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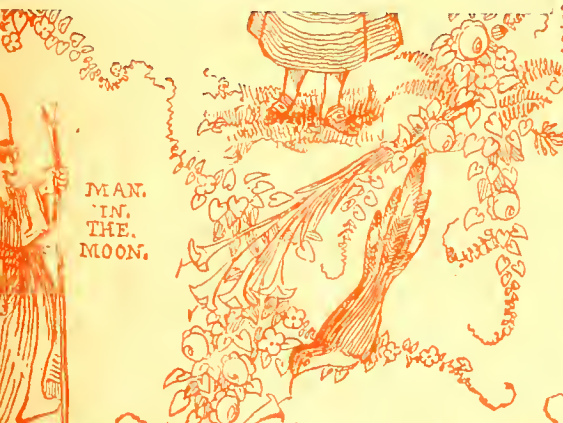
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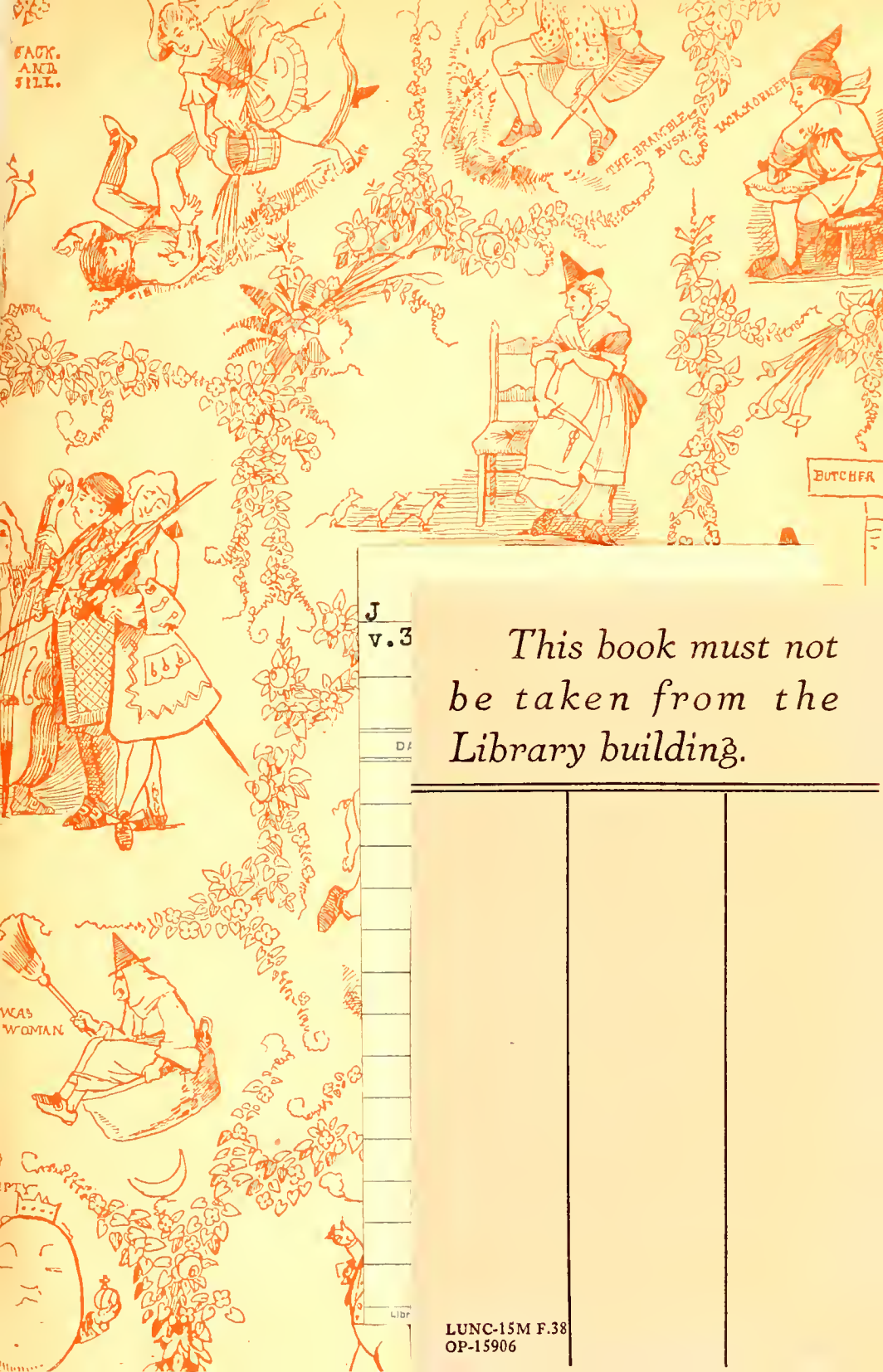


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# ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S  
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## FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

CONDUCTED BY  
MARY MAPES DODGE.

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Illustration by Mary A. Lathbury: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit"—A New Volume of ST. NICHOLAS—Prolonging Life—Jack Makes an Offer—The Author of "Alice in Wonderland"—Early Birds—Live Potato-Bugs Washed in by the Sea—Forbidden Leaves—Blue-Jays Taking Pills—How Certain Woodpeckers Pack their Trunks—Ship Ahoy! 54; "Young Contributors"—Jack and the Snow—Dried-up Animals Coming to Life—The British Broad Arrow—Refused Blessings—The Crooked Story Straightened—Whoa! Horsey (illustrated)—Respect your Teachers—Left-handed Animals—Eggs and Stones—A Shrewd Farmer, 130; A New Year—A Sensation Among the Flowers—The Wink of Time: Why Sled?—Finger-nails Six Inches Long—The Nameless Terrora (illustrated)—The Sound-Bearers (illustrated)—Hoppers and Walkers, 198; The Deacon's Advice—A Chance for the Chicks—Flowers in New Colors—Which Is It? (illustrated)—An Ancient Present—Calabash-Tree—A Five-hundred-dollar Cat—Illustrating Proverbs (illustrated)—"As Much Alike as Ants in a Hill," 260; Forward, March!—The Deacon Attacks an Old Saying—Perpetual Motion—About the Sound-Bearers—Peas and Pepper—Romance of the Swan's Nest—Careful Husbandry—Chinese Beds for Lodgers—"Suppose"—How some Ships are Scrubbed, 334; April Fools' Day—Queen Victoria's Fall from a Balloon—A Wolf or a Fox?—Whipping the Sea—A New Sort of Kite—How Strange!—Drowned Fishes—A Success—The Slanderer's Mask (illustrated)—Bark Clothes, 398; Deacon Green—Mud Pies—May Baskets—Eating Insects—Crying Trees—An Unhappy Traveler—The Greatest Toothache ever Known—Cleaning Floors with Oranges—Murre Eggs—Hospital for Animals—A Church Built of Petrified Wood—The Declaration of Independence: Twenty Prizes offered by Deacon Green, 462; An Oration—Professor Gobba's Experiment—The Leaf of Life—True Talking—Every One to His Taste—Too Much Success—A Horn-book (illustrated)—Curious Letters—More About the Woodpeckers—Sand-writing in India, 526; The Deacon Pleased—Atlantic and Pacific—A Bird Story—A Fish that Lives in the Mud—Flower-Dolls—Tallow-Trees—A Grasshopper's Fiddle (illustrated)—A Man in Woman's Clothes—A Big Flower—Deacon Green's Prizes, 594; How to Get Cool—Bath of an Ice-berg—Infants in Shiiling Packets—Birds that Live by Stealing—Benjamin Franklin's Reasons for Recommending the Use of Bows and Arrows in War—A Picture from the Little Schoolma'am (illustrated)—Too Much of a Good Thing—Kaffir Mother-in-Law—Kaffir Letter-Carrier, 670; A Verse from the Deacon—An Army Sliding Down Hill—Home-made Beauty—A Horse that Knew it was Sunday—A Kind o' Garden—Bernard, the Hermit—Ready-made Clothing Grown on a Tree—A Cold-Country Dress—A Letter from Scotland to our Robin—The Song of the Shirt, 734; School Again—Object-Cards—The Little Schoolma'am's Picture—Pickles—Old Abe, the War Eagle of Wisconsin (illustrated)—The Termites—To be Learned by Heart—About the Mud-fish, 798.

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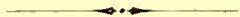
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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

NO. 1.

## ABOUT THE PAINTER OF LITTLE PENELOPE.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

LITTLE Penelope Boothby looks at us all with such a friendly, innocent face, over the gap of a hundred years, that I, for one, felt I must ask the little girl, in some way, how the world had used her in that long-ago time. It was a brilliant, wicked world into which she had come, but with plenty of gracious, good women hidden, as now, in quiet homes. Did little Penelope grow into one of these wives and mothers, or was she among the famous dazzling beauties whose histories no child could read?

There is an old library near me that is a veritable Doomsday-book in itself,—a record of the lives of obscure, forgotten people. There, after diligent search one September afternoon, I found the story of the little lady, hidden in a brown old book, its leaves thin with age. I found in it this little girl's picture, which ST. NICHOLAS has now so beautifully engraved after Sir Joshua Reynolds' painting, and beneath, written by her father, "Penelope, ætat. s. iv." Her eyes, he said, were blue, and the hair under the queer old cap "translucent gold." There was a picture, too, of her home, Asbourne Hall, buried among trees, and of the quaint old church where the little girl knelt beside her mother on Sunday mornings; and there was much fond talk of how she watched at the gate for her father coming home, or sat at evening on his knee, and was, in a word, his one only child, too well beloved.

For the name of the book was "Sorrows," and it was the lamentations of a father, written at intervals during a long life, for the child who died when but seven years old. All that the age possessed

of genius had come to his aid to preserve her memory: Sir Joshua had painted her; there was a marble statue by Banks of the child, as she fell, smiling, into her last sleep, her hands closed together under her chubby cheek; and a wonderful picture by Fuseli of the silent angel Death softly lifting the dear baby, still smiling, to her bosom.

So I was glad that little Penelope never changed into a great court beauty, or even into a happy wife and mother; but that the child went home just as we see her, to the land where there are so many children, and where He who loves them best of all never leaves them.

I am sure the children here who see to-day her friendly little face will be glad to know something of the man who has sent it to us across these hundred years. His story means, after all, more to us than that of Penelope.

One July morning in 1723, a baby was born in the schoolmaster's house in the English sea-coast village of Plympton Earl. The schoolmaster had six children already; the news, therefore, produced no great stir among the neighbors. Yet, although the village was nigh a thousand years old when the baby was born, and more than a hundred and fifty years have passed since then, it is only known to the world as the birthplace of this little boy, who was christened Joshua, and grew up with his eleven brothers and sisters, noticed by nobody, coarsely dressed and poorly fed. The children were fond of drawing, as all children are, but were too poor to own paper and pencils, and used char-

coal instead, on the cellar walls. We have the name of the lady who gave them their first pencil, so great a possession did they hold it. Joshua's drawings were different from the others, in the scrupulous care with which they were finished. Many of the boys who read this can dash you off a tiger or a ship on a black-board so effective that their mothers are sure they will be great artists. Little Joshua did not work in that way. Before he was eight years old he had found a book on the rules of Perspective, and studied it. There is still to be seen a Latin exercise, *De Laboro*, on the back of which is drawn a book-case in panels. Beneath, his father has written, "Drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." But the idleness was painstaking, most faithful work; for critics assure us that in this drawing are to be found the same conscientious care and delicacy which marked the great pictures of his later years. His brothers, as they grew older, sketched and daubed away vigorously; but Joshua *worked* at drawing. Before he was ten years old, he had studied so thoroughly Richardson's Treatise on Painting, that its theories worked like leaven in his mind all through his life. He copied faithfully, too, such books of engraving as fell in his way; studied, as other boys do Latin and arithmetic, the combination and rules of color. His pencil (we hope money was given without grudging for his pencils then) was seldom out of his hand. If he had no paper near, he sketched on his thumb-nail some face that struck him. One of these faces (that of a Latin master) he copied from his nail in a boat-house under the cliff, using a piece of old sail for canvas, and the wheelwright's coarse paints. The portrait still exists,—a forcible and remarkable drawing, according to Cotton.

Joshua's father, who had meant to make an apothecary of the boy, was touched by his diligence and faithfulness in the work he had chosen, and consented to enter him at sixteen as a pupil with Hudson, then the first portrait-painter of England. The price paid Hudson was about \$800 for four years,—a heavy tax on the poor schoolmaster, with his swarm of children, and sometimes but one scholar. If Joshua in after years followed that branch of art which paid him best, and saved his pence that he might give guineas to his family, we should not blame him too hardly. He learned the value of money in sore experience, and through the many sacrifices which his family made for him.

Hudson taught the boy the rules of his art, but he also taught him the formal, stiff style of portrait-painting then in vogue: every lady wore the same glazed smile, every man carried his hat under his arm, and frowned under his fair wig. As long as young Reynolds copied his master's work, his pictures deserved little notice; but one day, ventur-

ing on his own theory of truth to Nature, he painted the portrait of an old servant-woman, and hung it up in the gallery. Hudson was honest enough to confess that it was better than any work he could do, but was too jealous of his pupil to allow him to remain any longer with him. Joshua then returned to Devonshire, and began the practice of his art in Plymouth as a portrait-painter. When he was about twenty-six years old, he formed a friendship with Commodore Keppel, and with him visited Southern Europe, remaining two years in Rome, studying his art, as he tells us, "with measureless content." One of his first pictures, on his return, was that of his friend, then Admiral Keppel, in which he carried out his idea of giving to the figure characteristic expression and an appropriate background. The gallant Admiral stands upon a stormy beach, his hair and mantle blown by the wind, his hand on his sword. This picture opened the door to fame and fortune for the artist.

Thereafter the history of Joshua Reynolds was a series of steady triumphs. He never married, his stately house always being a home for his sisters or their orphan children. All the poets, philosophers and statesmen of the time, all the beautiful women came to him to be painted, quite sure that if there were any latent nobility or charm in their faces which nobody had yet seen, he would discover it and make it immortal. Here, perhaps, lay the strength of Sir Joshua's portraits. He painted men and women as they ought to have looked in their best moment of life; hence, although his colors now in some cases have given way, his favorite lakes dulled, and the carmine turned purple, the faces look upon us from the canvas with a wonderful power and sweetness. We tell ourselves that these were not ordinary men and women who lived in that time; they must have been "gods and heroes who blazed across that sky;" and the man who painted them was surely of their kin.

The Royal Academy, founded during his life, elected the schoolmaster's son the first President; he was knighted immediately after; and, what was of much more value to him, he welcomed at his table as his friends the most noble and illustrious men and women of his time. At the age of sixty-six, while painting the portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford, he felt a sharp pain in his eye, and was conscious that his sight had failed. He laid down his pencil, never to lift it again; and five years later died, having been for nearly half a century "sole dictator in the realm of English art."

Boys who read this little story will notice that it was by no sudden "spurt" of genius, no spasmodic effort that he reached this place. He found

out the work for which he was fitted, and gave himself to it patiently, both in brain and body. Sir Joshua himself tells it all in a line, in his advice to a young artist: "The man determined

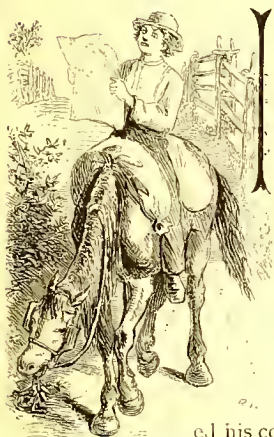
to excel must go to his work, whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon and night; and he will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labor."

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### HARD TIMES AT HOME.



IT'S no use talking, Arty, there are too many of us. The pie don't go round."

Arthur smiled a little ruefully as he added to Barnard's complaint: "And Sam and Oliver wear their clothes all out before they can be made over for me."

Barnard — whose whole name, by the way, was Barker Barnard Stevens—showed his confidence in his younger brother's judgment when he said: "As we are a too numerous family, what is to be done about it? Kill off a few?"

Arthur was one of seven—great hearty boys all of them. His trousers were inherited from his elder brother Sam, and had been "turned" in the legs and were already inconveniently short. With an impatient little jerk at the knee of one of these objectionable legs, he said: "Let's emigrate!"

Barnard, five years older, and more cautious, asked: "Where to?"

"Oh, anywhere, so that we have a chance to strike out for ourselves. Father emigrated from Vermont with all of us young ones, and why should n't we put out for the Far West, I'd like to know? It is n't so far from Illinois to Somewhere-else now, as it was from Vermont to Illinois when we were brought here."

"A great deal you know about it, young Arthur

boy. Why, you were only six years old when we came here."

"All right, Barney, but I'm fifteen now, and have not studied geography for nothing."

"Boys! boys! it's time to turn in. You've got to go down to Turner's to-morrow after those grain sacks: and your ma says there's no rye-meal in the house for Saturday's baking."

This was the voice of Farmer Stevens from the porch. The boys had been sitting on the rail-fence in front of the house while the twilight fell. The evening was tranquil but gloomy, and they had taken a somewhat somber view of family affairs, considering what cheery, hopeful young fellows they were.

But it was a fact that there were too many of them. There were four boys older than Arthur, two younger, and a baby sister. Since the Stevens family had settled in Northern Illinois, things had gone wrong all over the country. First, the chinch-bug came upon them and ate up their crop—and it was not much of a crop, either. Then they had a good year and felt encouraged; but next there fell a sort of blight on the Rock River region. It was dry in seeding-time and wet in harvest. The smut got into the wheat—and nobody planted anything besides wheat in those days. So, what with rust, mildew, and other plagues, poor Farmer Stevens was left without much more than grain enough to feed his growing boys. His cattle went hungry or to the butchers. From year to year things alternated between bad and worse. It was discouraging.

As the boys climbed down from their perch, Barnard said to his father:

"Arty and I are going to emigrate."

"Yes, to Turner's mill: and be sure you bring back all those grain-sacks, Arthur."

But the watchful mother heard the remark, and said, as the boys lumbered upstairs to bed:

"Barnard was cut-up to-night because he missed

his piece of pie. Joe Griffin was here, and it did not go round."

"Well, I must say, mother," replied Farmer Stevens, "it's hard lines when the boys fall out with their provender; but Barney is dreadful noational, and he's out of conceit with Illinois."

"Yes, father, he is a restless boy, and he and Arty set so much by each other; when one goes the other will."

The poor mother laid her sleeping baby in the cradle, and sat for a moment looking out over the dim landscape beyond the open window.

Sugar Grove was a small settlement on a broken rise of ground. Behind stood a dense grove of sugar-maples, extending two miles east and west. In front of the few houses and the row of wheat-farms was a broad valley, belted with trees, and through which Rock River wound in big curves, now faint in the early Summer night. The crop was mostly in the ground, and the little farm looked tidy. But the fences were not in good repair, the house had never been painted, and the whole place seemed pinched and poor.

"This is n't the 'rich West,' after all," sighed Mrs. Stevens, sadly; and the tears gathered in her eyes as she thought of her noble boys growing up in such strait circumstances, with defeat and poverty continually before them. "So the pie would n't go round? Poor Barney!" The mother laughed a sad little laugh to herself, as she thought of Barnard's grim discontent.

Returning from Turner's, next day, Arthur brought the family mail which had been left at the mill by some of the neighbors down the road, on their way home from town. It was not a heavy mail; and, as Arthur jogged along on Old Jim, sitting among the grain-sacks, he opened the village newspaper. The *Lee County Banner* was published once a week, and the local news usually occupied half a column. This week that important part of the paper was led off with a long paragraph headed "Latest News from California! Arrival of Joshua Gates, Esq.!" Arthur held his breath and read as follows:

We take great pleasure in informing our friends and patrons, as well as the public generally, that Joshua Gates, Esq., our esteemed and highly-respected fellow-citizen, has just arrived from California, overland. Accompanied by a bold and adventurous band of Missourians, he has crossed the continent in the unprecedented time of sixty-five days, stopping in Mormondom two days to recruit. Our fortunate fellow-citizen brings ample confirmation of the richness of the gold discoveries of California. To say that he brings tangible proof of all this would be to put the case in its mildest form. Our hands have handled and our optics have gazed upon the real stuff brought by our enterprising fellow-citizen, who assures us that the half has not been told us, and that he proposes to return as soon as possible to what may now with extreme propriety be called the Land of Gold, where we are told that a "strike" of hundreds of thousands is a common thing, and any industrious man may make from \$15 to \$1,500 per day. We welcome our distinguished fellow-citizen home again, and congratulate him on his well-deserved success. We ap-

pend a few of the reigning prices in California: Flour, \$15 per bbl.; pork, \$.50 per lb.; fresh beef, \$1.00 to \$1.50 ditto; mining-boots, \$50 per pr.; quinine, \$50 per oz.; newspapers, anywhere from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get and light to hold."

Arthur did not stop to read the poetry; he folded up the paper with emphasis, jammed it into his pocket, pulled his straw hat tightly on his head, and said: "The very thing!" Old Jim, who had been browsing off the hazel brush as his young rider absorbed the news, looked around with meek surprise.

"Yes, you old rascal, that's the very thing! We'll go to California, my boy; and when we are picking up the diamonds and gold-dust, wont we tell Old Turner to go hang for an old hunk!"

Jim neighed and pricked up his ears, just as if he understood that the miller had taken more toll from the rye than young Arthur thought he was entitled to.

"Digging up gold in California! Hey, Jim!" and Arthur went cantering up the road as blithely as if he were already in the Land of Gold.

"Say, mother, Josh Gates has got back."

"Has that worthless, miserable vagabond come back to plague his poor old mother once more?" asked the plain-speaking Mrs. Stevens. "Well, well, he's the bad penny, that's certain sure."

"But he's rich—got lots of gold from California—and the *Banner* says he's a distinguished fellow-citizen," remonstrated Arthur, who suddenly reflected, however, that Josh Gates had gone off "between two days," when he departed from Lee County, and that he had been indicted for stealing hens, and that his former reputation in the town of Richardson was not at all fragrant.

Arthur was a little crest-fallen, but he handed Sam the paper, and said:

"Perhaps Gates is a liar, as well as a chicken-stealer; but you see the newspaper man says that he has seen his gold-dust; so there!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said his mother, returning to her wash-tub: "these gold stories about California are all got up to help the shipping people. They are selling their vessels, and advertising to take folks out at great prices. So the Chicago papers say!"

"But Josh Gates came back overland, ma," said the boy.

"Tis my opinion that that scamp has never been farther west than Iowa," cried Sam, holding up the paper with a knowing air. "Hi Fender saw him over to Council Bluffs last Fall, sweeping out a billiard saloon. He went from there to St. Louis as deck hand on a steamboat. He aint worth shucks."

Having so said, Sam went on mending his ox-yoke, as if the case were finally settled.

That day, Arthur and Barnard worked together in the field putting in a second crop where the first seeding had been winter-killed. They talked over and over again the chances of the journey to California, the story of the gold discoveries, the truth or falsehood of Josh Gates, and all the ways and means of getting across the continent. About this last branch of the subject there was a great deal of doubt. It would cost much money.

"But only think, Barney, how grand 't would be if we could come home in a year or two with lots of gold, pay off the mortgage, build a new house, and fix things comfortable for the folks during the rest of their lives! Would n't that pay?" And Arthur, in a great glow of anticipation, scattered the seed-wheat far and wide by big handfuls.

"Take care there, boy! you're throwing away that grain," grumbled Barnard, who was twenty years old, and a little less enthusiastic than Arthur. But he added, "I do just believe there's gold in California; and if we can only figure it out to satisfy the folks, we'll go there, by hook or crook."

"It's a whack!" cried Arthur, who was ardent, and a little slangy.

## CHAPTER II.

### GREAT PREPARATIONS.

"Now, if I was in a story-book," said Arthur to himself, one day, "I should find a wallet in the road, with one hundred and fifty dollars in it." One hundred and fifty dollars was just about the sum which the boys had found they needed to complete an outfit for California. Without any formal declaration of their intention, or any expression of opinion from father and mother, Barnard and Arthur had gone on with their plans; but these were all in the air, so far. The details worried them a great deal.

There was a spare wagon on the farm which might be fixed up and mended well enough to last for the journey across the Plains. Old Jim could be taken from the plow; but they must have another horse, some mining tools, harness, and provisions. From a New England newspaper they cut a list of articles considered necessary for the journey. It was fascinating, but formidable. This is the way it ran:

1 Wagon.....	\$125.00
Wagon Cover.....	12.00
2 Horses or Mules.....	150.00
Harness.....	60.00
Tent.....	25.00
4 Picks.....	5.00
2 Shovels.....	4.40

4 Gold-Pans.....	\$1.00
2 Axes.....	5.50
8 Cwt. Flour.....	24.00
1 Bush. Beans.....	1.25
2 Bush. Corn Meal.....	4.75
1 Cwt. Pork.....	10.00
4 Cwt. Bacon.....	44.00
1 Cwt. Sugar.....	8.00
50 Lbs. Rice.....	5.50
60 Lbs. Coffee.....	10.80
Sundry Small Stores.....	10.00
Ammunition.....	12.00
Medicines.....	5.00

Total..... \$523.20

"More than five hundred dollars!" Arthur would say, over and over again. "More than five hundred dollars, and we have n't five hundred cents!"

By degrees, however, the boys had managed to reduce the sum-total somewhat. The wagon, they thought, might be taken out of the list. So might one of the horses, if Old Jim could be put instead. Then the sixty dollars for harness could be brought down to less than half that amount. They could make some of the old harness on the farm available—with their father's consent. They could take less pork and more bacon.

"I hate pork, any how," said Barnard, who had worked one season of haying with a neighbor, and had been fed on fried pork and hot bread three times a day, for five weeks.

"But we can't have hams and shoulders," objected Arthur. "Don't they cost a good deal?"

"Side-meat 's the thing, Arty. No bones in it; easy to carry, and cheap. Nine cents a pound; and we've got a lot in the smoke-house, you know, that perhaps father will let us have some from."

"And this fellow has got down bacon at eleven cents a pound!" said Arthur, with great disdain. "And what he should put in 'Sunday small stores' at ten dollars for, is more than I know. What are 'Sunday small stores,' any how?"

"Ho, you goose!—those are 'sundry small stores.' You've made an *a* out of an *r*; that's all. 'Sunday small stores!' Well, that's a good one! He's guessed at the lot; and I guess it's high for a little salt, spice, and such knick-nacks. Besides, there's five dollars for medicine. Who's going to be sick on the Plains, I'd like to know?"

A multitude of such discussions as these, with much contriving and figuring, put the young emigrants where they could see their way clear to an outfit—if they had only one hundred and fifty dollars in cash. That was a big sum; and, even with this, they had calculated on obtaining permission to take from the farm many things which were needed.

The boys studied over the ways and means of getting to California with real enjoyment. Hubert, the big brother, who was employed in a store in town, and came home on Sundays, declared that Arthur carried the printed slip from the *Plow-*

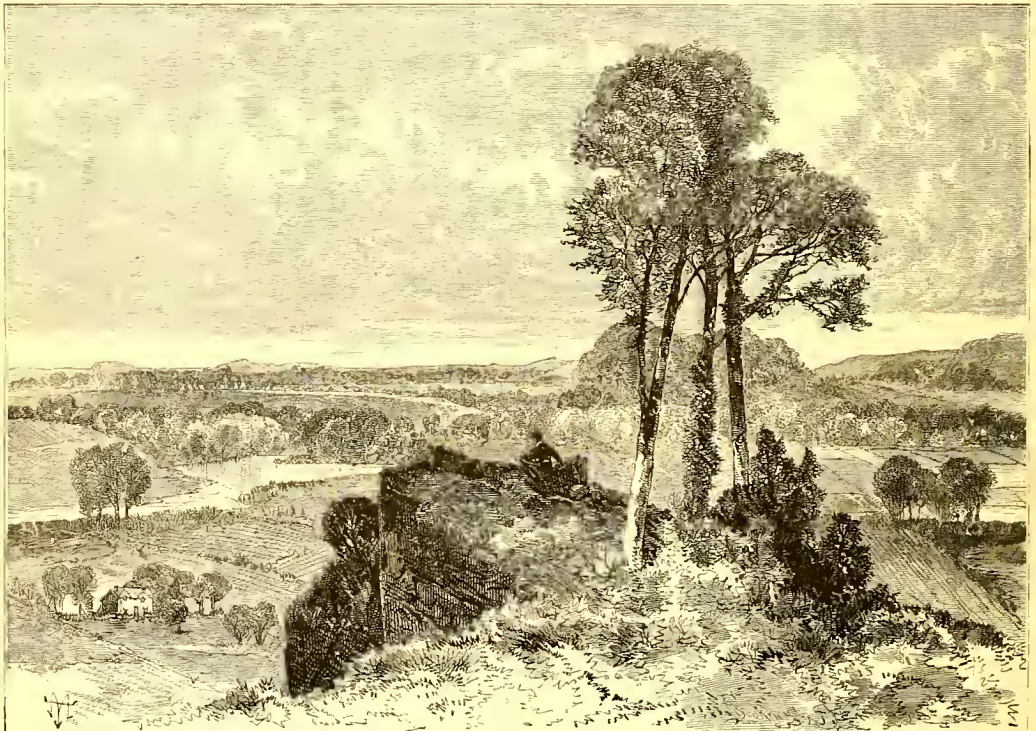
man to bed with him. Nevertheless, the whole family joined in the debate over the propriety of taking corn-meal on such a long journey, or the cost of extra boots and clothing for the travelers, with a glow of satisfaction. It was a novelty, and, though none but Barney and Arthur really thought anything would come of it, all the boys discussed the route, outfit, and dangers of the way, at morning, noon and night.

They made out new lists of things indispensable for the trip, and fingered these with a certain sort of fascination for the items and figures which was

the plains? Would he find there the romance and fun which he anticipated?

"If I was only in a story-book, now, I should find a wallet in the road with one hundred and fifty dollars in it."

Arthur had said this to himself a great many times. This time, as he lay at full length on top of the hill behind the house, looking off down the valley of the Rock, he built once more his golden dream. Beyond the brown, newly plowed fields, suggesting only hard work; beyond the tall cotton-woods that bordered the stream, and beyond the



"LOOKING OFF DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE ROCK."

quite satisfactory. As Sam said one day, they had the fun of talking about it, even if nobody should go.

The care-worn mother looked on and listened. She could not contentedly think of these dear young fledglings of hers flying so far away from the home nest. There were dreadful tales of Indians on the way, disease, and death, and violence and crime in the gold-diggings. What would become of her boys, alone and unfriended, in that rude country, even if they should ever reach it? She looked at Arthur's golden head, deep in the mysteries of the cookery-book, which he was studying for future use; and she sighed and smiled together. Could she trust her boy to the chances of a roving life on

pale blue line where the valley of the Rock River melted into the sky, was the promised land. So far away it was! Yet he could see, he thought, the gay caravans pressing on to the golden shores of the Pacific. There were long trains of brave men with wagons, horses and arms. There were the rolling prairies dotted with buffalo, deer, and strange game. The red man lurked by the trails, but fled away to the snow-capped mountains as the white conqueror came on apace. The grand Rocky Mountains, whose devious line he had painfully studied on his school-map, rose majestically on the horizon, lying like clouds against the sky.

How mean and narrow the little farm below

him looked! How small the valley and how wearisome the plowed fields! He remembered that his back had ached with the planting of that ten-acre lot; and he remembered, too, how his father had said that little boys' backs never ached; that little boys thought their backs ached, but they did n't. Arthur turned his eyes westward again with a vague and restless longing. Surely, there was a place for him somewhere outside the narrow valley, where he could make a name, see the world, and learn something besides plowing, sowing, harvesting and saving.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," he murmured once more, as his eye fell on Hiram Fender, slowly plodding his way through the tall grass below the hill. "Oh, Hi!" called Arthur, and Hiram, shading his eyes from the sinking sun, looked up where Arthur lay on the ledge. Everybody liked the cheery Arthur; and Hi Fender climbed the hill with "Well, now, youngster, what's up?"

"Nothing, only Barney wanted me to ask you, whenever I saw you, what you'd take for that white mare of yours. She is yours, is n't she?"

"Well, yes, I allow she's mine. Dad said he'd gin her to me on my twenty-first buthday, and that was Aprile the twenty-one."

"What'll you take for her?"

"Don't want to sell. Besides, what d'ye want her for?"

"To go to California with."

"Be you fellers going to Californy?"

"Yes, if we can get up an outfit."

Hiram Fender looked languidly over the glowing landscape. He was a "slow-molded chap," Farmer Stevens said; and he never was excited. But the sun seemed to burn in his eyes as he said: "Will you take a feller along?"

"Who? You?"

"Sartin, sartin; I've been a-thinkin' it over, and I'll go if you fellers go."

Arthur jumped up, swung his ragged hat two or three times, and said: "Good for you, Hi! and the list is made out for four!"

Hiram looked on him with a mild query expressed on his freckled face, and Arthur took out of his pocket the well-worn list for the outfit and read: "The following list is calculated for four persons, making a four months' trip from the Mississippi to the gold diggings."

Hiram looked at it and said: "Five hundred and twenty-three dollars! Phew!"

Hiram's father was a thrifty Illinois farmer. The neighbors said he was "forehanded;" but he had brought up his boys to look at least twice at a dollar before spending it; therefore, when Hiram looked at the sum total of the list, he said "Phew!" with an expression of great dismay.

"But," cried Arthur, "it is for four persons, and we have figured it down so that we only want one hundred and fifty dollars. Can't you think of some other fellow that would go? Then we should have a party of four."

"I allow that Tom might go. He wants to go to California powerful bad; but I aint right sure that dad'll let him."

Now, Tom was Hiram's younger brother and Arthur's particular aversion. So Arthur dubiously said: "Would n't Bill go?"

"Bill!" repeated Hiram, with great disgust. "Bill has n't got spunk enough to go across the Mississippi. Why, he's that scared of Injuns that he gets up in the middle of the night, dreaming like enough, and yelling "Injuns! Injuns!" He was scart by a squaw when he was a baby, and he goes on like mad whenever he hears 'em mentioned."

Arthur laughed. "And he's older than you, Hi?"

"Yes, Bill's the oldest of the family. But there's little Tom, now. Aint he peart, though? He can yoke up a pair of young steers, or shuck a bushel of corn equal to any grown man about these parts. And he's only fifteen come harvest, too! He's just afraid of nothing. He'll go fast enough."

"That is if your father will let him."

"Yes, if dad'll let him. And we can put in my white mare agin your Old Jim. But my white mare will kick your Old Jim all to pieces, I allow;" and Hiram grinned at what he thought was the great contrast between the two horses.

Arthur was very much elated at the prospect of reinforcements to the party, though he could not regard Tom Fender as a desirable recruit. Tom was an awkward, loutish lad, disposed to rough ways, and holding very contemptuous views of the manners of the Stevens family, whom he called "stuck-up Boston folks." Arthur had felt obliged to challenge Tom to open combat on one occasion, when that young gentleman, secure behind Old Fenner's corn-crib, bawled out "mackerel-catchers!" at Arthur and his brothers as they were jogging along to church one Sunday morning. The consequence was that both boys wore black-and-blue eyes after that encounter, and suffered some family discipline besides. They had since been on very distant terms of acquaintance.

"I don't care. Hi Fender is a downright good fellow," said Arthur, when Barnard opened his eyes at the information that the two Fender boys might be secured for their party.

"Yes, but how about Tom?"

Arthur hesitated. "Well, I want to get off across the plains. That's a fact. I think I could

get along with Tom, if you can. He is real smart with cattle and horses, you know."

"Oh, I don't care for Tom," said Barnard, disdainfully. "He's only a little chap, smaller than you, and he wont worry me. Besides, his brother Hi is a mighty good fellow, even if he is rough. He is pretty close, I know, but we sha'n't quarrel about that. We've all got to be economical, if we are to get across to California."

So it was agreed, and when word came up the road that Mr Fender had consented that his boys

know but what I'd go myself. It's pretty hard pickings here." Farmer Stevens had a roving disposition, which he had not quite outgrown.

"But," remonstrated the mother, "they have n't money enough to give them a good outfit. It would be a frightful thing to let those thoughtless boys go out on the great plains without food and other things sufficient to take them through."

"Now, mother, I've been thinking that we might sell the wood off the lower half of the woodlot down by the marsh. Page has offered me one



DEPARTURE OF THE GOLD-HUNTERS.

should go, there was great excitement in the Stevens house. It really seemed as if the boys were going to California. They had insensibly glided into the whole arrangement without taking any family vote on it. Neither father nor mother had once consented or refused that the boys should go with so much of an outfit as they might pick up.

"Oh, father," said Mrs. Stevens, "it is heart-breaking to think of those boys going off alone into the wilderness. I'm sure I shall never see them again, if they go."

"Well, mother, I should like to keep them on the place; but they are getting restive, and I don't much blame them. They've got the gold fever pretty bad; and if I was as young as they, I don't

hundred dollars for the cut. That, with what the Fenders put in and what we have on the place, would give the boys a tolerable fit-out."

That wood-lot was the special pride of the family. "Timber," as every species of tree was called in those parts, was scarce. Wood was dear, and in some seasons the prairie farmers used corn for fuel, it was so much cheaper than wood; and it cost a great deal to get the grain to market. It was a great sacrifice to cut down those maples and sell them for fire-wood. But Farmer Stevens, poring over maps, estimates of provisions, and California news, with his boys, had been secretly fired with the gold fever. He could not go; but he was willing to give up the standing timber in order that



Barnard and Arthur should have a good outfit. It cost him a struggle. But, old as he was, he sympathized with the boys in their adventurous ambition. He was not so sanguine about the gold of California holding out long. But it was there now. He had seen and handled Josh Gates' pile of dust; and Solomon Bookstaver, who went to the Columbia River, five years before, had just come back from California and had fired the entire population of Lee Centre with his display of golden nuggets, or *chispas*, as Sol called them.

When the father's determination to sell the wood off his wood-lot was made known the next day, in family council, Barnard's face glowed, and Sam said: "Well, I swan to man!" Arthur dashed out by the back door, turned five or six "flip-flaps" to calm himself, came back, and, putting his arm about his father's neck, whispered in his ear, "You are the best old father a boy ever had!"

So it was finally settled that the boys should go to California, across the plains, the party consisting of Barnard and Arthur Stevens, and Hiram and Thomas Fender.

