly, “can be of no possible interest to Thomas or myself. It is now understood,—is it not,—that the firm of Sindbad, Smith and Co. has been dissolved and no longer exists?”

"I hope so," replied Sindbad. "And you are both much better off than when I met you. You have each been granted a wish—"

"And I'll have mine right now," interrupted Tom, who had been awaiting a chance to speak ever since the fairy's departure. "I wish to meet my father.—*Why, father!*" And he rushed up to Mr. Brown with extended hands.

"Oh, really this is nonsense!" exclaimed the Co. "Calm yourself, Thomas."

"But you *are* my father," persisted Tom.

"Really, I think you must be mistaken," said Mr. Brown. "I have n't the slightest recollection of you. But I forgot that I had lost my memory! We'll soon settle this business: I wish my memory back."

The next moment Tom and the Co. were in each other's arms, and the latter was saying:

"It all comes back to me now! I left you at that school in Oakdale just before my memory failed me. Then I forgot to whose care I had intrusted you, and soon after I forgot your very existence. And *that* was my sorrow!

"I don't want anything more to do with either of you. Now, I have a wish, and I wish for the power to become invisible at will, and particularly desire to disappear right now."

Scarcely had he uttered the last word when he vanished.

"I say, Mr. Sindbad," cried Mr. Brown, springing toward the spot where the great explorer had stood but a moment before, "this won't do! Come back and let's talk this business over coolly and calmly."

But as he spoke the door opened and closed apparently without human assistance.

"He's gone!" cried Tom.

"Well, let him go," said Mr. Brown. "*I'm* not going to run after him. Anyhow, we have those trousers left."

So saying he ran into Sindbad's late dressing-room, returning in a moment with the enchanted trousers.

"This garment will really be of great help to us," he said, "and we must be very careful of it. Why, good gracious! I can't find any money in the pocket. *You* try."

Tom tried; but it was of no use—the gold eagle would not materialize.

"The trousers are not transferable, that's the amount of it," said Mr. Brown, with a very blank face. "Oh, well, never mind," he continued. "I've just remembered that I have a very comfortable account in a bank not far from here, besides several pieces of property in Harlem, which must have increased in value by this time, so we sha'n't go hungry. But let's see if we can't find Sindbad."

They inquired at the office, but no one had seen him.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Brown, "if ever there was a stubborn, self-willed man, it is that same George W. Sindbad. I don't believe we shall ever see him again."

"I don't suppose we shall," sighed the boy. And they never did.



FATHER AND SON.

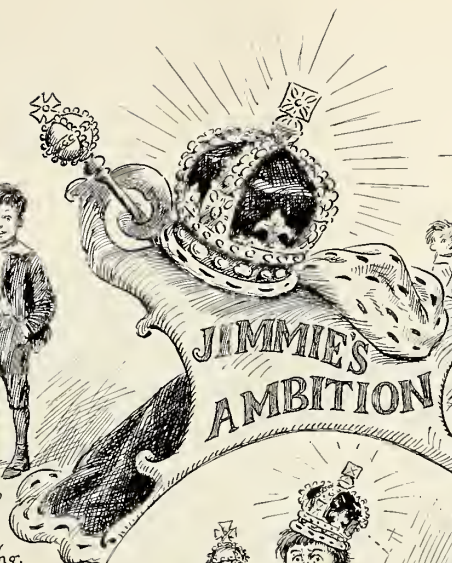
Dear! dear! Well, I don't wonder I was worried. And, just to think! my name is really James P. Brown! But I say, Sindbad, old man, why don't you congratulate us?"

"Because," slowly replied Sindbad, who had been surveying his partners with a cold, cynical





Id really like to  
be a King,  
It must be  
very nice.  
Id have my way  
in everything,  
And ask no one's  
advice.



At school the teacher wouldn't  
dare  
To dream of scolding me.  
My!—how the other boys would  
start!  
Id be a King, you see.



Id sit up evenings, if I chose,  
Till very, very late;  
And mornings I would lie and doze  
Till nearly half past eight.



I'd walk with long strides  
to and fro,  
As Kings do, on the stage;  
I'd stamp my foot, and say  
'what, ho!—  
Without, there!—where's  
my page?'



That would be a most delightful  
thing  
To walk upon the grass.  
Policemen can't arrest a King!—  
They'd have to let me pass.



If I should happen to be ill  
The doctor shouldn't make  
Me show my tongue, or take a pill  
Without a piece of cake.



They'd be afraid of me,—what fun!  
They'd fear my royal look.  
Id lord it over everyone,—  
Except—except our cook.

J. Oppel

# THE DONKEY OF CARISBROOKE WELL.

BY EDITH V. B. MATTHEWS.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. N. BRODERICK, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE WELL AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE. "JACOB" IN HIS WHEEL.