Great were the preparations. The provisions available on the two farms were laid under contribution. The tent, a marvel of comfort and lightness, was made and set up before the house, to the great curiosity of the passing neighbors, who stopped their teams, and asked: "Gwine to Californy?"

In those days, groceries and clothing were cheaper than now, and, with the cash which the party had collected, they laid in a very fair supply, and had a little money left to use when absolutely necessary on the journey. The young fellows hugely enjoyed getting ready. The woolen shirts and jean overalls, wide hats and leather belts, which were to be their uniform, were put on with solid satisfaction. Tom swaggered around with a seven-barreled Colt's revolver, nearly as big as himself, slung on his hip. Those delightful days of packing flew quickly. The wagon was crammed full to the ash bows which supported the canvas cover. A sheet-iron camp-stove was tied on behind. Water-pail and tar-bucket dangled underneath. Thus equipped, one fine May morning, the gold hunters drove away. Old Jim and White Jenny trotted gayly down the road, their faces turned toward the West.

Father and mother stood at the gate. Hi Fender drove the wagon, the rest of the party trudging along by the side. Hubert, who had come over from town to see the departure, with Sam and Oliver, accompanied the young adventurers to the top of the divide, where they left them.

And so they were off. Behind them was home. Before them an unknown sea of privation, danger, want and adventure. The wagon disappeared over the ridge. The boys were gone.

(To be continued.)

## HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(Copenhagen, August 4th, 1875.)

THERE is silence in the Northland, for one hath passed away  
 Honored of all, a veteran, weary for many a day—  
 Weary of earth, of suffering, of toil and cumbering care,  
 Eager to lay the burden down, but willing still to bear.  
 A silence in the Northland. Yet Denmark's soul is glad—  
 Glad for the honored veteran, the truest man she had!  
 Glad for the countless little ones who crowd about his bier,  
 Glad for the voice that evermore the listening world shall hear!

There is joy among the angels. To that bright company  
 One cometh as a little child—all gladly cometh he!  
 Our Lord hath lifted off his load, hath led him to the light,  
 And happy spirits, welcoming, lead up the pathway bright.  
 Now shall the ransomed poet hear the holy, glorious song,  
 The grand, eternal story he hath waited for so long!  
 O children! ye who love his name, wait on, and watch and pray—  
 In reverent thought still honor him the Lord hath called this day!

## A FEW ALLIGATORS.

BY FRED BEVERLY.



NEITHER OF THEM QUICK ENOUGH:

FLORIDA may be called the home of the alligator. Here he finds water and climate exactly to his liking. Further north, the rigors of Winter compel him to subside into the mud. His delicately organized system cannot endure cold.

Scattered along the Georgia coast, in the creeks and bayous, they are occasionally seen; but it is when sailing up that wonderful river of Florida, the St. John, that we meet them, in constantly increasing numbers, till nearly every stretch of sandy shore, every half-sunken log, shows one or more.

In the little-known creeks of the interior, and in the swamps of the Everglades, they fairly swarm. But there are not so many now as in former years, for travelers and hunters have reduced their ranks, and rendered them shy where once they were bold. To the hunter of hides, more than to the tourist, is due the diminution, as very few are killed by the latter. A great trade has arisen, and declined, in alligator hides, and a few years ago all the native hunters were engaged in killing alligators. Even the swarthy Seminole Indian was induced to bring in the skin of a reptile his ancestors held in reverence and awe.

Now, though there is little demand for their skins, they are made to yield a revenue to the na-

tives, in various ways. Their teeth, beautifully carved, and mounted in gold, are offered for sale, and boots and shoes are made of the best portions of their skins; while the small alligators are captured, held in captivity until the departure of winter visitors, when they are sold and transported north.

The alligator, although it very much resembles its cousin the crocodile, as you will see by the picture on the next page, is a different animal, and is found nowhere but in America. It is said that a crocodile or two have been killed in our Florida waters; but even if this is true, such instances are extremely rare.

Let us commence with the alligator *ab ovo*, or from the egg, and follow him to maturity, noticing his peculiar traits and the methods employed in his capture.

The eggs are of the size and shape of goose eggs, though a little more rounded at the small end, of a yellowish-white color. They are laid in nests constructed of mud and vegetable substances, which produce heat by fermentation, thus aiding in hatching the eggs.

The maternal alligator always keeps watch near the nest, as the male parent is very fond of young alligator, raw or cooked, and it requires all her

diligence to prevent the total destruction of her offspring. As it is, the old fellow generally contrives to snatch up a few, though the little ones follow close in their mother's wake, spreading out like the tail of a comet.

The young are very nimble, even on land, and when in the water very deceptive in appearance as to size. I remember catching one by the tail, which appeared in the water to be about a foot in length, but it was a three-footer that turned upon me when it was jerked out of the water.

The size of the largest alligator is a matter of much dispute. Every native Floridian has his story to tell of "that big 'gator," and statements vary, none exceeding twenty feet, most of them being satisfied with eighteen. Tolerably correct information has been obtained of the capture of one sixteen feet in length, but they rarely exceed fourteen.

For my part, though I have hunted in the wild-est portions of Florida, I have yet to see an alligator exceeding a length of twelve feet. My guide and myself once captured one measuring twelve feet. We harpooned him as he lay at the bottom of the river, and it was as though we had hitched on to a whale. For half an hour he made the boat spin through the water as it never went before. It took three shots to kill him, but we finally did it, and a steak from his tail was upon our bill of fare that night.

Was it good? Well, I have eaten better meat, meat more to my liking, than alligator steak.

The alligator, at all times, and under any circumstances, emits a disagreeable, musky odor, and his flesh is strongly impregnated with it.

His food is—any and everything. He is as omnivorous, or all-eating, as a crow. Birds, fishes, hogs, dogs, and even chunks of wood, are swallowed by him. Whether the wood is swallowed for sustenance, or to aid digestion, the alligator alone can answer.

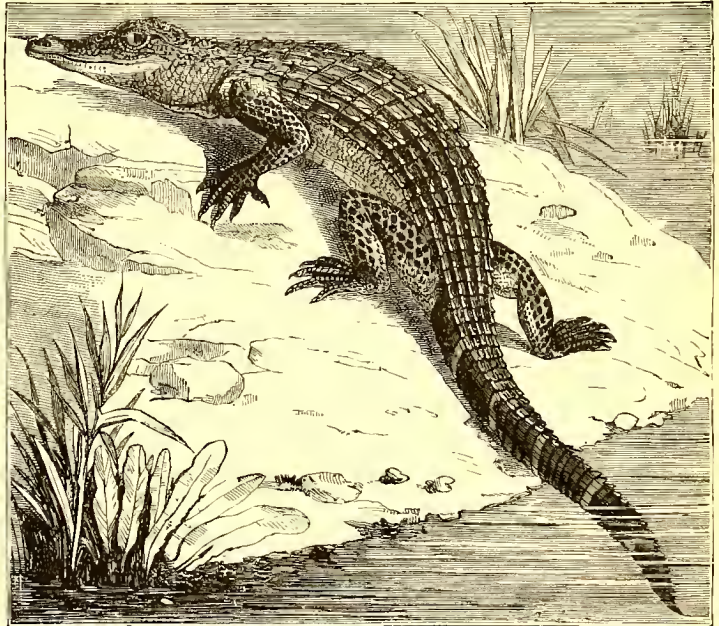
The vulnerable points of an alligator are greater in number than is popularly supposed. The statement that a rifle-ball will flatten out upon his side or back is now known to be incorrect. Contrary to the general belief, a rifle-ball will penetrate any portion of the body, if it strike fair.

Is the alligator dangerous? That depends upon circumstances. The only danger to be feared from an alligator, on land, is in his tail. He cannot run rapidly, and, conscious of his inability to escape, he either quietly submits or lashes out furiously with his tail.

They rarely leave their watery abodes, except from an insufficient depth of water or scarcity of food. They seem to scent a body of water a long way, for their trails to them are generally direct. Very few instances have come to my knowledge of any one being bitten by an alligator. One was of a man being seized by the hand, as he was stooping to drink from a pool. It was only by the opportune arrival of aid that he escaped.

They prefer negroes to white men, and hogs and dogs to either. An alligator will follow on the trail of a dog for a long distance, and it is difficult for settlers near the banks of an alligator-haunted river or lake to keep dogs at all.

I recall one of my adventures while hunting some rare water-birds. My friend and myself had penetrated a swamp, and had entered a place where the water was waist-deep, black with mud, and alive



A CROCODILE TAKING THE AIR.

with alligators. It was a strange sight to me, and I rather shrank from proceeding any further; but my friend, who had been acquainted with 'gators for years, said there was no danger, and we went in. On every side were the knotty heads and evil-looking eyes of scores of alligators. They swam about us, seemingly more from curiosity than from

any other motive, but they gulped up our dog with a rapidity that set my heart a-beating. I shot and shot, as fast as I could, with a breech-loading shot-gun, but failed to disperse them. That they did n't eat us I attributed to the abundance of food that, in the shape of young birds, literally dropped from the trees into their mouths. Many were the birds we lost, for as they fell into the water the alligators rushed for them and seized them before we could get them.

I do not think that an alligator will attack man unless he has him at a great disadvantage. They are cowardly, but know their power in the water, and probably would seize a man if they met him swimming beyond his depth.

The following description is from the pen of Bartram, the botanist, who visited Florida a hundred years ago. Although he was known as an accurate writer, one cannot help surmising that here he drew the long bow a trifle:

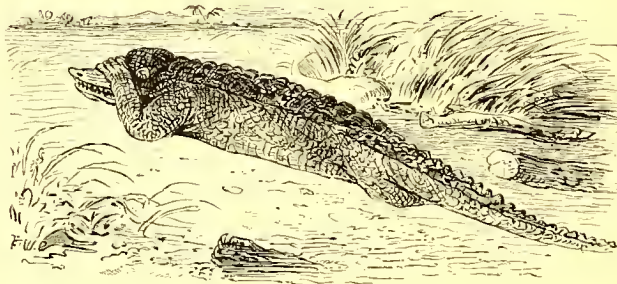
"Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His plated tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters, like a cataract, descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder, when immediately, from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discolored. Again they rise; their jaws clap together, reëchoing through the deep surrounding forests. \* \* \* \* My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting and the alligators gathered round my harbor from all quar-

ters. My situation became precarious to the last degree, two large ones attacking me closely at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly, and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and devoured."

Such is the story of an encounter in 1773. I think, however, that actual adventures of this kind must have been rare even then. Bartram was probably among the first to penetrate the dismal regions which are the home of the alligator. Little was then known of it save by actual investigation, and with a pioneer in those vast, lonely tropical forests, such sounds and sights as those which the odious habits of this creature afford, might easily inspire an undue fear of it. Certain it is, at least, that a century later, we find the alligator possessed of a much milder temper. The decrease in their numbers may have made them more cowardly, but among people who have seen much of them, I think that they are at this day regarded with disgust rather than with fear.

Doubtless many of you have heard of "crocodile tears"—tears shed for effect only, not tears of real, genuine feeling. I do not know where or how the term originated. It may have been that the position sometimes assumed by the animal when lying upon a bank, of placing its fore-feet over or near its eyes, suggested the fancy to some facetious tourist. However, some old writers solemnly aver that the crocodile actually sheds tears. If he weeps at all, it must be to think that any one could tell such a story about him.

While I am sure that alligators never weep, it is probable that they are sometimes the cause of tears in others, especially people who own nice little fat pigs. Alligators are extremely fond of fresh young pork.



"HE GAVE TO MISERY ALL HE HAD, A TEAR."

## A DOLL'S WEDDING.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



SAYS Ivanhoe to Mimi:  
 "It is our wedding-day;  
 And will you promise, dearest,  
 Your husband to obey?"

And this is Mimi's answer:  
 "With all my heart, my dear;  
 If you will never cause me  
 To drop a single tear;

"If you will ask me nothing  
 But what I want to do,  
 I'll be a sweet, obedient,  
 Delightful wife to you."

Says Mr. Fenwick, giving  
 His brown mustache a twist:  
 "I shall command you, madam,  
 To do whate'er I list!"

Miss Mimi answers, frowning,  
 His very soul to freeze:  
 "Then, sir, I shall obey you  
 Only just when I please!"

Says Ivanhoe to Mimi:  
 "Let us to this agree,—  
 I will not speak one word to you,  
 If you'll not speak to me;

"Then we shall never quarrel,  
 But through our dolly-life  
 I'll be a model husband,  
 And you a model wife!"

And now all men and women  
 Who make them wedding-calls,  
 Look on, and almost envy  
 The bliss of these two dolls.

They seem so very smiling,—  
 So graceful, kind, and bright!  
 And gaze upon each other  
 Quite speechless with delight.

Never one cross word saying,  
 They stand up side by side,  
 Patterns of good behavior  
 To every groom and bride.

Sweethearts, it is far better,—  
 This truth they plainly teach,—  
 The solid gold of silence,  
 Than the small change of speech!

## THE KIND TURKEY-MAN.

BY SARGENT FLINT.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville, leaving them cold and bare against the dull sky. The squirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses, cracking nuts for their Thanksgiving dinner. The trees waved their tall, bare branches in the biting cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold wind shouted a merry "good-evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and exulted over their crowded storehouse; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again.

A wagon was heard. "Rattle, rattle!" Even the wagon is cold, the child thought, as she heard the loose spokes rattling in the wheels.

She stepped aside for the wagon to pass; the driver, a pleasant-looking man, stopped his horse, and asked her whither she was going.

"To the city," answered the child.

"To the city!" cried the man. "Why, you will never get there, unless you are blown there, or I take you."

"Will you take me?" she asked, not cagerly, but like one accustomed to refusals.

His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up.

"Now," said he, as he put her under the heavy buffalo-robe, "what 's your name?"

"Mary,—only Mary," she answered hastily.

"Mary," said the man softly, more to himself than the child, "I wish it had n't been *that*."

"Why, there 's lots of Marys," said the child.

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I had a little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—I don't like to see any one named Mary in trouble."

"I aint crying," said the child, smiling, "because I'm in trouble, but 'cause I'm so cold. I ought to have trouble, Granny says."

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the man, stopping his horse, and drawing from under the buffalo-robe a can of hot coffee. "That has n't been off the stove more than five minutes," he said, as he filled a little tin cup and handed it to her. "Take that, and drink to your Granny!"

"It is very nice," she said, when she had drank

it all. She did not say, I have tasted nothing before to-day. Why should she, when there had been so many days like this in her short life?

The man replaced the can, pulled the robe up even with her chin, and told the horse to "get up" and "go along;" then he whistled awhile; then he said, "It is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!"

"O, don't!" exclaimed the child; "'cos it makes turkey cost so much, poor folks can't have any."

"Don't you care anything for me!" cried the man, pathetically; "here 's my wagon full of turkeys."

"I did n't know you were a turkey-man," she said, gently.

"Yes, I am a 'turkey-man,' and I think even poor people can afford to buy a turkey once a year, if they *are* high. The turkey-men have been waiting a year for this day."

There was a twinkle in his eye she did not see; he looked down into the little pale face. "I am afraid you don't care for the turkey-men!" he said, soberly.

She hung down her head, started to say something, but stopped.

"Well, what is it?" he said, laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnestly; "but the poor people—I have known them always."

They rode on for awhile in silence. The hot coffee had worked wonders; the blue little hands had stopped shaking, and the child smiled as she saw the city lights in the distance.

"Now you are a little more comfortable," said the turkey-man, "let us hear where you are going, and what your other name is."

"My name is only 'Mary,' and I am going to find my cousin."

"Nonsense!" he said, a little sharply. "Of course you have got a name."

"They call me 'Mary Kent,' but I hate it, and I wont have it!" she cried, passionately.

"Why did they call you that?" he asked, gently.

"'Cause my father ran away, and left me in Granny Cole's house, when I was little. He pinned a paper on my dress, that said on it, 'Left to pay the rent.'"

The turkey-man whistled, and asked if Granny Cole were good to her.

"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. "Anyway, she did n't 'spise me like Sally did."

"Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-man.

"She is Granny Cole's daughter."

"Did Granny Cole send you alone to the city?" said the child, watching her suspiciously.

"She told me the other day," said the child, mournfully, "if I ever come home and found her gone, to go to the city and find my cousin. Yesterday she sent me off with Sally, an' when I come baek Sally ran away from me, an' I could n't find Granny."

"Are you quite sure you can find your cousin?"

She looked up in his face, and laid her thin hand on his sleeve.

"I never saw my cousin," she said, calmly. "If Granny has run away from me, I have n't anybody I know."

"Why, then, did you come to the city?" said the turkey-man, wondering where he could leave her.

"I know the city best," she said; "Granny used to live there, till a week ago. It is so dark in the country, when you have to stay alone! There are the market-men,—see how bright they are!"

It was the night before Thanksgiving, in the city as well as in the country; the markets shone as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were garlands more green, never apples more red, or gobblers more plump.

The turkey-man drove up and stopped.

"Here is as far as I go, little one," he said, as he lifted her out and stood her safely in the bright light of the market.

She was a pretty child, but pale now, with blue lips and shaking hands.

"Poor little thing!" he muttered; "I wish they had n't named her Mary;" and he entered the market.

The market-men beamed on everybody. They rubbed their hands as customer after customer vanished with the cold form of some kind of fowl neatly covered, all but its feet, in brown paper.

It was growing late; the turkey-man had sold out; he waited only to get a hot supper before starting for home. He had been thinking entirely of dollars and cents; but as he walked out of the market, he thought of his home, his wife waiting alone for him in the great white house, and his little Mary safe in God's home above—he had forgotten the homeless child left alone outside the market.

A heavy hand was laid on his arm. "Stand baek a moment!" whispered a voice. He looked up, and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of red apples.

It is his little fellow-traveler!

"That's a sharp youngster!" half laughed the policeman, under his breath. "This sort of thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped it tightly, then dropped it.

She hid her face in her hands. The turkey-man stepped up to her and touched her shoulder gently. She had not seen him; but, without looking up, the child knew who it was—it was the only friend she had.

"I could n't do it! Oh, I could n't!" she sobbed. "But I'm so hungry!" and she fell against the barrel.

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey-man's wife was looking out, and wishing the thermometer could go up, without the price of turkeys going down. "It is so cold for John riding from the city alone!" she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping to hear the wagon; but the cold wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of a year ago, when she did not sit waiting alone. She imagined she heard the little voice, though it had been hushed nearly a year—how plainly she saw the sweet face, though it had been covered so long! She wiped the tears from her eyes as she heard the rattling wheels; John must not see her sad. She opened the door, holding the lamp high above her head.

The turkey-man came in, with something wrapped in the buffalo-robe; he laid it on the big dining-table. "Don't say no!" he cried; "let us do something for Mary's sake, this Thanksgiving!"

"Are you crazy?" she exclaimed, as he uncovered the pale face.

"Wait till I tell you all," said the turkey-man.

When he had told his story, he said, earnestly, "How could I go to church to-morrow and thank God for His care of us, if I, with no little one to care for, had left this child alone in the great city?"

"You did right, John," said his wife; "you always do."

With these words, the woman—good, practical soul!—hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she warmed and comforted her, while the kind turkey-man went to take care of his horse.

"I remember this house," said the child, as she looked out of a large blanket before the bright fire. "I saw it one day with Granny Cole; I stopped and looked through the fence, and threw stones at the turkeys. I did n't know he was a kind man

then. Granny hates rich men—I wonder where lower and lower; the pale lids closed; the little  
 Granny is—I'm sorry I threw the stones—but hands grew quiet; but the little voice repeated in  
 they was n't so very big." The little head fell sleep, "I did n't know he was a kind man."

## NIKOLINA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O TELL me, little children, have you seen her—  
 The tiny maid from Norway, Nikolina?  
 O, her eyes are blue as cornflowers 'mid the corn,  
 And her cheeks are rosy red as skies of morn!

O buy the baby's blossoms if you meet her,  
 And stay with gentle words and looks to greet her;  
 She'll gaze at you and smile and clasp your hand,  
 But no word of your speech can understand.



Nikolina! Swift she turns if any call her,  
 As she stands among the poppies hardly taller,  
 Breaking off their scarlet cups for you,  
 With spikes of slender larkspur, burning blue.

In her little garden many a flower is growing—  
 Red, gold, and purple in the soft wind blowing;  
 But the child that stands amid the blossoms gay  
 Is sweeter, quainter, brighter even than they.

O tell me, little children, have you seen her —  
 This baby girl from Norway, Nikolina?  
 Slowly she's learning English words, to try  
 And thank you if her flowers you come to buy.



## ARNELD AND HIS VIOLIN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

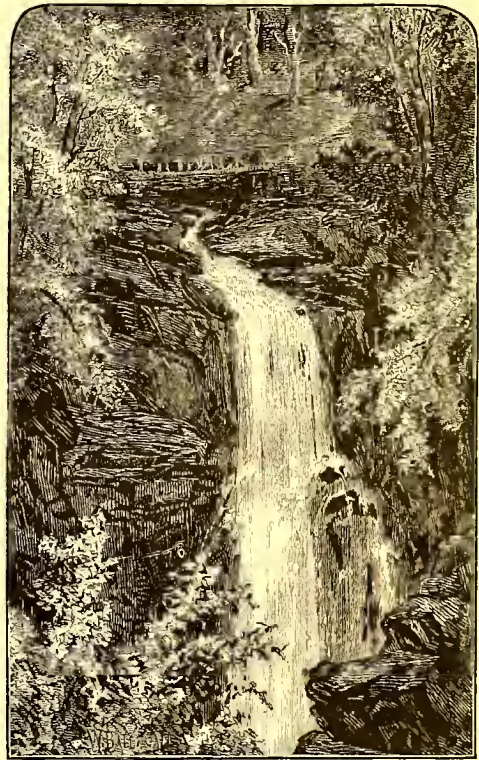
A MELANCHOLY little Swiss boy was Arnel, for he felt himself all alone in the world. His father and mother had been lost in the shipwreck from which he himself was rescued to find a home at last with a warm-hearted American farmer. But kind though every one was, nobody was his own, nobody remembered the same things that he did, or loved the same things; and so slow was he in learning a new tongue, that to nobody could he speak of any one of all the thoughts that labored in his little breast.

He did his best to please the farmer, though, who gave him many a kindly toned word and many an encouraging slap on the shoulder, while the good motherly farmer's wife set aside for him now a custard and now a turnover, and little Rosa used to take her own custard and go and stand beside him to eat it in concert, as if that might lessen a little the loneliness which she knew he must be feeling. She undertook, too, to be his especial instructress in our language; but as she did not know it very well herself, her pupil did not make progress enough to be proud of, and was, in fact, more likely to teach Rosa his own dialect than to learn hers.

He could, indeed, signify simple wants and call simple names; but he wanted to tell of other things. He wanted to tell of the terrible wreck, and the black waves where his father and mother went down. He wanted to tell Rosa of his little sister Marie, with her eyes like Alpine violets; of the echoes among the hills, the pictures in the lakes, the valleys full of the roar of waterfalls; of the white-tipped mountains melting into heaven; of all the thoughts they used to give him,—but nothing could he say. And when, on some clear, bright day, he chanced to look upward and see the white angle of the house against the blue of the sky,—or higher yet, and see a snowy cloud reposing on that blue,—then the remembrance of some mountain-side shining white against the sky at home would rush over him and bring the tears to his eyes: some snowy mountain-side that he never knew he loved so till he had lost it. Then little Rosa would come and slide her hand into his, and look at him so wistfully that Arnel would long more than ever for some way of telling her what it was of which he thought so sadly and longingly.

"If I only had my violin that went down on the great ship," he would sigh to himself, "then she would know!" And with that thought he began

to count the coppers that had been given him from time to time, to do little odd jobs for more, to get a penny here and a half-dime there, till one day he spread them all out before the farmer and signified by some pantomime, a little English, and a great deal of what the farmer called gibberish, that he should like to go into town with him when he went to sell his vegetables. And as soon as the farmer



"THE VALLEYS FULL OF THE ROAR OF WATERFALLS."

got at his meaning, he took Arnel by the shoulders and swung him into the cart, and they plodded along together. Arnel told the farmer a great deal that morning of what he had wanted to have and how he intended to get it, and what he would certainly do with it; but though the farmer nodded and nodded, not one word did he understand; and when at last he set the boy down in the marketplace and saw him dart away, he felt very much as an old robin must feel who by accident has had a young cuckoo hatched in his nest.

It was just as the farmer was ready to mount into his wagon again for a good rattle home, that Arnel made his appearance with a little fiddle tucked under his arm. He looked at the farmer, and stood a moment grinning from ear to ear; then he tucked the little fiddle under his chin, and began to play a tune,—a good lively tune, such as the peasants might have danced by. Clear and strong he drew it out, and presently the farmer was laughing and nodding and beating time; and not the farmer only, but all the others in the market-place, and the boys were crowding round him and the people were throwing him coppers. Arnel looked at the coppers, amazed; he had only meant to show the farmer what he could do. But he took them, after a moment or two,—they would buy strings and varnish and rosin for the beautiful new violin he would make; and he took off his cap and made a great bow to the people. It was his first appearance in public; but it was not his last. Then he climbed into the wagon with the farmer.

“Bad, very bad,” said he, tapping the little fiddle, as they went their way.

“Good, very good,” said the farmer, slapping his back heartily; and thereat Arnel, though wincing a little under the good-natured blow, began to tell the farmer volubly, in an indistinguishable swarm of English and foreign words, how he should now make an excellent violin himself, the very least murmur of which would be enough to win his soul out of him the way the Lurley’s voice won the fisherman into the stream,—and not making a syllable of it understood, though he went on unhindered, for “It does him good, and does n’t hurt me,” said the farmer.

When the farmer had finished his out-door work that night, he came into the kitchen, saying, “Now, Arnel, my boy, let us have a tune,” suiting the action to the word, and sawing away with the edge of his right hand on his left arm, and stopping surprised to see the table covered with strings and pegs and fragments of cherry-wood that had been once cut into odd shapes, and with great sheets of brown paper, on which Arnel was drawing strange lines, stout Roman curves, long lovely Greek ones, whorls, volutes, measuring and comparing and reckoning like an old astrologer.

Little Rosa hung over his chair, her face still wet with her tears. “He has torn his pretty fiddle all to pieces!” she cried to her father. And for a moment her father felt really angry, because, never having been in the habit of spending much money, the fiddle had seemed to him a great acquisition, and its ruin was a wanton destruction of property. Arnel looked up eagerly, though, and began, “Bad—very bad!”

“He means that it was a bad fiddle,” cried little

Rosa, “and that he is going to make one very good,—very much better.”

“Better,” said Arnel, “very better,” catching the spirit of what she said; and there came another confusion of unknown tongues to explain to the farmer why cherry-wood was not as good to carry the vibration of the tone as maple and pine; why this was so thick here as to dull the sound, and so thin there as to break it; why this piece of wood, if you struck it, resounded in a key very different from the key of that piece, instead of resounding in tune with it; why such a line should be longer, and such a one should be shorter, for the sake of elasticity in conducting the sound; and how there was nothing like a good fiddle any way for beauty of perfect curves,—just a true lover’s knot of lovely lines; how those lines represented waves,—and music itself was waves,—and just as the shell repeated the murmurs of the sea, so the violin repeated the murmurs of the air, and made itself a voice; and much more that he had learned at home, where his father had made the bows of violins, and his little sister Marie had picked the long and even hairs for him to fasten under their flat plate. And the farmer said, “Hm, hm, hm,” as if he knew what it was all about, although he had n’t the least idea; and having said “Hm, hm, hm,” felt that he was compromised by a passive sort of consent, and must not interfere with Arnel’s future operations.

And what operations they were! What a rummaging in the great garret and in the barn chambers, after it had been discovered that permission was wanted, and it had been granted! What a gathering of sections,—of here a broken bureau, and there a useless table-top; and in another place an ancient fire-board, a ruined spinning-wheel, an unprized box! Then what a splitting, and shaving, and planing! what a hollowing of tiny vault and arch with knife and chisel! what a bending of one wood and another over the steam of the teakettle! what a setting away in the sun, bound into shape and turned over and over every day! what a mixing of gums and rums for varnishes, and what a varnishing of all the farmer’s furniture, till nearly everything in the house was sticky, and at last the very varnish of all was hit upon! And then what a drawing of designs, what a calculating of curves, what a delicate whittling into form, what a slicing, and paring, and mincing, till the beautiful wavy maple of the bottom was all in shape, till the long, narrow “ouies” were exactly in place in the old seasoned pine of the top, till the light willow was bent for the sides, and for the ledges that little Rosa called the pipings, till the rolling volute at the end of all was carved! And then what a breathless putting together of the parts, Rosa

hanging over the table and handing Arnelde everything in the very place, and delightedly telling all who were near that she and Arnelde were making a violin. And at length it was ready for the varnish,—that varnish which he had gotten with so much trouble, taking such pains that it should not be too tough and hard, and so hinder the elastic wood from carrying its sound; that it should not be too thin, and so leave the instrument unprotected from the changes of the weather; that it should not be of glaring tint, and so spoil the beauty of the wood. With what loving strokes he laid that varnish on, while Rosa held the little jar for him! And then at last the new violin was put away to mellow like an unripe pear.

“Every day,” said Arnelde to Rosa,—and she really thought she understood him,—“every day it gains a little richer color, and every day all the woods put themselves one little bit more in tune together.”

And then they used to go and look at it; and although old Jacob Steiner might have laughed at this little Arnelde violin, they would not have exchanged it for one of the precious violins which that old Tyrolean made for the Twelve Electors of the Empire! To these children that rude little fiddle was a part of themselves; days, weeks, months had passed in its manufacture; while at work upon it, Arnelde had almost ceased to be lonesome, for the whole house had been interested in it; little Rosa had been one soul with himself, and she had meantime learned something of his tongue, and he could in a way make himself understood in hers.

“It wants but a single thing,—its bridge over which the strings shall pass,” he would say, as he and Rosa went to look at it; and as he was not particular whether he said it in his native patois, or in his lingo that was half his patois and half Rosa’s,—for Rosa’s English was not the very best in all the world,—I will translate it for you:

“And that must be a bit, a tiny tiny bit, of old Swiss pine,” he said, “if we can ever find it. And then you shall hear it hum! It is thinking now what it will say,—how it will tell us of the life it used to live before it was a violin, the life it used to live when it was in the forest, when the willow in it set its feet in the spring brooks, when the maple in it burned scarlet in October, when the pine rustled all its pins together to hear the soft snow falling. It will tell us how storms sound up in the very tops where it used to rock, how the birds sing to one another in the branches,—once it lived the life of the woods, you know, but now it is like their risen soul.”

And so Arnelde would run on, always ending with a sigh that he could not find a bit of old Swiss

pine for his bridge,—perhaps he thought it would whisper of his mountains to the strings as they passed over,—and if Rosa had understood no more, she could not in the frequent hearing have helped understanding that; and she was as eager as Arnelde for that bit of Swiss pine.

One day the farmer’s wife, in a search for something she wanted, opened a drawer from which she produced various treasures,—things she had valued when a girl,—keepsakes, and trinkets, and her wedding ring, which she held far too precious for every-day wear. Among the rest was a little carved box that kept her mother’s string of gold beads; and no sooner did Arnelde’s eyes light upon that box than Rosa saw them sparkling with new light; and when he asked to take the box in his hands, and turned it over and over, and gave it back with a long sigh, she knew that the little box, with its cover carved in a group of goats, was made of the Swiss pine,—old wood, with the right grain, seasoned many years.

That afternoon Rosa brought to Arnelde a bit of dark old wood,—it was the bottom of that box.

“I knew she would not give it to me, and so I took it; and you can make another bottom that will do just as well,” said Rosa, whose eyes had become so blinded by the vision of the violin, that she could not see right from wrong.

Arnelde looked at her a moment in amazement, when he comprehended her; and then he looked at the little piece of old brown wood, and looked and looked again, longingly. But presently he seized Rosa’s little hand and led her back to the spot from which she had taken it, and began to put it in its place again, explaining to her, in his broken lingo, that the stolen wood must make a discord in the music that he, at any rate, would always hear. And while he was doing this, the farmer came into the room, and with a single glance took in the situation,—the wrong way.

“So, sir! so, sir!” cried he, with a blazing face, “you are teaching my daughter to steal, are you?”

And Arnelde hung down his head and never said a word, though the farmer was whirling him round by the shoulder, and Rosa was looking on with a white, scared face.

But directly her mother, drawn by the loud tone, was coming into the room, and Rosa ran and hid her face in her mother’s apron, crying:

“Oh, I did it! I did it! And he would n’t; he said No; and he was putting it back; oh, he was putting it back!”

And two minutes after that, the precious piece of coveted wood was in Arnelde’s hands,—his own, his very own,—and Rosa was in the great darkest room, that was seldom used except for funerals, hearing some heart-breaking words from her

mother; and then Arnel, forgetting all else, was at his table in the long kitchen, carving away, with all his heart, upon the lovely outlines of the bridge, as delicate as the contours of a flower. At last the bridge was in place, the strings were drawn over it, the bow was freshly rosined,—the violin was in tune,—the magic moment had come!

Softly Arnel passed the bow over the strings and drew out one long, slow tone to satisfy himself the thing was done, hesitatingly, half afraid to be heard, lest, after all, it were a failure. But in another moment he had forgotten all about whether he was heard or not, as tone after tone came leaping from the strings almost as if they chose to crowd and come without his effort; he had forgotten Rosa, and the farmer, and the people,—he thought only of the sounds that came bounding underneath the bow, so silvery, so strong, so clear, in a wild and joyous flight, as though they had been so long imprisoned that now they rushed into the free air as gladly as the rivers rush and run when the sun loosens their icy fetters.

What visions filled the long, low room as he played! He saw the dews dropping among the singing pines; he saw the brook darken beneath the swaying shadow of the willow; he heard the birds warble in the maple; he heard the wind brush all their tops together. All the sweet sounds that he had ever known seemed to send their spirits into the music that he drew from his violin,—the hum of bees in the blossoms, the laughter of children frolicking on the meadows; all the half-forgotten tunes of home, the yodel of the shepherds echoing through the deep, dark, starry blue from peak to peak, the gay jangling of marriage peals, the slow toll of a passing bell;—and it appeared to him, as he played, that he saw the elves rocking in the flower-bells, Lurley singing as she swept along the tide, the Wild Ladies riding on the wind.

And then the melody grew slower and softer,—he was remembering a tune his mother used to sing; there came the tinkle of the little altar-bell in the chapel among the crags, the praising voices of the choir; and then the little chapel opened out into wide darkness, and Arnel was playing to himself the wild music of the storm, the crying wind, the rushing billows of shipwreck, till the sound seemed to rise from all the troubled chords and discords to the sweet and silver sonority of the voice that can say to the waters, "Peace, be still!"

"Wife," said the farmer, as they sat in the best room and listened,—at the close of the lecture to poor little sobbing, repentant, and forgiven Rosa,—"my mother used to tell me never to turn a beggar from the door, as I might entertain an angel unawares. Do you hear yonder?"

"I thought," said the farmer's wife, "that I heard the rustle of an angel's wings beside me."

And the next day the farmer drove into town and took Arnel to the parson; and the parson took him to the organist; and the organist taught him all he knew, till Arnel could better teach



"HE SAW THE BROOK DARKEN BENEATH THE SHADOW."

him. And now, if you go to evening concerts, some time when you see a tall, fair-faced man, with flowing hair and dreamy eyes, begin to play, bending his head down lovingly to his violin, to play so that the violin seems to sing with a human voice and a human soul, you will know that it is Arnel,—though it is not the little rude fiddle that he and Rosa made, with which you will hear him work his wonders, but a dark and perfect instrument two hundred years old; while as for that magic wand, his bow, I should not dare to tell you how many diamonds there are in it that kings and queens have given him.

## FIFTH OF NOVEMBER: GUY FAWKES' DAY.

By L.

Now all who fear a sudden shock  
Of rhymes, must stand from under!  
The tale I tell you smells of smoke,  
And mutters low of thunder!  
It is a tale of England old,  
In times when thrones spoke louder  
Than nowadays,—of England old,  
King James, Guy Fawkes, and powder.

King Jamie was a prudent king,  
Though more in plan than action;  
Yet well his prudence needed was,  
For many a traitorous faction  
Held England in "those good old days"—  
So called in modern fashion,  
When present deeds and present men  
Put some one in a passion.

Well, children! Guy Fawkes was employed  
By some disloyal schemers,  
To blow up those who made the laws.  
"Men of perdition! Dreamers  
Of evil!" their stern critics said;  
"Their every *canon* loaded  
With fell destruction to the land;  
Such men should be—exploded!"

At last a plan grew ripe for deeds;  
But one conspirer yielding,  
For auld lang syne's sake, warned a friend,  
In covert letter shielding  
His meaning with ambiguous phrase  
(He dared not breathe it louder).  
The friend put James upon the scent,—  
The royal nose smelt powder!

And so was caught the traitor Fawkes,  
Who served the plot's igniting;  
Though in the cellar dark he thought  
To do another lighting,—  
Waiting a sign to thunder forth  
A Parliament's last meeting,  
The members of a lordly House  
For evermore unseating!

But he was taken, and then soon  
This traitor knave disloyal,  
And all his mates, were put to death  
By James' own mandate royal!  
'T was very long ago, yet this  
Great treason to remember,  
The English boys in effigy  
Hang Fawkes with each November.

## HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

By ANNIE J. MACKINTOSH.

WE are going to assist you in finding out for yourselves some of the wonderful things connected with the life and growth of plants; and if you will try the simple experiments here mentioned, you will surely be interested, and, besides, will learn a great deal that you ought to know.

Let us begin at the beginning, then; and as most plants grow from seeds, we shall talk first about seeds.

We will suppose that you have collected a few seeds, such as may be easily obtained—peas, beans, grains of wheat, corn, &c. Of course, you have a penknife in your pocket; and if, in addition to the

knife, you can have a small magnifying glass, many of your lessons will be much more interesting.

Take a bean first (Fig. 1), and with your knife remove the skin, which is called the seed-coat. You find that the bean separates into halves as soon as the covering is removed. Now, each part is called a lobe, and seeds which naturally split in two are called two-lobed.

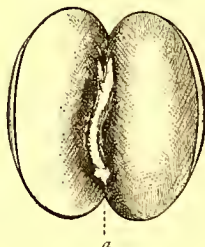


FIG. 1.—A SPLIT BEAN.