A LITTLE knot of people slowly gathered outside the wooden door of the tiny stone hut, patiently awaiting their turn to enter. Despite rain and the discomfort of standing in a puddle under dripping umbrellas, we were as eager as Dotty to see "the wheels go round." Presently we heard a bolt draw back, the solid old door creaked open on its hinges, and we walked into a one-roomed cabin. Almost at the back, in the middle, was the old well. In appearance it resembled most other wells, being merely a dark hole surrounded by a stone guard, around which had been placed a two-stepped wooden platform. Over the well was the usual arrangement of ropes and a bucket. When the keeper,

or showman, rather, had carefully locked the door again, he mounted the steps, and began in a slow, monotonous voice:

"This well is seven hundred years old. It is almost two hundred feet deep — one hundred and seventy-five feet down, and twenty-five feet of water. It has never been known to go dry. It would take a man too long to wind the bucket up, so we have it done this way. Come, 'Jacob!'" We turned in the direction in which the showman had called, and saw that a huge wooden wheel, about twenty-five feet in diameter, had been put alongside the well, and arranged in such a manner that its axle formed the beam around which the bucket-rope was

coiled. The wheel and a tiny space to the left was partitioned off by a low railing, and in this inclosure stood a small but wise-looking donkey. He had a very large head, enormous ears, and a fat, round little body. While keeping one eye on the showman, he playfully thrust his head over the rail, and with his teeth seized an apple from the hand of an unwary countryman who was gazing at the hanging rope. However, on hearing the words "Come, Jacob!" his Donkeyship immediately dropped the apple, assumed a business-like air, and entering the wheel, began to trot. The wheel revolved fairly rapidly, and looked much like that in a squirrel's cage, on a large scale. When Jacob thought it about time for the bucket to come up, he stopped, and glanced round to see how much rope had been wound up, and then continued his trotting. After doing this two or three times, he finally gave an extra spurt, and upon seeing the bucket appear, jumped out of the wheel before the man had time to call to him.

Jacob stood quietly by, panting a little, and gazing with interest at us to see if we properly appreciated his feat. We each were offered a glass of the clear, sparkling water, and then a lighted candle placed in a stand was lowered

to enable us, by looking over the curb, to judge the depth of the well.

The exhibition being now over, we were ushered out by a door opposite the one through which we had entered, and the next batch of sight-seers was admitted at the same time. We had purchased a photograph of Jacob previous to going out, thinking that a picture of him, standing faithfully in his wheel, made a far better souvenir than any spoons with the castle engraved on them. As we looked back on the tiny building that now protected the old well from the ravages of time and weather, we realized how absolutely necessary a water-supply must often have been.

Carisbrooke Castle stands on the highest point of the Isle of Wight, and thus it naturally came to be looked upon by the inhabitants of neighboring villages as the only refuge when a foreign enemy used that beautiful island as a stepping-stone to England.

It is probable Jacob is descended from a long line of ancestors who did their share of work in times of trouble and turmoil; and though their descendants are now doing the same work for the pleasure of visitors, he, nevertheless, looks as if he inherited a certain sense of pride of office.



A WARRIOR BOLD.



By C. C. Jencks.

(Nonsense verses.)

No. IV. They Travel Abroad.

THE time was morn, and the day was bright,  
 And the sky was blue, and the clouds were white,  
 When the Very Good Friends set out to find  
 What travel would do to improve the mind.  
 And to make the test complete and grand  
 Each went alone to a different land,  
 And sought, with the utmost thoughtful care,  
 A different mode of getting there.

The rabbit rode a velocipede  
 To the tropic haunts of the tow-head Swede;  
 The whale set out in a three-decked ship  
 To take in the Cumberland Mountain trip;  
 While the donkey took a sleeping-car  
 From the Sandwich Islands to Malabar.

In a big balloon the porcupine  
 Went down to explore a copper mine;  
 And the cuckoo climbed up Bunker Hill  
 In a wheelbarrow turned by a water-mill.

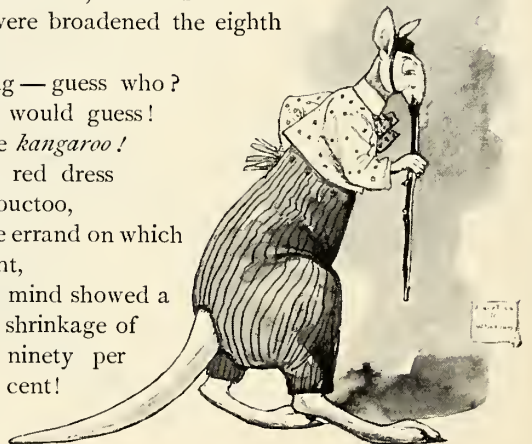
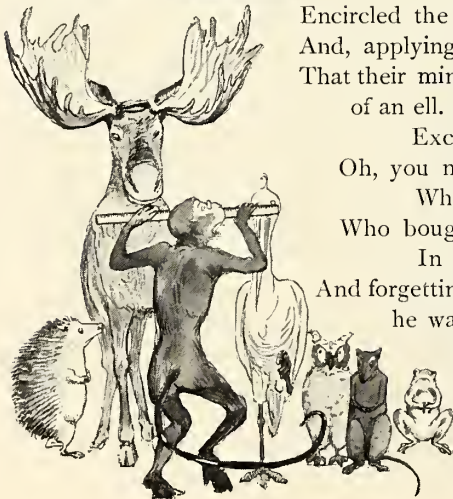
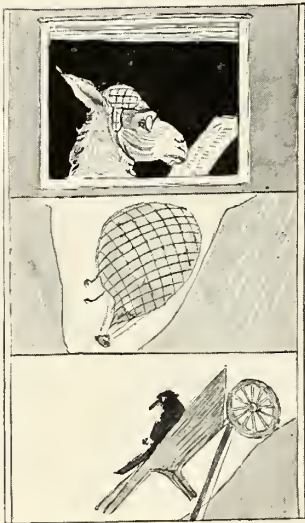
But they all, by the regular convex way,  
 Encircled the globe, and returned next day;  
 And, applying a yardstick, were able to tell  
 That their minds were broadened the eighth  
 of an ell.