Take a grain of corn, and

treat it in the same way. It does not split; if you want to part it, you must cut it. Seeds which do not split in two are called undivided; and you will find that all seeds belong to one or other of these classes.

Now examine those from which you have removed the seed-coats, and you will find at the end of each a small worm-like object, (Fig. 1, *a*, and Fig. 2, *a*), which may easily be removed with the point of the knife. If you look carefully at the specimen removed from the bean, you will be able to see that it bears somewhat the appearance of a little plant. Such in truth it is—the germ, or baby plant. But put your germs aside for awhile, and let us look at the rest of the seed. You will

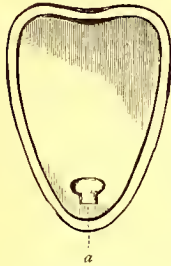


FIG. 2.—A SPLIT GRAIN OF CORN.

find in the corn that it resembles dry flour or starch, while in the bean it looks more like a mixture of flour and water which has become dry. This is the food of the baby plant, and consists mostly of sugar and starch. Upon this the germ lives till old enough to obtain nourishment from the earth and air.

Perhaps you think it strange, if the plant and its food are both contained in the seed, that it is necessary to sow seeds in order to have them grow. But the plant cannot appropriate the food until it has been moistened. But if moisture can be obtained in any other way than from the ground, the seed will begin to grow just as if put in the earth; and you may prove this for yourselves.

Fill a tumbler with water, and cover the top with

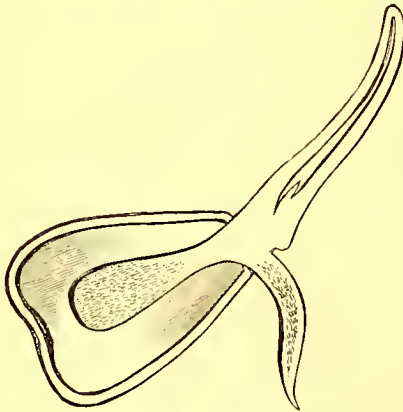


FIG. 3.—A GRAIN OF CORN BEGINNING TO GROW.

cotton-wool, on which you may place a few beans or some seed of the kind. Place the glass in the window, and in a few days you will find that your

seeds have sprouted; and they will continue to grow until the nourishment is exhausted.

But let us return to the germs. Place them under the magnifying-glass, and you will find that some have a root, stem, and two leaves, while others have a root, stem, and but one leaf. You will also notice that all those having two leaves have been taken from two-lobed seeds, while those having only one leaf have come from the undivided seeds; and you will find, when they begin to grow, that they present the same differences. The two-lobed seeds put out two leaves at first, the undivided only one. So that, by looking at a young plant, you can tell at once from which class of seeds

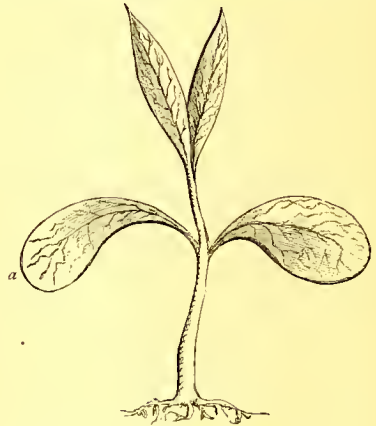


FIG. 4. A BEAN GROWING.

it has sprung; or, looking at a seed, you will be able to foretell the appearance of the plant.

Now we shall require the plants in the tumbler, and such leaves as you may be able to collect.

Observe first, that although you may have placed the seeds in various positions upon the cotton, still in every case the leaves have shot upward into the air, while the roots have passed downward through the cotton into the water. Some of them have had to do a good deal of twisting in order to accomplish it. It has been hard work, but they have succeeded. It is one of Nature's laws that leaves must go up, roots down. But how or why the plants should know what this law requires of them, we cannot tell. Experiments made upon this point prove that, rather than break the law, plants will sometimes slowly transform their parts; that is, the branches of trees which have been planted upside down, will in time become roots, while the roots will turn into branches.

Now take the leaves which you have before you, and examine the veining of each, by holding it between your eye and the light. In some of them—maple, oak, and beech leaves, for instance—you

will find the veins, or fine lines of the leaf, running in every direction; while in others, as the leaves of the calla, lily-of-the-valley, grasses, &c., they are parallel to each other—that is, they run side by side, extending from the top of the leaf to the bottom, or else from the outer edge to the stem, which passes down the middle. The blades of grass and lily-of-the-valley leaves are examples of the first; the calla leaf of the second.

Look at the plants in the tumbler, and you will find that the leaves all come under one or other of these two classes; they are either net-veined or parallel-veined.

Next consider the seeds; those that are two-lobed have all produced net-veined leaves, while the leaves growing from the undivided seeds are all parallel-veined.

Let us sum up what we have learned in this way. Two-lobed seeds: Two leaves at first, net-veined leaves. Undivided seeds: One leaf at first, parallel-veined leaves.

If you will commit these two short lists to memory, you will often find it an advantage, as one point will immediately recall the others.

But let us look once more at our young plants. You will notice that in the case of the two-lobed seeds, the lobes have grown up with the plant, and are now to be found one on each side of the stem (Fig. 4, *a*, *a*). They have changed not only their appearance, but their name, since our last lesson, and are now called seed-leaves. Perhaps by this time they may have turned green; but they will never resemble the other leaves in anything but the color. By and by they will begin to look shriveled, as they part with the nourishment which is stored in them, and when it is all gone they will drop off.

Perhaps you are wondering what the plant is going to do after it has exhausted the food contained in the seed, but by that time it is quite able to support itself, by drawing upon the earth and the air. From the earth it obtains earthy matter and moisture; from the air, some of the gases of which it is composed; and these three things constitute the food of the plant.

A little later we shall tell you something of the manner in which the food is obtained and prepared.



## "MOTHER'S BOY" AT SEA.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

BARRY very much liked being called "Mother's Boy." I am not so certain that he would not have also liked the name of "Father's Boy," if that title could have been given him. But it so happened that Barry's father was a sea-captain, and was off on foreign voyages so much that Master Barry sometimes said, with a pout, that he might as well have no father. So he was called "Mother's Boy," and he was tolerably well contented.

But when Barry went to Sagadunk with his mother the case was different. At home, in the city, he went to walk or ride with his mother, and together they visited the galleries where pictures and many other beautiful and curious things were to be found. At Sagadunk, where the coast is very rocky, the water deep, and the pastures boggy, Barry would have had great delight if his mother could only climb and wade as he did. But the fact was that his mother could neither climb nor wade. I am sorry to add that she could not swim a stroke. Evidently her early education had been neglected.

In the city, you see, the fact that this lady was so ignorant and incapable had never been brought out. It was a great surprise to Barry when he discovered it. And as he lay on the rocks, one day, looking wistfully out to sea, he said softly to himself:

"My gracious! to think that my precious mamma can't swim!"

He had thought that his mother could do everything; and he added, by way of explanation to himself: "I don't believe women were made to swim, anyhow." On the subject of wading he was not quite so clear. It was possible for her to wade; but evidently she did not like it.

Now, Mrs. Dingle was not willing that Master Barry should go wandering about the cliffs by himself, scrambling into places where she could not climb, and wading out to the rocks where the limpets, sea-weed and kelp grew so lovely and thick. You have seen a hen stand on the brink of a pond when her little ducklings paddle away from her on

the smooth surface? Pretty little Mrs. Dingle used to laugh to herself and think of the mother-hen's distress, as she called after Barry when he waded out to the reef, in the bright sea-water, and secured such a prize as a comical little crab, or a



BARRY ON THE REEF.

coral-like star-fish, hiding in the crevices of the rock. She would cry out:

"Yes, yes, it is very curious, Barry; bring it here. I am afraid the tide is rising."

Barry was a duckling who sometimes preferred staying in the water.

I don't know what Barry thought about it, but his mother often felt that "Mother's Boy" was growing out of her reach. He had been brought up at her side. It gave her a little pang to see him restive when she tried to keep him there. And it must be said that when Barry climbed up to the



ledge called the "White Boar," and sat looking off on the ocean, he had a vague longing to be out on that lovely sheet of water, shining in the sun, tumbling into bright green waves, and stretching so



BARRY AT THE WINDOW.

far, so far, down to the sunset, where the red rays blurred out the horizon. Somewhere beyond that crystal gate in the south was his father's big ship—sailing among the spice islands, may be; or gliding by shores where strange birds and beasts and painted savages were dotted along, as in the pictures of a geography.

The Sagadunk fishermen used to go out of the harbor early in the morning and return late at night. Barry sometimes saw them from his chamber window as he dressed himself at sunrise. They spread their sails like wings; the soft morning breeze sprang up; and so they sailed away and disappeared down the far-off horizon. They seemed to sail into the sky.

One day, Barry privately inquired of "Old Kutch," who was a famous fisherman of Sagadunk, if he ever saw his father's ship, the Flying Fish, out at sea. The old fisherman said: "Never, so far as I knowed of," which was not satisfactory to Master Barry. He thought that "Old Kutch" must see the whole world when he got below that dim horizon.

"I know my papa's ship, and if I were to go with you I might show her to you, and find my papa," said Barry.

Old Kutch laughed. "But your mar would n't let you go so far away, my little man."

Barry's countenance fell, but he explained:

"She would be so glad if I brought back my papa, that she would n't care if I did go without her knowing it."

Barry was on dangerous ground for "Mother's Boy."

After many mysterious talks and movements, which took several days, Old Kutch agreed that Master Barry should get up early some fine morn-

ing, and steal away to the boat at the wharf. At night, Barry scarcely slept at all; and when he dreamed, it was of curious and often frightful sights in foreign lands. When day broke, he was in such haste that he scarcely dressed himself. He might have gone out at the door; but, creeping past his mother's chamber, he got out by the hall-window, stole down through the orchard, scrambled over the stone wall, slid down the bank, and was soon on board the Polly Ann, commanded by Captain Kutch.

It was a great adventure. He was going to sea in search of his father. His heart was a little heavy when he looked back at the old farm-house where he had left his mother. But the Polly Ann was under way, and, with a curious sort of feeling in his throat, he watched the village fade away. He was at sea.

It would not be pleasant for me to tell you of all the troubles that befell Master Barry that day. In the first place, he was very hungry; and he ate a great deal of a nice luncheon which one of the fishermen produced from a big basket, strangely like one of his mamma's. Then, when he had satisfied his hunger, his luncheon did not agree with him at all. He felt very queer. Everything seemed going around. His stomach was all in a



"WHEN HE DREAMED."

whirl. He was sea-sick, and he lost all interest in what was going on about him. The Polly Ann was very lively, and, although she was anchored on the fishing-grounds, she bounced about at a

great rate. The sun was hot, and, as Barry looked over the edge of the bulwark where he lay, he saw nothing but horrid, tumbling waves everywhere. No land in sight, unless a low cloud on the dull, gray horizon were land. He was homesick; and if he cried silently behind the ill-smelling tarpaulin that screened him, I do not think any of my boy-readers should laugh at him. I have been in just such a plight, and probably did just as Barry did.

What was worse, there was no sign of the Flying Fish, or anything that looked like her. Once in a while, a brown sail crept up from the horizon, drifted along against the sky, and melted away into the dim distance. It was "a Down-East coaster, loaded with lime," Old Kutch would say, unless he was too busy with his fish to say anything. Barry only wanted to get home once more.

"Oh, what will my poor, dear mamma say?" he moaned.

"You oughter thought of that afore," Captain Kutch made answer. And so he should have.

Meantime, was Mrs. Dingle going up and down the beach, crying out for her "Mother's Boy?"

thing as sea-sickness and discomfort in all the world. She was possibly thinking of the hen and her willful duckling.

That night, when the stars came out and the Polly Ann drifted up Sagadunk harbor, the most tired, weary and homesick little chap you ever heard of, scrambled out into the small-boat which was to take him ashore. Mrs. Dingle, somehow, happened to be on the landing; and when Barry jumped into her arms and cried, "I could n't find papa!" she only hugged him tight and whispered, "Mother's Boy!"

It seemed an age to Barry since he had been gone. The familiar little bed, with its blue-and-white check cover, looked like an old friend from foreign parts; and the hollyhocks in the parlor fire-place were fresher and brighter by candle-light than any hollyhocks he ever saw.

I need not tell you how Barry settled affairs with his mamma. When he found Old Kutch, after that, one leisure day ashore, that venerable skipper asked him when he proposed going again on a voyage of discovery. Barry replied:



"AS THE POLLY ANN DRIFTED UP SAGADUNK HARBOR."

Strange to say, she was doing nothing of the sort. She sat at the gable window that overlooked the sea, and, as she sewed or read, she glanced out over the sapphire waters of the bay, and over the shining waves that rippled toward the sunset as brightly and silvery as though there were no such

"I shall not be so naughty and run away again, for I am 'Mother's Boy,' you see."

"Why, she knowed it all the time."

And so she did; and when she let Barry go off in charge of Old Kutch, she was trying two experiments—one on herself and one on "Mother's Boy."



## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY JOEL STACY.

V'RY little grape, dear, that clings unto a vine,  
 Expects some day to ripen its little drop of wine.  
 Ev'ry little girl, I think, expects in time to be  
 Exactly like her own mamma—as grand and sweet and free!  
 Ev'ry little boy who has a pocket of his own,  
 Expects to be the biggest man the world has ever known.  
 Ev'ry little piggy-wig that makes its little wail,  
 Expects to be a great, big pig with a very curly tail.  
 Ev'ry little lambkin, too, that frisks upon the green,  
 Expects to be the finest sheep that ever yet was seen.  
 Ev'ry little baby-colt expects to be a horse;  
 Ev'ry little pup expects to be a dog, of course.  
 Ev'ry little kitten pet, so tender and so nice,  
 Expects to be a grown-up cat and live on rats and mice.  
 Ev'ry little fluffy chick, in downy yellow drest,  
 Expects some day to crow and strut, or cackle at its best.  
 Ev'ry little baby-bird that peeps from out its nest,  
 Expects some day to cross the sky from glowing east to west.

Now ev'ry hope I've mentioned here will bring its sure event,  
 Provided nothing happens, dear, to hinder or prevent.

## IN THE POND AND ON THE MARSH.

*(Translated from the German.)*

BY ABBY S. ALGER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DOLL UNDER THE BRIAR-BUSH.

THERE was once a little girl, whose name was Beata. She was only five years old, but she was a good, clever little girl. On her birthday, her old aunt made her a present of a doll who was a real beauty. There was not a fault to be found with the dear creature, except that perhaps her left eyebrow was drawn up a tiny grain too high.

"It's just as if she were frowning a little bit with one eyebrow. Is n't she pleased?" asked Beata, when she first took her into her arms.

"Oh, yes," said aunty, "but she does n't know you yet. She always raises her eyebrow a little

when she tries to examine any one carefully. She only wants to see if you are a good little girl."

"Yes, but now she sees that I am; for I think her brows look just alike," said Beata.

The doll grew very dear to her, almost dearer than even little Marie and Louise, although they were her best friends.

One day she went into the yard with her doll. She had given her a name now, and they had become trusty allies. The doll was called Beata too, because that was the little girl's own name, and because aunty was called Beata. It was Spring time, and in one corner of the yard, round a pond, there was a nice green plat, with thick, soft grass; and in it grew a low, bushy willow-tree covered all over

with the yellow tassels which, you know, German children call goslings. And they do look like goslings, for every one has soft yellow down on it, and will float on the water, but then they can't move. So big Beata—to be sure she was only five years old, but still she was much bigger than the other—and little Beata agreed that they would pull the goslings from the tree and throw them into the pond, for they knew they would like it as well as the big goslings did, which they had seen swimming about there. It was really big Beata who made the proposal, but little Beata said nothing to the contrary; for no one can think how intelligent and good-natured she always was. So big Beata climbed up into the willow-tree and gathered the cunning yellow goslings into her white apron, and then she counted them, and when she had counted as far as twenty-two, she said that now she thought they had enough, and little Beata never said a word against it. She came down again, and that was very hard work, because she had to hold her apron together with one hand all the time. She fancied that little Beata called out to her to drop the goslings down on the grass, but she dared not, for fear they would hurt themselves in the fall.

Then they both ran to the pond, and big Beata helped her friend to fasten her legs close between two of the palings round it, so that she could stand there comfortably and watch the dear little goslings swimming about in the water. One gosling after another slipped in, and as they approached the water, they seemed to come to life and begin to move a little. That was fun! Big Beata clapped her hands at the darling wee little downy birds, and when she just helped little Beata a tiny bit, she clapped her hands too. But soon all the goslings lay quite still and would not stir. That was very stupid, and Beata asked her little namesake if she did not think she (big Beata) could lean over the edge of the pond a little and blow on them, for then she truly believed they would come to life again. Little Beata did not answer.

So big Beata bent over the pond and blew on the nearest ones. Yes! that was right—they began to move at once. But those which were farthest away lay quite still. "Some of them are very silly!" said Beata, and she leaned far, far over the edge; her hand slipped on the wet railing and—plump! she fell right into the water; it was very, very cold, and it closed over her head and carried off her straw hat; she had no time to hear whether little Beata screamed, but she felt sure she did. When her head rose above the water again, she saw her dear friend little Beata standing, mute with alarm, staring at her, with her right hand extended over the water. Big Beata hastily grasped it, and little Beata made herself as stiff as she could and stood

fast between the palings and held her dear friend up. So she kept her face above water long enough to give a shriek of terror, and her father and mother both came running to her; they were pale with fear and pulled her out. She was dripping wet, the water streamed from her, and she was so frightened and cold that her teeth chattered. Her father was going to carry her right into the house; she begged him for mercy's sake to take little Beata too, lest she should fall into the pond also. "For it was she who saved me," she said.

Beata was put to bed, and little Beata had to lie beside her. When she grew sleepy and had said her "Our Father," she patted her little friend and said: "I can never thank you enough for saving me from the horrid, deep pond, dear little Beata. Of course I know that our Lord helped you to stand fast between the pales and to make yourself stiff; but still it was you and no one else, who reached me your hand, so that I did not sink to the bottom, and for this you shall be my best friend as long as I live, and when I grow big you shall stand god-mother to my first daughter; she shall be named little Beata like you." Then she kissed the little one and fell asleep.

But big Beata had a brother, who was still bigger than she; he was eight years old, and was a wild, unruly fellow. His name was Viggo; he had read in an old history book about a horrid, bearded Viking, who had the same name, and who sailed from land to land and killed people, and often took prisoners, and all the gold and silver he could find, on board his ship. And so Viggo got himself a little axe, such as he read the old Viking had, and told his sister that henceforth she must call him Viggo *Viking*, for that was what he meant to be when he grew up. He chased the hens and ducks in the yard and tried to cut off their heads with his axe; they shrieked and ran away, which made the little Viking all the bolder. But when he went into the goose-fields with his axe on his shoulder and raised his war-cry, the old gander grew angry, bent his long neck and snapped at Viggo Viking's legs so savagely that he dropped his axe and ran howling away. For the old gander knew that Vikings had no right to cut off heads in their own country, not even on the farthest side of the goose-pond.

One day Viggo Viking came to his sister, looking very fierce; he had a paper helmet on and was scowling furiously.

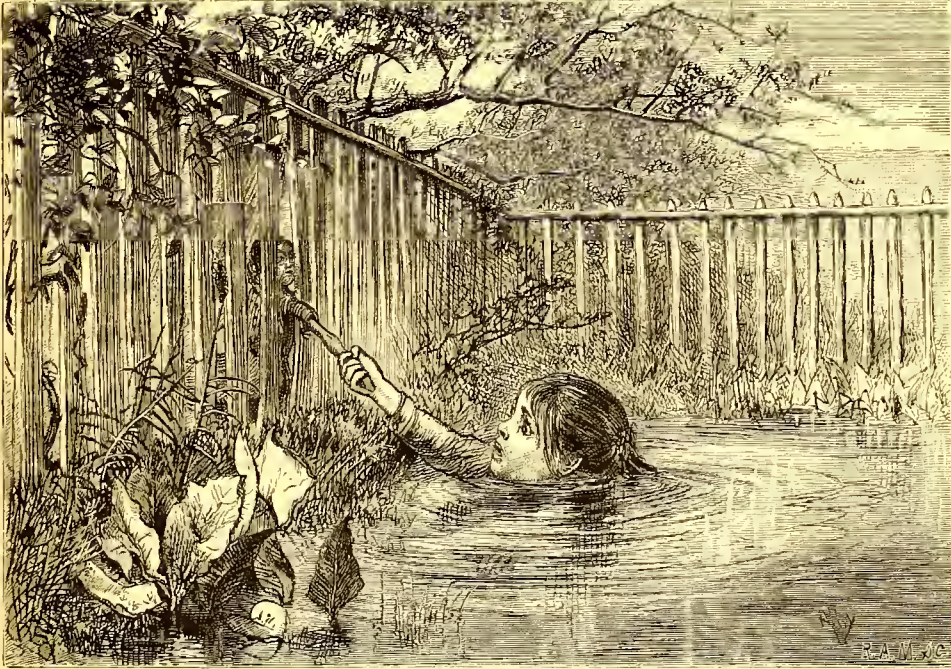
"Now, I'm going to carry off somebody. I've come out on purpose," said he. "You are too big, but I shall certainly take little Beata. I shall carry her a great way off, at least to the plowed field, and perhaps as far as the pasture. And you will never see her again as long as you live."

"You're a bad boy, and do nothing but mis-

chief; mother said so, too, only the other day," replied his sister. "Little Beata never did a single thing to plague you; she never even said a cross word to you."

"Not done anything to plague me!" said the Viking. "Did n't she stand down in the yard under the big geranium in the flower pot, when I came and fastened my wooden horse there? Don't you suppose I saw how she pushed the horse so that he fell down and broke his left hind leg? If I

and that she might not be wet when it rained or dew fell, her big friend laid a green grassy turf over her. There little Beata had to sit alone, but it was no great hardship, for she had her cloak, which she could put on at evening when it grew cold, and a sugar-cake on a little mound beside her, and the roses smelt sweet about her. Then big Beata bade her good-bye and good-night, and told her to be quiet, and to be sure not to stir out, for fear Viggo Viking should set eyes on her; big Beata



LITTLE BEATA HOLDS HER DEAR FRIEND UP.

did my duty I should cut off her head," said the Viking, trying the edge of his little axe with his finger.

"Oh! you really are a dreadful boy," cried Beata, "but I shall contrive to hide little Beata so snugly that you can never set your bloody hands on her. You may trust me for that."

Then she went straight to her little friend and told her with great distress what a wicked villain Viggo was, and that he meant to murder her, and that she, big Beata, dared not keep her in the house another day. "But I know where I'll hide you, so that he never can find you."

She took the little one and went across the field to a great pile of stones. On the top of this grew a briar rose in full bloom, the flowers drooping to the ground on all sides. It formed a sweet-smelling little bower of green twigs, and there little Beata was to live securely, sitting on a grassy couch;

promised most faithfully to visit her next morning to see how she had slept and how she was getting on.

Next morning Beata only stopped to wash her little face before she ran to her friend; she hardly took time to braid her hair. She was very much afraid that little Beata had lain awake and been frightened, because she was alone in her leafy hut at night. Beata hurried as fast as she could and reached the bush quite breathless and exhausted. But imagine her horror! Outside the bower lay little Beata, her head was chopped off and lay at her feet. Viggo Viking was the guilty one, as Beata but too plainly saw; for he had left his little axe behind him on the heap of stones. Big Beata had never been so wretched in the whole course of her existence. She burst into tears, snatched up her little friend and kissed her again and again. Then she dug a grave beneath the briar rose and laid her in it. She set her head on her shoulders

again, and spread the grassy turf which had sheltered her in life softly and lightly over her. And after that she went slowly and mournfully home.

Who would be her best friend now? who would never have any will but hers? and who would stand godmother to her first daughter, when she grew big?

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FLOATING ISLAND.

BEATA had now grown two whole years bigger, but she had never found a doll to equal little Beata. None were so good and obedient, and none so neat and pretty—all her dolls were too rosy-cheeked, or else they had no idea of dressing themselves properly; they were all stiff and unnatural when they tried to move their arms or legs, and it was almost useless to try to have any conversation with them. They were like the dolls in a story she had read, whose mothers had to whip them every Monday morning to keep them good through the week. But Beata had a lovely doll-house now, with chairs and tables and a chest of drawers in one corner.

It was Saturday, and on Sunday Beata expected her friends Marie and Louise to make her a visit, so she wanted to make the baby-house look as pretty as possible. All the furniture was set in order, and juniper and yellow dandelions were strewn on the floor; but still she needed a few trifles to set on the chest of drawers.

Beata knew what she would do. She remembered seeing on the hill behind the house the loveliest little snail shells imaginable, round and smooth, and spotted with yellow and brown. They would look splendidly on the chest of drawers, if she could only find some that had n't any snails in them. She ran to the spot and crept about among the hazel bushes and under the walnut trees on the hill, and found empty snail shells by the dozen. But the best of all was, that she heard a bird cry out very oddly right down in the marsh; she peeped out between the green branches and saw a big, big bird swimming there; it had a long blue neck and white breast, but its back was bright black. It

swam away over the marsh so fast that it left a wake in the water behind it, and then suddenly it dived down under the water and disappeared.

Beata stood gazing at the water, watching for it



THE MONDAY MORNING WHIPPING.

to come up again, but she waited and waited, and no bird came. She began to be afraid that the dear thing was drowned; then she saw it pop up far away, almost midway out in the water. It beat its wings about so that great rings spread around it wider and wider on the smooth surface. Then it swam again, very slowly, toward a wee little green island, which lay there. When it reached the island, it stretched its neck in the air and looked about in every direction, and then crept into the tall reeds which overhung the edge. Beata stood and looked at the beautiful little island; it was lovely and small, and oval in shape, with tiny bays running into it here and there. There were ozier bushes on the grass in spots, and at one end grew a slender white birch. Beata thought she had

never seen anything so charming as this little green island out on the smooth, dark water,

At last the evening breeze began to blow and to ripple the water. Then Beata knew that she must hurry home; she stooped to pick up a few more snail shells to give to Marie and Louise, for there were some right at her feet; she looked up again and peered through the bushes to bid the island good-night—only fancy! the little green island was gone! She could not believe her own eyes; she thought that she must have moved without knowing it, so that the bushes hid the island from her; but no, she was in the self-same spot. She thought of mermaids and fairies and ran up the hill as fast as she could. But when she reached the top she looked around again. She was even more astonished than before, for now she caught sight of the little green island, but far from the place where she first saw it; it was sailing slowly across the marsh in the southerly breeze, and the little white birch was the sail.

As soon as Beata reached home she told Anne, the nurse, what she had seen. Anne knew the floating island well; it had been in the marsh for many a year. Every year a loon built her nest there, and Anne had her own opinion, both about the loon and the island; but when Beata teased to know more, old Anne only shook her head; for she was not one to tell all that she knew. At last she yielded, and said that if any one stands on the floating island, and takes the loon's egg from the nest for a moment, and wishes something, it will surely come to pass, if the loon does not forsake her nest, but hates the egg in peace.

"If the loon sits on her nest till Autumn, even if you wished to become an English princess, it will certainly happen," said old Anne. "But there is one thing more to be remembered. That you must not say a single word about it to any living creature."

"Not even to your father and mother?" asked Beata.

"No," answered Anne, "nor to any mother's son or daughter."

Beata thought of nothing but the island the whole evening, and when she fell asleep she dreamed of nothing else all night.

As soon as she was up in the morning, she begged her father very prettily to row Marie and Louise and herself out to the floating island when they came that afternoon, and he promised to do so. But he also asked what made her think of it, and what she wanted to do there. At first she was going to tell him all; but she remembered Anne's words, and did not tell him all, but only that she longed to go there, because the little green island looked so evening.

"Yes, it is pretty, and you shall see a loon's nest there too," said her father, stroking her brown hair.

Beata grew quite red in the face and tears came into her eyes; for she knew about the loon's nest very well, and felt that she had deceived her father, and that she had never done before.

In the afternoon her father took the three little girls to the marsh.

The water was calm, dark and bright; the pine wood on one shore and the green hill on the other were reflected upside down in it. Here and there were broad green leaves, and big, shining white marsh flowers, swimming on the dark water. Beata's friends thought it was the most delightful sight in the world, and begged her father to stop and fish up some of the lovely flowers for them. But Beata only longed for the floating island.

There it lay in the midst of the marsh, and when they approached it it looked as if there were two small islands, one above and one below the water, the last almost more beautiful than the first. The father rowed close up to it and around it, and when they came to the other side the loon jumped suddenly out of the rushes into the water and dived down.

"Here is the loon's nest," said the father, and steered the raft that way.

The girls bent over the raft while the father held them, one by one, and they were indeed delighted; the nest was right on one corner of the island, among the grass, and on the bottom of it lay two big grayish-brown eggs with black spots, bigger than any goose-egg.

Marie and Louise shouted and laughed, but Beata was very still and shy. She begged her father to let her stand on the island, only for one minute and take one of the loon's eggs in her hand, "so that she could see it better," she said.

Her father would not refuse, lifted her in his arms and placed her on the floating turf, but told her that she must only touch the egg with her finger tips, for else the bird would know that some one had meddled with it and would never hate the young one out.

So there stood Beata at last on the green floating island! and she grew pale with excitement as she stooped to pick up the grayish-brown egg. She took it between two fingers. Now she could have whatever she chose! What do you think she wished? To become an English princess? No, she knew something much better than that; her lips moved and she murmured softly:

*"I wish that little Beata was safe and sound, and sitting under the briar rose again!"*

But just at that moment the loon rose up close by her; and when she saw Beata standing by her

nest with an egg in her hand, she gave such a shrill, shrill scream, that, in her alarm, Beata dropped the egg. It fell into the nest right upon the other, and—crash! they both broke in two, so that the yokes spirted out.

Beata stood petrified, with the right hand, which had held the egg, still upraised, until her father lifted her on to the raft again. Then the tears

gushed from her eyes and she told him the whole story; but she promised faithfully that it should be the last time, as it was the first, that she would be so naughty a girl. Her father said that that was a good resolve, which he hoped she would always keep, and then he rowed them to shore.

But the loon forsook her nest from that time forth, and the green island has grown fast to the land.

### THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. V.)



LITTLE Dutch Gretchen sat in the kitchen,  
 Eating some nice sauerkraut,  
 When the little dog Schneider  
 Came and sat down beside her,  
 And little Dutch Gretchen went out.



## A DARK BIT OF HISTORY.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

YOU have all heard, I dare say, of the French Revolution. But do you know how it came about, and what its terrors were?

It came about because there had been a great many wicked kings and wicked nobles in France, who had lived only for their own selfish ends, and had considered the people as beasts of burden to be used to help them forward for pleasure-seeking and for money-getting. If they wanted war for any ambitious purpose of their own, whole regions were desolated, and sons and fathers and husbands swept away down the bloody path that war always makes. If they wanted service of any kind—whether honest labor or vile labor—children were torn from parents, and new-married wives from their husbands. But the poorest of the French people were so ignorant, and had lived in a state of slavish dread of those who were above them in rank for so long a time, that perhaps they would have borne their trials longer if it had not happened that very many among the richer people and the better educated ones suffered too, by reason of quarrels with the nobles, or quarrels among themselves, or abuses from the king or his courtiers. Among the most fearful of these abuses were those which were committed under the authority of what were called *lettres du cachet*, or letters with the royal seal. Throughout the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. this sort of tyranny was common. Thus, if a noble bore a grudge against some neighbor, or had a fierce quarrel with some old-time friend, and wished to take him out of the way, he would apply to the king or to a royal minister and beg or buy an order with the royal seal upon it, and send a file of soldiers or an officer to seize—under authority of this royal order—his enemy, and thrust him into a prison of the state, where he might languish for years, without any communication afterward with wife or children or friends. Friends or family would not know, indeed, whither he had gone; and so secretly would the work be done, that they would not know when or by whom he was torn away. Sometimes an old, white-haired man, who had been almost forgotten, would suddenly appear among his friends again, after twenty years of dungeon life.

If you should ever read Mr. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities,"—and it is one of the strongest stories he wrote, and well worth your reading,—you will

find a most thrilling narrative of such a long imprisonment of a French physician, who was torn away from his young wife, and for sixteen long years never heard if she were alive or dead. No wonder that his mind gave way, and that when he found liberty at last he was a poor decrepit shadow of a man.

There is also another terrible story of abuse under these *lettres du cachet*, which is said to be wholly true, and which appeared in a book called "Letters from France," by Helen Maria Williams, an English lady who passed much time in France before the Revolution, and who was herself a prisoner in the Temple under the rule of Robespierre. Her story was about a black-hearted father, who, under cover of one of these kingly orders or letters, caused his own son, who had offended him, to be snatched away from his family, and to be buried in a dungeon for years. In fact, there was hardly any crime against persons that might not be permitted under shelter of one of those terrible "letters" of the king.

What would you think, pray, if General Grant, or General Sherman, or Mr. Fish, might issue a letter, with the State seal affixed, which would empower any marshal or politician, or whoever might gain possession of the letter, to seize upon any enemy of his at dead of night, and bear him off to prison, and keep him there so long as he might choose? Would not such a power, unchecked by any courts of justice or by law, make of our country, or of any country, a very doleful place to live in?

And can you wonder that those poor people in that far-away country of France, and in that far-away time (nearly a hundred years now), should have chafed under it, and talked bitterly and threateningly, until after awhile their angry and threatening talk grew into a great tempest that swept through the Paris streets like a whirlwind?

No wonder they were maddened; no wonder their passion got the better of their judgment; no wonder the population, led on by enraged fanatics, worked deeds of cruelty which made all Europe shudder. Very great and disorderly wrongs are almost always balanced, sooner or later, by very great and disorderly avengement.

When that tempest of madness I was speaking of just now first swept through the streets of Paris

(in the reign of Louis XVI.), it drove the crazed people in herds to glut their vengeance upon those who were keeping captives in chains within the great prison of the Bastille. It was indeed a grim and dismal-looking building upon the borders of Paris, with sluggish water around it, and its door was entered by a draw-bridge. Toward the frowning walls of this prison (there is only a tall bronze column upon the spot now) the populace of the city rushed headlong, with whatever weapons they could lay hands upon. Butchers took their cleavers, stable-men their forks, carters their heavy oaken stakes, carpenters their axes; and there were thousands with guns and cutlasses, and there were brawny women with heavy pistols. The soldiers who guarded the prison were so frightened by the sights and sounds of this tempest of the people's fury, that they could hardly make any opposing fight at all. The governor of the prison, seeing what mad rage he must encounter, would have blown up the huge building altogether, and had actually laid the match to do so, but the soldiers rebelled and forced him to surrender. Then the raging mob flowed in, and those who wore the uniform of the king were smitten to death, and dungeon-gates were unlocked, and prisoners staggered out who had not seen the day for dozens and scores of years.

A beautiful girl was caught sight of flying down one of the great stair-ways, and she was straight-way seized upon by those who believed her to be a daughter of the governor, and would have been burned in the court-yard had not a few generous soldiers stolen her away and secreted her until the sack was over. As for the governor, who was a marquis and the king's friend, they cut off his head and bore it bleeding from the top of a pike-staff all down the street; and all down the street poured the mad, rejoicing rabble, slaying many another as they went, and carrying the trophies with them—gory heads on pikes, or gory heads on chafing dishes carried by women.

As it was that day so it was on many a day thereafter, and for many a week and month; and for years whoever was a noble, or friend of the hated nobles,—or rich, or friend of the hated rich,—lived, if he lived at all in that city of revolution, in great dread and danger.

There was not much feeling at the first against Louis XVI., for he was a far better king than those who had gone before him. He was kindly at heart, and what we might call nowadays a gentlemanly, amiable man, with not much force of character, and disposed to yield to the opinions of those who had been his old advisers. These, by their obstinacy, brought him very soon to grief. The people forced him to trial, and there was a forced

condemnation. His head, too, fell before the fury of the enraged people, and was held up by the executioner upon the scaffold for the thronging mob to look upon.

This poor king had left behind him in the prison a son, whom he had taught, as he best could in those dreary prison hours, arithmetic and geography. Do you think the boy ever forgot those lessons, or ever forgot the sorrow and the loud wailings of his mother, the queen, when the king went out to his bloody death?

A little after this, those crazy ones, who were governing France so madly in this time, gave over this prince boy to the care of a shoemaker and his wife, to whom they furnished a lodgment in the prison for this purpose; and they did this in order, as they said, that the bringing up of the boy might be as low as that of the lowest of the people. Poor boy! poor prince!

A little later, Marie Antoinette, the queen, was taken out of her dungeon to go to trial. They called it a trial, for the sake of decency; but I think they knew how it would end before they called on her to appear. If the judges before whom she stood had said she was innocent and must go free, I am sure that the wives of the wine-sellers, and the fish-women, and the hags of Paris would have snatched her away and carried her off to execution, if they had not slain her with their own bread-knives in the street.

These mad people had such a thirst for blood!

It was better, perhaps, that the judges should say the Queen must be beheaded (as they did), than that these wild women should cut her in pieces.

She certainly died an easier death by the guillotine.

You don't know what the guillotine is?

It is simply a great knife sliding in grooves between two upright posts, which by its fall severs the head from the body in an instant; and it is the most humane way of executing capital punishment—if there be any humanity about it.

The machine was called *Guillotine*, after a Dr. Guillotin, who, in the French Assembly in 1791, proposed a better way of cutting off people's heads than the old way of doing it by an axe; which he said was a clumsy way, and clumsy headsmen sometimes made bad work of it. But Dr. Guillotin was not the inventor, as some books will tell you; nor did he lose his own head by it, as other books will tell you.

In 1792, the question of finding some new way of execution was referred to Dr. Antoine Louis, the Secretary of the College of Surgeons, and he advised such a method as had been hinted at by Dr. Guillotin the year before. So, then they had

a machine made for trial by one Schmidt, who was a knife-maker. And they tried it on a body or two, and found it worked so well that they adopted it; and people called it at first "Louisette." But Dr. Louis said he did n't invent it or make it. (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which is so rarely wrong, makes a mistake in saying he did invent it.)

So the people went back on the name of Dr. Guillotin—all because a poet of that day had made some jingling rhymes, in which the honor had been referred to him.