Excepting — guess who?  
 Oh, you never would guess!

Why, the *kangaroo*!  
 Who bought a red dress  
 In Timbuctoo,

And forgetting the errand on which  
 he was bent,

His mind showed a  
 shrinkage of  
 ninety per  
 cent!

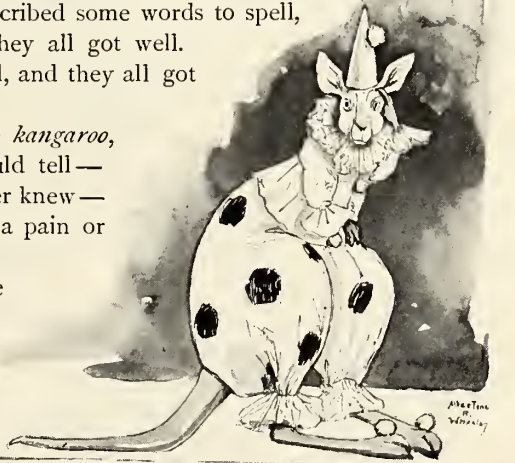




No. V. They All Fall Sick.

'T WAS a luckless day, and no mistake—  
 The wind blew chill o'er the leafless lake—  
 The mossy moonbeams idly toyed  
 With the shadows cast—in celluloid.  
 'T was a luckless day, I am sorry to say—  
 For the Very Good Friends—oh! a luckless day!  
 The air grew thin, and the sunshine thick,  
 And at half-past eight they all fell sick.  
 The chipmunk had a bad attack  
 Of palpitation of the back;  
 The clam required a stimulant  
 To cure his cough; and the cormorant  
 Began to sneeze, and could n't quit  
 Till he tumbled down in a catnip fit;  
 The muskrat had so many chills  
 That he swallowed a hundred quinine pills;  
 The rat from a steel trap caught the grip;  
 The crow had a swelling on his lip.  
 Such a terrible time they had the while,  
 That it drew forth tears from the crocodile;  
 But the auk prescribed some words to spell,  
 And very soon they all got well.  
 They all got ill, and they all got  
 well

But the *kangaroo*,  
 Who never could tell—  
 For he never knew—  
 Whether he had a pain or  
 not,  
 Nor whether he  
 lived, or  
 died—or  
 what.





# THE THIMBLE



LITTLE finger, slim  
and nimble,  
Here am I, your  
friendly Thim-  
ble.

(Germans call me  
"Finger-hat";  
Jolly little name is  
that.)

Put me on, and you  
will see

What a helper I  
can be.

Brother Needle 's  
very fine —

Sharp and clever,  
in his line,

But he oft would  
puzzled be,

If he had no help  
from me!

When the cloth is  
stiff and hard,

Oft his headlong  
dash is barred,

And he balks, and  
frets, and pricks:



"FINGER-HAT."

Says, "I 'm in a  
dreadful fix!

This will never,  
never do —

I shall really break  
in two."

Then 's my time.  
No fuss or  
rush,

Just a steady, pa-  
tient push —

And the stiffened  
fiber slacks,

And the stubborn  
threads relax,

And Friend Needle  
darts along,

Singing his trium-  
phant song.

Yes, I may not be  
so keen,

Nor so brilliant to  
be seen,

But 't is true that  
without me

Oftimes he would  
puzzled be.

*Laura E. Richards.*

## FAIRIES.

O! little elves, O! pretty elves,  
That frolic all the night,  
And to the flowers betake yourselves  
To vanish with the light—

Why do you always dance and play  
When I 'm not there to see,  
And hurry, scurry, slip away,  
As daylight dawns for me?

*Z. D. Underhill.*

# PUSSY'S LESSON.



By C. D. L.

LISTEN, children, listen, and I will tell you true, Wakened up his mama, and 't was —  
About a little pussy, and 't was — *Scat, scat, scat!*

*Mew, mew, mew!*

Just as black as midnight, with long and silky fur,

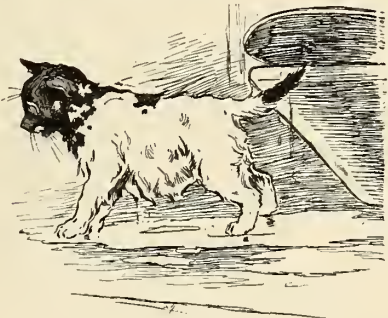
Happy as the sunshine, and 't was —

*Purr, purr, purr.*



Down she dragged him from the shelf,  
white as snowball now;  
Boxed his ears with vigor, and 't was —

*Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!*



One day when his mama was purring sound  
asleep,  
Slyly stole this pussy, and 't was —

*Creep, creep, creep.*

Jumped up on the pantry shelf, in the milk  
fell flat,

Now his mama's slumbers are sweet and calm  
to her —

Pussy minds his mama, and 't is —

*Purr, purr, purr.*

## A RHYME OF A LONE FISHERMAN.

By F. B. O.



“'T WAS EVER THUS FROM CHILDHOOD'S HOUR!” GROANED PERSEVERANCE POVVUM,—  
“I'VE SEEN MY FONDEST HOPES DECAV;—THERE GOES ANOTHER OF 'EM!”

## THE TEN JOLLY BROTHERS.

By LIZBETH B. COMINS.

It was almost dark, and Geoffry,  
With his nose against the pane,  
Watched the last faint tints of sunset  
Flush the sky, and fade again;  
And he said, “I wish that something—  
Something strange and unforeseen,  
Something very nice would happen,  
For to-night is Hallowe'en.”

Lo! the words had scarce escaped him  
When there came a sudden knock,  
Which aroused him from his musings  
With an unexpected shock;

And, before he 'd time to answer,  
Open flew his chamber door,  
And in walked a figure stranger  
Than he 'd ever seen before.

Such a man!—so queer, so funny,  
With small, twinkling, bright black eyes,  
Altogether so uncommon,  
Geoffry stared in dumb surprise.  
But his guest, in accents friendly,  
Said: “Excuse me, sir, I pray,  
For intruding on your musing  
In this unexpected way;



“But we thought, I and my brothers,—

There are ten of us in all,—  
That if you had no objection,  
We would stop and make a call.  
But it may not be convenient;  
If you've something else to do  
Do not hesitate to say so,  
And we'll not intrude on you.”

But by this time Geoff had started  
To his feet, and now exclaimed:  
“Sir, believe me, of my rudeness  
I am really quite ashamed,  
For I'm very glad to see you.  
And your brothers—where are they?”  
“My dear sir,” replied the other,  
“They'll be here without delay.”

Then again the door flew open,  
And in trooped the other nine.  
To describe them were a puzzle  
For a brighter pen than mine;  
Some were short, some tall, some crooked,  
But each wore a pleasant smile,  
As they sauntered up to Geoffrey  
In a jaunty single file.

Then the first one gave an order  
To his funny brothers nine,  
And with movement military  
They fell back into a line;  
And, to Geoffrey's great amazement,  
They at once began to sing  
In such clear and hearty voices,  
That they made the whole room ring:

### SONG OF THE JOLLY BROTHERS.

#### I.

We are ten jolly brothers  
As ever you can find,  
Of different size and features,  
But all, sir, of one mind.

#### II.

Each month, with your permission,  
We'll make a call on you,  
And, if we're not mistaken,  
Teach you a thing or two.

#### III.

We aim to entertain you,  
But we shall not rehearse  
The program we've planned for you  
Of prose and song and verse.

#### IV.

This eve we will perform, sir,  
A little trick we know,  
And if you watch us closely  
Our family name 't will show.

Then the first one snapped his fingers,  
And with laughter Geoffrey shook  
At the comical positions  
That they instantly all took;  
For they kicked, they twirled, they capered,  
Twisting up in marvelous shapes,  
Till, instead of human beings,  
They looked more like agile apes

Then like magic, quick as lightning,  
Just as if transfixed they stood,  
Looking like fantastic figures  
Carved from bits of stone or wood;  
“Ah! I know you!” shouted Geoffrey,  
“What you're up to now I see;  
Oh, I know you; yes, I'm certain  
What your family name must be.”

And the brothers winked and nodded  
In a most convulsing way,  
Saying, “Sir, we know you've guessed it,  
But don't give the trick away.”  
As for you, my gentle readers,  
If their trick you would discern,  
Study this long illustration  
And their name you, too, will learn.



# REPORT UPON THE PRIZE PUZZLE: "A BOSTON TEA-PARTY."

## THE AWARD OF PRIZES.

ST. NICHOLAS received a great many fine lists of answers to the Prize Puzzle printed in the July number; and a great majority of the lists showed careful and intelligent research, and bore evidence of honest and conscientious work on the part of their young senders.

In a few of the lists, however, a whole page was missing, and this and similar oversights probably have prevented some from winning prizes and others from appearing on the Roll of Honor.

Some of the contestants, who evidently considered an American historical puzzle as appropriate work for the nation's birthday, tied up their lists with red, white, and blue ribbon; and one set of answers was decorated on every page with cunningly painted fire-crackers, pistols, tomahawks, blunderbuses, and cannon. The whole set of answers, thus embellished, bore so threatening an aspect, that it was with considerable trepidation the Committee admitted that three mistakes were made by its patriotic sender.