The real truth is, that a machine like it had been used in Italy, at Genoa, two hundred years before; and in England, at Halifax, and in Scotland, at Edinburgh, more than a hundred years

before. The Scotch people had called it "The Maiden."

It is a dreadful machine, and does very quick work, as I know; for I have myself seen a man's head taken off by it; and I never wish to see such a sight again.

And now, why do you suppose I have run over this bloody bit of history? Only as a sort of introduction to two of your good friends—a man and a woman, who lived in Paris through all this time of blood, and who yet have written the two most charming and pleasant stories for children that are anywhere to be found in the French language.

You know them both in English. Who the writers were, and what the stories were, I must tell you some other month.

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## BASS COVE SKETCHES.—YOUNG JOE AND THE DUCKS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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ONE day, a good many years ago, young Joe Scoville, of Bass Cove, went up to town to sell some wild ducks he had shot. Old Joe (that was his father) had said to him, early in the season, "When I see you come a-luggin' home a couple o' dozen ducks to oncet, then I'll let you go and try your hand sellin' on 'em;" and young Joe, having bagged that morning his two dozen and upward, had now for the first time in his life come alone to market.

And very proud was young Joe, I assure you. He drove smartly into the Square, and cried, "Whoa!" and "Here's yer nice fine ducks, gentlemen! walk up, gentlemen!" and nodded respectfully to customers, and felt and acted very much like old Joe, his father.

He thought everybody appeared greatly pleased with him. Some looked at his freckled face, long hair, and old coat that had been his father's (and had seen I don't know how many Atlantic storms), and smiled approvingly. Some appeared delighted with his manners—so fresh and natural, you know. Others regarded his little old one-horse wagon, and queer little pony,—with his unkempt mane about his face and eyes, which gave him a striking resemblance to young Joe with his long hair,—as

if they had never seen anything so agreeable. "What pleasant folks these city folks be!" thought young Joe.

"Walk up, gentlemen, and take a look! Don't cost nothin' to take a look, whether ye buy or not!" he called out. "How d'e do?"

He said "How d'e do?" to about the handsomest, best-dressed, and fattest man either he or anybody else ever saw. He had a cane in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, and was altogether a nice, plump, shiny fellow, from his hat to his boots. He did not say in reply, "Pretty well, thank ye; how are you?" as Joe, who had been taught good manners at home, thought he ought to have done; but, with his hat tipped airily on one side of his head, and his cigar sticking up jauntily out of one corner of his mouth, he came along and looked carelessly into the wagon.

"Hello!" said he, when he saw the ducks. He took the cigar out of his mouth, and said "Hel-lo!" again, more emphatically than before, and looked up at young Joe. "Where did you get these?"

"Shot 'em; where d'ye s'pose?" said young Joe, proudly.

"You did n't shoot 'em?—a boy like *you*!" said the fat man.

"Mabby I did n't," replied Joe, indignantly; "and then, ag'in, mabby I did; and it's a little more I did than I did n't, this time, I guess!"

"Bless my heart! if I aint surprised!"

Now the handsome and well-dressed plump gentleman happened to be no other than Mr. Augustus Bonwig, the confectioner, whose celebrated candy-shop was well and favorably known to every good boy and girl in town. He looked almost as if he had been made of candy himself—clear white and red, and a great deal of it. There was one thing

"Do—you—want—to—buy—them—ducks?" demanded young Joe, ungrammatically, but very distinctly, beginning to distrust Mr. Bonwig. "If you don't, you need n't feel obliged to handle 'em any more, that's all."

"No, I don't care to purchase; but I'll give something for a chance to shoot a few such birds," said Mr. Bonwig—and blessed his heart again.

"Oh! that's it! Wal, you come down our way some time, and I'll show ye a chance. Ye can shoot as many black ducks and coots and old wives



JOE AND HIS DUCKS.

he was remarkably good at, but on which he did not pride himself at all, and that was—his business. There was another thing he was not so good at, but on which he naturally prided himself a good deal (for that is the way with some of us), and that was—gunning. He did n't care whether you praised his sweetmeats, or not; but if you happened to say, "Bonwig, people tell me you are a fine shot," that pleased Mr. Augustus Bonwig. It was this ambition of his which caused him to regard young Joe with sudden interest, and to exclaim again, very emphatically, after having examined him and the ducks once more, "Bless my heart now! I *am* surprised!"

as ye can carry away on yer back. And I wont charge ye nothin' for 't, neither. Takes gumption to git 'em, though, sometimes!" said Joe.

"I guess if *you* can get 'em I can, fast enough!" said the smiling Augustus. "Where do you live?"

"Bass Cove. Ask for old Joe Scoville—that's my father. Stage-driver 'll set ye down right by the door. Hope you 'll bring a good gun. I ha'nt got much of a gun, nor dad ha'nt, neither;—sometimes I take mine, and sometimes I take his 'n, and sometimes I take both;—flint-locks; miss fire half the time; but we manage to make 'em do, seein' we've got the hang o' the ducks."

This speech greatly encouraged Mr. Bonwig,

who thought that if such a green youth as Joe, with an old flint-lock, could bag wild ducks at Bass Cove, surely he, Augustus the sportsman, with his fine double-barreled fowling-piece and modern accouterments, must have great success there, and astonish the natives at their own game. He named an early day for his visit, and already imagined himself shooting ducks by the dozen.

"'Arly in the mornin' 's the best time for 'em," said Joe, who accordingly advised him to come down the evening before, and stop overnight.

To this Mr. Bonwig agreed, and walked away in fine spirits, with his hat on one side, swinging his cane, and puffing his jaunty cigar. Then, having sold his ducks for a good price, and bought a new fur cap for Winter wear, and a glass of very small beer for immediate consumption, and a rattle for the baby, and a paper of brown sugar for the family, all with the duck money, young Joe turned about and drove home, with a pretty good handful of small change still jingling in his pocket.

One evening, not long after, the stage-coach rolled up to old Joe's door at the Cove, and a stout sporting gentleman got down over the wheel, from the top, and jumped to the ground. It was Mr. Augustus Bonwig, looking plumper than ever, in his short hunting-jacket, and handsomer than ever, to young Joe's fancy, in his magnificent hunting-boots (red-topped, trousers tucked into them), and with the fine double-barreled gun he carried.

"Oh, a'nt that —!" exclaimed Joe, poising the gun. He did not say *what*—no word in the language seemed adequate to express the admiration and delight with which he regarded the beautiful fowling-piece. "And what boots them are for wet walkin'! And ha'nt you got the splendidest game-bag, though! And what a huntin'-cap!—it don't seem as though a man *could* miss a bird, that wore such a cap as that! Come in," said Joe, his respect for Mr. Bonwig greatly increased, now that he had seen him in such noble sporting rig. "Father's to home. And I'll show you our guns—old-fashioned queen's-arms, both on 'em."

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, smiling. "Well, now, I *am* surprised! You don't mean to say you shoot ducks with *those* things? Well, well! I *am*!"

"My boy there," said old Joe, filling his pipe and cocking his eye proudly at the youngster, "he'd shoot ducks with 'most anything, I believe. He'd bring 'em down with a hoe-handle, if he could n't git holt o' nothin' else. He's got a knack, sir; it's all in havin' a knack." And old Joe, who had been standing with his back to the fire, turned about and stooped to pick up a small live coal with the tongs. "Then ag'in,"—he pressed the coal

into the bowl of his pipe, and took a puff,— "ducks is"—puff, puff—"puty plenty,"—puff,— "and puty tame on this here coast, about now." And the old man, having lighted his pipe, and replaced the tongs in the chimney-corner, stepped aside, to make room for his wife.

Mrs. Joe swung out the old-fashioned crane, hung the tea-kettle on one of the hooks, and swung it back again over the fire. Then she greased the iron spider, placed it on the coals, and made other preparations for supper.

"Sed down, sed down," said old Joe; and Mr. Bonwig sat down. And the children crowded around him, to admire his watch-chain and his red-topped boots. And the amiable Augustus, who had come prepared for such emergencies, pulled out of one pocket one kind of candy, and another kind out of another pocket, and still a third variety from a third receptacle, and so on; for his hunting-suit seemed to be literally lined with pockets, and all his pockets to contain more or less of those celebrated sweetmeats so well and so favorably known to the good boys and girls in town. And Mr. Bonwig was pleased to observe that human nature was the same everywhere; country boys and girls were like city boys and girls, in one respect at least—all liked candy.

"O, a'nt it good!" said Maggie.

"Prime! I tell ye!" said Joe, who had his share, of course.

"Goodie, good!" said Molly.

"Goo, goo!" crowed the baby.

"Oh, my!" said Tottie.

And they all sucked and crunched, with cheeks sticking out and eyes glistening, just like so many children in town, for all the world. And Augustus was happy, thinking just then, I imagine, of three or four plump little darlings at home, of whom he was very fond, and whom he never left for a single night, if he could help it, unless it was to go on some such glorious hunting frolic as this.

It was a poor man's kitchen. I don't think there was a carpet or a table-napkin in the house; the ceiling was low, the windows were small, the walls smoky, and everything was as plain and old-fashioned as could be. But Mr. Bonwig, nice gentleman as he was, appeared delighted. He prided himself on his sportsmanlike habits, and so the rougher he found life down on the coast, the better. He admired the little smoky kitchen, he liked the fried perch and cold wild duck for supper, and he was charmed with the homely talk of gunning and fishing, and storms and wrecks, which took up the evening, and with the bed of wild fowls' feathers on which he passed the night.

The next morning young Joe came to his bedside, candle in hand, and awoke him, before dawn.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bonwig, rubbing his eyes open. "Hel-lo! I am surprised! I was having such a splendid time! I thought I was hunting ducks, and I had got a whole flock in range of my two barrels, and was waiting for a few more to light; but I was just going to shoot, when you woke me. I wish I had fired before!"

"Wal, you come with me, and mabby your dream 'll come to pass," said young Joe, leaving him the candle to dress by.

Mrs. Scoville was already cooking their breakfast; "for, like as not," she said, "they would n't be back till noon, and they must have a bite of something to start with."

Mr. Bonwig was sorry she had given herself so much trouble; but he afterward, as we shall see, had good reason to be thankful that he had taken that "bite."

At daylight they set out, Mr. Bonwig with his fine, stub-twist, two-barreled fowling-piece, and young Joe with both the old queen's-arms, his own and his father's.

Mr. Bonwig wished to know what the boy expected to do with two guns.

"They may come handy; they 'most alluz does," said Joe.

"But I've my gun this time," said Augustus; "and I shall want you to carry the birds."

That was a somewhat startling suggestion; but Joe thought he would take both guns, nevertheless.

"I a'nt goin' to come in the way of your shoot-in'; but I'll jest take what you leave—though I don't suppose that will be much," said he.

It was a cool Autumn morning. The air was crisp and exhilarating. The morning light was breaking, through dim clouds, over land and sea. Joe led the way over the short wet grass, and rocks and ledges, of a rough hill back of the Cove. At last he pulled the eager Augustus by the jacket, and said:

"Be sly now, climbin' around them rocks yender! There's a beach t' other side, and a little stream o' water runnin' across it. Black ducks can't git along, as some kinds can, with salt water alone—they alluz have to go to fresh water to drink, and we're apt to find 'em around Beach Brook here, 'fore folks are stirrin'. 'T was on this beach father shôt the twenty-five, to one shot, he told ye about last night."

"Was that a true story, Joe?" Augustus asked, growing excited.

"True as guns," said Joe. "Ye see, they all gether in a huddle along by the brook, and you've only to git in range of 'em, and let fly jest at the right minute; sometimes there 'll be a flock of a hundred, like as any way, and ye can't miss 'em all if ye try."

"I should think not!" said Mr. Bonwig, taking long, noiseless strides in his hunting-boots, and holding his gun in the approved fashion. "Only show me such a chance!"

"I'll wait here in the hollow," said Joe. "You crawl over the rocks, and look right down on the beach before ye, and — By sixty! there's a flock lightin' now!—see 'em?"

"Bless my heart!" said Bonwig, in no little trepidation.

He took the route Joe pointed out, and soon disappeared behind the ledges. Then all was silence for several minutes, while Joe waited to hear the double report of the destructive fowling-piece, and to see the frightened flock of ducks—or such as were left of them after Mr. Bonwig's shots—fly up again.

Bonwig in the meantime crept along behind a pile of rocks Joe had described to him, and, looking through an opening, saw a wonderful sight. Before him spread the broad, smooth beach, washed by the surf. There must have been a high wind off the coast during the night, for the sea was rough, and long, heavy breakers came curling and plunging magnificently along the shore. The morning clouds were reddening over the agitated ocean, which faintly reflected their tints.

But the sight which most interested Mr. Augustus Bonwig was the game that awaited him. The brook, which cut out afresh its channel across the beach as often as the tide, which filled it with sand twice in the twenty-four hours, receded,—the little brook, from the rocks to the surf (it was now half tide), was alive with ducks, and more were alighting.

Mr. Bonwig silently blessed his heart two or three times—and well he might, for it was beating with very unsportsmanlike rapidity at that exciting moment. His hands shook so that it was well that Joe, if he was to retain his high respect for him as a gunner, did not see them. In fact, Mr. Bonwig, who fancied himself a sportsman because he had been sometimes successful in firing at a mark, found this a very different business. He hardly knew whether he took aim or not. That one barrel went off prematurely in the air is quite certain. At the report,—the like of which ducks on that coast had made acquaintance with before, and knew that it meant mischief,—the entire flock of a hundred or more flew up at once, with a sudden noise of wings which could be heard above the roaring of the breakers. Then the other barrel went off. Then young Joe came running up in high glee, to offer his congratulations and to help pick up the dead birds. He looked, expecting to see the beach strewn with them.

There was n't a bird on the beach, dead or alive!

In utter amazement, Joe turned and looked at Mr. Bonwig. That gentleman stood with his portly form erect, his head thrown back, and his mouth and eyes open, staring at the sky, into which his fine covey of ducks were rapidly vanishing.

"Well, well!" said he. "Now, now! If I *aint* surprised! Who ever saw anything happen like that? BLESS—MY—HEART!"

"Not a darned duck!" said Joe.

"O, I must have wounded some! I must have wounded about twenty!" Augustus declared. He looked critically at his gun; then he turned his gaze once more at the sky; then he looked at young Joe, who was beginning to grin. "I think my shot must be too fine," said Mr. Bonwig.

Joe asked to see his lead.

"'T aint no finer 'n what I use. Feathers on a loon's breast are so thick them shot would n't

go through em; have to fire at a loon's head, when he 's facin' ye. But I don't see how ye could let fly into a flock o' loons even without knockin' over a few."

"It 's a very remarkable circumstance!—very singular!—*very* surprising!" observed Mr. Bonwig, wounded in his tenderest point,—his pride as a sportsman,—and betraying a good deal of chagrin and agitation. He was very much flushed. He took off his cap and wiped his forehead. "Just let me try that thing over again, that 's all!"

"Best way now will be to go off to the island," said Joe. "That 's our dory. Jest help me shove it off, and we 'll have some fun yet!"

"Yes, yes—so we will!" said Bonwig.

And so they did; but we shall have to postpone our account of it for a future number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.



LAST DAYS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

## TEN LITTLE COUNTRY BOYS.

*(An old song to a new tune.)*

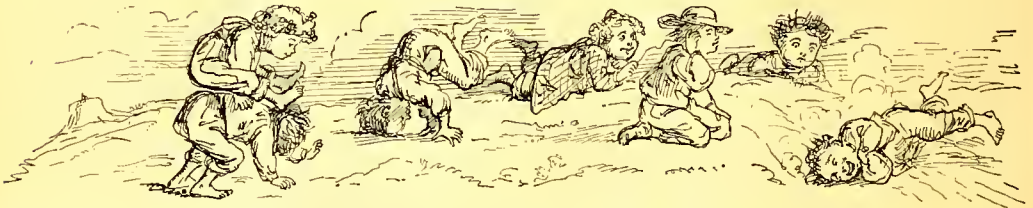
TEN little country boys underneath a vine;  
A darned-needle frightened one, and then there were but nine.



NINE little country boys swinging on a gate;  
One turned a somersault, and then there were but eight.



EIGHT little country boys learning about heaven;  
One fell fast asleep, and then there were but seven.



SEVEN little country boys, full of monkey tricks;  
One rolled down the hill, and then there were but six.

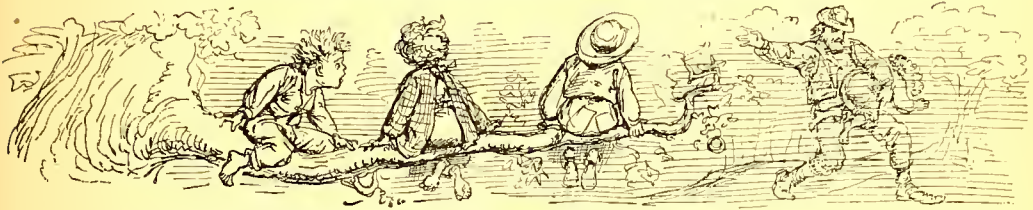


SIX little country boys going to rob a hive;  
A bumble-bee stung one, and then there were but five.

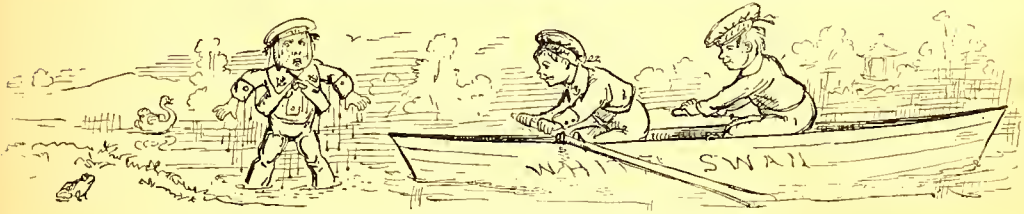




Five little country boys asking for some more ;  
One burst his little self, and then there were but four.



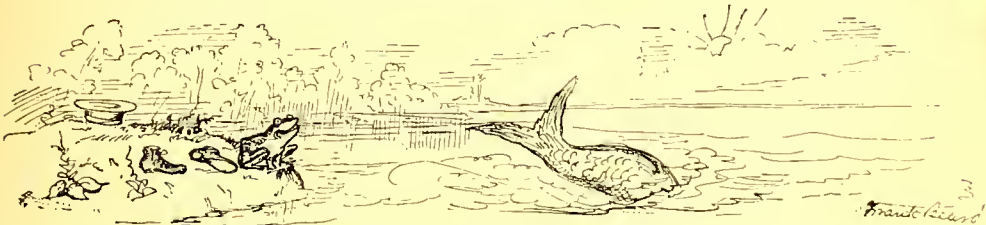
Four little country boys climbing up a tree ;  
The farmer came and whipped one, and then there were but three.



Three little country boys, gayly dressed in blue ;  
One tumbled overboard, and then there were but two.



Two little country boys, both named John ;  
One knocked the other down, and then there was but one.



One little country boy diving for a penny ;  
A little fish swallowed him, and then there was n't any.

## THE FORTUNES OF A SAUCER-PIE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



It was on the day before Thanksgiving that the saucer-pie came into being. Miss Hepzilah made it. All the grown-up pies were done and in the oven. The Indian pudding was mixed and flavored, waiting its turn till all the other things should be drawn out, when the oven door would be shut and it put in and left to slowly bake all night long, and come out in the morning brown as a chestnut and spicy as—well, as an old-fashioned Indian pudding. There is nothing else in the world spicy enough to be compared with it.

Rows of loaves, brown and white, stood covered with towels on the shelves of the buttery, which smelt delightfully, and not of fresh bread alone, for in the corner, under a tin pan, was the huge jelly-cake, a miracle of light sponge, and jam, and pink and white frosting. Apple sauce and cranberry sauce were simmering over the fire in little kettles. On the window-sill stood the great chicken pie, set out to cool, while beside it to-morrow's turkey lay trussed and ready, its drumsticks and wings meekly folded over a well-stuffed breast. There was no end to the good things, thought little Dolly. It was as exciting as Thanksgiving-day itself, just to stand by and watch and see, and smell the fragrance of the impending feast.

A morsel of paste remained on the board after the big pies were finished, and at the bottom of the bowl a little strained and lemon-flavored apple sauce. Miss Hepzilah stepped to the dresser and took down a small blue and white saucer. Dolly's eyes grew round as the saucer with expectation when she saw this. To and fro went Miss Hepzilah's roller, and presently the paste had become a smooth, flat sheet, which was laid over the saucer and neatly trimmed about the edges. Then the apple was poured in, covered with another sheet of paste, three little fork-holes were pricked in the middle, and lastly, "sizz, sizz" went Miss Hepzilah's "jigger," and behold, in one second of time, a pretty scalloped border grew into shape and rounded the pie into perfect beauty. Dolly had been holding her breath during the last of these operations, but now she felt that she must speak or die!

"Is it for me?" she cried. "Oh, Miss Hepsy, is it for me?"

"Wait and see," replied Miss Hepsy. The pie

was meant for Dolly, but, like many grown persons, Miss Hepzilah enjoyed baffling children and putting them off when they asked questions. She had never had much to do with any child till Dolly came, and did not understand how little hearts set themselves on little things, or how hard it is for little patiences to "wait and see" when they are bidden to do so.

With anxious interest Dolly watched the saucer-pie shoved into the oven. You may be sure that she managed to be on hand to see it come out. Miss Hepsy had never made a saucer-pie before since Dolly had lived with her. That was almost a year. Dolly was beginning to forget the time that went before—the time when she lived with mamma, and was petted with baby-talk, had treats and surprises, and spent the pennies given her in candy instead of putting them into the missionary box, as Miss Hepsy made her do. Miss Hepzilah meant to be very kind to Dolly, but her sense of duty was strong, and she thought a good deal more of what was good for Dolly's character than of what Dolly happened to be wishing and longing for at the moment. This sometimes led to misunderstandings between them.

Dear little Dolly! Her pink and white fat face was full of anxiety as Miss Hepsy lifted the saucer-pie from the oven and set it on the table to cool.

"Now you'll tell me if it's for me, wont you?" she said.

Miss Hepsy relented, and was just going to say "yes," when, unfortunately, somebody knocked at the door. It was little Kitty Blane who knocked. Kitty was the child of a neighbor not quite so well off as Miss Hepzilah was. Mrs. Blane happened just then to be laid up with rheumatism, and Miss Hepsy had promised her a pumpkin pie, which Kitty was now come to fetch. It stood on the table, already packed in a basket with a mold of cranberry jelly, and Miss Hepzilah proceeded to tuck a clean napkin neatly about it.

Suddenly a bright thought struck her. She turned sharp round and seized the saucer-pie.

"Now, Dolly," she said, "I *did* mean this pie for you; but here's Kitty, you see, whose ma is sick, and who aint going to have any Thanksgiving at all, none of her folks, nor nothing. Now, you'll have Aunt Jessie, you know, and Uncle Jim, and grandma, and all the cousins, and a good dinner and a first-rate time generally; so I

think you'd better give this little pie to Kitty! You'd rather, would n't you? You don't want to feel selfish about it, I'm sure, do you, Dolly?"

Miss Hepzilah thought that to make this little sacrifice would be good for Dolly's character, you see; so she was much disappointed when, instead of cheerfully replying, like a little girl in a book, "Yes, indeed, Miss Hepsy, let Kitty have it," Dolly burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Oh, was it for me? I don't want to give it away. I don't, Miss Hepsy! I don't want to!"

"Dolly!" cried Miss Hepsy, sternly, "I am ashamed of you! Here, Kitty, take the little pie and go. I'm sorry that Dolly should behave so naughty, that I am."

"Oh, please, Miss Hepsy," faltered Kitty, "don't give me Dolly's pie. I'd a great deal rather she had it; indeed I would."

"It is n't hers. It's your pie!" declared Miss Hepsy, with a stamp of her foot. "I never gave it to Dolly at all. There, Kitty, I've put it in the basket. Go home, now, and tell your ma I'll look in sometime to-morrow, and see how she's getting along."

Kitty cast a sorrowful look at the sobbing Dolly. But it was never of any use to oppose Miss Hepsy, so she took the basket up and went away without another word. She liked little pies very much; but this, she felt, it would be impossible to enjoy, because, while she ate it, she should be thinking of poor Dolly, left behind pieless and tearful.

Arrived at home, she gave Miss Hepzilah's message to her mother, set the pies and the jelly away in a cool place, mended the fire, hung on the kettle for tea, and then sat down on the broad stone door-step to rest for a little while. The sun was setting, making haste to go to bed, as sleepy suns do on November afternoons. The air was mild, with just a faint bright touch of frost, which seemed to add freshness to it rather than chill. Kitty always liked to watch the sunsets, they were so pretty, from the kitchen door. All the leafless woods turned into beautiful colors; the pond, which shone in the distance, gleamed golden and still, like a big burnished mirror. Odd, unexplained fragrances came from the forest, as though the ghosts of the dead flowers had come back to haunt the spot. A belated bird hopped by. Above was a dome of pure yellow sky, with here and there a little fleck of crimson cloud drifting over it, like a tiny, rapid boat. Surely no summer evening could be more beautiful. Frost and winter, all unlovely things, seemed just then impossible and a long way off.

Presently Kitty left off looking at the sunset, to watch a small figure which came into view on the road, dodging behind fences, and kicking up dead

leaves with a pair of brown little feet. It was a girl about Kitty's own age, a girl with a thin, dark face, tangled hair, and a ragged frock, which only half hid her limbs. Behind her ran a dog, which barked and snapped at the leaves which the girl kicked up with her toes.

When the girl saw Kitty sitting there she stopped and looked for a minute, as though she would turn and run away. Then she sidled slowly nearer, glancing shyly out of her large black eyes, and not speaking till Kitty spoke.

"Is that your dog?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," said the girl, "he's mine. His name is Spot."

"And what's your name?" was Kitty's next question.

"Dono what 't is now. Mother used to call me Nance sometimes."

"But don't they call you Nance any longer?" asked Kitty, surprised.

"No. Nobody don't call me no name at all, only just 'Come here, you,' or 'Get out, you limb!' or something like that."

"Why, what horrid people they must be! I would n't stay any longer with people who called me names like that," cried Kitty, opening wide her eyes.

"Where would you stay, then?" demanded the girl.

This was a poser!

"I'd—I'd—run away, or—something. I'd go somewhere else," said Kitty.

"Yes,—but where? Nobody wants a tramp-child like me about. 'Most always at nice clean houses like this they drive me away. Once a boy set his dog on me, but Spot was the biggest, and he gin it to 'em, I tell you. Jack, and Spelter Sal, well, they aint so very kind, I 'spose, but they gin me a meal of vittles whenever they has any theirselves, and I sleep under the tent with 'em; and it's better than outside. 'T aint so easy as it sounds to go hungry, I can tell you."

"Oh, I *am* so sorry for you!" cried Kitty, with tears in her eyes. "Wait here just a minute, and let me ask mother if I may n't give you some supper. I'm sure she'll say yes." And in she ran, leaving the poor little vagrant at the gate, with Spot jumping and barking at her heels.

"Here," cried she, coming back with a mug and a plate of bread in her hands, "I knew mother'd let me. Here's some bread-and-milk for you, Nance. Sit down on the step and eat it all up. Poor Nance! it's dreadful for you to be so hungry. Why, I never was hungry in my life.—not so hungry that I could n't wait, I mean," she added, correcting herself.

Nance evidently had reached the point of hun-

ger when it was not easy to wait. She attacked the bread-and-milk like one famished. But, half-starved as she was, Kitty observed that she stopped every now and then to throw a bit of bread to Spot, who sat on his tail watching with wistful eyes each mouthful that went down his mistress's throat. When Kitty saw this, she ran for more bread, and fed Spot herself. Her tender heart was full of pity for the forlorn creatures; she longed to help farther, to do more for them. A sudden thought crossed her mind.

"Shall I?" she asked herself. "Yes, I will." And without farther delay, she hastened indoors once more, and came back with a happy flush on her cheeks, and in her hand the saucer-pie!

"Here," she said, "look at this dear little pie. Is n't it cunning? Miss Hepsy gave it me for my own, and I'm going to give it to you. I wont give you the saucer, though, because *that* does n't belong to me. Don't touch it till I come back. I'm going to get a knife and some paper to wrap it in."

You should have seen Nance's face as Kitty carefully loosened the edges of the pie, turned it out, and folded it in the paper! I suppose such a treat had never lighted upon the poor little waif before in the whole course of her life. Spot appeared to understand that something of unusual importance was going on, for he stood on his hind-legs, barked wildly, careered about, and behaved generally like a distracted dog. When the pie was placed in her hands, Nance looked at it silently, and then she looked at Kitty. She did not say "Thank you"—I suppose no one had ever taught her to do so, but her eyes made up for the deficiencies of her tongue, and Kitty missed nothing. "Spot! Spot!" called Nance, and, squeezing the precious pie very tightly in her hand, she smiled once more into Kitty's face, and walked away. Kitty watched her go, with a warm, happy feeling at her heart. It was a great deal nicer that poor Nance had the pie, than if she had eaten it herself,—this was the thought in her mind, when at last she went in and shut the door.

Nance, meanwhile, was making the best of her way toward the gypsy tent, which was a long way off in the woods. She had no idea of keeping the pie till she got there, because then Jack and Spelter Sal would, she knew, take it from her; but

she wished to enjoy the pleasure of possession till the last possible moment. As she walked, she every now and then lifted the parcel to her nose for a rapturous sniff, but she did not undo the paper until nearly a mile was passed, and she and Spot were almost within sight of the tent. Then she sat down under a tree, untied the string, and after feasting her eyes for a moment, raised the pie to her lips, and took a great bite. It was even better than it looked,—the best, the very best thing, Nance thought, that she had ever imagined. "Oh, if it would only last forever, and never be eaten up!" she thought, as she took the second bite.

Now, Spot had seated himself also at the same time with Nance, and exactly in front of her. He, too, smelt the pie, and admired its looks. When she took the first mouthful, he writhed himself about, and his tail rapped sharply in the dry leaves beneath him. His mouth watered, his red tongue hung out from his jaws, and waved to and fro suggestingly. At last he gave a short reminding bark. Nance stopped eating. She held the pie a little way off, and looked first at it and then at Spot.

"Yes," she said at last. "You shall have some, Spotty, 'cause you're the only friend I've got. Poor Spotty, dear Spotty, don't wag so—you shall have a bit." She gave a little guess of self-renunciation, broke the pie bravely in two, and held the smaller piece out to Spot. It was a large piece—almost half of all that was left! Spot seized it joyfully. Munch—crunch—down his throat it went in large morsels. Munch—crunch—Nance's share was also disappearing. In a very short time there was no pie left—not a crumb; and which of the two who shared the feast enjoyed it the most thoroughly, it would indeed be hard to say.

So Dolly, and Kitty, and Nance, and Spot, each and all, had a saucer-pie. Were these four pies, then, or was it but one, multiplied and made many by the blessed arithmetical rule called golden, which consists in giving each to the other? And which of those who gave enjoyed the giving most, think you,—Dolly, who parted with the pie against her will; Kitty, who gave from pity and tenderness of heart; or Nance, who lovingly shared her little all with her dumb and only friend?



## TO A YOUNG GIRL

*With a Spray of Autumn Leaves.*

THOUGH Autumn winds are sighing in your future, Mary dear,  
 Their music may be sweeter than the early Spring-time cheer;  
 As the fleeting moments ripen in the fullness of your prime,  
 There 'll be tints and shadows richer far than those of Summer-time;  
 And, so, these leaves prophetic made me dream, my girl, of you  
 As they trembled in their gladness, with the sunlight shining through.

M. M. D.

## A FAMOUS VICTORY.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.



AFTER all, it was n't much of a thing to fight about; but, then, if every one should refuse to quarrel till there was a good reason for it, how could there be famous victories?

It happened in this way. Everything has a beginning, and the beginning of this victory dated back to the corn-husking. Not an old-fashioned, social husking-bée in a big barn, with a big supper afterward, such as we sometimes read about; but a modern

husking, where several men stand or kneel all day in the frosty Autumn weather by the "stouts" of corn, and, taking ear by ear, pull off the husks, leaving some fast to the stalks, and scattering others over the ground. It was these scattered husks which made one of the parties to the battle.

The corn had all been husked, the bundles of stalks carried and stacked beside the barn, and the corn itself had been sorted and stored in the cribs; so the wide corn-field, lying on the south side of a hill, and still further sheltered by a thick maple grove on the hill-top, would have been left all alone had not a number of large yellow Pumpkins and the loosened Corn-husks have staid to keep it company.

Now one would think that, under these circumstances, the Corn-husks and the Pumpkins would have been the best of friends. But it is n't always

circumstances that make good friends of people or things; it's the kinds of natures they have. A Corn-husk is naturally light-minded and vain.

Pumpkins, on the contrary, are not very brilliant (I never yet heard of one of them making an after-dinner speech, although they are often present on festive occasions, and much liked), but they are quite content to be useful, good-natured members of the community.

One morning, an hour or two after the sun had kissed the hill-side field awake, the Corn-husks began a pleasant chat with the Pumpkins,—that is, the chat was pleasant to the Husks because it was all about themselves; and it was not disagreeable to the Pumpkins because they were good-humored enough to take an interest in whatever subject would best please their friends.

"Neighbor Yellow-face," exclaimed an uneasy Husk, fairly jumping up and down in his excitement, "how *can* you bear to spend your life in lying there so quietly, week in and week out? Why, I could n't endure it for an hour! Look at me now. I stay at home a little while, then coax a friendly wind to give me a lift in his carriage, and take me to call upon some of my brothers and sisters on the other side of the field; then I may go down to the road-side and amuse myself looking at the passers-by; then I may go up by the grove and listen to the gossip of the trees—very entertaining it is too; and then, in the afternoons, we all get together to have a dance. We Corn-husks are constantly going about, always having a good

time, always improving our minds by intercourse with the world; while *you* — Oh! dear neighbor Yellow-face, I think your life must be dreadfully monotonous. Don't you often wish you were a Husk?"

"Well," smiled the Pumpkin, rolling himself a very trifle more to one side, "I don't know that I ever wished that. I think my life is very pleasant. I dream of a great many happy things, and don't find the days long or dull. A great deal passes

them that people shall learn always to think of peace and happiness when they see my face."

"Hear him now!" shrieked the little Corn-husk, in his hasty temper not half hearing what the Pumpkin had said. "Only hear him! Old Yellow-face here says that we were all sent into the world just to eat and drink and sleep, as he does, from morning till night!"

With this arose a great rustling and a confusion of many voices. Up sprang the Corn-husks, every



THE BATTLE OF THE PUMPKINS AND CORN-HUSKS.

before my eyes, and I'm so busy thinking that the time seems short. In fact, there is but one thing that troubles me, which is that by thinking so much I'm a little afraid that my head is swelling. Do you think I shall die of it?"

"Die of what?" snappishly answered the irritated Husk. "Your head *is* swelling, but it's all because you lie here all day in the sun and do nothing but eat and drink. I should n't wonder one bit if you died of laziness. You've no ambition at all, or you would try to rise in the world!"

"O yes, I have!" said the Pumpkin as placidly as ever. "Yes, I have an ambition to do as well as I can what I was sent in the world to do, and that is to think of happy things, and grow so full of

one of them indignant at the presumption of the Pumpkins.

"They are all alike," cried the Husks. "The lazy, stuck-up things! The ignorant, conceited lot! Husks of our position should never have noticed them! Let us make war upon them."

And with this the Husks began to throw themselves upon the Pumpkins, to rain down blows upon them, and at the same time to pelt them with words.

"What in the world is this about?" exclaimed the astonished Pumpkins. "What have we done to deserve this?"

But for answer they received only more blows and hard words from the now furious Husks.

In the midst of the turmoil, both parties might have seen, if they had not been too busily engaged to do so, the farmer and his ox-cart slowly approaching.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the farmer. "I do believe those Husks think they're really hurting my Pumpkins! Ho, ho! Things that are worth the least always think the most of themselves."

And he began tenderly lifting the Pumpkins one by one into the cart.

As this was slowly creaking out of sight again, and not a Yellow-face was left upon the ground, the field felt lonely, and sighed for its late friends. But the Corn-husks called a convention, and passed resolutions and issued reports, to prove to all the world that they had gained a famous victory.

## THE REFORMER.

BY MRS. M. C. PVLE.

A GOODLY sound has that word "Reform,"  
And with it this age keeps its virtue warm,  
But many reformers, well we know,  
Spend their strength showing *others* the way  
to go;  
With zeal and knowledge telling each one  
How his neighbors' duty can best be done,  
While neglecting to prove to all beholders  
How such loads would be borne by their own  
strong shoulders.  
The guide-post maxim keeping in view,  
"Do as I say and not as I do."  
Remembering this, we must duly prize  
One hero who acted otherwise,  
To whom these words of honor are due,  
That he showed the duty and did it too.

Our poultry-yard was a cheerful place  
With its tenants of various hue and race:  
Geese, and turkeys, and waddling ducks,  
Motherly hens with anxious clucks,  
Speckled Dominiques, Polanders dark,  
Guinea fowls with their queer "*Pe-trarch*;"  
But the proudest and grandest of all the flock  
Was Gobble, our gorgeous turkey-cock;  
Strutting about with stately tread,  
With wattles of scarlet and tail outspread,  
He seemed to feel himself set to guard  
The morals of all in the poultry-yard.  
He meddled with broods which the mothers  
reared,  
In every squabble he interfered,  
His swelling importance seeming to say  
"Do as I do; 't is the only way."  
At last, his ideas expanding yet,  
He would teach the very hens to set,

Since his views on the subject no setting hen  
Had properly showed to the world till then.  
From each nest that he found in the fragrant  
hay  
Its anxious tenant he drove away,  
Settling himself on the warm, round eggs,  
With his awkward and sprawling wings and  
legs,  
And looking about for the admiration  
Due to such lessons in incubation.  
But as such a genius none could ask  
To bind himself to so dull a task,  
When the mother crept back he was always  
gone,  
And the nest and the eggs were as cold as stone.

But Nemesis comes surely if never fast,  
And our Gobbler was brought to grief at last,  
When Aunt Peggy's burning wrath was hurled  
On this work of reform in the chicken world.  
Sternly she vowed herself "bound to fix  
That meddling turkey, and cure his tricks!  
That he should hatch out, by hook or by crook,  
The very next brood that he undertook!"