The correct list of answers is as follows:

- |                        |                        |                              |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Alexander Hamilton. | 13. Dolly Madison.     | 25. Mary (or Molly) Pitcher. |
| 2. John Jay.           | 14. Benjamin Franklin. | 26. James Monroe.            |
| 3. Thomas Paine.       | 15. Col. Henry Lee.    | 27. Anthony Wayne.           |
| 4. Benedict Arnold.    | 16. Joseph Brant.      | 28. Noah Webster.            |
| 5. Martha Washington.  | 17. Sir Henry Clinton. | 29. Ethan Allen.             |
| 6. Samuel Adams.       | 18. Joseph Warren.     | 30. John Adams.              |
| 7. John Hancock.       | 19. George Washington. | 31. Thomas Jefferson.        |
| 8. Lord Carlisle.      | 20. Patrick Henry.     | 32. Richard Henry Lee.       |
| 9. Joel Barlow.        | 21. Abigail Adams.     | 33. General Lafayette.       |
| 10. Israel Putnam.     | 22. Major André.       | 34. Paul Revere.             |
| 11. General Burgoyne.  | 23. Lord Cornwallis.   | 35. John Paul Jones.         |
| 12. Aaron Burr.        | 24. John Stark.        |                              |

Mothers, fathers, guardians, and teachers sent many delightful notes indorsing the work of the respective contestants and graciously adding an expression of their personal pleasure in ST. NICHOLAS.

The work of awarding the prizes was carefully done. Not only was the correctness of the list considered, but the amount of assistance given by outsiders in preparing it. Of course, the sender of a correct list, who had received help on a number of questions, is not entitled to precedence over one who had sent a list with but one mistake, where the sender had done the work entirely unaided. It is pleasant to know that the first prize has been bravely earned by one who may fairly be called a "ST. NICHOLAS girl," for the letter which accompanies it says: "During the ten days since Grace's eleventh birthday, she has held her tongue, lest it ask questions, and her ears, lest they hear suggestions. 'American Orators,' in the identical timeworn and loveworn copy of ST. NICHOLAS (vol. 2, page 542), read by Grace's mother at eleven, gave Grace the answer to No. 1. Clues from the same, and many a later article, guided her to hidden treasures in Bancroft, Irving, Sparks, Fiske, Eggleston, and Higginson, until at last she believes she has discovered the thirty-five names."

The Committee of Judges have awarded the prizes as follows:

The Five-dollar Prize is awarded to Grace C. Norton, Omaha, Neb.

The Two Prizes of Four Dollars each are won by Isaac Ogden Woodruff, Quincy, Ill., and Fannie Goldstein, Shreveport, La.

The Five Prizes of Three Dollars each are won by Walter Beach Hay, Los Angeles, Cal., Constance Lydia Mills, Washington, D. C., Margaret Little, Aspen, Col., Emma Jennette Pratt, Oshkosh, Wis., and Grace Medes, Kansas City, Mo.

The Ten Prizes of Two Dollars each are won by Henry L. Gray, Bowling Green, Mo., Sophie S. Lanneau, Wake Forest, N. C., Clara M. Root, Hopkinton, Mass., Vivien Lee, Dubuque, Iowa, Will C. Wilson, Minneapolis, Minn., Hubert G. Webb, Millburn, N. J., James Jackson Forstall, Chicago, Ill., Robert B. Gibson, Newport, Ky., Dorr Vile, Buffalo, New York, and Marion M. Vaughan, Long Island City, N. Y.

The Twelve Prizes of One Dollar each are won by Sigourney Fay Nininger, Gurley, Ala., Jennie B. Elder, Lew-

istown, Pa., Will W. Gibson, Albany, N. Y., George W. Eggers, Dunkirk, N. Y., Lydia Atherton Stites, Wyoming, Pa., Mabel Gray, Bowling Green, Mo., Kenneth Rae Shand, Livingston, Staten Island, N. Y., Muriel Cecile Phillips, Kewanee, Ill., Stuart B. Garbutt, Fort Collins, Col., Margaret Welles, Minneapolis, Minn., Rose Moor, Niles, Mich., and Catharine T. Phillips, South Hanover, Mass.

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Jennie Mary Bailey, Ellen B. Townsend, Mata Davis, Mary Guest Smith, Bessie Ellsbree, Sally F. Dawes, Katharine S. Doty, Lucretia de Schweinitz, Gertrude B. Weaver, Constance Miriam Kirby, Anna Schiller May, Maria Campbell May, Marie L. Slack, Mollie A. Menner, Myra S. Chickering, Lucy A. Hamilton, Louise Parke Atherton, Daniel M. Karcher, Dorothy Jackson, Ernest Warner, Robert P. Lee, Samuel Radley, Antonio J. Waring, Henry Bradshaw, Gertrude G. Byrne, Rita Parker, Harry F. Burgess, Belle Noble Dean, Helen W. Holbrook, Audrey Holmes, Edith Ellsbree, Henry Fish, Emily C. Oliver, Paul T. Kamerer, Eleanor Lovell Little, Anna Chamberlain, Nellie M. Fitz, Clara Frances Gardiner, Evelyn L. Swain, Martha Warner Riggs, James P. Richardson, Alice E. Dyar, George B. Bradshaw, Wm. Hustace Hubbard, Frederick T. Kelsey, Helen Benbridge, Keith McLeod, S. D. Pauline Johnson, Cortlandt Bonny, Eleanor Whidden, Clara Ward Lewis, Louise DeWitt, Susan A. Harrison, Edna Cushing, Walter Thompson Karcher, Eben Hitchings, Helen Eshbaugh, Kenneth Taylor, Ruth E. Charles, Sarah Sanborne, Helen Thompson, Macgillivray Milne, Gertruda G. Vroom, Cynthia McCague, Marie Josephine McGinnis, Ralph C. Willard, Ethel Atherstone, Edmund Clark Johnston, Harry Floyd, Ruth Balmer, Edwin Balmer, Sarah Haskell, John Cecil Black, Maria H. Albee, Clifford C. Hubbard, Agnes M. Merry, Hilda Kirke White, Beth Bradford Gilchrist, Josephine F. Wilson, Samuel Arnold Greeley, De Forest Gove, Jack Armstrong, Bess Kelly, Nellie Thompson, Sandford M. Salyer, J. Clement Berry, Charles W. Brown, Clarissa Rinaker, Roderrick du Val Sheldon, Mary Ednah Fiske, Nellie Hughes, Willard A. Gibson, Deane Burns, Lucia S., Evelyn, and John H. Holliday, Ferdinand I. Haber, Julian Pilgram, Nira V. Seaman, J. Fred Sultzbach, Arthur Wilson Page, Eleanor Magruder, Louise Entwisle Growoll, Hamilton Bradshaw, Farnsworth Collins, Mary Brooks, Manly C. Beebe, Max Beebe, Chauncey McLean Gilbert, Helen Searle, Malvina M. Wentworth, Hannah Goodman, Jane M. Kerr, Eugene Hammond, Florence M. King, Ruth Wilson, Grace M. Fernald, Willie Graves, Ada Claire Darby, Helen C. Bonney, Ernest A. Haskell, Juliette G. Hollenback, Alice Price, Helen M. Stanley, Anna B. Eisenhower, Beulah Battin Shelley, Mary B. McNeily, Louise Morgan Simpson, Marian Kinney, Bessie Davis, Wilhelmina E. Hess, Junius Browne, Grace L. Van B. Gray, Edith M. Schenck, Clarence King, Willie Oberne, Wm. D. Hart, Ida Gardner, Ethel York, Laura Hickox, Isabel Wallace, Louise La Barre, Sue Leonard, Julia A. Swartz, Albert W. Morford, Laura O'Brien, Bessie A. Ayer, Lulie H. Stevenson, Joseph Cantwell, Waldron M. Ward, Kate Wall, Caroline G. Towles, Hannah Virginia Noyes, Roberta L. Lewis, Julia Benner Thomas, Abbie F. Williams, Edith K. Hill, Clara King, Anthony Hunt, Kate Paddock, Cora Keplinger, Horace S. Merrill, Mabel Haddock, Fauntleroy Barnes, Elsa C. Drew, Katherine T. Greene, Leopold Bermann, Ralph Bevan, Susie Thompson, Blanche Millard, Edna Schoyer, Bertha H. Lippincott, Mary C. Smith, Helen M. Ingham, Mary Lacy, Orville T. Waring, James Hassler, Philip B. Loomis, Florence H. Watson, Harriet W. Johnson, Margaret Eshbaugh, Elizabeth G. Torrey, Edwin H. Abbot, Lydia H. Kirk, Henrietta F. Thacher, Lillian O. Fort, Katherine H. Ross, Abbot A. Thayer, Agnes Downer, Willie A. Nichols, Grace E. Taber, Edith Merry, Gertrude Robinson, Nora Pettit, Mollie Kilough, Ruth Lawrence, Thomas H. Tulloch, Raymond A. Fuller, Jessie Kauffman, Helen Ford, Lucy Coles Garrett, Agnes H. Rider, Margaret Bennett Horsfield, Rose Bell Goldman, Maude L. Watters, Mary C. Belknap, Annie Love Dowdell, Edna Warren Mason, Irene Lacy, Ona C. Gibson, Jennie Fones, Ruth Baker, Angie Marké, W. DeWitt Manning, Helen O. Koerper, Cicily Leech, James Parks, Jr., Glenn B. Houghton, Karl Baumgarten, Tracy Smelzer, William C. Thayer, Charles F. Thompson, Lucy P. Hall, Alfred and Margaret Hincks, Helen Weinman, James Morgan Clarke, Conklyn Mann, E. B. Lyman, Cleora C. Wheeler, Mary R. Cecil, Raymond Spellman, John R. Post, Stanley Bachelder, Florence Darling, Joe E. Kellogg, Annie I. Williams, Hermann Hagedorn, Jr., J. G. Stubbs, Ethel E. Tulloch, Ray Seaman, Anita Willets, Norman L. Newhall, Bessie M. Jelliffe, Florence Goldschmidt, Sara Ross, Charlotte J. Baumann, Bessie D. Buell, Chas. H. Dayton, Anna L. Oathout, Frederica Cronyn, Ellen W. Bowman, Evelyn Quintard Jackson, Edwin LeGrand Woodhams, Zola Miller, Gertrude N. Crane, Worthington Bonner, C. Herrick Hammond, Laura Kennish, Faith E. Lyman, Ethel Quinlan, Sarah G. Pomeroy, Frank G. Sulloway, Louise R. Morris, Eleanor Parmelee, Henry Iverson, Edith Huntington, Fred C. Keffer, Minnie P. Flack, John H. Bowman, Hilda A. Weber, Wallace J. Young, Sophia Miller, Clara E. Clarke, Ethel Watson, T. Arthur Davis, Ralph W. Westcott, Sarah E. Lovell, Irvine Stiles, Augusta W. Marge-dant, Harriet Walsh, Helen Hollenbeck, John Walbridge, Helen E. Allis, Abbie Newton, Frederick S. Sturges, Jessie L. Pointer, Meta Kemble Jackson, Bessie R. Trowbridge, Boyd Marshall, M. Edith Briggs, Alma Block, Maxwell Everts Bessell, Blanche Johnson, Sarah L. Bates, B. J. Ostrander, Henry N. Frear, Lucie Armstrong, Anna L. Curtis, Wm. Jerome Wilson, May Smoak, Charles A. Ludlow, Leigh Penniman, Mary Edith Dean, Hubert W. Eldred, Kate Burlock, Bernice Catlin.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Two pages of the "Letter-Box" have been crowded out this month by the Report on the Prize Puzzle; but there will be three pages, as usual, in the November number, and the full names of our young correspondents will hereafter be printed with their letters.