So said so done; for that very day  
He drove off old Dorking the usual way  
From the nest she had set on two weeks and  
more,  
Well hidden just back of the tool-house door;  
Then, tiring soon, would have sallied out,  
But he found Aunt Peggy waiting without!  
Close by the door she had taken her stand,  
A paddle she wielded with strong right hand;  
Again to the nest, with resounding thwack,  
She chased the astonished reformer back;

And again and again, in the self-same way,  
 She taught him that there he was bound to stay.  
 Vainly, peering with outstretched head,  
 He crept from the tool-house with stealthy tread;  
 The vigilant watcher was there before him,  
 The terrible paddle was flourished o'er him,  
 And its very sight made him judge it best  
 To scuttle hastily back to the nest,

The stars pass over,—the sunset's glow;  
 How on dancing boughs and on waving grass  
 The sunbeams and shadows would come and pass.  
 The proud hens cackled, the pigeons flew,  
 The summer breezes fitfully blew,  
 Ripe mulberries dropped from the low-hung limb,  
 All things in nature tempted him,



"BUT THE PROUDEST AND GRANDEST OF ALL THE FLOCK  
 WAS GOBBLE, OUR GORGEOUS TURKEY-COCK."

Conning the lesson severe and surprising,  
 That doing is harder than criticising.

So there, at morn, and night, and noon,  
 Poor Gobble sat through that week in June,  
 Till Dorking's appointed time had run,  
 Till the chicks hatched out and his task was done.

He saw, through the tool-house window low,

So, sadly sitting in doleful thought,  
 A change in old Gobble's zeal was wrought,  
 And he learned, as a lesson strange but true,  
 There was something in setting he never knew.

With rumpled feathers and drooping crest  
 He came at last from that hated nest;  
 No more a teacher longing to be,—  
 A sadder and wiser fowl was he.



## POSTAGE-STAMP COLLECTING.



ABOUT ten years ago, when the passion for collecting postage-stamps had just begun, all that was known of them could be told in a few pages of **ST. NICHOLAS**. But at the present day, postage-stamp collecting, in many parts of this country and Europe, has so increased, that a name—"Philately"—has been given to the pursuit, and much attention has been paid to it in various ways. In some of our cities there are shops where nothing

Indian stamps we learn something of the peculiar characteristics of these islands; while in the stamps of our own country, in common with others issuing from other quarters of the globe, we have national portrait galleries.

While postage-stamps are being collected, or when they are put into their albums, they are examined and studied. The map is consulted to find the location of the country issuing them. The history is opened to find whose portraits are figured on them. The cyclopaedia is brought out to get some idea of their value. Some learned friend is questioned to find the meaning of the peculiar



New South Wales, 1850.



Orange Free States, 1868.



Paraguay, 1870.



Virgin Islands, 1868.



Turkey, 1862.



Western Australia, 1872.



Cashmere, 1867.



British Guiana, 1850.



Naples, 1858.



Egypt, 1867.

## SOME NOTABLE POSTAGE-STAMPS.

but foreign postage-stamps are sold, and in Paris there is a regular postage-stamp exchange on the Champs Elysées.

The collecting of postage-stamps is not always such a frivolous pastime or occupation as many people imagine.

These little bits of colored paper, ornamented with portraits, or coats-of-arms, or peculiar devices, have a great deal of information in them. They tell of the rise and fall of princes; of the history of republics; of the manners and customs of the people; of the peculiar characteristics of the country. The French and Spanish stamps are epitomes of the histories of their respective countries; the English colonial stamps are a geography in themselves; the South American stamps present a fine display of mottoes and devices; from the West

inscriptions or legends. And, little by little, this research goes on until the collector often finds himself, in a manner, getting hints of almost everything of interest going on in the world. If Russia and Turkey are quarreling over Montenegro, he can discuss the cause of the troubles. He found it out when examining the Montenegrin stamps in his album. When a young boy is placed on the throne of Spain, and the collector's attention is called to this country, stamps show him the many changes in that unfortunate country; and Amadeus, and Don Carlos, and Isabella, and the proud and haughty nation which unveiled a new continent, pass before him as a panorama. The Centennial is spoken of; our young collector takes out his album, and sees Franklin with his kite, Washington at Yorktown, Perry on the Lakes, Jefferson

and Louisiana, Jackson behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, Scott on the plains of Mexico, and Lincoln with his emancipation proclamation.

In stamp-collecting the judgment is sharpened in endeavoring to detect the good stamps and to discard the counterfeit; the eye is drilled to appreciate the harmony and contrast of colors, in the proper arrangement of the stamps; patience is acquired and taste cultivated in the efforts to produce fine effects; and cases are known of foreign languages being studied simply to enable the collector to decipher the legends and inscriptions on the stamps. A pursuit which is productive of so much good should not be decried as a mere childish pastime.

The introduction of the postal system, as it at present exists in all countries on the globe, has been credited to England, when, in 1840, covers and envelopes were devised to carry letters all over the kingdom at one penny the single rate. This plan was adopted through the exertions of Sir Rowland Hill, who has been aptly termed the "father of postage-stamps." It now appears, however, that there is another aspirant for the introduction of the stamp system. In Italy, as far back as 1818, letter sheets were prepared, duly stamped in the left lower corner, while letters were delivered by specially appointed carriers, on the prepayment of the money which the stamp represented. The early stamp represented a courier on horseback, and was of three values. It was discontinued in 1836. Whether Italy or Great Britain first introduced postage-stamps, other countries afterward began to avail themselves of this method for the prepayment of letters, although they did not move very promptly in the matter.

Great Britain enjoyed the monopoly of stamps for three years, and, though the first stamps were issued in 1840, she has made fewer changes in her stamps than any other country, and has suffered no change at all in the main design—the portrait of Queen Victoria. In other countries, notably in our own, the Sandwich Islands, and the Argentine Republic, the honor of portraiture on the stamps is usually distributed among various high public officers; but in Great Britain the Queen alone figures on her stamps, and not even the changes that thirty-five years have made in her face are shown on the national and colonial postage-stamps.

The next country to follow the example of England was Brazil. In 1842 a series of three stamps was issued, consisting simply of large numerals denoting the value, and all printed in black. Then came the cantons in Switzerland, and Finland, with envelopes which to-day are very rare, and soon after them, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Hanover, New

South Wales, Tuscany, Austria, British Guiana, Prussia, Saxony, Schleswig Holstein, Spain, Denmark, Italy, Oldenburg, Trinidad, Wurtemberg, and the United States. Other countries followed in the train, until, at the present moment, there is scarcely any portion of the globe, inhabited by civilized people, which has not postage-stamps.

In looking at a collection, one is struck with the variety and peculiarities of the designs. You would not suppose that Cashmere, noted for the beautiful designs of its shawls, could ever sanction such a stamp as the one shown on the preceding page. And it would puzzle a hieroglyphist to decipher the queer device unless he stretched his imagination to see some resemblance between it and the Cashmere goat. These stamps are printed from ivory blocks, which accounts for their daubed appearance, the figure in the cut being decidedly superior to the stamps themselves. The stamps for the Virgin Islands are very significant. The first that appeared represented a virgin holding in her hand a lamp, and surrounded by eleven lamps. Collectors at once put their heads together, and agreed that Columbus, who discovered these islands, having regard to their number, named them in commemoration of the celebrated eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. The truth is, however, that Columbus discovered these islands on the Virgin's day, and accordingly named them after the Virgin Mary, and that the twelve lamps represent the twelve primitive Christian charities. The Virgin Isles are a group of small rocky islands north of the Caribbees.

We know of a postage-stamp issued in the Isle of Reunion (formerly the Isle of Bourbon), in the Indian Ocean, which, originally worth a few cents, cannot now be bought for one hundred dollars, although this is by no means the highest price which has been paid for a postage-stamp.

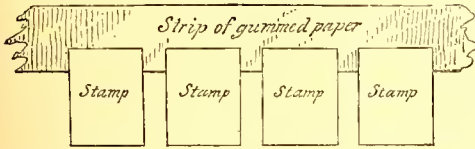
The British Guiana stamp, represented in our cut, though ugly enough, is one of the rarest stamps known. Perhaps there is not a complete set in any one collection.

We might proceed in this way, describing the peculiarities of postage-stamps, the reasons for the numerous devices and changes, and find a pleasure in the recital; but the young collector must have something left for his own industry, and it is better, therefore, to leave this part of the subject, and say something about the proper way of keeping the stamps.

It is a disputed question whether prepared albums should be used or not. Although there may be a certain measure of usefulness in them, they leave no room for the exercise of individual taste. That the prepared album should be entirely discarded is the opinion of nine out of every ten collectors, and

our advice would be, therefore, to use books made of heavy paper, with perfectly blank pages. On these the stamps may be arranged to suit the collectors' fancy.

The principle of mounting the stamps now adopted by amateurs is that known as hingeing. Several methods have been advocated, but the one we name is superior to all others in convenience and adaptation to the purpose. First, then, as to the paper used for the hinges. There is a kind of fine, foreign letter paper, strong, thin, and almost transparent, called by stationers "onion-skin," which answers the best. Sheets of this should be washed on one side only with a weak solution of pure gum arabic, just thick enough to flow easily, and to not crack when dried. The sheets, when dry, must be cut into strips of about one-half inch in width. The stamps, having been freed from all adhering paper, should be placed side by side on the strip, one edge of which has been previously moistened to the depth of one-eighth inch, as illustrated in the following figure :



Then, with a pair of scissors, separate the stamps,

and trim the adhering portion of the strip, when it should look like the following :



Fold the strip backward upon itself, and by the application of a little water from a camel's-hair brush, the stamp is ready to be placed in position. The great advantage of this plan lies in the fact that a stamp once mounted can be easily removed from the page without injury to stamp or page, by moistening the hinge, the paper being so thin that a slight touch of water will loosen the hinge from the page.

A word or two on the subject of counterfeits may not be amiss. Stamp-dealing is quite a lucrative pursuit, and the profits are certainly large enough to induce the dealer to sell only genuine stamps ; it is a sad fact, however, that many persons counterfeit nearly every rare stamp, and palm off their cheat upon the young collector, and even upon the experienced amateur, as a valuable original.

Young collectors should be careful to collect none but genuine postage-stamps, and to have no dealings except with respectable and honest persons.

## TRIP AND TOM.

BY J. B. L.

'LET'S do it," said Trip.

"Let's," said Tom ; and two little white figures popped out of bed.

What could they be up to ? Not ten minutes before, they had repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," and received mamma's good-night kisses. Yet now here they were, drawing on stockings and shoes, aprons and coats, and acting decidedly as if "to sleep" was the last thing they had lain down to do.

The "Swiss Family Robinson" was at the bottom of the mischief. Eight-year-old Miss Trip had just devoured that story of delightful advent-

ure, and six-year-old Tom had listened admiringly to her narrations and entered heartily into her plans.

An early and secret leaving of the paternal roof, in search of personal adventure, was the project with which Trip's busy brain had teemed all day. To accomplish this more successfully, they had decided to re-dress.

When mamma looked in upon them before retiring, instead of two white-robed children, there was Tom in his top-boots, trousers, and coat ; Trip with her dress half-buttoned, her shoes on the wrong feet, her apron fastened at the top ; and

over all, tightly clutched in four little hands, was the bed-spread, drawn up to hide from mamma's prying eyes anything curious below. Mamma understood at a glance.

"Let 'em go," said papa, in answer to a "what shall I do?" "They wont go far, and they'll find out for themselves how much fun there is in it."

So two uncomfortably dressed children tossed and tumbled all night.

"I've wondered all day what Trip was up to," said mamma.

"She's been making preparations, I guess. We shall find her provisions hidden away somewhere."

A little search brought to light, under the bed, the family valise and market basket. In the valise were a pillow, a blanket, a knife, two forks, one plate, a teacup, a coffee-pot that had suffered the loss of a nose, a syrup pitcher, a spoon, Trip's work-box, "Mother Goose's Melodies," an old jacket, two dolls, two aprons, and a neck-ribbon. In the basket were some cold corn-bread, a tiny bag of flour, some salt, a huge paper of saleratus, a parcel of sugar, two beets, a turnip, a dozen raw potatoes, and a slice of uncooked ham.

On the floor lay Tom's agricultural implements and weapons of war,—his spring-gun, his glittering sword of tin, a tiny hoe, a hatchet with a split clothes-pin for a handle, and a four-bladed jack-knife (that is, one that had long ago been four-bladed, but, as far back as Tom's memory went, one very rusty, very jagged, and very short blade was all it could boast).

The early dawn found Trip and Tom astir.

"It's dark," said Tom.

"Oh, come on!" said Trip.

"It's all smoky," said Tom, looking dubiously out into the dull gray of the early morning.

"Oh, Tom Nelson! If I would n't be ashamed to back out! Come! You take the basket, and I'll carry the bag," said Trip.

Clatter, clatter, bump, bump, and Trip and Tom, basket and bag, were down-stairs, through the hall, out of doors.

Mamma cautiously peeped from her window and saw two wretched little figures, in the mist of an uncomfortable, drizzling morning, starting out toward the great elm in the back-yard.

Trip staggered along under the weight of her valise, dragging an umbrella behind her; while Tom brought up the rear, his gun slung over his

shoulder, his sword dangling from a clothes-line belt, his hoe and hatchet carried *à la* tomahawk, and his precious knife in the deepest recess of his deepest pocket.

Mamma Nelson dressed herself and two-year-old Katie, who had not been taken into the conspiracy on account of her inexperience and extreme youth, and went down-stairs to be ready for developments.

"Rap, rap!" at the door.

"Mum," said a small voice, making desperate attempts to speak *large*, "can you lend me a few kindlings this morning?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said mamma, briskly. "Very happy to accommodate you. You are moving, I see!"

"Shipwrecked," said Tom in a deep bass, glanc-



ON THE DESERT ISLAND.

ing at the griddle-cake preparations for breakfast, as if famine were added to the ordinary horrors of shipwreck.

"An unpleasant morning for your furniture to be exposed," said sympathetic mamma.

"Goin' to build a house," said Tom, disappearing with his kindlings.

"Rap, rap!"

"I would like to retain a few matches, if you please, ma'am," said the smooth voice of Trip, whose curious mixing of the Queen's English was

the family joke. "My stove don't draw well, and I can't exceed in starting a fire."

"I suppose you lost your flint and steel in the wreck, and a sun-glass is a failure such a cloudy morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Trip, glancing at the griddle-cakes.

Mamma slyly helped little Katie to an extra nice-looking one, just as two hungry-looking black eyes gave their last backward glance.

Trip put some more kindlings into or under her primitive stove, which certainly bore much more resemblance to the fire-places our great-grandmothers loved than to the cooking-stove in her mother's kitchen.

Tom looked solemnly into the battered tin pail, in which six grimy potatoes were supposed to be cooking.

"It's a nasty old thing!" said Tom, crossly. "They wont never cook 'n the world."

"Well, we can eat our brown bread if they don't, and put lots of sugar on it, too," said Trip, philosophically, her eight-year-old pride rebelling against giving up her pet plan.

So the children spread their umbrella, and sat down to wait for breakfast.

"Oh, Tommy! see these dear little inident birds!" said Trip, vainly endeavoring to cheer the drooping spirits of her fellow-adventurer. "Aint they pretty?"

"No, they aint," said Tom, snappishly. "Their backs are all humped up, and they can't walk,—they just hop, hop!"

"Let's tell stories," said Trip, beginning without waiting for Tom's assent: "Once there was a beautiful princess, and she lived in a beautiful palace, and a wicked witch did n't like it, and she put some dreadful stuff into the water that the min'ster sprinkled on her, and she could n't walk on the ground, but they had to fly her, just like a kite."

"Oh, what a stor-ee, Trip Nelson! Now I shall tell mamma!" said Tom, with virtuous indignation.

"No you wont, either! 'T aint a story. Mamma's book said so!" said Trip, whose good-nature, like many an older housekeeper's, was not quite proof against the combined misfortunes of domestic experience and the growling masculine element in the domestic atmosphere.

"My feet are all wetted, and my froat's sore," said Tom, beginning to whimper, "and I want some griddle-cakes, too."

"Well, Tommy," said Trip, "don't you ery. We'll play there's a ship in sight, coming to take us off, and then we'll run home, and s'prise mamma, and get some breakfast, too. I'll shake my apron, to make 'em see us, and you scream 'Ship ahoy!' just as loud as you can."

But, alas! what solitary, uninhabited corner of the globe ever was free from some dangerous monster? Lions prowled around, tigers spring upon their unwary prey, and terrible cannibals silently approach.

So just behind our little adventurers stood a threatening foe. Old Billy, the neighbor's goat, had passed some minutes in quiet examination of that strange object under the elm.

All of a sudden—rush, whang!—and two frightened children were tumbled over on their faces, while poor Billy and the umbrella had it all to themselves.

Tom screamed lustily, according to the programme, and Trip stopped signaling and joined in the screaming. In a moment, mamma hove in view, bearing down gallantly to the rescue of the distressed family.

Soon after, two little children, with dry shoes and stockings, very happy faces, and very empty stomachs, might have been seen stowing away a sufficient quantity of provision, in the form of smoking and well-buttered griddle-cakes, to last through any ordinary experience of shipwreck and famine.

Here is Tom's letter to his dear friend Winchester Hardy, telling what he thought about his recent dangerous experience:

DeeR Win. TRIP  
AND mee @IT Reekt THE  
TATOSDIDNT KOOK SOFF  
WEE WAS SUMHUN@RI  
A BEEST KAM  
WEE WAS RESKUDE

TOM NELSON  
AS WEE DIDNT TRULY  
HE WAS A GOTE  
TAINT MUCH FUNN  
YUDE BeTeR NoTT  
Doo Soe.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

## A NEW VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS!

Now this very morning I heard the pretty schoolmistress speak of thunder as a "volume of sound," and a few moments afterward she remarked that the new volume of ST. NICHOLAS would be, in many ways, the most fascinating and wonderful that had yet been issued. So, my children, if a volume of sound is thunder, you may well imagine that a third volume of ST. NICHOLAS will be something tremendous. How is your Jack to make himself heard in all the delightful commotion, I wonder?

That reminds me: Am I a real Jack-in-the-Pulpit? you have asked—a true plant, growing and preaching out in the sunshine? Well, perhaps no. Perhaps yes. This much is certain: I *do* live in the sunshine; I *do* try to grow; and I *do* love to talk to the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS—to open their eyes and their minds by pointing out all sorts of queer truths here, there, and yonder—and to put into their hearts grateful, loving thoughts toward the Giver of all good.

So, my darlings, if you're satisfied with this explanation, I am. Now we'll talk about

## PROLONGING LIFE.

"It can't be done," said Deacon Green, in Jack's hearing, one morning. "There is n't a man living, doctor or no doctor, who can prolong his life for a single day. The most that can be done is not to shorten it! Let 'em look out not to do that, sir! Let every man, woman and child take care not to do anything to shorten life, and their days will lengthen out, in God's good providence—hearty, happy days, and just as many of 'em as is right and possible."

Deacon Green always hits the nail on the head, I'm told,—though, never having seen him when

he's hammering, I can't speak from any positive knowledge. But he's a right, smart good man, I'm sure, and knows what he's talking about. He is a new-comer in my neighborhood, and he lives in the red cottage across the road from the school-house, a little toward the west. If I hear him say anything more, I'll let you know.

## JACK MAKES AN OFFER.

Now, my chicks, I warn you that I'm about to tell you an absurd story—"just for larks," some of you would say; but I don't say it, for I have n't the slightest idea of amusing the larks at this moment. Now listen sharply:

"One day a brown thrush was resting on top of a post-and-rail fence, enjoying the cool morning air. Pretty soon a crow came hopping along the same fence, and the thrush quickly flew away. A beautiful pigeon, that was calmly hopping about in a neighboring door-yard, picking up crumbs, did not see the crow, or he, too, would have hastened to take his departure.

"Not so with a busy little sparrow in a maple tree on the other side of the field. He, too, saw the crow, but not being in the least afraid, he soon sought the cool grass at the maple's roots, and walked about as unconcerned as possible. Soon he was joined by a fine young robin, and, strange to say, the crow, after eying them curiously for a moment as they walked about together, soared into the air and was seen no more."

A simple story enough, is n't it? And yet there are four mistakes of fact in it—mistakes which almost any really observing boy or girl should be able to detect at once. What are they? No grammarians or spelling-matches need apply. This, as I have said, is simply a question of fact. The first boy or girl who writes me a letter (in care of Editor of ST. NICHOLAS), correctly pointing out my four mistakes, shall have a book—yes, the pretty schoolma'am shall send that clever chick a book as wise and pretty as herself!

## THE AUTHOR OF 'ALICE IN WONDERLAND.'

Two little girls sat in my meadow the other day, reading "Alice in Wonderland." And how they laughed! It must be a very funny book, thought I, and its author must be a jolly, rollicksome sort of fellow. One of the little girls had just told the other that he was an Englishman who had been called Lewis Carroll, but that nobody knew his real name. Now, as I'd seen Englishmen before, I could see this one in my mind's eye very clearly. Yes, there he stood, plain as day (though he was n't there at all, you understand), a great, florid, jolly, portly Englishman, with plaid trousers, and red side-whiskers—Mr. Anonymous Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland."

But dear, dear! how mistaken one can be! In less than ten minutes, and while the little girls still sat reading and laughing, the pretty schoolma'am came along. Both children jumped up cagerly—

She had once visited England. Had she ever seen the author of "Alice in Wonderland"? they asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Oh, do, do tell us all about him!" cried the little girls in a breath.

"I can't quite do that," said the pretty school-ma'am, laughing, "but I can tell you a little. His name is Dodgson—Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson. He is a youngish-looking man, with a very pleasant, earnest face, and a kind, gentle voice. He is rather small and thin, and so shy and modest that if his own Alice had met him in Wonderland, she would have said, in her simple way: 'Oh, don't stay here, sir; everything and everybody are so very strange that you'll be quite uncomfortable. You won't understand them at all, sir, I'm sure you won't.'"

#### EARLY BIRDS.

THERE'S an early morning song, I'm told, that belongs especially to cities and factory-towns. It is not a bird song exactly, but it is high and shrill and early birds with tools and aprons and kettles gather at its call. They are not yellow birds, nor blue birds, these early ones,—they have grimy faces and hard hands,—but they are strong and cheery, knowing well enough that fine feathers don't always make fine birds.

Have ever you heard this morning song? And do you not honor the early birds who flock at its call, and do so much of the world's work?

#### LIVE POTATO-BUGS WASHED IN BY THE SEA.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Let me tell you of a wonderful thing. Yesterday some ladies and gentlemen went to Rockaway, on the shores of Long Island. They took me with them, because one of the ladies was my aunt.

We enjoyed it very much. It was great fun to see the big waves come rolling up the beach, but the most astonishing thing was to see great quantities of potato-bugs all in a broad line along the beach, just as they had been washed in by the sea. They were alive, and as we took up great handfuls of them, we had very good evidence of the fact, though potato-bugs are not as lively as crickets. One of the gentlemen of our party is called an agriculturist, and he cultivates a large farm. He said they certainly were potato-bugs. I can't tell you how many thousands of them we saw. I picked some up myself from the top of the water. The agriculturist said he had read many accounts of dead potato-bugs lately being found on the sea-shore; but these were alive. Water did n't even seem to wet them.

Now, dear Mr. Jack, I'd like to know if any other of your boys have seen a sight just like this.—Your affectionate friend,  
Newark, August 25th, 1875. HIRAM G.—

#### FORBIDDEN LEAVES.

A KIND, good soul, who evidently has your interest at heart, sends a letter, my chicks, which she begs me to give you, so here it is. You should have seen it earlier, but as this number of ST. NICHOLAS will appear about the 20th of October, many of you may yet profit by its good advice:

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Every year I hear of somebody who is dreadfully poisoned while gathering the beautiful Autumn leaves. Let me tell you, then, how to avoid this danger. You may gather the long, pointed, serrate (or saw-edged) leaves of the sumach that has velvety-hairy stalks, and great bunches of purple-black berries sour to the taste. The berries are used by country people sometimes for making a dye for woolen cloth or yarn. The leaves of this sumach are very handsome, and it is perfectly harmless.

But you must not touch or go near (since its very effluvia is dan-

gerous) the poison sumach, or dogwood, though its leaves are far more brilliant in scarlet and yellow than those of the harmless kind that they so closely resemble. You may know it by its loose clusters of yellowish-white fruit. It generally grows in swampy grounds, while the harmless sumach is often found on rich hill-sides. It is a pity that the poison sumach should ever have been called dogwood, since the real dogwood, which is a high tree with very large and showy white blossoms in Spring, and with lovely purple leaves in Autumn, is perfectly harmless.

You may gather the crimson five-cleft leaves of the Virginian creeper, or American ivy, that has small blackish berries, and that climbs by fixing the ends of its tendrils like little suckers to its supports; but beware of the poison ivy, that has three leaflets, and that climbs by loose, thread-like rootlets. It is very beautiful, but very poisonous. You may know it by some one of its several other names: poison elder, poison oak, or mercury vine. The latter name is applied to several other poisonous vines, in various parts of the United States. Let them all alone.

The beautiful Autumnal woods are offering you such variety in form, color, and shade, that you need not gather leaves of these two forbidden sorts.

M. B. C. SLADE.

#### BLUE JAYS TAKING PILLS.

JACK has received a letter from an old lady in South Carolina, in which she tells a *true* story for the benefit of my boys and girls. She says that she had been making some "home-made pills," and after they were all nicely shaped she put them out on the window-sill to dry. Pretty soon some blue jays came along, and not having anything better to do they swallowed every pill. The old lady went to the window just in time to see the last dose disappear, and so, as she says, she just had to make the best of it. Watching the jays, and wondering what effect the pills would have upon them, she saw them tumble about in a sort of enfeebled state, and finally hide themselves away as best they could. In the morning they were found dead in her garden. The old lady felt very sorry for them, but she says she "could n't help thinking that perhaps it was all for the best, as the pills contained opium, and may be there was something wrong about them."

Jack thinks so too. There *is* apt to be something wrong about home-made things that contain opium. Better, however, to lose a few blue jays than to have a nice old lady killed in that way.

#### HOW CERTAIN WOODPECKERS PACK THEIR TRUNKS.

Northford, Ventura Co., California.

DEAR JACK: Do you realize how many little persons in all parts of the country eagerly read your sermons of life and nature? Have any of your messengers ever told you how the thrifty woodpecker of California stores away his food? His favorite diet seems to be acorns. He selects his tree, I think preferring a redwood or white-oak; then bores or pecks the bark full of holes of the size of the acorn. When his harvest is ready, he immediately brings an acorn and tries until he finds a place where it will fit in nicely (if not put in tightly it would drop out), inserts the smaller end, then pounds it in with his bill. It is interesting to watch him. His little red cap bobs to and fro until his store is safely packed.

We have a very large white-oak in our yard, which is inhabited by a colony I should think. The body or trunk and every large limb are perforated with these holes, the most of which are now full.

Yours, with good wishes,

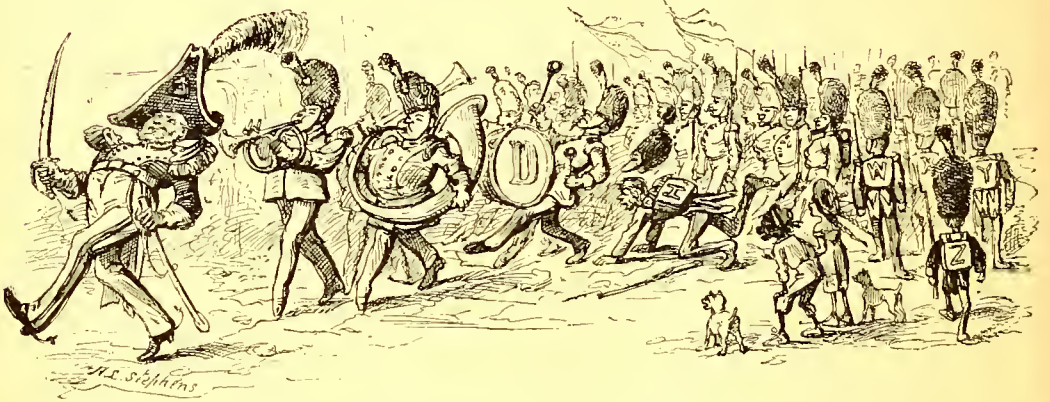
JENNIE LANNER.

#### SHIP AHOY!

NEXT month, I'm told, ST. NICHOLAS is to have a high-popolorum, full-rigged, double-decker of some sort by the Little School-mistress herself. And there's sharp work expected from you, my youngsters! There's a prize, too. Deacon Green has a hand in it, I have n't the slightest shadow of a doubt.

## AN ALPHABET FROM ENGLAND.

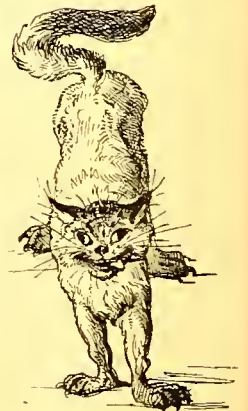
BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



**A** is the Alphabet, A at its head ;  
**A** is an Antelope, agile to run.

**B** is the Baker Boy bringing the bread,  
 Or black Bear and brown Bear, both begging for bun.

**C** is a Cornflower come with the corn ;  
**C** is a Cat with a comical look.



THE COMICAL CAT.

**D** is a dinner which Dahlias adorn ;  
**D** is a Duchess who dines with a  
 Duke.

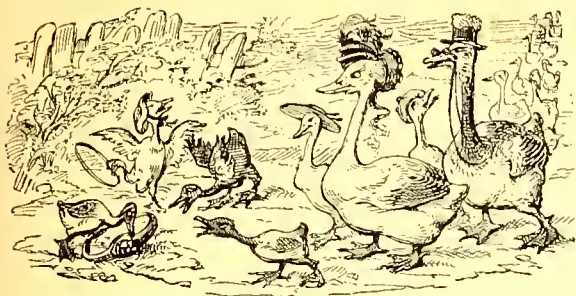
**E** is an elegant, eloquent Earl ;  
**E** is an Egg whence an Eaglet emerges.

**F** is a Falcon, with feathers to furl ;  
**F** is a Fountain of full foaming surges.



THE ELOQUENT EARL.





THE GANDER, THE GOSLING, THE GOOSE.

**G** is the Gander, the Gosling,  
the Goose ;

**G** is a Garnet in girdle of  
gold.

**H** is a Heartsease, harmonious of hues ;

**H** is a huge Hammer, heavy to hold.

**I** is an Idler who idles on ice ;

**I** am I—who will say I am not I ?

**J** is a Jacinth, a jewel of price ;

**J** is a Jay, full of joy in July.

**K** is a King, or a Kaiser still  
higher ;

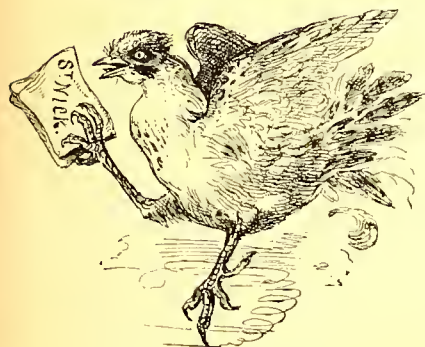
**K** is a Kitten, or quaint Kang-  
aroo.



A HAMMER HEAVY TO HOLD.

**L** is a Lute or a lovely-toned Lyre ;

**L** is a Lily all laden with dew.

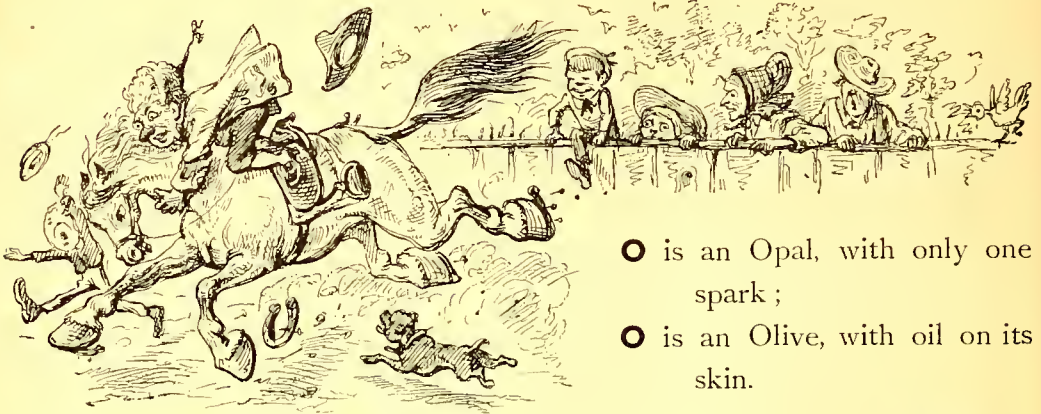


A JAY FULL OF JOY IN JULY.

**M** is a Meadow where Meadow-sweet  
blows ;

**M** is a Mountain made dim by a mist.

**N** is a nut—in a nutshell it grows ;  
Or a Nest full of Nightingales singing  
—oh, list !



A PONY, A PET IN THE PARK.

**P** is a Pony, a pet in a park ;  
**P** is the Point of a Pen or a Pin.

**Q** is a Quail, quick chirping at morn ;  
**Q** is a Quince quite ripe and near dropping.



A RED-BREASTED ROBIN.

**R** is a Rose, rosy red on a thorn ;  
**R** is a red-breasted Robin come hopping.

**S** is a Snow-storm that sweeps o'er the Sea ;  
**S** is the Song that the swift Swallows sing.

**T** is the Tea-table set out for tea ;  
**T** is a Tiger with terrible spring.

**U**, the Umbrella, went up in a shower ;  
 Or Unit is useful with ten to unite.



THE UMBRELLA.



POLICEMAN X EXERCISED.

**V** is a Violet veined in the flower ;

**V** is a Viper of venomous bite.

**W** stands for the water-bred Whale ;

Stands for the wonderful Wax-work so gay.

**X**, or X X, or X X X is ale,

Or Policeman X, exercised day after day.

**Y** is a yellow Yacht, yellow its boat ;

**Y** is the Yucca, the Yam, or the Yew.

**Z** is a Zebra, zigzagged his coat,

Or Zebu, or Zoöphyte, seen at the Zoo.



"SEEN AT THE ZOO."

## THE LETTER-BOX.

LIBRARIAN.—“The Pretty School-mistress,” to whom we referred your letter, writes in reply:

There is good authority for Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit's remark that Leonardo da Vinci invented the wheelbarrow. I found the same statement in an Italian Life of this great painter, published in Milan in 1872, the author of which had the privilege of examining Leonardo's own manuscripts. Also, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article on the “Lives” of this painter, after naming many useful things invented by Leonardo da Vinci, designs for and descriptions of which are found among his still existing manuscripts, adds—“And finally, last but not least, among the many things moved by wheel, the common wheelbarrow.”

To be sure, the honor of this invention has been claimed for others. Some authorities give it to a certain Sieur Dupin, in 1669; others claim it for Pascal, somewhere in the middle of the same century; and a surprising statement is to be found in the “*Dictionnaire de Mobilier*.” In this work Viollet-le-Duc gives a *fac-simile*, as “Librarian” truly says, of a picture taken from a manuscript of the end of the thirteenth century, representing an odd-looking man wheeling what appears to be the bust of a king in a wheelbarrow!

The only way in which we can explain this matter, without directly doubting the evidence of Leonardo himself, is by supposing that in the old days, before telegraphs and rapid transits of any kind were known, a wheelbarrow, or any other needed thing, may have been invented and used in one place for even a century before it was heard of three hundred miles away. So there may have been half-a-dozen worthy and honest inventors of this useful implement; in fact, it would hardly surprise me to find the wheelbarrow trundled back through the ages 'til it reached the workshop of the earliest inventor known to men—the “cunning worker,” Tubal Cain.

THIS beautiful poem, written by Mrs. Drowning as a tribute to Hans Christian Andersen, cannot fail to interest all lovers of the noble old poet, and is therefore republished here. It has also another claim upon us, that it is the last poem written by the great poetess:

## THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

## I.

“Now give us lands where olives grow,”  
Cried the North to the South,  
“Where the sun with a golden mouth can blow  
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!”  
Cried the North to the South.

“Now give us men from the sunless plain,”  
Cried the South to the North,  
“By need of work in the snow and the rain  
Made strong, and brave by familiar pain!”  
Cried the South to the North.

## II.

“Give lucid hills and intenser seas,”  
Said the North to the South,  
“Since ever by symbols and bright degrees,  
Art, child-like, climbs to the dear Lord's knees!”  
Said the North to the South.

“Give strenuous souls for belief and prayer,”  
Said the South to the North,  
“That stand in the dark on the lowest stair,  
While affirming of God, ‘He is certainly there!’”  
Said the South to the North.

## III.

“Yet, oh, for the skies that are softer and higher!”  
Sighed the North to the South,  
“For the flowers that blaze, and the trees that aspire,  
And the insects made of a song or a fire!”  
Sighed the North to the South.

“And, oh, for a seer to discern the same!”  
Sighed the South to the North,  
“For a poet's tongue of baptismal flame,  
To call the tree and the flower by its name!”  
Sighed the South to the North.

## IV.

The North sent, therefore, a man of men  
As a grace to the South;  
And thus to Rome came Andersen,—  
“Alas, but must you take him again?”  
Said the South to the North.

NEXT month we shall publish in the “Riddle-box” a beautiful and original prize-puzzle. The prize will be something that our boys and girls will consider splendid, and we may print a picture of it. Full announcements will be made in our next number.

THE following answers have been received to the question in the September number regarding the course of a ship from New York to Liverpool:

Lansingburgh, N. Y., August 30th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister sends the answer to—Why does a ship crossing the Atlantic, and sailing in a straight line from New York to Liverpool, sail a hundred miles further than a ship sailing from New York to Liverpool on a curved line up toward the north? Because you cannot go direct, as you have to go around Ireland; therefore it would be nearer to go on a curved line than on a straight line.

LAURA S. BENEDICT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A ship sailing from New York to Liverpool in a straight line would sail farther than in a line curving toward the north, because the arc of a great circle between two points is greater than the arc of a small circle between the same points.