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MANY of our readers no doubt remember with pleasure the article entitled "Two School-houses and a Shipwreck," printed in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1894, and telling how an American vessel on her way to Japan was shipwrecked near an island called Tanega-shima, and the survivors were cared for by the kindly residents of two villages of that island, afterward being sent to the American consul at Kobé, who procured them a passage home to America. The United States government appropriated five thousand dollars to be sent to the Japanese who had befriended the shipwrecked mariners, and this money was used to establish schools for the Japanese children of the rescuers. An account of the event was inscribed upon stone tablets, and these were set up in the yards of the two village schools provided for by the money voted to the Japanese fisherman. Mr. H. F. Cutter, author of the paper, in a recent letter writes as follows:

"It may interest you to learn that my article in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1894, on 'Two School-houses' of Tanega-shima and the monument, has been translated into the Japanese language, and published in Tokio, Osaki, and Nagasaki; also that I sent through our minister, Mr. Dun, to Viscount Mutsu, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Tokio, a copy of ST. NICHOLAS for the scholars of each of the schools of Tanega-shima. These were duly forwarded to the good islanders by Viscount Mutsu, who expressed much gratification on the subject."

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### WYTHEVILLE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly four years, and I have in book form many of the serials that were published in you before I began to take you, and I find that my favorite books first came out in you.

I am the only girl in the family. I have a brother nine years old, and I am fourteen. I always take great pleasure in reading "The Letter-Box."

We live quite a distance out of town in a picturesque old house which was here before the Civil War. It has a large orchard with a brook running through it, and in the brook we find many pretty little shells. Once I found what looked like a petrified frog.

In the spring the mountains here are full of wild flowers, and we take long walks to gather them. Later on there are all sorts of berries, and the poor people pick large bucketsful and bring them to town to sell.

I have two beautiful cats, one white and one gray, of

which I am very fond. I have also some ants, which live in a large, wide-mouthed bottle, as contentedly as when they were free. My brother John has a tame terrapin, which he found; but as we do not know what to feed it, we have to let it go now and then, and take the chance of finding it again.

John was much interested in the letter of the boy who told how to make shinneys, and he and his bosom friend are trying to make some, though rather unsuccessfully.

Thanking you gratefully for the many happy hours you have given me, and joining with many other boys and girls in wishing you prosperity and long life,

Your faithful friend and reader,

ERLMAH L. P.—

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### DANVILLE, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Formerly we lived in Ohio, but we moved down here two years ago on a very large peach plantation, and we have a large crop this year.

I have a number of pets.

We took a day's ride on the Ocmulgee river not long ago. I saw two alligators, some wild ducks, and a blue crane or heron, I believe like the one "Lady Jane" had.

Success to ST. NICHOLAS!

Your devoted reader,

ELSIE G. W.—

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### YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just got you to-day, and I read "A Story of Admiral Farragut," which very much interested me, as my grandfather, Admiral Craven, was in command of the sloop-of-war "Brooklyn," which led the expedition to Vicksburg. The "Hartford" was a frigate, and not a sloop-of-war, as is stated in the narrative. The "Mississippi" was not in the fleet, but the Brooklyn was.

My papa was in the mortar-fleet which came after. Every one of our family has been in the navy since Commodore Truxton, who was in the Revolution.

I am the editor-in-chief of a little paper. No one contributes who is over sixteen years old.

I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. We have taken it ever since No. 1, but I have only read it since I was eight years old.

From your constant reader and admirer,

CHRISTINA M. C. M.—

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OUR young critic will find on more careful investigation that the statements in the article about Admiral Farragut are correct as they were printed.

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WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Alice M. Smith, Frances Alice Cramp, Rufus Ready, Lacie, Elsie and Tillie, Robert B., Lillie Staubach, Estelle Stephens, Mary R. Bucknell, Gertrude Teschan, Margaret H., Anne Neland, Edith Mackey, Walter Dreyfus, Mattie F. Morris, Ralph Garretson, Earle Strong, Frank D. T., E. M. N., Eva A. B., Ruth E. Crocker, Emma Gibbons, Rebie P. Hamer, Margaret C. S., Hildegard L., Jeannette Powers, Nannie and Alice, Marie A. Hammond, Margaret D. Gardiner.



**WORD-SQUARE.**

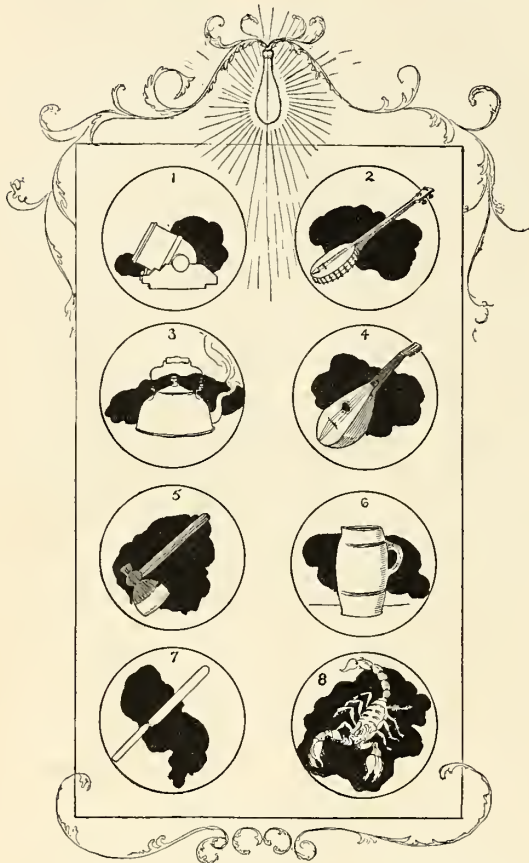
1. To blaze. 2. A vagabond. 3. An ancient astronomical instrument. 4. An old word meaning "retinue." 5. The Christian name of the heroine of "The Lady of the Lake." E. W. W.

**SEVERAL SYLLABLES.**

REARRANGE each of the following groups of syllables so as to form a familiar quotation:

- I. Ed, mer, ty, of, i, not, cy, qual, strain, the, is.
- II. Years, Ca, bet, Eu, cy, of, ty, fif, rope, cle, ter, thay, than, a, of. F. V.

**ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.**



WHEN the eight objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of unequal length) written one below the other, the final letters will spell the name of a famous scientist.

**ZIGZAG.**

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous brazen statue of Apollo.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the epistles of the New Testament. 2. In that direction. 3. The second name of a famous Empress of Austria. 4. A gas-fixture or lamp-holder projecting from the face of a wall. 5. Ger-

mans. 6. To make a sharp, shrill sound. 7. A famous Italian astronomer. 8. Without an object. 9. A country of Europe. 10. The choice of taking or refusing. 11. A married man. 12. Things which excite surprise. 13. A masculine name. 14. Pertaining to Greece. 15. Plots. 16. One who learns of a teacher. 17. A day of amusement and gaiety. 18. One of the planets. 19. Prelates. SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

**CHARADE.**

IN dewy fields on summer morns  
The farmer's men go to and fro  
About their work; and they *first*  
With steady motion, strong and slow.

Far off above the tossing waves,  
My *second* circles in the air;  
Or, weary, sinks upon the sea  
To float and rest in safety there.

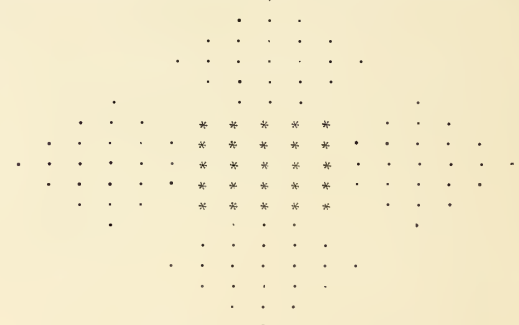
My *whole* is but a memory now,  
But, in the days that are no more,  
His word was law, in India great,  
From mount to sea, from shore to shore. E. B. HILL.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a country lying about Mount Ararat.

CROSSWORDS: 1. A play. 2. To form by heating and hammering. 3. A fruit. 4. A word often used by bicyclers. 5. Droll. 6. A useful tool. 7. Something used in every dining-room. PAUL PAESCHKE.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.**



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In observant. 2. Yes. 3. A passageway. 4. Bivalves. 5. A French word meaning a "pupil." 6. Before. 7. In observant.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In observant. 2. Touched. 3. Blithe. 4. Small fruit. 5. Endeavors. 6. Yea. 7. In observant.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. An aromatic herb. 2. Cognizant. 3. A group of islands in the Pacific. 4. An old word meaning "irascible." 5. A thong of leather.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In observant. 2. Skill. 3. A warning of danger. 4. An Arab. 5. A union of three. 6. Angry. 7. In observant.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In observant. 2. One of a certain tribe of Indians. 3. Extreme. 4. To draw. 5. To efface. 6. A unit. 7. In observant.

"SAND CRABS."