DARLIN L. AMES.

Parkersburg, W. Va., August 31st, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: James S., in the September number of ST. NICHOLAS, wishes to know why Baltimore was so named, and if there be any city of the same name in the Old World? I do not know of any Baltimore in the Old World. About 1624, Sir George Calvert, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whose title was Lord Baltimore, wishing to provide an asylum for the Catholics then persecuted in England, asked for a grant of land in America upon which to establish a colony. Charles I., the king, readily agreed to grant his request; but before the papers received the royal seal, Calvert died. The charter was then issued to his son Cecil, who, by the death of his father, succeeded to the title of Lord Baltimore. The first immigrants came over in 1634, and commenced founding cities, one of which was called Baltimore, after Lord Baltimore.—Yours respectfully,

HATTIE A. WELLES.

We have also received answers to Jamie's questions from Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., “J. J.,” J. C. Beardsley, “Namlig,” and “Comus,” all of whom agree with Hattie as to the origin of the name. But the second question must have been a hard one, for almost all the answers to it are incorrect. Mabel Hoskins, Mark W. C., and J. C. Beardsley assert that there is no Baltimore in the Old World, while “Comus” adds, “unless it be a small village.” But that is just what it is,—a small seaport village in the south of Ireland. The American city of Baltimore certainly received its name in the manner described by Hattie, but the title of the peerage held by Sir George Calvert may have been derived from the name of this little Irish town.

HERE is a story by a very little girl:

MAGOR.

Magor was a large dog. He had a kind little master, so Magor was ever well off. He knew Merry every since he was a puppy. One day Merry and he were at play near the pond. Merry had quite forgotten what mama had told him not to go near the pond. Magor thought it would be nice to have a swim; in he went. The little boy thought Magor was going to get very damp and cold. He was standing on the very edge of the pond, saying “Come back.” He put out one fat hand. He gave a little cry—a splash. Merry had fallen. He had rose first time when Magor caught him. Carried him home to mama. What do you think she did? Why, she took Merry, did him up in blankets, put him in her own soft bed, and kissed his pale face many times. It was one week before Merry was himself again. Six times Magor saved the little boy's life. Do you not think Magor ought to be loved for what he did?—MAMIE L. L.

HERE is something for young mathematicians and logicians:

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me herewith to send you the following arithmetical puzzle, communicated to me by my father, and said to have originated with Moses Mendelssohn:

*Question.*—How can you prove that there must be in the world at least two trees of the same number of leaves?

*Solution.*—It is certain that the number of trees in the world exceed

the greatest number of leaves on any one tree. Call the greatest number of leaves  $x$ , and the number of trees  $x$  plus  $y$ , and suppose all the trees have different numbers from  $1$  to  $x$ . Then, the tree  $x$  plus  $1$  must have a number of leaves ranging between  $1$  and  $x$ , for  $x$  is the greatest number of leaves on a tree. Therefore it must equal in the number of leaves one of the trees between  $1$  and  $x$ , and therefore there are two trees in the world which have the same number of leaves.

To make it plainer, let the greatest number of leaves on any one tree be 1,000,000, and the greatest number of trees 1,000,001; and suppose all the trees have different number of leaves—the first having one leaf, the second two, the third three, &c.; and as no one tree can have more than 1,000,000 leaves, therefore the first tree over one million must have an equal number of leaves with one tree between 1 and 1,000,000, because it cannot have more than 1,000,000, and as all the number of leaves between 1 and 1,000,000 have been given away, one of these numbers must be repeated. Therefore there are at least two trees in the world which have an equal number of leaves.—Respectfully yours,  
MORRIS JASTROW.

It is not often that the boys receive such a decidedly practical question as is put to them this month by Bruce F. Johnson. He asks "if any boy can tell him the length of railroad in the United States, in America, in Great Britain, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa." He even includes Australia also, and closes with a request for "the total length of all the railroads in the world!"

We will answer the last question ourselves. At the close of 1874 there were, in the whole world, 172,930 miles of railroad, on which 56,700 locomotives were employed to draw 103,700 passenger cars and 1,356,600 freight cars.

San Francisco, August 18.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in California. I am nine years old. I live on Dolores Street. I think it is called so because there is an old Mission church on it, with graves round it—some of them more than a hundred years old. The church is a queer-looking old thing. It is made of adobe.

I have thought of joining the Bird-defenders, but I cannot get my cat to join with me. I have a little parakeet, too. My cat is afraid to kill my parakeet, because it squeaks so; but if it can get hold of a little chicken, it will kill it in a minute. What would you do with such a cat?  
GODFREY BIRDSALL.

You had better join yourself, Godfrey, and, after awhile, you may be able to reform your cat.

EFFIE VANVOLKENBERG AND OTHERS.—Yes, you are right Franklin was born in Boston. Jack either made a mistake, for once, or his statement was an ingenious device for waking his young hearers out of their August doze.

DEAR EDITOR: The following riddle has been in our family for at least fifty years, and no one has been able to solve it. Some of the most intelligent have tried it, and have failed. I thought I would submit the riddle to you, thinking that, through the pages of your magazine, you might find some one smart enough to name the "ancient city of no small renown."

Hoping I may have my curiosity gratified, I shall look earnestly for an answer to the riddle.—Respectfully,  
SARAH B. WILSON.

#### RIDDLE.

The noblest object in the works of art,  
The brightest gem that nature doth impart,  
The point essential in the lawyer's case,  
The well-known signal in the time of peace,  
The plowman's prompter when he drives the plow,  
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,  
The planet seen between the earth and sun,  
The prize which merit never yet has won,  
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,  
The wit's ambition, and the parson's dues.  
Now, if your noble spirit can divine  
A corresponding word for every line,  
By all these various lessons will be shown  
An ancient city of no small renown.

Luzerne, August 21st.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a nice story in your September number to-day from Fannie Hunt, about chickens and turkeys, so I thought I would write you about what happened at our house.

Well, once a silky hen had a brood of chicks, and she took care of them awhile and left them; and then two other hens that had wanted to set—but my father didn't want them to—took charge of the chicks and brought them up together. Well, those chickens could not tell which of the three hens was their mother. Will you please tell me?  
—Yours truly,  
ANNIE T. BROWN.

August 23d, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday, as I was going to Sunday-school, I met Sam Dogan, and he had four robins in a cage, that he was going to give to his cat. I teased him to let them go, but he pushed me away and said "Shut up." I teased him some more, and by and by he let them go. I am a Bird-defender, and am going to make Sam be one. My brother Harmon is six years old. I am eight. He wants his name put down for a Bird-defender. Is he too little? I got a few Bird-defenders; they are my cousins though, all but Harmon.  
ROB R. SHERMAN.

No boy can be too little to be a Bird-defender—if he "wants" his name put down—nor too big.

#### SCHOOL-TIME.

ALWAYS be early to school,  
Both in good and bad weather,  
And go according to rule,  
And then you'll be good altogether.  
Then when your lessons are done,  
You'll be free from all sorrow and care;  
Away to the fields you can run,  
And be just as free as the air.  
But first be sure, of all things,  
Whatever you do or say,  
To hear the bell when it rings,  
For then you must give up your play.  
Your lessons should always be good,  
You should do as your teacher asks,  
Then when you've learned all you could,  
You will be glad you have finished your tasks.

When school-time 's at an end,  
Then you'll enjoy your play;  
But that will all depend  
On your conduct for that day.  
Now this advice I freely give,  
And if you follow it well,  
In happiness you then will live,  
As your future life will tell.  
ALLIE REICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the August number of your paper there was a piece telling how to make a sea-weed album. I would like to know if I could put leaves on paper in the same way?—Yours truly,  
HARRY GRIFFITH.

Yes, if your paper is not too thin.

San Francisco, August 1st, 1875.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you give the same presents next year, for the same number of subscribers, to those getting up clubs, that you printed last year? And when I get up a club, shall I count myself as one? If I get four subscribers, and take the magazine myself, would you give me a present for a club of five, or not? I do not understand. Will you please answer, and oblige your friend and subscriber,  
NELLIE.

Yes, the premiums will continue the same as last year, and you can count yourself in your club.

#### BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Belpre, Ohio, sends the following names: Mary Mackey, Ella Garloch, Flora Rarick, Ione Henderson, Mary Clark, Willie Rounds, Eddie Hutchison, Willie O'Neal, Hugh Drain, Hattie Davis, Mina Cunningham, Mary Morgan, Lewis Gettle, Sallie Cawood, Anna Krebs, Laura Furnell, Harry Davis, Kate Browning, Chas. Parker, Joseph Lee, Jessie Henderson, Eddie Porter, Bradley Stone, Ettie Parker, Harry Ellenwood, Willie Seavalle, Charlie Dunbarger, Stonewall Henderson, N. P. Armstrong, Johnson Garloch, Laura Smith, Mary Harrison, Nellie Price, Mattie Williams, Alden Williams, Mamie Gettle, Lonnie Hutchison, Odie Brown, Samuel Nuzum, Jennie Hunter, Morris Rarick, Madge Cunningham, Jennie Palmer, Clara Moore, Edna Rarick, Frank Hynton, Virgia Downer, Dorus Alderman, Willie Patton, Laura Woodward, Maggie Hadley, Jimmie Perry, Willie Jackson, Tillie Garloch, and Edward Rarick.

Fannie Madison, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends this long list: Fannie Madison, Charlie Madison, Eddie Douglass, Carrie Nevins, Irene Corey, Fanny Doty, Ida Hoyt, Lula Fleming, Hattie Berrington, Laura Jasmer, Emily Sheppard, Mattie Mayberry, Maggie Cowie, Katie Boegy, Jennie Turton, Fannie Hutton, Dasie Donahue, Ida Schuler, Mary Clark, Mary Mills, Lillie Gerloch, Mary Gallagher, Annie Savoy, Nellie Parmalee, Fanny Shafer, David Kimberley, Henry Hollis, Tillie Nieber Harry Isbister, Charlie Jackson, Frank Bartholomew, William Davis, Henry Bower, Frank Cooke, Fred Wakefield, Charlie Taber, Charlie Lewis, Charley Danert, Lewis

Presley, George Astrup, Jason Thomas, Jimmie Crawford, Johnnie Hutchinson, Frank Sweeney, George Davis, Grant Donaldson, Katie Klaus, John Gillson, George Clark, Michael McKeon, Nellie Monkman, Lewis Coe, and Katie Douglass.

Josie Louis, of Centralia, Ill., sends the following list: Josie Louis, Bertie Louis, Ella Louis, Alice Louis, Minnie Louis, Mamie Louis, Della Louis, Moneta Louis, Susy Louis, Florence Louis, Ollie Louis, Gussie Louis, Fannie Louis, Laura Louis, Amanda Louis, Mamie Louis, Rachel Louis, Rebecca Louis, Addie Louis, Lottie Louis, Rosy Gregg, Jerome Louis, Willie Louis, Alvin Louis, Walter Louis, Julius Louis, Herbert Louis, Uria Louis, Riley Louis, Charlie Louis, Clarence Louis, Bobbie Louis, Percy Louis, Allie Louis, Jessie Louis, Ludwig Louis, Milton Gregg, Charlie Gregg, and Maria Louis.

Thomas McGehan, of Hamilton, O., sends this list: Walter Kumber, Horace Belden, Lou Beauchamp, Harry Hay, Dan McGlynn, Will Roberts, John Hall, Nelly Phillips, Milt Traber, Harry Traber, Charlie Traber, Oliver Traber, John Traber, Web Fitton, Scott Symmes, Chas. Cooch, Jim Durrough, Oliver Crow, Dode Hargitt, Alice Hankins, Nell Miller, Alex. M. Hall, Edward Shaffer, Vicky Smith, Thomas Collins, Cyrus Falconer, Ella Gilbert, Dave Howell, J. B. Ousley, L. B. Dilakort, J. W. Meckley, Tom Hodder, Laura Porter, Albion Dyer, Ed Flenner, Will Moore, Robert Peck, Charley Heiser, Ed Beardsley, Frank Skinner, Frank Whitehead, Charlie Mixer, and Harry McElwee.

Herbert Dean sends the following list: Herbert Dean, John Scammon, John Keefe, Charles Kelley, Minnie Smith, Lucy Peabody, Mary Peabody, Jennie Littlefield, Hattie Warsaw, Mary Taylor, Bell Odell, Lillia Brewster, Alice Healey, Katie Keefe, Nettie Hoag, Hattie Hoag, Fred Jewell, Fred Fadden, and Lizzie Young.

Fannie O. Newton sends this list: Miss Selina C. Barrett, Miss Bertha Keeshorn, Lulu White, Fannie Stinde, Letitia Rogers, Abbie Sanford, Teresa Stall, Charlie Sanford, Fannie Rowland, Addie Stall, Lucy Thomas, Fannie Thomas, Katie Thomas, Miss Lucy Barrett, and Dorcas Carr.

F. L. Chase, of Woburn, sends the following names: Effie C. Sweetser, Nettie H. Fiske, Kittie Rose Fiske, Eddie H. Fiske, Florence L. Chase, Georgie H. Green, Georgie Hamlin, Charles F. Hamlin, and Lthrop Chase.

"Two Friends" Hattie Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts—send these names: Fannie Wilder, Gracie Brooks, Carrie Johnson, Mamie Damon, Mrs. S. F. Damon, Miss Annie Damon, Hattie Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, and Frank Tibbetts.

Max Ulrich, of San Antonio, Texas, sends these names: Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Liffrieng, Mrs. Ulrich, Mr. Ulrich, Lewis Ulrich, and Max Ulrich.

Rob R. Sherman sends his own and the following names: Harmon R. Sherman, Belle S. Howard, Walter Smith, and John A. Buck.

Will E. B., of North Adams, Mass., sends this list: Lottie A. Millard, Blanche C. Brayton, Hattie F. Brooks, and Hattie S. Brayton.

Estelle Riley, of Columbus, Texas, sends her own and the following names: Ida Riley, Katie Moore, and Emma Delany.

Lester Woodbridge sends this list: Irene E. Woodbridge, Bessy Woodbridge, Charley Woodbridge, and Lester Woodbridge.

The following names also have been received: Walter H. Morrison, Charlie Morrison, Marian C. Morrison, Emilie Neville, Anita Hendrie, Mary Ella Bakewell, Effie Bakewell, Mary B. Smith, Charles Wilcox, Mamie Locke, Willie F. Morgan, Ida E. Kidd, Gertrude Gunn, L. H. Branch, Geo. Holden, Inez Simons, W. C. Houghton, and Herbie Houghton.

ANSWERS by the following boys and girls to puzzles in the August number were received too late for acknowledgment in the October number: Charlie and Frankie Rupert, H. Wigmore, Belle Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Lizzie Bloomfield, William M. Northrup, Edward Broome, Alie Anthony, Mary F. Crane, E. L. Tibbetts, Hattie F. Johnson, William C. Delaney, Mark W. Collett, Le Roy and Coy Youmans, Alice Morrow.

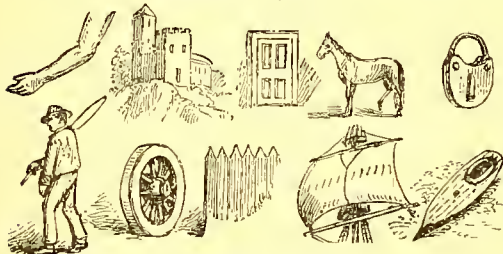
## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-two letters. My 6, 19, 42, 16 is a part of the head. My 40, 35, 14 is a cover for the head. My 5, 24, 2 is a quadruped. My 39, 1, 18 is another. My 15, 21, 17 is a pronoun. My 20, 41, 34 is an insect. My 36, 26, 7 is a foreign product. My 27, 9, 11, 28 is constructed by birds. My 8, 3, 4, 31 is seen at night. My 37, 38, 32 is a covering. My 12, 10, 22, 29 is wealthy. My 30, 25, 23 is a kind of tree. My 33, 13 is a musical note. My whole is a proverb.

BODINE.

### PREFIX PUZZLE.



### BURIED PLACES.

1. June, July, and August are Summer months. 2. But I came when you called. 3. She sings in grand style. 4. How slow Ellen's movements are. 5. Let Royce go with us to the store. 6. Lady Franklin sends Kane a telescope. F. J. and M. P.

### DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A writing instrument. 4. A fairy. 5. A prank. 6. A bad man. 7. A term in music. 8. A musical instrument. 9. A terrible disease. 10. Weariness. The diagonals form a household sunbeam. L. O.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE missing words in the following stanzas being supplied, the initials and finals will give the names of—(1) A great poet; (2) A great composer:

- "Windy —, with its frolic gales,  
Filling the woods with their musical roar;  
While over the water scud wet white sails,  
And the foam breaks fast on a rough lee-shore."
- "Now the goat may climb and crop  
The soft grass on Mount —'s top."
- "Moonshine and — are left to bury the dead."
- "Which like the —, ugly and venomous,  
Bears yet a precious jewel in its head."
- "The silvery green of the — shade  
Hung dim o'er fount and bower."
- "And, by all the world forsaken,  
Sees he how with zealous care,  
At the ruthless — of iron,  
A little bird is striving there." H. H. H.

**EASY METAGRAM.**

FIRST, I am a bird. Change my head, I am part of a ship; again, I am to pull; again, and I am dim; again, I am replete; again, and I am to quiet. C. C.

**CHARADE, No. 1.**

FIRST.

To greet the morning sun I rise,  
And trill my gladness through the skies.

SECOND.

I guard the fowl, yet the noble horse  
I torture oft without remorse.

WHOLE.

In pink and white and blue I dress—  
What am I? Children, can you guess?

A. O'N.

**PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.****ENIGMA, No. 2.**

I AM composed of twelve letters. My 5, 8, 3, 12 is the name of a tree. My 10, 4, 11, 1, 2 is food for the sick. My 7, 5, 6, 11 is the name of a queen. My 2, 9, 4, 11 is what every boy would like to be. My whole is a part of ST. NICHOLAS. S. C. M.

**A FLOWER ACROSTIC.**

CONTENTMENT'S simple, smiling flower,  
Fair blossoms that at twilight sleep,  
Bright, golden cups from Spring's glad bower,  
And bells that through the snow-rifts peep;  
Rich Autumn clusters, full and gay,  
Devotion's loveliest, rarest bloom,  
Then, "for remembrance," here 's the spray  
And tendrils from the ruins' gloom.  
We've gentlest sprigs of fragile white,  
And waxy buds, intensely sweet,  
And flag-like flowers, both fair and bright,  
With blooms immortelle, here we meet.  
The "trophy flower" we gladly bind;  
The wind's frail love has, too, a place;  
And now a spicy twig we find  
To mingle with the "Daystar's" grace.

From Summer woods we cull the pride,  
And from the porch meek springs we bring,  
Spring's sweetest scented buds beside  
We lay the Flow'ret poets sing;  
And last of all, with fragrance mild  
We place the streamlet's radiant child.

These flowers, from garden, wood and dell,  
A gay and perfumed garland make;  
To enshrine a name you'll surely tell,  
If you the pains will only take.

The name is one all children loved—  
A name first known in snow-clad climes;  
But now well-known in every land,—  
See can you find it in these rhymes.

**SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.**

FILL one blank with the name of some game, and the other with the same name transposed.

1. The game of \_\_\_\_\_ often occasions \_\_\_\_\_. 2. A challenge to play a game of \_\_\_\_\_ was \_\_\_\_\_. 3. Never cheat as \_\_\_\_\_\_. 4. I have passed pleasant \_\_\_\_\_ the game of \_\_\_\_\_. 5. Charlie thinks Mary silly, \_\_\_\_\_ would n't play \_\_\_\_\_ at her age. 6. He \_\_\_\_\_ disconsolately, having lost his \_\_\_\_\_. 7. Strength must be \_\_\_\_\_ playing \_\_\_\_\_. 8. Little children, \_\_\_\_\_ older ones, like to play \_\_\_\_\_. 9. \_\_\_\_\_ is an excellent sort of game. 10. The only game was a little \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_. CHARL.

**CHARADE, No. 2.**

IF my first is my second,  
'Tis sure to be fleet;  
If my second's my first,  
It is not fit to eat;  
And what is my whole  
Will depend upon whether  
My second and first  
You fit rightly together.  
If my second comes first,  
'Tis an animal; but  
If my second comes second,  
Why, then, 't is a nut.  
So if it's an animal,  
Then you may back it;  
But supposing it is n't—  
I leave you to crack it. L. H.

**DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To place anything. 3. An account. 4. A wild animal. 5. To mark out. 6. Before. 7. A consonant. L. O.

**ELLIPSES.**

FILL the blanks in each sentence with the same word, one meaning of which is a boy's name:

1. \_\_\_\_\_ helped to raise the weight by holding the \_\_\_\_\_. 2. \_\_\_\_\_ rode to the seaside in a \_\_\_\_\_. 3. \_\_\_\_\_ wheeled the coal to the pit in a \_\_\_\_\_. 4. The only thing \_\_\_\_\_ noticed in the church was the \_\_\_\_\_ which hung from the ceiling. 5. \_\_\_\_\_ loved to be \_\_\_\_\_ in all his assertions. 6. \_\_\_\_\_ was fond of the bark of the \_\_\_\_\_. 7. \_\_\_\_\_ ornamented his box with a border of \_\_\_\_\_. 8. \_\_\_\_\_ lifted the stone to its place with a \_\_\_\_\_. 9. \_\_\_\_\_ gave his pennies for a \_\_\_\_\_. 10. \_\_\_\_\_ gathered a bunch of \_\_\_\_\_ for a friend. 11. \_\_\_\_\_ threw a toy boat into the \_\_\_\_\_ to watch it whirl. 12. \_\_\_\_\_ refused to join the boys who thought it sport to \_\_\_\_\_ the rabbit. 13. \_\_\_\_\_ lighted his pipe with a \_\_\_\_\_. 14. \_\_\_\_\_ plucked a flower of the \_\_\_\_\_ in the woods. B.

## PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other design are to be formed.)



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—(Prefix "Sp.")—Splash, Spoil, Spun, Spring, Spurn, Sparrow, Spade, Spear, Spice, Spell, Spy, Sprite, Space, Spurn, Spoke, Spark, Sphere, Sprinkle, Spend.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Foundation-words: Andersen—Children.—1. Arabic. 2. Noah. 3. Delu. 4. Evil. 5. Richard. 6. Silver. 7. Eve. 8. Napoleon.

EASY CROSS-WORD.—Mabel.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Effaces. 2. Embroils. 3. Ensigns. 4. United. 5. Elbow. 6. Embarks. 7. Catarrh. 8. Usurer. 9. Articles. 10. Calashes.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.—1. A. 2. Tug. 3. Larva. 4. Alkanet. 5. Sandstone.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Churl—lurch. 2. Shoot—hoots. 3. Braved—adverb. 4. Yulfs—fusty. 5. Below—elbow. 6. Quills—squill. 7. Eglantine—inelegant. 8. Rescind—discern.

REVERSALS.—The answer to this puzzle is held over until next month.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Pearl. 2. Eyrie. 3. Aroma. 4. Rimed. 5. Leads.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES.—1. Chili. 2. Peru. 3. Utah. 4. China. 5. Palestine.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—(Landscape).—1. Seal. 2. Scale. 3. Plan. 4. Pan. 5. Ape. 6. Cape. 7. Sea. 8. Den. 9. Lad. 10. Leap. 11. Spade. 12. End. 13. Lace.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to September 18, from Edwin E. De Vinne, Willie Dibblee, G. E. M., Florence and Helen Gardiner, N. A. H., P. C. K., Alice Dudley, A. E. J., "Ella and Edith," "Nimble Dick," Warren E. Thomas, "Fun Sec," Katie T. Hughes, Gertrude Gunn, "Allie," Julia Sanford and Mollie Willett, Mollie Donohue, "Flora and Ada," L. M. Berkeley, Maggie Shanahan, Arthur Collier, "Peanuts," A. G. Cameron, Laurens T. Postell, "Virgil," Arthur E. Smith, "Henry and Maddie," Josie R. Ingalls, Clelia D. Mosher, Charles Coleman, Henry J. Warren, Fanny Eaton, Mary J. Tilghman, "Howard and Gussie," W. H. Rowe, P. H. Wigmore, Charles W. Hornor, Jr., Minnie M. Tooker, Lester Woodbridge, Lizzie Merrill, Reinette Ford, and Stella Jones.

[Other names will be credited next month.]







# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1875.

NO. 2.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

"MY life is a beautiful fairy-tale," says Hans Christian Andersen; "happy and full of incident." And, indeed, if you had read his own account of it, you would think it was as good a fairy-tale as was ever written.

There was very little difference to him between a real story and a fairy-tale; for his own fairy-tales were always very real to him, and, as I once heard him say, "Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's finger."

This was, indeed, the strain in which he always spoke whenever he told the wonderful story of his childhood in the little city of Odense, his journey to Copenhagen, and his rise—not to fortune and power, but to what is far better than fortune and power—to a place in the hearts of all little boys and girls all over the wide world; for his stories are, perhaps, the only books except the Bible that have been translated, not only into English and French and German, but even into Japanese and Hindostanee, and all manner of strange languages. Little brown-cheeked Hindoo children, sitting under the broad-leafed palm-trees on the banks of the Ganges, read the tales of "The Little Match-Girl," "The Ice-Maiden," and "The Elder-Tree's Mother." Little Chinese boys, with yellow skin and sloping eyes, and with queer names like Fu-Sing-Ho and Ching-Chang-Chuck (a sort of monosyllabic beads strung together with hyphens), laugh until the tears run down their cheeks at the adventures of "The Tin Soldier" and the councilor in "The Slippers of Fortune." Dark-eyed Spanish and Italian mothers tell these

same stories to their children, sitting at their bed-sides before kissing them good-night. And in the North—in Denmark and England and Norway and Sweden—there is hardly a child who has not rejoiced in the good fortune of Little Tuk who learned his geography lesson in his sleep, and cried over the unhappy fate of Knud in "Under the Willow-Tree." And at night, when the old Children's Poet sat at his table, and the student-lamp with the green shade threw a large ring of light around it, while a sort of greenish dusk seemed to fill the rest of the room, then all these children came from all parts of the earth, and their curly heads and chubby faces thronged around their old poet,—for then he was writing a story for them, and they were eager to see what it might be. When he had written something which was very funny, all the little boys and girls laughed, and their bright laughter filled the room; but when the poet had gone to bed and was asleep, the laughter followed him in his dreams, and it grew and grew, rippling onward from land to land, until all the children in Germany, England, Asia and America laughed at the funny thing he had written. But if it was something sad, then their eyes grew big with tears, and the tear went from land to land as the laughter had done.

Hans Christian Andersen was born in the city of Odense, on the island of Funen, April 2d, 1805, and he died in Copenhagen, August 4th, 1875. His father was a poor shoemaker, and lived with his wife and child in a small room, which had to serve them as parlor, bedroom, nursery, and

kitchen. The bed in which the whole family slept the shoemaker had himself made out of the catafalque of a deceased nobleman, and the funeral trappings of black cloth, which the father no doubt thought very ornamental, were still attached to the frame. While Hans Christian was a child, he mostly amused himself with sewing dolls' clothes and arranging puppet theaters; and his mother, who fancied that it would be a great thing if in time he could become a tailor, gave him all the rags and paper she could spare. But he did not like the idea of being a tailor; he would much prefer to be a prince or a noble, or perhaps a king, who could wear fine gold-embroidered clothes and ride in a gilt carriage of his own, drawn by six beautiful horses. But as there was little prospect of his being made king in any ordinary way, he thought of all sorts of extraordinary ways; and it was on this account that he took such pleasure in his theater, because there he could make himself king or general, or even emperor, and in fact anything he chose, and even believe in it himself for the moment. Indeed, there was nothing too incredible for him to believe. One day, for instance, an old woman who washed clothes told him that the empire of China was situated under the river of Odense. "And," says Andersen in "The Story of My Life," "I did not find it at all impossible that a Chinese prince, some moonlight night when I was sitting there, might dig himself through the earth up to us, hear me sing, and then take me with him to his kingdom, make me rich and noble, and finally let me visit Odense, where I would live and build me a castle. Many an evening did I occupy myself with tracing and making ground-plans for it."

You see, then, that fairy-stories came very natural to Andersen, for he was hardly five years old when he had made a fairy prince of himself, and imagined himself living in a palace. And ever since then has he been continuing that fairy-tale; it had a great many chapters, each one of which was always brighter and prettier than the one before. The first you have already heard; it was about a poor shoemaker's child in Odense who sewed dolls' clothes and wished he were a prince; the last was sent by telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean only a few months ago, and that too, although it brought tears to many eyes, was not altogether a message of sorrow. It told that a great poet, whom all children loved, was dead; but I shall tell you about that presently.

When Andersen was only five or six years old he lost his father, and his mother had to take in washing to support herself and her son. Like many other poor children, he was sent to a factory where he was to work; but the laborers there teased him

and made sport of him, and, as he was not a brave boy, he ran home to his mother and said that he would never go back again; and his mother petted him, and yielded to his wish. In school he hardly fared much better; the school-mistress, who sat with a long rod in her hand at the end of the table, once happened to hit him, and again he ran away, and, as usual, his mother indulged him. In the house of an old lady, Mrs. Bunkeflod, he now got hold of a translation of Shakespeare, and immediately began to write a tragedy of his own, in which everybody killed himself or was killed by somebody else.

In Denmark every boy and girl must spend a year in preparing for confirmation, and during this time they receive religious instruction once or twice a week from the pastor of the parish. Andersen went with a great many other children to such a black-robed pastor, and was at last confirmed. But because his parents were poor, and his clothes were a great deal too large for him, the boys would have nothing to do with him, and only a little girl now and then addressed a kind word to him, for which he was very grateful. He was "a regular girl's boy," his companions said; he cried when you hit him, and never struck again, and he cared neither for leap-frog nor marbles. But he was very fond of books, and sat at home reading when other boys were at play.

When he was confirmed, his mother tried with all her might to persuade him to learn the tailor's trade; but instead of that, he wanted to go to Copenhagen and become famous. And as she could not induce him to do as she wished, she yielded and allowed him to do as he pleased. So she gave him all the money she had, which was about five dollars, and with this in his pocket he started out for Copenhagen. There he called upon an actress, in the hope of getting a situation at the theater; he told her, with child-like openness, the whole history of his life, and, to prove his efficiency as an actor, began to declaim poetry to her, and at last to dance, until she was quite frightened, and thought that he was out of his mind. His money was soon spent, and he walked about the streets, not knowing what to do; but in his distress, it occurred to him to appeal for aid to the Italian singer Siboni, whose name he had once seen in a newspaper; and Siboni received him kindly and helped him until he caught a severe cold and lost his voice. Other kind people, however, gradually became interested in the gentle, warm-hearted lad, and some even offered to instruct him gratuitously in German, Danish and Latin. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the councilor Collin (a man well known in Danish history), who interested himself sincerely in his welfare, and in

whose family he was henceforth received as a son. The King, at Collin's suggestion, granted an annual sum for his education, and he was sent to the Latin school at Slagelse, where he was to prepare for the University. The principal of this school (or rector, as he was called in Denmark) was a harsh and hot-tempered man, who hardly understood how to deal with a timid and sensitive boy like Andersen; so he made a scapegoat of him, and held him up to ridicule before the school, and, considering the usual pitilessness of boys toward a less favored comrade, it is almost a wonder that the scholars did not imitate the teacher's example. Imagine a tall, lank, pale-faced lad of sixteen, with a very large nose, light curly hair, stooping shoulders, and very long arms, which he seemed never to know what to do with; add to this that he belonged to the very lowest class, where he loomed up above the heads of all the rest, and that he never was known to return a blow, and it does seem strange that nobody except the teacher tried to take advantage of him. In order to console himself in the midst of his loneliness, he wrote poems, and, during a visit in the Christmas vacation to the Collin family, was induced to read some of them aloud at an evening party. The principal, on learning this, took him severely to task, declared his poems to be miserable trash, and forbade him writing any more in future.

At last, after many years of arduous study, Andersen entered the University of Copenhagen,—or became a student, as the Danes call it,—and now, at last, his life began to turn up its brighter pages before him. It is a great thing to be a *civis academicus*, or a student, in Denmark; the University, with its graduates and under-graduates, forms, as it were, a world by itself, in sharp contrast to the Philistines, or merchants, artisans, and trades-people, who have not had the advantage of a collegiate education. No man can hold an office under the Government without being a graduate of the University or one of the military academies, and the so-called best society consists almost exclusively of Government officials, army officers, and still unemployed University people. To this society the young poet was now admitted,—no longer by grace, but by virtue of his position and his own merit. He immediately turned his attention earnestly to writing, and in a short time finished his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amager." He had evidently learned from his rector in Slagelse that his own traits of character—his maidenly shyness and his readiness to weep over everything—had its ludicrous side, and in this book he shows himself as quite a different man. You hardly recognize the lachrymose, sentimental youth you knew at Slagelse; here he tries his best

to make fun of everything, and as there is nothing which people like better than fun, his book had a large sale, and soon everybody talked about it and the newspapers were full of it. Encouraged by his success, he published an edition of his collected poems, which also was received with great favor; and with the money which this brought him, he started on a journey through Zealand, Funen, and Jutland. It was on this journey that he met a young girl with whom he fell deeply in love, but who, unfortunately, at the time was engaged to another man, and as Andersen never met another woman whom he could love as he loved this girl, he remained unmarried all his life. Many years later, a peasant girl, who had heard about him as a great and world-renowned poet, whom all men honored,—and who, I believe, had also read some of his stories,—took it into her head that he was the one man she wanted to marry. So she started out for Copenhagen, where Andersen was then living, went to his house, and told him her errand. You can imagine how astonished he must have been at being told by a young, handsome girl that she wished to marry him.

"I should be so very good to you," said she, "and always take good care of you."

"But, my dear girl, I don't wish to be married," answered he; and she departed as suddenly as she had come.

After his return from his journey, he published a small book containing a description of "The West Coast of Jutland," and then went to Germany, where he became acquainted with the famous German authors Tieck and Chamisso. He had now no longer any royal stipend, and had to write constantly in order to support himself; and as no kind of writings are so profitable as dramas and comedies, he undertook to adapt Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Kenilworth" to the stage, receiving the assistance of two musicians, Weyse and Hartmann, who composed the music. But the Danes are very fond of their own little country, and believe that there is no literature in the world equal to their own. Therefore they ridiculed this attempt of Andersen's to introduce a foreign novelist upon their stage. The critics all turned against him; people, whether they knew him or not, had the impudence to lecture him, and some even made wry faces at him in the street. Even his previous works were now condemned. Once it even happened that a clergyman attacked his poems at an evening party where Andersen himself was present, passing over everything that was good, and only counting, for instance, how many times the word "beautiful" was repeated on every page. At last, a little girl, six years old, who had been following in the book, and had found that

almost every word had been attacked, turned to the clergyman and said, quite innocently: "There is one word yet which you have not scolded about. It is 'and.'"

To be attacked at an evening party may be bad enough; but, according to Danish notions, there is one thing which is still worse, and that is to be attacked in print. And at this time the now deceased poet Henrik Hertz published, without his name, a series of poems called "Letters from the Dead," in which he makes a Danish author, Baggesen, amuse himself in Paradise by ridiculing Andersen and many other living men. The poems were very wittily written, and had a great success. Andersen felt completely crushed, and the Danes thought that now, at last, he was demolished forever. Meanwhile, his true friend, Collin, who saw how very unhappy he was, advised him to ask the King for a stipend for foreign travel; and the King, on the recommendation of a great many distinguished men, granted the stipend, and Andersen once more hastened out into the wide world.

After a slow and tedious journey through Germany, he reached Paris, where a number of young Danes were at that time studying; but, as foreigners are very apt to do, they kept constantly together and spoke only their own language. Thus, at the end of three months, our poet knew hardly any more of French than he did at his arrival. He, therefore, hastened away from Paris, and in the month of August took up his residence in the little village Le Locle, in the Jura Mountains, where all the houses are filled with watches and all the inhabitants are watchmakers. Here he finished a poem, "Agnete and the Merman," which he had commenced in Paris, and sent it home to Copenhagen to be printed. And printed it was, and very cruelly ridiculed and attacked on all sides. Andersen felt that if he was to maintain his position as an author, he would have to produce some larger work, the merit of which would be beyond dispute, and which should compel his countrymen to recognize the genius which he knew he possessed. Therefore, during his stay in Italy, where he went during the following Winter, he began his great romance, "The Improvisatore," which you must be sure to read some time in your life, if you have not read it already. In Rome, Andersen met the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, who was born on the ocean between Iceland and Denmark, and who descended from Snorre Thorfinsen, according to the Norse Sagas the first white man born on the American continent.\* Thorwaldsen was a most noble and kind-hearted man, who encouraged Andersen by his hearty praise, and remained a

good friend to him as long as he lived. "The Improvisatore," although the hero of the book is an Italian and not a Dane, describes the author's own struggles and sufferings in his efforts to obtain recognition for himself as a poet. And if Andersen had not suffered so much, and been so sensitive to suffering, he could hardly have described with such truthfulness the sufferings of another. The book is, at the same time, perfectly Italian in sentiment, and is a most beautiful account of the life, scenery, and traditions of that beautiful land.

Now followed, in quick succession, two more novels,—"Only a Fiddler" and "O. T.,"—both interesting narratives of popular life in Denmark. The letters "O. T." mean "Odense Tugthus" (the penitentiary of Odense), where the hero happens to be born, and, according to custom, he has these two letters burned into his arm, like any other criminal. When he is old enough, he leaves the penitentiary; but the dreadful mark still clings to him, and, of course, it leads to many strange adventures, which I shall not tell you, but leave you to find out by yourselves, if you care to get the book.

The success of these novels made a great change in Andersen's fortunes. The Count Conrad of Rantau-Breitenburg (all nobles, you know, have very long and hard names, and the nobler they are the longer their names are), who was then Prime Minister of the kingdom, had read "The Improvisatore," and now went to find the author in his little lonely garret, high up under the roof. He invited him to come and visit him in his great castle in Holstein, and offered him his friendship; and by means of that friendship, the poor poet, who hitherto, in spite of the great sale of his books, had hardly had money enough to buy his clothes, obtained an annual salary from the Government, which was continued to his death. And this may be the reason why those who have read "The Story of My Life," have got the idea that Andersen was a snob. He did certainly adore rank and royalty—not, perhaps, because he considered kings and nobles to be better than other people, but because they always stood by him when he was in trouble, and were his friends when the critics and the whole public of the capital treated him with harshness.

Some time later appeared a drama called "The Mulatto," which was brought out in the Theater Royal of Copenhagen, and added to the fame of the author. His works now began to appear in translations in English, German, French, Swedish, Russian, Bohemian, and, in fact, in all European languages. Favorable criticisms appeared in for-

\* Snorre Thorfinsen was born in the year 1008, when, according to the Sagas, the Norsemen for the second time discovered America. (See R. B. Andersen's book, "America Not Discovered by Columbus." Griggs & Co., Chicago. 1874.)

eign journals, and Andersen was hailed everywhere as Denmark's greatest poet. The Danes themselves shook their heads doubtfully, and long refused to listen to the strange rumors from abroad, until at last the beautiful "Wonder-Stories" began to appear, and they, too, had to open their eyes and acknowledge that they had been mistaken in their judgment.

After that time Andersen went abroad almost every year, and wherever he came everybody flocked to see him; collegians came in torchlight processions to serenade him, and kings and princes invited him to their palaces, made him costly presents, and asked him to read his own stories to them,—for Andersen had a most beautiful and sympathetic voice, and read his own works wonderfully well. I can speak here from my own experience, for I once heard him read "The Ugly Duckling," and I shall never forget it. There was something so strangely soft and sweet and child-like in his manner of pronouncing his own soft language. English he understood, but spoke it very poorly; he was hardly much more proficient in French, but spoke German with great fluency, although with a decidedly foreign accent.

Of his later works, "The Wonder-Stories," which you all know; the novel, "The Two Baronesses;" and the biographies, "The Story of My Life" and "A Poet's Bazaar," may be worthy of mention. Besides these, he has written a great many dramas, which had their day of success, but are now nearly forgotten.

It was in September, 1873, now two years ago, that I met Andersen. He was then very sick, and sat in a large easy-chair, wrapped in a flowered dressing-gown. He always held my hands in his while I sat at his side talking with him, and I saw the tears coming into his eyes when I told him how much the children in America loved him, how well they knew his stories, and how happy they would be if he would come over here and let them see him.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I have thought of that many times. But now I am too old and stiff in my legs. If you could telegraph me across to the American children, I should start to-morrow. I am never very well on the ocean. But if you write anything about me, as you say you are going to do, you may give my love to all the little boys and girls who know my stories, and tell them that I would have come if I had not been so old and sick."

His hair was quite white then, for he was sixty-eight years old; his face was very pale, as it always was, but there was a beautiful, gentle, and affectionate expression in his gray eyes, which made one quite forget that he was really a homely man. He was fully six feet tall, but stooped heavily when

he walked; and somehow, even in his old age, he seemed to prefer coats and pantaloons that were too large for him, and as far removed from the reigning fashion as possible. Wherever he went in the quaint old city of Copenhagen, the children flocked about him, climbed up on his knees, and even on his shoulders, in order to listen to his stories. And when he heard of a little boy or girl who was sick, he was sure to come and sit at his or her bedside, and tell the most charming fairy-tales about storks, and princes, and plants, and all kinds of animals, until the child quite forgot that it was sick, and only seemed to see the beautiful things which he told. In the streets the boys always took off their hats to him,—for all boys knew him,—and the little girls curtsied, while he stopped to pat their cheeks.

A friend of mine, who was quite an old boy when this happened, once came very near losing his eyesight. He was brought to the hospital, where nobody knew him, and the room was darkened, so that he could see nothing, not even his own hand when he held it up before his eyes. He had lain in this way for a whole week, and almost wished he were dead, when one evening there came a gentle tap on the door, and a man entered and sat down on the bedside. My friend did not know the man; and even if he had known him, it would have been too dark to see his face.

"I am Hans Christian Andersen," said the man. "I heard that you were sick, and I have been sick myself, and know what it is. Would you allow me to sit down and talk to you, and tell you some stories?"

My friend, naturally enough, was very grateful, and did not object to being entertained. And almost every night for two weeks Andersen returned. When the thick curtains could be drawn aside from the windows, he read aloud, mostly his own writings, for he liked better to read his own stories and poems than those of others. This is only one of a hundred incidents of the same kind which the people in Copenhagen tell of him; and no one will wonder that, with all his peculiarities and odd habits, they could not help loving him. He was a dear and beloved friend in every household; from the King down to the poorest artisan, every one knew and honored him. Every door and every heart was open to him. They no longer lectured and criticised him; every page that he wrote was eagerly grasped by young and old, and read with pleasure and gratitude.

At his death all the kingdom mourned; and not only Denmark, but Norway, Sweden, and Germany sent wreaths of the most precious flowers to adorn his coffin. The royal family, the officers of the army, the students and professors of the Uni-

versity, guilds of artisans, all the literary men of the city, and, in fact, all who could throng into the large church of Our Lady, were present at the funeral and followed in a long procession to his grave. Subscriptions have now been taken up to erect a statue to him, and from everywhere—from city and country—contributions have been pouring in.

One thing more. You remember the story of "The Ugly Duckling," which the hens and chickens were always pecking at because he was not like them; and the ducks hated him because he was not

quite like them either. For a long time it was a very unhappy kind of life he led there in the poultry-yard. But at last there came two large, majestic birds sailing down the stream. The ugly duckling suddenly spread his wings and flew toward them. He felt that he was one of them—and three swans rose high in the air.

That ugly duckling (I know it on the very best authority) was the poet himself. He suffered long among the hens and ducks, but at last he rose high above them, and now they all see that he was a swan—a great poet.

*Hans Christian Andersen.*

[In the frontispiece, in the center of which is an entirely new portrait of Andersen, you will see in the upper left hand corner a picture of "The Ugly Duckling." Under this is the "Elder-Tree Mother," and in the lower left hand corner we see the good Councilor Knapp. In the upper right hand corner is "Little Tuk," and under it "The Little Match-Seller." In the lower right hand corner you see a scene in "Under the Willow-Tree." At the top, in the middle, is "The Brave Tin Soldier," and at the bottom we have a scene from "The Ice Maiden."]

## THE LEGEND OF ST. NICHOLAS.

By H. H.

THE tales of good St. Nicholas  
Are known in every clime;  
Told in painting, and in statues,  
And in the poet's rhyme.  
For centuries they've worshiped him,  
In churches, east and west;  
Of all the saints we read about  
He is beloved the best.  
Because he was the saint of all  
The wretched and the poor,  
And never sent a little child  
Unsuccored from his door.  
In England's isle, alone, to-day,  
Four hundred churches stand  
Which bear his name, and keep it well  
Remembered through the land.  
And all the little children  
In England know full well  
This tale of good St. Nicholas,  
Which I am now to tell.  
The sweetest tale, I think, of all  
The tales they tell of him;  
I never read it but my eyes  
With tears begin to swim.

There was a heathen king who roved  
About with cruel bands,  
And waged a fierce and wicked war  
On all the Christian lands.  
And once he took as captive  
A little fair-haired boy,  
A Christian merchant's only son,  
His mother's pride and joy.  
He decked him in apparel gay,  
And said, "You're just the age  
To serve behind my chair at meat,  
A dainty Christian page."  
Oh, with a sore and aching heart,  
The lonely captive child  
Roamed through the palace, big and grand,  
And wept and never smiled.  
And all the heathen jeered at him  
And called him Christian dog,  
And when the king was angry  
He kicked him like a log,  
And spat upon his face, and said:  
"Now, by my beard, thy gods  
Are poor to leave their worshippers  
At such unequal odds."





“WHEN FLYING THROUGH THE AIR,  
THE SAINT CAME CARRYING THE BOY,  
STILL BY HIS CURLY HAIR!”

One day, just as the cruel king  
Had sat him down to dine,  
And in his jeweled cup of gold  
The page was pouring wine,

The little fellow's heart ran o'er  
In tears he could not stay,  
For he remembered suddenly,  
It was the very day

On which the yearly feast was kept  
 Of good St. Nicholas,  
 And at his home that very hour  
 Were dancing on the grass,  
 With music, and with feasting, all  
 The children of the town.  
 The king looked up, and saw his tears;  
 His face began to frown:  
 "How now, thou dog! thy sniveling tears  
 Are running in my cup;  
 'T was not with these, but with good wine,  
 I bade thee fill it up.  
 Why weeps the hound?" The child replied:  
 "I weep, because to-day,  
 In name of good St. Nicholas,  
 All Christian children play;  
 And all my kindred gather home,  
 From greatest unto least,  
 And keep to good St. Nicholas  
 A merry banquet feast."  
 The heathen king laughed scornfully:  
 "If he be saint indeed,  
 Thy famous great St. Nicholas,  
 Why does he not take heed  
 To thee to-day, and bear thee back  
 To thy own native land?  
 Ha! well I wot, he cannot take  
 One slave from out my hand!"

Scarce left the boastful words his tongue  
 When, with astonished eyes,  
 The cruel king a giant form  
 Saw swooping from the skies.  
 A whirlwind shook the palace walls,  
 The doors flew open wide,  
 And lo! the good St. Nicholas  
 Came in with mighty stride.  
 Right past the guards, as they were not,  
 Close to the king's gold chair,  
 With striding steps the good Saint came,  
 And seizing by his hair  
 The frightened little page, he bore  
 Him, in a twinkling, high  
 Above the palace topmost roof,  
 And vanished in the sky.

Now at that very hour was spread  
 A banquet rich and dear,  
 Within the little page's home,  
 To which, from far and near,  
 The page's mourning parents called  
 All poor to come and pray

With them, to good St. Nicholas,  
 Upon his sacred day.  
 Thinking, perhaps, that he would heal  
 Their anguish and their pain,  
 And at poor people's prayers might give  
 Their child to them again.

Now what a sight was there to see,  
 When flying through the air,  
 The Saint came carrying the boy,  
 Still by his curly hair!  
 And set him on his mother's knee.  
 Too frightened yet to stand,  
 And holding still the king's gold cup  
 Fast in his little hand.  
 And what glad sounds were these to hear,  
 What sobs and joyful cries,  
 And calls for good St. Nicholas,  
 To come back from the skies!  
 But swift he soared, and only smiled,  
 And vanished in the blue;  
 Most likely he was hurrying  
 Some other good to do.  
 But I wonder if he did not stop  
 To take a passing look  
 Where still the cruel heathen king  
 In terror crouched and shook;  
 While from the palace all his guards  
 In coward haste had fled,  
 And told the people in his chair  
 The king was sitting dead.

Hurrah for good St. Nicholas!  
 The friend of all the poor,  
 Who never sent a little child  
 Unsuccored from his door.  
 We do not pray to saints to-day,  
 But still we hold them dear,  
 And the stories of their holy lives  
 Are stories good to hear.  
 They are a sort of parable,  
 And if we ponder well,  
 We shall not find it hard to read  
 The lesson which they tell.  
 We do not pray to saints to-day,  
 Yet who knows but they hear  
 Our mention of them, and are glad  
 We hold their memory dear?  
 Hurrah for good St. Nicholas,  
 The friend of all the poor,  
 Who never sent a little child  
 Unsuccored from his door!

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CAMPING OUT.

IOWA was not a thickly settled State in those days, and a journey across it was not so very different from the progress of a caravan across the continent. But there were farm-houses along the road where the emigrants could procure milk, fresh vegetables, and bread. They had little money, and only bought such things as would help them economize their stock of provisions. By and by they would be out of the reach of all other supplies. Camping out was, at first, great fun. Their tent was new, fresh and clean. It was big enough for six people, and a man could stand upright in the middle where the ridge-pole sustained the roof.

This roof was in the shape of the letter V turned upside down. About two feet from the bottom, the canvas came straight down and was fastened by wooden pins driven into the ground. The main body of the tent was kept up by ropes, secured at the lower edge of the roof and stretched out to large wooden pins driven into the ground two or three feet off. Then, guy ropes, extending from each end of the ridge-pole and made fast to other stakes, kept the whole structure steady when the wind blew. So the house of this migrating party was dry and strong enough for most occasions, and it was easily packed in a small space. When the tent was pitched at the end of a day's march, the two upright poles were held up, with the ridge-pole laid on top and secured at each end by an iron pin, which passed through a hole at each end of the pole. Two boys held this frail house-frame together while another threw the canvas over it and fastened it in two or three places to keep it from tumbling over. Then all hands stretched out the ropes, pinned the cloth at the bottom, and, in a few minutes, the house was ready for the night. While traveling, the tent, with its ropes and pins, was stuffed into a stout sack. The door had no hinges, nor name-plate, nor door-bell; it was a slit in the canvas and fastened with strings, instead of lock and key. Under shelter of this canvas mansion, the emigrants spread their blankets and buffalo-ropes, and slept soundly and well.

But the cooking was a dreadful burden. Barnard had taken some lessons in bread-making from his mother before starting, and he made the first batch of bread. No, it was not exactly bread, either.

First, he carefully put some flour, salt and yeast powder into a pan and mixed them thoroughly with a big spoon, the others looking on with admiration. Then he poured in boiling water until he had a thick paste, which he stirred round and round as before. It was very sticky, but Barney bravely put his hands into it and attempted to mold the mass into biscuits. It would not be molded; such obstinate dough was



THE TENT.

never before seen. When poor Barney tried to pick it off from one hand it would stick to another. He rubbed in more flour to make it dryer, and then the lumps of dough all wasted away into "chicken feed," as Hiram satirically called it, and there was no consistence to it; and when they added water to it the stuff became again just like glue.

"You want to pat the cakes round and round in your hands—so," said Arthur. "That's the way mother does."

"Pat 'em yourself, if you know so much about it," said Barnard angrily; and he sat down in the grass, and tried to rub his bothered head with his elbows, his hands being helpless wads of dough. Arthur, rolling up his sleeves, dipped into the pan and succeeded in sticking his fingers together so fast that each hand looked like a very big and very badly shaped duck's foot—web-fingered, in fact.

"Hang the bread!" he exclaimed; and the rest of the family rolled over and over in the grass roaring at the comical figure he cut. He was daubed with dough up to the elbows and unable to use his hands; a mosquito had lighted on his face, and, involuntarily slapping at him, Arthur had left a huge blotch of paste on his forehead, completely closing his left eye. Poor Arthur rested his helpless paws on the edge of the pan and said, "I give it up."

"Oh, dump her into the baking-pan and let her flicker!" said Hiram, as soon as he could get his breath again. "We don't care for biscuits; its the bread we want. This is camping out, boys, you know."

So the mass was tumbled into the baking-pan and put into the oven of their tidy little sheet-iron camp-stove. For a table they used a wide, short piece of pine board, which, laid across a couple of gold-pans turned bottom up, answered as well as

"real mahogany," as Arthur said. On this occasion, however, the tin plates and cups, the smoking coffee-pot, and even the fried meat were on the board long before that obstinate bread showed signs of being baked. It would not rise up light "like mother's," and when a straw was run cautiously into it, the inside seemed as raw as ever. An hour's baking seemed to make no impression on it, and the boys finally supplied its place with dry crackers and supped as merrily as if they had not made their first great failure.

They tried to throw away the provoking mess of dough that would not bake, but it stuck in the pan as obstinately as it had refused to be cooked. They scraped away at it with all sorts of tools, but the stuff, which now resembled a small bed of mortar, adhered to the pan with determination.

"Did you grease that pan?" demanded Arthur.

"No," said Barney, with a sudden flush. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

There was another shout of laughter, for everybody at once recollected that the pan should have had flour, or some kind of grease, put in it to keep the dough from sticking. While they laughed, a farm-wagon, in which rode an old man and a young woman, came jogging along the road by which they were camped. The girl wore a faded red calico frock, which hung straight down from her waist to her bare brown feet. A huge gingham sun-bonnet with a cape protected her head and shoulders.

Arthur ran down to the edge of the road, and heard the old man say, "Them's Californy emigrants." It was the first time the boy had ever heard himself called an emigrant, and he did not like it. But suddenly remembering that he was one, he checked his rising glow of indignation and said, "Say, miss, will you tell us what's the matter with this bread?"

The girl looked at her father, who looked at the queer group by the tent, then at Arthur's flushed and honest face, and said, "Go, Nance." So Nance, declining Arthur's proffered hand, leaped to the ground, and wading through the grass, went up and cast a critical glance at the objectionable dough.

"How d'ye make this yere?" she asked, pointing her elbow at the bread. Barnard described the process by which he had compounded this famous preparation of flour and other things.

"What sort of water did ye put into it?" she next demanded.

"Why, good spring water, of course?" was the reply.

"Cold or hot?"

"Oh, boiling hot, to be sure."

The girl suddenly clasped her hands to her

stomach, sat down in the grass and doubled herself up like a jackknife. Then, sitting up again, she pushed back her sun-bonnet, and, as if addressing herself to the camp-stove, she said:

"My goodness, gracious me! if these ornery fellers have n't been and gone and scalded their flour! Oh, my! oh, my! I'm just fit to bust!" And she doubled herself up again.

"So we should not have scalded the bread, Miss Sunbonnet, should we?" asked Barnard, who felt ridiculed and was somewhat nettled.

"The girl wiped her eyes on her sleeve and said: "Bread! - It aint bread; it's flour paste."

Good-naturedly recovering herself, Nance explained that *cold* water or milk should be used in mixing the flour; and, adding some other general instructions, she strode off through the grass to the wagon. As she climbed up and rode away, the boys saw her double herself up once more, and they thought she said, "Scalded his flour, the ornery critter!"

Though this was a severe lesson in housekeeping, it was not the only one of their mortifying failures. Even when they learned to make bread with cold water, it was not until they had spoiled much good flour that they were able to make bread which was even eatable. And it was not in Iowa that they succeeded well enough to satisfy themselves. After they had crossed the Missouri, long after, and were well out in Nebraska, Arthur made the first bread of which the others proudly said that it was "good enough for anybody."

Cooking beans was another perplexity. They baked them dry with a piece of pork, and when they were "done," they rolled out of the baking kettle like gravel stones, harder than when they went into it. Then, when they discovered that the beans should have been soaked and boiled, or par-boiled, before baking, they took two quarts and soaked and boiled them. The beans swelled and swelled until the big camp kettle ran over. They were put into other dishes, but would not stop swelling, and before those beans were ready to bake, every dish in camp was full and overflowing. A satirical wood-chopper, loafing up to their camp in the midst of the crisis, inquisitively asked:

"Be you fellows peddlin' beans across to Californy?"

But, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the boys began to enjoy themselves very much. Some days it was hot and tedious tramping along in the dusty road, especially when they reflected that they were so far from the end of their journey. Even though days of travel were behind them, before them the road stretched out for more than a thousand miles. They seemed to have been on the journey a good while, but they knew that

months must pass before they could reach the end of it.

"This is awful slow work," Barney would say, when they reckoned upon the day's progress. "Only twenty-one miles to-day, and a couple thousand, more or less, to get over."

Hiram, however, a patient and plodding fellow, "allowed" that it took so many steps less for next day's tramp, because those of to-day had been taken, one by one. And Arthur used to look back at their camping-place when they had moved on for an hour or so, and blithely say:

"Now I am two miles nearer California than I was this morning."

"Two miles aint much, especially when a chap has got the dishes to wash at the end of every twenty miles," once said Tom. Washing dishes was a very disagreeable part of camp duty. It was a continual subject of contention. Nobody wanted to wash dishes. To be sure, the whole camp equipage did not amount to more than four or five tin plates and as many cups, and knives and forks. An active kitchen-maid would have disposed of the whole lot in a few minutes. But the boys were not kitchen-maids, and, what was more, they were determined that they would not appear as though they were. Hiram thought that as long as he was responsible for fire-wood and water, dish-washing should not be included in his duties. Barnard usually drove the team, and had general charge of that important branch of the service. Tom and Arthur attended to pitching the tent at night, unloading the wagon of things needed during camping time, and taking down the tent, packing up and collecting camp furniture in the morning preparatory to a start. All hands, with equal success, tried the cooking; and all hands, though ready to find fault with each other's cooking, declared that they would do anything but cook—unless it was to wash dishes.

"Perhaps you had better hire a girl to go along and wash dishes, Arty," said Barnard, reproachfully.

"I don't care, Barney; I did n't ship to wash dishes, and I wont; so there," was Arthur's invariable reply, which Barnard as invariably met with "Who did ship to wash dishes?"

Obviously nobody did. So the dishes went unwashed, sometimes for days together. One morning, Hiram, taking up his plate, said: "I wonder what was in this plate last? There's bacon fat and corn-dodger crumbs, boiled rice, molasses, and I allow that that gray streak in that nor-nor-west corner is chicken. Tell yer what, boys, I don't allow that I'm agoin' to drive horses, chop wood, or lug water for fellers that wont wash dishes for decency's sake. I'm willin' to carry my share of

the cookin', turn and turn about. You two boys ought to wash the dishes regular. I'm the oldest feller in this yer camp, and if you, Tom and Arthur, don't find some way of doin' up those yer dishes between ye, before we git to the Bluffs, ye may as well make up yer minds to go back from there."

This was a long speech for Hiram, who always meant what he said. Barnard supported him in this decision; and the younger boys, though feeling very much "put upon," agreed to take turns at playing house-maid.

The first experiment was attended by a serious disaster. They drew lots for the first week's duty, and Arthur was "stuck," as he expressed it, for the service. Sitting somewhat morosely on the ground, one evening, at work on this unwelcome job of dish-washing, he turned the only crockery plate of the establishment about in his hands, scolding to himself. Tom, who was not a little elated that he was exempt from this service, at least for one week, stood by, and, aggravatingly pointing with his foot at the plate, said:

"Be careful of that yer crockery, Arty, it's Hi's favorite dish. He'll dress ye down if ye smash it."

Arthur, with a gust of rage, cracked Tom over his toe with the plate, breaking it into pieces.

"There, now! I——"

But before Tom could say any further, Hiram, who had watched the whole proceeding, seized both boys by the collar and hustled them toward a creek which flowed near camp.

"Where are you going with those boys?" shouted Barnard, amazed and laughing as he saw stout Hiram wrestling with the two squirming boys.

"I'm going to drown 'em, like I would a pair of quarrelsome cats," said Hiram, manfully struggling with the youngsters.

"No you don't, though," said Tom, dexterously twisting one of his legs in between Hiram's feet. The young man staggered a little, and, in his effort to save himself from falling into the creek, let both boys go loose. They stood a little way off, looking defiantly at each other and at Hiram.

"Your family government does not seem to work well," said Barnard. "I guess we'll have to send the boys back from Council Bluffs. They never'll go through this way."

Arthur, who still held in his hand a bit of the plate that had been the innocent cause of this outburst, said:

"Well, Tom pestered me; but I'm willing to try it again. Give us a fair trial, Barney."

Tom was sulky, but admitted that he should not have provoked Arthur.

"Tom, I'll tell ye what I'll do with *you*," said

Hiram. "If ye don't behave yerself, I'll take away yer revolver and put ye on the first boat bound down, after we get to the Bluffs."

"That will be binding him over to keep the peace," said Barnard.

"No," added Arthur, opening his hand and showing, with a blush, the fragment of Hiram's pet plate, "I'm going to keep the piece."

And he did.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### "THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

A CITY of tents covered the flat banks of the Missouri, below Council Bluffs, when our party

cooking in the open air, repairing their tents or clothes, trading off some part of their outfit, or otherwise making ready for the final start across the plains.

Looking across the flat bottom land, one could barely catch a glimpse of the Big Muddy, as the people called the Missouri River. A fringe of low trees showed where the stream flowed by; and occasionally a huge three-story steamboat went gliding down in the distance, looking exactly as if it were moving through the meadows. Beyond, the western side of the river was somewhat bluff and broken. A few wooden shanties were grouped about the ferry landing,—a huge scow being the means of transit. On one eminence stood a



THE CAMP AT THE "JUMPING-OFF PLACE."

reached the river. In those days, Council Bluffs was a scattered and rough-looking town, about four miles from the Missouri River; and, where its edges were frayed out toward the south, was a long level strip of land, extending to the broad sweep of the stream. Westward, this plain was dotted with thousands of cattle, belonging to emigrants; and in that part of it which was nearest the town were the carts and wagons of those whose faces were now turned toward California. It was a novel sight. Here were men mending wagons,

weather-beaten structure, partially boarded over. This was designed to be the capital when the country should be erected into the Territory of Nebraska. The groups of shanties scattered about over the hills had no name. Omaha has since arisen on that site. Then, however, the whole country was one of great expectations.

With eyes wide open, scanning the curious sight on every side, the boys drove their team down the river road, in search of a good camping-place. Their experience in traveling through Iowa had

taught them that they must find a dry, smooth spot for their tent, water for the camp, and grass for the horses. On the edge of this strange city of tents they found all of these, and there they encamped.

But they were not allowed to do this unnoticed. Although people were continually going and coming, there were enough idle fellows to watch the new-comers and make remarks upon them, — "Here's more candidates for California fortunes." "Going to the Pacific with that raw-boned hoss?" "Oh, get out of that wagon and walk to the diggings." "What are you going to do with that gold-pan?" "Say, sonny, does yer mammy know you're out?" These were some of the rude salutations which greeted the party as they drove sturdily down through the city of tents.

Arthur's eyes snapped a little, and his cheeks burned; but Hiram, perched in the wagon, flung back the rude observations with cheerful readiness. One kindly-faced man, who walked along, beside the boys, said:

"You must n't mind these chaps; they're rough, but good-natured; and if you should happen to get into difficulty, they would help you readily enough."

Their new acquaintance showed them where parties from various parts of the Western States were encamped; and they pitched their tent near that of some men from Hancock County, Illinois, and soon made themselves at home.

They felt that they had reached "the jumping-off place."

Beyond, across the river, was nothing but that vast unbroken stretch of country which used to be laid down in the school maps as "Unexplored Regions." Even now it was unexplored except by a few people who had gone over to Oregon, Utah, or California. Contradictory reports about the value of the gold diggings were coming into this canvas city of emigrants. The very day that they arrived, there ran a rumor through the camp that two men had just come in from California with very discouraging news. It was said that they had come through in twenty-eight days, riding their mules all the way; had had narrow escapes from Indians, and were so far back on their way to "the States," as everybody called the country east of the Missouri.

After the boys had settled their camp for the night, they went out and hunted up these bearers of ill tidings. Pressing into a little knot of men near the camp of some New Englanders, who had fitted out at Council Bluffs, they saw a rough-bearded, ragged and seedy-looking man, sitting on a wagon-tongue. He was smoking a short pipe with great enjoyment, and he occasionally dropped

a word by way of answer to the questions that were showered upon him.

"Gold! no!" he replied, with great scorn, "thar's no gold in the hull country. How do I know? Why, I was thar a week; that's how I know."

"Where were you?" asked one of the bystanders.

"I was on the Yuba, jest whar it jines into the American. That's whar I war."

"But I did n't know the Yuba emptied into the American; the Yuba is further north," said Barnard, impulsively, and before he thought.

"B'en thar?" growled the returned Californian.

"No," said Barnard, with a blush.

"Wal, I have, you bet yer," rejoined the other. "And its no use o' yer talkin', men; I have mined it more nor a week in them diggings; never got so much as a color."

"Did you hear of anybody who did find gold?" somebody asked.

"Here and thar war a man who said as how he had seed some other feller as had seed another who had heerd tell on some other chap as had found somethin' that looked like gold. I don't put no trust into any on 'em."

"You look as if you'd had a hard time," said a sympathizing visitor.

"Misery in my bones; wust way; I aint been so powerful bad in my life afore. Fever 'n ager wuss than in Arkansasaw. You bet yer."

"Why did n't you keep on down the Yuba, prospecting?"

"Keep on!" replied the veteran, with infinite scorn. "We war nigh out of grub. No gold in sight. We'd rastled with our luck long enough, me and my pard. So we jist lighted out 'n that 'tween two days. Powerful glad we are to be yar, too, you bet yer."

"You look it," said one of the emigrants, who seemed to regard this dampening report as a sort of personal injury.

Younkins, for this was the name of the returned prospector, told the same story all through the camps. No gold in California, but much sickness; cholera, fever and ague, and plenty of men glad to get away, if they could only find the means to travel with. Some of the emigrants did not believe these reports. Some said: "Oh, these chaps are discouraging emigration to the diggings. They want it all themselves. They can't fool us that way." But others were downright discouraged.

A day or two after, four men crossed the river from the Nebraska side, driving an ox-team with a shabby wagon. They had gone as far west as Fort Laramie, where they heard bad news and had turned back. The boys sought out this party, and

heard their story. They had lost a comrade, who had died on the way to Laramie. They were gloomy, down-hearted and out of spirits. They met people coming back. Some had been through to California; or they said they had. Others had turned their faces homeward after hearing the reports of others.

This bad news had its effect in the camps. "The mines have given out," was the cry around many of the camp-fires; and not a few wagons were packed up for home, or sold out at auction, and the disheartened owners returned to "the States," out of pocket as well as out of luck. In a few days outfits were to be had for low prices. The weekly newspaper at Council Bluffs vainly tried to keep up the excitement. Reports from California were discouraging. If there ever had been any gold there, it was exhausted. It was useless to say that there never was any of the precious stuff found in the mines. Many of the emigrants had seen some that had been brought to their own homes. Arthur and Barney had touched and handled Gates' golden ore. But the mines had given out, and that was the end of the matter.

"I don't believe any such yarn," said Barnard, stoutly. "I don't want to influence the rest of you, boys; but I'm going through. For one, I shall not turn back."

"Nor I!" said Arthur, with a burst of enthusiasm.

"Nor I," added Tom.

"It's Califony or bust, with me," said Hiram, sententiously.

So they were agreed.

But things looked rather blue at times; and when those who had turned back drove slowly up the road and disappeared among the bluffs, Arthur looked after them with some misgivings, and with a touch of homesickness in his heart. Then he turned his eyes westward where the sun dipped below the western hills. As at one glance, he saw the long trail stretching over the unknown land. It was a mysterious and untried way. The boy hesitated only for a moment, and, stretching out his arms toward the setting sun, said to himself, "I'm bound to go through!"

After all, however, there were very few who turned back, compared with the number remaining at the Bluffs; and every steamboat that came up the river brought fresh recruits from the towns and cities below. These people had only part of their outfit with them; some of them bought out the entire equipment of those who were returning, and so stepped at once into possession of all that was needed to take them through. In a few days, the city of tents grew a great deal; and, on the western side of the river, where the bottom land

spread out, as on the Iowa side, there was a considerable encampment. These, like the camps across the river, were changing all the while. Every day a train of wagons would roll out over the hills, bound at last for California; and new additions were immediately made. This was the place where emigrants to California found what was yet to be added to their equipment. Supplies were plenty, and sold at reasonable prices. People who, like our boys, had traveled across the country by team, had consumed some of their provisions before reaching the Bluffs; and their brief experience in camping out and traveling showed them where their outfits were imperfect. Many parties came up the river on steamers, and here bought a great portion of their stores. Council Bluffs was a busy place; everybody had something to sell; and the citizens of that thriving town strolled among the canvas tents of the emigrants with calm satisfaction.

There was much hunting to and fro for people who had come across the country, by their comrades who had followed after by the speedier transit of railroad and steamboat. Some of these parties were never made up again. It often happened that those who arrived first grew tired of waiting for those who were to come after. Although there was much delay at the Bluffs, everybody was feverish and excited. If they were going on to the land of gold, they were in a hurry to start. If they had decided to return, they had no time to waste at the river. So little companies broke up, some going on and some turning back. Friends, neighbors and families were thus dispersed, never to meet again; and, wandering around from camp to camp, were those who expected to find their comrades, but who too often learned that they had gone on before. Some of these belated ones were disheartened, and went no farther; but most of them joined themselves to other parties, and so pushed on to California.

Our boys began to think that their two-horse team was hardly heavy enough to draw their wagon across the continent. They saw that most people had at least two spare horses; and more oxen than horses were used by the emigrants whom they had met.

"Oxen is the things. I allow, after all, boys," said Hiram, who had studied the subject carefully while coming through Iowa. "Just suppose one of these horses should up and die; where'd ye be then? We'd have to haul through with one hoss."

"But suppose we were chased by Indians," remonstrated Arthur. "We could n't get away with oxen, could we?"

"Indians! pshaw!" said Hiram; "there aint



no Indians, so far as heard from. And if there was, hosses won't save us, you may bet on that."

"We might trade off our horses for oxen," said Barnard, "but we could n't expect to get two yoke of oxen for a pair of horses; and unless we had two yoke we should be no better off than we are now."

"Cattle are cheap," explained Hiram. "We can buy a yoke fer fifty or sixty dollars. Old Jim's worth that much money, and my Jenny could sell fer more 'n the cost of another yoke. The farmers 'round here are bringin' in their cattle."

"Golly! how it rains," broke in Tom, who had been trying to keep the beating current out of the tent. The water flowed in under the edge of the canvas from the sloping ground in the rear. Arthur jumped up in consternation. He had been sitting in a little pool of water.

"All hands out to dig trenches!" shouted Barnard. The night was pitch dark, and the boys seized their lantern, shovels and ax, and sallied out to dig a narrow ditch about the tent. The water poured into this, and so was carried off on each side, and their canvas-house stood on a little island of its own. But the rain fell in torrents, and the tent flapped wildly in the wind.

"Tell you what, fellers," said Hiram, shaking the water from him, as they crouched inside again, "this aint what it's cracked up to be. Camping in a rain storm aint great fun; hey, Arty?"

Arthur was just going to say that they might be worse off before they got across the plains, when a pair of very thin hands were thrust in at the opening of the tent, now tied together for the night, and a thin voice said: "Please may I come in?"

"Sartin, sartin," said Hiram heartily. "Walk in and make yourself to hum, whoever you be."

Arthur unfastened the tent-curtain, and a boyish figure, slender and woe-begone, struggled into the group.

The stranger might have been about thirteen years old. He looked as if he had lived about forty years. He wore a pair of trousers made of striped jean, resembling bed-ticking; and his jacket of linsey-woolsey homespun, and dyed with butternut juice, was much too short at the wrists. His face was pale, but sweet and pleasant, and he had mild blue eyes. Under his arm he carried a large bundle. He wore a very seedy coon-skin cap, wet and dripping with the rain. He put his bundle carefully on the ground, and tied the tent together again; then, turning about, he surveyed the little party in the tent with mild inquiry, but without a word.

"What mought yer name be?" asked Hiram, when nobody else had broken silence.

"Johnny."

Hiram paused. He knew that the boy's name was not, after all, of much consequence to anybody; but to ask for it was one way to begin a conversation. And he had not got far. "Johnny" was rather vague.

"Johnny what?" spoke up Tom.

"That's all. Only just Johnny," was the reply.

"Oh, don't bother the boy about his name," broke in Barnard. "Where are your folks? Are you going to California?"

"Yes, I'm going to California; and I don't know where my folks are. Perhaps you've seen 'em, sir. There's a tall one with red hair, and a short one with a harelip, and another one with a game leg. Oh, sir, have n't you seen 'em nowhere?" and the poor boy's eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

"A game leg?" repeated Hiram. "Boys, don't you remember that thar mean skunk as stole Josh Davis's ox-chain over on the west side of the river? He mought have been the chap. Did he wear a red shirt, with a blue handkercher around his waist?" he asked of Johnny.

"Yes," said the boy; "and his name was Bunce,—Bill Bunce,—and we are from Vermillion County, Illinois."

"I allow he and his partners have gone on ahead," said Hiram.

"I was over on the Omaha side when they drove out," added Tom; "and they had a big yaller dog named Pete with them. Golly! but that dog was a master-hand to hunt chipmunks! How he would——"

"Oh, you talk too much with your mouth," interrupted Hiram, impatiently. Johnny showed signs of breaking into tears. He sat down and told his story. He had lived in Vermillion County with a man who was called a doctor, he said. Evidently he had been hardly used, and had never known father or mother. A drudge in a country doctor's house, he had been kept in ignorance of the world outside, of his own friends, and of his family. He had never even been told his own name. How did he get here? That was simple enough. Three or four of the doctor's neighbors were going to California. They offered, or pretended to offer, to take the boy along. He was too glad to get away from the brutal and quick-tempered doctor, to wait for a second hint. They had journeyed on together to Quincy, on the Mississippi, where the men left Johnny to follow them by steamer, while they went "another way," as they said. They promised to write to him when to start for Council Bluffs. He waited several weeks at the miserable little boarding-house where they had lodged him. Alarmed at the long delay, he had started off by himself, and here he was.

"Probably their letters miscarried," said Arthur, with sympathy in his eyes.

"More likely they never wrote," added his wiser brother.

The youngster looked distressed, but spoke up cheerfully:

"Perhaps they have n't gone. They said they would wait here for me."

But Hiram was sure about "the man with the game leg"; he was not positive as to the others. Both Arthur and Tom remembered the lame man with the big yellow dog, especially the dog; but nobody was sure whether the tall man with him had red hair or not.

"Well, you can bunk down with us to-night," said Hiram, "and in the morning we'll take a hunt through the camps, and if your chaps have n't lighted out, we'll find 'em."

The next morning broke fair and bright. The rain had ceased during the night, and great drops were shining on the grass and on the bushes that bordered the plain. With a great bound of exhilaration, Arthur sprang from his damp blankets and began to make ready for breakfast. Johnny crept out into the sunshine, and, having followed Arthur's example by taking a wash from the tin wash-hand basin which was produced from the wagon, he sat watching the preparations about the camp-stove.

"May I stay to breakfast with you?" he asked. "I've got money enough to pay for it."

"I don't know," said Arthur, doubtfully. "You will have to ask Barney. Well, yes, you shall stop too," he added, as he saw the boy's face fall. "You shall have my breakfast, anyhow."

"But I can pay for it. I've got some money sewed into my jacket."

"How much?" demanded Tom, who was splitting up a fence-rail for fire-wood.

"Eighty dollars," said Johnny, simply.

"Jerusalem crickets!" exclaimed Tom. "Where did you get so much?"

"Dr. Jenness gave it to me before I left. He said it was mine, and that he had been keeping it for me."

Before any more talk could be made, a bright-faced, handsome young fellow, with a cityfied and jaunty air, walked up to the group, and asked, "Can you tell me where I can find the Lee County boys, as they call them?"

"That's us," said Tom, with a good-natured grin.

"Well, I'm in luck; and where's the captain?"

Barnard, who had come out of the tent with an armful of bedding, said: "We have no captain. What's your will?"

"I hear you want a yoke of cattle. I have a yoke which I should like to turn in as part of my outfit, if you will take another partner. I'm going through."

Barnard eyed him suspiciously, and said, "Where from?"

"Well, I'm from Boston last; born in Vermont, though; have been in the dry-goods trade; got tired of selling goods over the counter. I'm going through."

The boys looked curiously on the Boston dry-goods salesman, who had come all the way to Council Bluffs to find a chance to go to California. He said his party had broken up and gone back.

"We'll think it over," said Barnard.

"All right," said the Boston man. "My name is Montague Morse."

*(To be continued.)*

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## GOOD-NIGHT.

PITY the bells in the steeple,  
Calling afar to the people:

"Good-night—ding, dong—good night!"  
While close to your bed, as they're ringing,  
Your own loving mother is singing:

"Good-night, dear one, good-night!"

## SOMETHING ABOUT RAILROADS.

BY MAJOR TRAVERSE.

ONCE an American lady in Baalbec, in Syria, saw a native at work on one of the mud-built houses, for though the ancient city of Baalbec was so splendid that it was called "the City of the Sun," the modern town is built mainly of mud. The lady asked the native why he did not build grand temples and splendid columns, like those in ruins. The man shook his head, and replied that such work could not be done by men.

"Why not?" asked the lady. "Those temples were built by men."

"Oh, no," said the Syrian; "by the genii."

"The genii!" exclaimed the lady, laughing. "Why, are the genii idle now?"

"They have gone," replied the Syrian, seriously. "They have gone toward the setting sun, where they build greater houses than these, bridge streams, bore through mountains, run through water and fly over the land, carrying people as swift as the wind, and letters as quick as lightning."

The lady smiled at the singular idea of the poor native, though there was much more to reflect upon than to laugh at in what he had said.

One of the great, good genii of this age is certainly the Civil Engineer. I often wonder if the children who cease work or play to watch a passing railway-train, ever think of the great changes which have been brought about by the building of railways.

George Stephenson, who is now justly called the "father of railways," was the child of poor parents in England. Unable to send him to school, they employed him at home as a nurse for the younger children until he was eight years old. His chief duty as nurse was to keep his little brothers and sisters from under the hoofs of the horses which

drew the coal-cars on the "tram-way"—a wooden railroad leading from a coal-mine, which ran near his father's door. At this early age, while watching the coal-trains passing, he conceived the idea that iron would make better rails than wood, and that if he could put upon wheels the steam-engine which his father tended as fireman at the coal-pit, it could be made to draw as heavy a train of coal-



YOUNG GEORGE THINKS IT OVER.

cars as could be moved by a great team of fifty horses.

The idea did not pass away from the brain of George Stephenson when he was removed from his home at nine years of age, and hired out, at four cents a day, to tend the cows of a neighboring farmer. He had enough of leisure while watching the herd in the field to think over the subject. He even built him an engine of clay, with hemlock branches for steam pipes. I suspect that, like Little Boy Blue, he sometimes let the cows stray into forbidden meadows while he sat thinking about en-

gines on wheels and roads of iron. He could not study about them in books for two very good reasons. In the first place, no books about railroads and locomotives had been printed, since neither had been built. The other reason was that George Stephenson could n't read at all. He did not know his alphabet until he was nineteen years old.

Little George, or "Geordy," as the common people nicknamed him, was next employed to drive the horse which turned the winding machine, or "gin," as the colliers called it, at the coal-pit

He made the first locomotive with smooth driving-wheels. It had been thought necessary by some engineers to construct locomotives with cogged driving-wheels, and a corresponding rack on the rail, to prevent the wheels from slipping. But Stephenson successfully set aside all these contrivances. He was nearly fifty years old before he found men willing to risk their money in constructing an iron railroad to test his locomotive. When, at length, the first railroad was completed, between Stockton and Darlington (two English



GEORGE SHOWING HIS MODEL TO THE COLLIER.

where his father worked. He then began to think of a plan for making the steam do the work of the horse, and one day astonished the colliers by building on a bench, in front of his father's cottage, a model in clay of an engine which turned the "gin" and lifted the coal. He was at this time so young and small that his father made him hide when the owner of the coal-mine went "the rounds" to pay his hands, for fear he should think him too small to receive sixteen cents a day wages!

It was not until he was nineteen years old, and was set to watch an engine, that he found time to attend school and learn to read and write. He worked steadily at his old idea for twenty-five years.

towns only twelve miles apart), the procession with which the day was celebrated was headed by a man on horseback, to keep the road clear for Stephenson's locomotive and car, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in carriages kept pace with the train by riding by the side of the track. But after the procession had proceeded a short distance, Stephenson, who was running his own engine, impatiently called to the horseman to get out of the way, and, putting steam on, he ran his locomotive the rest of the distance at the terrible pace of twelve miles an hour!

Stephenson had been called a lunatic when he had said that his locomotive could run twelve miles

an hour. One very distinguished officer of the English Government, whose duty it was to see that the mails were carried as rapidly as possible, laughed at the idea, and said that "if ever a locomotive ran ten miles an hour with a mail-bag behind it, he would eat a stewed engine-wheel for his breakfast."

There was some little excuse for this disbelief, for the first locomotive was a very clumsy machine. It was called the "Locomotion." Stephenson, when he built it, was the only man besides his son Robert who believed it would go at all; and some of the learned members of the English Parliament declared that it could not run against a strong wind! It was a small, clumsy affair, weighing not more than one-fifth as much as an engine of the present time.

The first improvement on it—the "Rocket"—was even more ridiculous in appearance; but it was found to be faster and stronger. Before it was accepted by the railroad company, it was put in a race with three other engines manufactured by other engineers; and of the judges and thousands of persons who witnessed the race, "nine-tenths were against the 'Rocket,' because of its appearance." But Stephenson received the prize over the other competitors, one of whom was Captain John Ericsson. His locomotive could run fifteen miles an hour, and once actually drew thirteen tons at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour. That performance decided the fate of locomotives, and engineers at once went to work to improve the new motive power.

The first railroad passenger-car was simply an old box on wheels, with seats running along the sides, a door at the rear end, and a seat in front for the driver, like the box of an omnibus. It was called by Stephenson, who invented it, the "Experiment," because it was not generally believed that people would travel on the railway. In 1825, about the time the first line was finished, one of the principal papers of England said that nothing could be "more ridiculous than the prospect of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches!" And it added that people would as soon "suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." Stephenson, however, firm in his belief that passengers would travel by rail, declared that the time would come, and he hoped to live to see it, when it would be cheaper for a poor man to ride than to walk. This prophecy threatens to be more than fulfilled in a few years. It is proposed in England to send passengers by rail at ordinary English letter-rates, and under a system of tickets like postage-stamps—a six-cent stamp entitling the holder to go by any route to

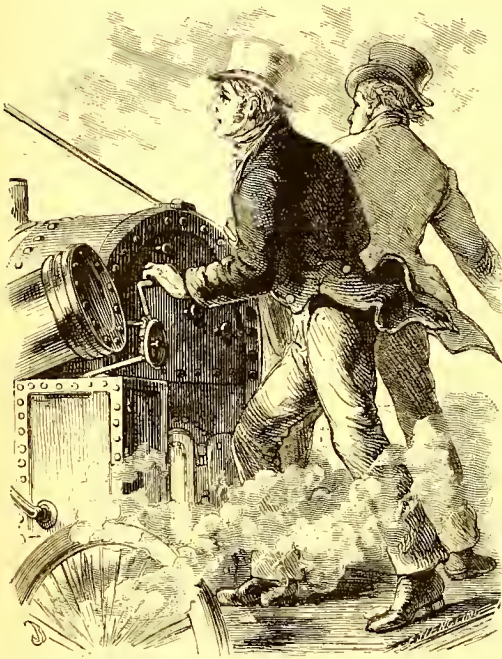
any part of Great Britain. But George Stephenson was not believed then, and the people continued to call him "Daft Geordy," which means "Crazy George." It was not long after the Stockton and Darlington road was opened that more passenger-cars were needed. The first improvement on the "Experiment" was a double car, made out of two "mourning-coaches." This car was lighted at night by a single candle.

Of course the owners and drivers of the stage-coaches and road-wagons bitterly opposed the building of the railway. They claimed that stage-coaches were not only safer but swifter than the cars, and often tried to prove it by racing. One day a race came off between Stephenson's locomotive, drawing a passenger-train, and one of the old stage-coaches which ran between Stockton and Darlington. They ran for a distance of twelve miles, and the locomotive beat the stage-coach by about one hundred yards. After this the proprietors of the stage-coaches were ruined, and their coaches were sold to the railroad company, who put new wheels on the old bodies and made railway passenger-cars of them. The English railway-cars are still much like several stage-coaches combined in a long carriage, each being a separate room of itself. These cars, as well as those in use in America, are very elegantly furnished. When the first passenger-cars were placed on the Stockton and Darlington road, the travelers bought their seats, and their names were entered on the passengers' list. But instead of there being "nobody to travel behind a locomotive," everybody wanted to ride in that way, and it was soon found that no list of passengers could be kept; thus tickets came into use.

In these very early days of railway travel the passenger-cars were like the old stage-coaches in another respect,—a trumpeter accompanied each train and blew his bugle until the cars were out of the depot and through the town. It was not until the bell and steam-whistle came into use that the trumpeter and his horn were abolished.

It is only about fifty years since this first locomotive puffed along the first railway, dragging this first clumsy passenger-car. During each of those fifty years more than two thousand miles of rails have been laid, and in England and the United States every day of those fifty years has seen the completion of one locomotive and two passenger-cars. Immense workshops are kept busy building locomotives and cars. They are generally near the principal depots of the great railway lines, and I know of no more interesting place where one can spend a part of his day in the depot. Each and every part of a locomotive must be made with the greatest precision and delicacy, and great

machines are employed for hammering and cutting and punching and planing the iron into shape. You will find in these railway works, as the English say, or "locomotive works," as they are called in America, immense machines, possessing almost resistless power, yet driving only a little steel-pointed instrument like a chisel not bigger than one's little finger. It seems almost a waste of power to use such a giant to drive so slight a tool. But this delicate chisel digs its way little by little through the hardest of cold iron or steel, and planes it as smooth as ever the carpenter's plane trims wood, and it produces, too, shavings of iron as delicate as



STEPHENSON RUNNING HIS OWN ENGINE.

those of soft pine. Little shears, hardly bigger than a tailor's, cut through iron as easily as through paper; and delicate steel punches drive their way through iron plates. In most of these works you will see also the Nasmyth steam-hammer, a mighty giant in power, but as docile as a lamb under the touch of a master hand. It is an immense shaft of iron, sliding up and down in a great wooden frame, and regulated in its movements so that it can strike a hard or soft, a quick or slow blow, as the engineer who directs it may wish. A heated shaft of iron a foot thick can be crushed, or a tack may be driven, by its blows. About twenty years ago, the Prime Minister of England, Lord John Russell, visiting the railway works at Manchester, was invited to eat a boiled egg for luncheon. Before giving him

the egg, the master of the works put it in a small wine-glass and placed both under the great steam-hammer. The engineer set the giant at work; down rushed the shaft with the rapidity of a lightning flash and struck the egg, but so perfectly was the hammer regulated that the blow merely chipped the shell, crushing neither glass nor egg.

Among the first results of the success of the railway was the stop which was put to the digging of canals. Tens of thousands of men had been employed in Great Britain in canal-digging; they were known as "navigators," but called "navvies" for short. These, thinking their work would be gone if railroads succeeded, made great efforts to oppose them. But it was soon found that the digging of deep railway cuts, the building of great bridges, and the boring of long tunnels, gave employment to more men than canal digging, and the navvies at once became railway builders. One-half of the great Pacific Railway—the Mississippi side—was built by Irish navvies; the other half—on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains—was mainly the work of Chinamen, who were brought over from China by the ship-load to work on the railroad, although they had never seen one in their lives. The English navvies were a curious class twenty-five or thirty years ago. They went about from road to road in gangs of ten or twelve, with a headman or captain, who made bargains or contracts, and under whose direction they worked. They generally built at each point where they found employment a mud house, roofed with tufts of grass, in which the whole gang ate and slept, doing hard work and living hard lives. When a lazy fellow attached himself to the gang and shirked work, the others beat and cast him out, refusing him a share of the profits of the work. Along railroads nowadays the workmen build entire villages of log or slab huts, which they leave standing when they go away. Those who lay the track live in cars fitted up for sleeping and cooking, and called "caboose" or "construction trains." When the Pacific Railway was being built, the twenty thousand workmen on the Plains removed their villages from place to place every week; for on that road a rail was laid every fifteen seconds, and over a mile of track was completed during every hour of track-laying.

There were workmen on the Pacific Railway even more curious than the Irish or Chinese navvies. During the Summer of 1868, the Laramie River became very low, much to the distress of a contractor who had cut a great many thousand cross-ties—the timbers on which the rails are laid—and which he expected to float down to the point where the railroad was to cross. He was at first at a loss to know what to do, but resolved, finally, to build

dams across the river at various points, and, when the stream was thus made high enough, set his rafts afloat. Large parties of men, therefore, went to work building the dams. No sooner would the men leave off work at night, than thousands of beavers would begin, and work hard at the dam during the whole night.

Water is always as necessary to the comfort of the beavers as on this occasion it was to the welfare of the contractor; and it was probably for this reason, and not because they wished to see the railroad finished, that the beaver community joined in the labor of building the dams.

Near every large depot at the end of a line of railway, but not at the small stations along the route, you will find a curious workshop, different from the "locomotive works," and hardly less interesting. It is always circular or semicircular in shape, and for this reason is called the "round-house." In the early days of railroads, the repair-shop—which the round-house really and simply is—was called "the hospital." It is not a name without meaning, for to the round-house, as to an hospital, the "iron horses" who may have been worn out in service, with broken limbs or wheezy lungs, are sent to be "doctored," as the engineers say—or "repaired," as we would call it. In the center of the round-house is always a movable table, large and strong enough to hold the biggest and heaviest locomotive. It is called a turn-table. Across its diameter run two rails; and from its outer edge or circumference run other rails to all parts of the round-house, spreading from the table like the spokes of a wheel from its hub. The disabled locomotives are run into this hospital, and upon the turn-table, which is then turned until the locomotive can be run upon the side-tracks, to be taken to pieces, repaired, painted and polished up, then to come forth renewed for the race again.

A train of cars is in some respects like a ship. The engineer or driver of the engine is the pilot, the brakemen are the crew, and the conductor is the captain of the craft. But these are not all the persons necessary to the work. Of equal importance to the safe running of every train are the guides—the signal-men and switch-tenders. These are not only among the most important, but the most interesting of the servants of the locomotive. On all well-regulated railways the signal-men and switch-tenders are stationed at every depot, switch, crossing, bridge and tunnel; and on all roads in Europe, and on several in this country, guards are stationed at every mile-post. There are patrols who pass over the road—each taking a mile of it as his beat—just before a train is to pass, and examine every foot of the track, looking for loose bolts and broken rails, and removing little stones

from the track. These patrols and the signal and switch men are armed during the day-time with flags, which they wave as a direction to the engineer of the train. At night they use colored lamps, which can be seen for many hundreds of yards; and great calcium lights, which are visible for many miles.

It is not at the ends of a great railroad that the switch-tenders and signal-men are to be seen in their greatest activity, but at some point where several tracks cross each other. At Newark, New Jersey, near the city of New York, two great lines of railway cross, each having a double track. Trains on these roads are so numerous that they pass each other at this place every ten minutes in the day and night. You would naturally suppose that the switch-men were kept very busy; they are constantly at their posts and on the look-out, but the labor, though responsible, is not hard. A single signal-man in a small station-house directs the trains, regulating their coming and going, and their speed, with his flag, which is moved by machinery.

At the Clapham Junction, near London, 700 trains pass daily,—that is one every two minutes and a-half,—so rapidly, indeed, that it looks to a stranger as if one continuous train was passing, and then flying off in different directions. Yet it is all done, day after day, without noise or confusion to these signal and switch men, who control the movements of the trains. Here one signal-man directs the whole (there is a small army of switch-tenders), and he does it by an instrument called a signal-box, on which he plays as on a great piano.

The signal-box used in England is an elevated tower, which overlooks the railway for several hundred yards around the depots. In the top of it are the handles of the various signals, some of which may be more than a mile distant. In some of the boxes there are as many as seventy handles, each connecting with a signal-flag or post at greater or less distance, and each near a switch, by the side of which there always stands a switch-tender, who is guided in all he does by the signal-master in the signal-box. By pulling a handle of his box, the signal-master displays a flag or lantern; the switch-tender, at the point where the signal is set, knows its meaning, and alters his switch to agree with it; the engineer of the approaching train also reads the signal, and dashes ahead or stops as it directs him. If it were not for the signal-master in his box, the trains at these busy stations would become confused and block the way.

But the quickest and safest of the agents which direct the running of trains is one you never see nor hear. He does his work swiftly and silently. He runs ahead of each train and keeps the track clear, and when accidents occur, it is generally

found that it is because he is disabled or neglectful of his duty. His name, as you will guess, is The Telegraph. Every railroad has its telegraph line, and at every station an operator to mark the principal movements of the trains. In this way the trains are prevented from overtaking or running into each other. The telegraph is the signal-agent who does this; and no matter how fast the trains may run, electricity will outstrip them.

Not the least interesting feature of a depot, as you will find if you spend a day in one, is the difference in the character of the trains. You will find trains for day and trains for night travel; fast trains, making few stoppages, for persons going great distances, and called "express" trains; and slower trains, making many stops, for the convenience of persons going only a short distance, and called "accommodation" trains. Then there are various kinds of freight trains, such as cattle and hog trains; and on all the roads near great cities like Boston, New York and Philadelphia, there are even milk and egg trains. These reach the cities at an early hour of the morning, with the fresh milk and eggs collected the evening before in the country, that they may be distributed by the milk-men and grocers at their customers' doors before breakfast. It is only fifteen or twenty years ago that most of the milk used in large cities was obtained from cows fed in city pens, instead of in wide, green pastures of the country; and then it was the "cow with the iron tail," as the old-fashioned pumps were called, that gave the most of the supply. Now, long trains of cars, loaded with great tin cans or jars almost large enough to drown one in, carry to the cities the best milk of the finest cows in the richest meadows of the country.

Trains are now run at about the rate of forty miles an hour,—sometimes much faster, and gen-

erally somewhat slower. The fastest trains in England run at sixty miles an hour. To run at this rate, the piston or driving-rod of the locomotive must travel at the speed of 800 feet per minute, or so rapidly that it cannot be seen to move at all. George Stephenson, the first to claim that the locomotive could run at twelve miles an hour, was called insane until he proved it. It was but a few years after this that prominent engineers said that railway trains could be regularly run at the rate of 100 miles an hour; and Stephenson was again called insane because he said that fifty miles an hour was as fast as trains could be regularly and safely run. But it is now discovered that he was nearly right, and locomotive-makers are no longer building engines to run faster than at this rate. But they are trying, instead, to save the time lost in taking coal and water for supplying the engines.

On some lines a long open trough, forty feet long, is laid between the rails. This is filled with water. As the locomotive passes at the speed of fifty miles an hour, a pipe or scoop is lowered from it into this trough; the water is thus dipped up and placed in the water-box for use by the engine. Another invention is a huge box raised above the road and filled with coal. As the locomotive passes, it touches a spring, the box turns instantly upside down, and the coal drops into the tender, which runs behind the locomotive. The time which is thus saved will of course make the trips shorter, without calling for an increase of speed. It may be that when you are grown, railway trains will not be run any faster than they are now; but, in spite of what George Stephenson has prophesied, I suspect some future American engineer, who is now a boy, will find means of running them twice as fast as they are now run, and I hope with greater safety to the passengers.





“CAW!”

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.



AND that's *all* the crow said that afternoon the sparrow went to visit him.

I sat under the willow-tree and heard the whole conversation.

“How do you do?” began the sparrow. “What a lovely Spring we have had!—such bright sunshine, such pleasant showers, and so many cherries! Don't you think so?”

“Caw!” said the crow.

“The bluebird has three sweet little ones,” began the sparrow again, putting her head on one side. “They're just as cunning as can be, though their mouths *are* rather large. Is n't it queer that birds' mouths grow small as the birds grow large? Did you ever notice it?”

“Caw!” said the crow.

“I know a garden where there are hundreds of peas. I love young peas; I could eat them for-

ever—breakfast, dinner, and supper—and never get tired of them. They are *so* sugary and juicy!”

“Caw!” said the crow.

“The pretty gray pigeon that lives over at the big white house had a quarrel with his cousin this morning, and pushed him off the window-sill. I *do* think cousins should try to agree, and above all things not push each other off window-sills.”

“Caw!” said the crow.

“O dear! the sun has gone down behind the hill. I did n't dream it was so late,” said the sparrow, hopping first on one foot and then on the other. “If my husband gets home before I do, he will say I'm always gadding. But when one is in your company, one forgets that time is passing—you are *so* clever and witty. You must be sure to come to the next party I give; my friends will be delighted to meet you. Good-bye!”

“Caw!” said the crow—not another word.

And yet that silly sparrow went about the next day, telling all the birds she knew, that the crow was the most entertaining fellow she had ever met.

DOROTHY GREY.

BY T. E. D.

“WHERE'S Dorothy, mother?” asked bluff Farmer Grey,  
As he entered the kitchen one morning in May,  
With despair in his tone, and a frown on his brow,  
And he growled: “Oh, that girl, what's become of her now?  
I told her to mend me those bags, hours ago,  
And here I've been waiting, I'd have her to know.  
'T is seldom that I with the children find fault;  
But sorely she tries me.—she don't earn her salt.”  
The mother looked troubled,—“Wait, father, I'll call,—  
And “Dorothy!” sounded through chamber and hall.

In a wide, roomy garret, weather-beaten and old,  
Where the spiders triumphant their banners unroll'd,  
And the small, narrow window half stinted the ray  
Which fell on the form of sweet Dorothy Grey,  
She sat by a chest filled with pieces and rolls—  
The odds and the ends dear to housekeepers' souls;

The bags, worn and dusty, around her were tossed  
 Unheeded, forgotten—in dreams she was lost.  
 One hand propped her forehead, half hid by her hair,  
 While the other held tightly a fairy-book rare.  
 O the wonderful pictures! the glories untold!  
 That arose on her vision, all glitt'ring with gold!  
 The brown rafters vanished, and vanished the hoard  
 Of cast-offs and may-wants her mother had stored;  
 Dried bunches of herbs, old clothes past repair,  
 Heaps of carpet rags, saddle bags, spider-webbed stair.



In their place was a ceiling, resplendent and high,  
 All studded with stars, and as blue as the sky.  
 Around it hung banners, and garlands so gay!  
 And wax-lights made everything bright as the day;  
 While strains of sweet music came soft on the air,  
 And light feet were dancing right joyously there.  
 O the beautiful ladies! that swept through the rooms,  
 With dresses like rainbows, and high nodding plumes.  
 And the princes and lords, all in gallant attire,  
 How they danced as the music rose higher and higher!  
 Then the fair Cinderella,—a lady at last!  
 With the Prince so resplendent, tripped smilingly past.  
 O the exquisite story! it held her in thrall,  
 As she poured o'er the scenes of that wonderful ball;  
 Her red lips half parted with joy and surprise,  
 While beaming and dancing with light were her eyes.

Hist! a step on the stair—her dreaming is o'er!  
 As "Dorothy!" comes through the half-opened door,  
 She starts as though guilty, poor child! of a sin,  
 And down goes the chest-lid, her treasure within.  
 "Yes, mother, I'm coming!" and smiling she goes  
 Down the worm-eaten stairs—to be scolded, she knows.  
 But chide her and scold her as long as they may,  
 Still that beautiful vision hath Dorothy Grey.

## FRANK AND THE TOAD.

BY CYRUS COBB.

THERE was a little boy named Frank. He was a noble little fellow, but now and then he would forget what his good mother had told him. One day he was playing in the back-yard, when he discovered a toad hopping through the grass. The sight of this toad seemed to amuse him very much. He jumped about him laughing and chuckling in such a manner, that the poor reptile presently stopped in his way, and with an air of much humility waited to see what would come next.

Now Frank was n't a cruel boy, but like most little boys he was apt to be thoughtless. When the toad stood still, he cried out to it, "Go 'long! go 'long, or me whip you!" at the same time flourishing a stick with which he had been playing. But the toad did not move; so what did our boy do but bring the stick down upon its back with such force that it gave a hop of pain.

Then occurred something exceedingly amazing.

Looking up into the boy's face, the toad opened its mouth and said,

"My little man, you ought not to have done that."

Frank, who had never heard an animal speak before, started back with his stick held aloft, his eyes staring, and his mouth wide open.

The toad never for a moment withdrew its own bright eye from Frank's, but seemed to penetrate his heart with its glance.

Presently a kitten crept out from a great hole under the rear of the house, and being struck by so odd a picture, approached, and with a sort of introductory cough, followed by a little mew, exclaimed: "What's the matter?"

Frank was well nigh petrified by this speech on the part of the kitten, and all the motion he made

was to turn one of his wide-open eyes toward the new speaker, while the other seemed still held by the toad's glance.

"Frank just did a wicked turn," said the toad, without removing its glance from the boy.

"How so?" asked the kitten.

"He struck me a hard blow with that stick,



THE TOAD TELLS THE KITTEN.

which you see him holding in the air," returned the toad.

At this instant a mouse put out its head from a small hole under the house.

Kitty's fur began to rise at this, and she gave a growl, and she spit a little too. But somehow there seemed to be an extraordinary influence about, for the mouse paid no attention to these threatening signs from Miss Grimalkin, but out it



"O, HO!" CRIED THE MOUSE.

came, and running up to the group, squeaked: "What does all this mean?"

Pussy, whose impulse to eat up the mouse seemed to pass away, replied:

"This naughty little fellow has just now given a hard blow on friend Toad's back with that stick."

"O, ho!" cried the mouse, "what's best to be done with him?"

"To Judge Ox," said the toad; and nodding its head to Frank, it hopped toward the gate, still keeping its bright eye on our little boy.

Frank moved after the toad as if something drew him that he could n't resist. The kitten and the mouse fell in behind, making a sort of rear guard to this strange procession.

The toad led the way into a field near by, in which an ox was grazing. As the train approached,

the ox raised his head, and awaited their arrival with the utmost gravity.

When within about a yard of the ox, the toad said:

"Your honor, I have just been struck in a grievous manner by this little boy."

"Assault and battery with intent to kill," uttered the ox in a deep voice, at the same time turning a calm, dignified glance on Frank. "Let him be considered under arrest without more ado."

Frank began now to tremble violently.

"Let the case be presented to the grand jury immediately," continued the ox. "We do not delay," he added, with a severe look, "as men are wont to do."

A grasshopper, heretofore unobserved, now stepped forward, carrying a staff, which was only a straw, and led the toad, the kitten and the mouse



THE TOAD TELLS THE OX.

away. Frank watched them furtively until they were out of sight, and then, on a motion from the ox, he sat down on a stone, while a grandfather-longlegs held him in custody.

The grasshopper led the toad, the kitten, and the mouse to a secluded spot, where sat twenty-three beetles, who composed the grand jury, and in the midst of them was a ram, who was the district attorney.

What passed here it would be improper for us to tell, for grand juries are very secret in their doings. It did leak out, however, that the kitten and mouse testified that they saw the blow given by Frank. They probably thought they did, but they did n't, which my little readers will find to be like a good deal of evidence that is given in the courts.

To make the story short, an indictment was



GOING TO JUDGE OX.

found by this grand jury against our little boy, and duly presented.

The ox now stopped chewing a cud he had in his



THE GRASSHOPPER LEADS AWAY THE WITNESSES.

mouth, and again declared that he could permit no delays such as were indulged in by men.

"Choose," said he to poor Frank, "whom you would have for counsel."

Our little boy did n't understand what the ox meant by this speech; but Grandfather-Longlegs explained that as he must be put on trial for the ox to find out whether he was guilty or not, he certainly needed some one to work and talk for him as counsel.

At that moment, Frank, who was all of a flutter, heard a bleating calf just coming on the ground; and thinking him a fine talker, he declared to the court, in a voice that was almost inaudible, that he would take this calf to be his counsel.

The ox bowed to the calf, and so did the ram, who you know was the district attorney, and therefore, as counsel for government, was to contend against the calf. A jury of twelve frogs was impaneled, and the indictment was read, setting forth in very learned terms that Frank had assaulted the toad *vi et armis*, &c., maliciously and feloniously, with intent to kill. To all this Frank, under the instructions of his counsel, pleaded "Not guilty," and the trial commenced, the process being a little different from the course in some of the courts of men.

Alas for poor Frank! at the very first objection put in by his counsel, with a very loud voice, the ram bent both his brows and his head with such a terrible air, that the calf, losing all presence of mind, blurted out something nobody could under-

stand, and ingloriously turned tail and ran for a clump of bushes near by.

The ram made a dash for him, but the ox commanded him to return to his place; and then, in great disgust at the conduct of the calf, he asked the prisoner in a severe voice if he had anything to offer in his defense.

Poor Frank was so terrified by the flight of the calf, the severe look of the ox, and the threatening horns of the ram, that he could not say a word, and so the ox said he could waste no more time. The case was given to the jury on the evidence of the toad, and they returned a verdict of "Guilty" without leaving their seats.

Frank now thought something terrible was coming, and nearly fainted away. But Judge Ox bade Grandfather-Longlegs to help him stand up for sentence; then a kindly smile stole over his sober look, and this is the sentence he pronounced:

"The prisoner is sentenced to think over every night, when he goes to bed, how often he has been cruel to animals of any kind; and when he recollects of abusing any, even if it be but a fly, to say to himself, 'I'm very sorry, and will try very hard not to do so again.'"

"O!" cried Frank, gaining courage, "I will do that! I will do that!"

Then the ox nodded his head, and Frank was led back home by Grandfather-Longlegs and the ram, the toad, the kitten and the mouse following behind. When they arrived at the house the ram and Grandfather-Longlegs made a bow and left, the toad hopped into the yard, and the kitten and



THE TRIAL.

mouse made for their holes. But just as the mouse was going into his, pussy made a dart for him. Mousey was too quick for her, however, for giving

his tail a whisk almost in pussy's face, he ran into his hole safe and sound.

As for Frank, the lesson impressed upon him in so wonderful a way had such an excellent effect,

and he kept his promise to Judge Ox so well, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took occasion, not long afterward, to mention him with honor.

## SANDY, THE HUNCHBACK.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

AT the far end of the one little straggling street of the village of Glenburn, lived the widow MacPherson and her son "Sandy, the hunchback," as he was always called by the neighbors. At the other end stood the little kirk, under whose shadow lay her husband and five children; and now this one cripple boy was all that was left to remind her of long years of toil and loving service. Of all the bonnie lads and lasses, there remained but one—her poor deformed child. But the faithful mother's heart went out to him in double love and tenderness, and longed to shield him from every jeer and mocking laugh that stung his sensitive soul.

Sandy was no ideal character such as is often found in books, whose bodily deformity was more than balanced by the beauty of his face or the brilliancy of his genius. No, Sandy was not formed to be a hero of romance; he was only a shrewd Scotch boy, whose wits were exercised more than would have been the case had he been able to race over the moor, or wade the brooks fishing for trout, or climb the heathery sides of the hills after birds' nests, as did his more fortunate companions.

His round, freckled face was crowned by a shock of light hair, and his bright blue eyes were more keen than beautiful. However, to his mother he was all in all; and, to do him justice, his love for her was unbounded. He helped to cultivate her little patch of garden, hobbling about on his crutch, and he also contrived to eke out their scanty income by plaiting straw into mats and little fancy baskets, which found sale during the Summer months, when the neighboring town was much frequented by tourists, who were glad to carry away pretty mementos of their visit to the rugged Scottish hills.

To most of the simple villagers Sandy was an object of compassion, and also a quiet sort of liking.

"He's a douce lad," one gossip would say to

another; "but eh! my he'rt's just sair for his puir mither."

And "douce" Sandy generally was, unless when his naturally quiet temper was aggravated by taunts or mocking allusions to his misfortune, and then his hands would clench themselves hard together, and his blue eyes blaze into sudden wrath,—while, like any other wounded animal, he would hobble as swiftly as possible to his lowly home, sure of shelter and a loving welcome there.

"Eh, mither, what ha'e I dune," he would say sometimes, "that I s'uld be made sic a deformity?"

Then his mother would take his hand gently in hers, stroking it softly as she said:

"It's the Lord's will, my lamb, an' ye must just bear it, for His sake."

"But it's no richt o' Him," he answered once, "to mak' a body sae, an' then no' keep ithers frae flytin' them. I'd rather dee an' ha'e dune wi' it."

Then the tears rolled suddenly down the pale, patient face of his mother.

"Oh, my bonnie lamb, ye maunna' say sic things; ye brak' my he'rt wi' yer wull words. An' eh! Sanny, to think ye'd like to dee an' leave yer puir auld minny, that wad just spill ilka drap o' her he'rt's bluid for ye gin it war ony guid!"

"Weel, weel, mither, I winna dee gin I can help it," Sandy answered with a queer grimace; "but I canna' see why ye s'uld be sae ower fond o' sic a crooked stick."

"Eh, Sandy, ye're no' a mither," said the widow, with a tearful smile; and as she moved about her work, she would pause often to give a nod or a word to Sandy, who sat whistling at his work under the old gnarled apple-tree which shaded the door.

To do them justice, the boys in the village were almost all of them ready to render Sandy any help they could, as he made his toilsome way about the place, or in his expeditions after the mosses and lichens with which he filled the baskets which he

made for sale; but there were two, of about his own age, who were Sandy's special aversion. One, I am bound to confess, was the minister's son; and the other, his constant companion, Robert Allison, the son of "the laird," whose handsome abode was just in sight from the door of Sandy's dwelling.

Robert Allison and William Burton were inseparable; when the one was not at the Manse, the other was sure to be ranging through the wild park which extended for some distance around "The Towers." Every morning Robert rode into Glenburn on his little white pony, to recite his lessons at the Manse, and at those times Sandy generally contrived to be invisible, for many was the taunt and cruel, thoughtless gibe which Robert had aimed at his pitiable misfortune. Once he had almost ridden him down, and then laughed as Sandy shook his crutch threateningly after him, and in all his jokes and witticisms he was ably seconded by his friend and crony, Will Burton.

The boys were not naturally bad; they were only thoughtless and cruel in their strength and prosperity,—unable to understand that the boy, so unlike them in every respect, had feelings keener and far more easily wounded than were theirs. Is it any wonder that the feeling which Sandy entertained for them closely bordered on hate, and that sometimes, as he sat at his work brooding over his wrongs, a longing for revenge rose in his breast?

One day in the early Summer, Sandy sat at his work as usual, whistling one of the many old ballads which his mother had taught him, when all at once a clatter of horse's feet made him look up, and presently Robert Allison reined in his pony in front of the door.

"Well, Sandy," he said at length, as Sandy took no notice of his approach.

"Weel, sir."

"Canna' you say anything to-day, Sandy?"

"Hoo can I ken when I hae naething to say?" was the dry retort.

Robert laughed. "Ye're no' in a blithe humor to-day, my lad. Now, I'm as gay as a laverock. The minister's gone to the town, and we've a whole holiday—Will and me; though he, poor fellow, has a cold, and his mither winna' let him go out with me."

Sandy made no reply. He was suspicious of all advances on the part of his tormentors, so took refuge in silence. Robert smiled mischievously.

"It's surly, my lad, no' to say a word to a friend."

Sandy looked up keenly. "There are some o' my fr'en's, as ye ca' them, that I'm no' just weel acquainted wi' yet."

"Well, Sandy, I'm off for the moor: it's bonnie there to-day."

Then, suddenly stooping, he switched Sandy's basket of mosses off the stone on which he had placed it, with his riding-whip, and rode off, laughing heartily at the abusive epithets which Sandy hurled after him.

"Noo I'll ha'e just to gang efter more," sighed Sandy ruefully, as he examined his scattered treasures. "The bonnie red cups are a' broken, an' the baskets maun be ready by the morn's morn. The ne'er do weel!" and he looked scowlingly down the road.

"Mither!" he called in at the door, "I've to gang to the moor again."

"Eh, laddie! what for?"

Sandy pointed to his broken moss, and gave a short but graphic account of the occurrence, adding, with a frown:

"The day's no' dune yet. I'll mebbe gar him rue his wark yet."

"Sandy, Sandy!" said his mother earnestly, "gin ye wer' to turn yer han' to do ill, my he'rt wad be clean brakkit. Ye're a' I ha'e got, an' ye maunna' gar me greet sauter tears than I ha'e already."

Sandy gazed at the ground for a minute, and then looking up with a sudden bright smile, he said, quaintly:

"Weel, mither, ye're just ane o' the angels frae heaven, an' ye've stoppit the mouth o' the roarin' lion."

Then, taking his cap, he started down the road which Robert Allison had taken, stopping at the turn to wave his hand to his mother, who stood in the door-way looking fondly after him.

Sandy was unusually successful that afternoon in finding the dried gray moss with its fairy-like cups of red, which he was seeking, and so occupied was he that the shadows were beginning to darken around him before he started for home.

The moor stretched out for miles around him, and the little foot-path amongst the heather was almost hidden. However, he pressed on, and was nearing the cart track which led to Glenburn, when he thought he heard a shout, and then the barking of a dog.

He stopped and listened intently. Before him swept away the long reach of heather; to his left, at some distance, was a "peat moss," and from this the sound appeared to come. As Sandy listened, the cry was repeated.

"It's ane o' the bogles auld Janet tells o', or else some puir body's no' sae weel aff as he wad like to be," he muttered. "Weel, I maun gang an' see about it." And, setting his basket carefully down, he went in the direction of the sound.

He had not gone far when a dog sprang quickly up from the heather, and began to fawn on him with eager caresses. It was a little Scotch terrier, and Sandy immediately recognized it as the property of Robert Allison.

"Eh, puir doggie, what ha'e ye to tell me?" he said, stooping to pat the animal's head. "Sae it was ye I heard, was it?"

The dog wagged its tail, and ran on a little way, always stopping to see if Sandy was following.

"Eh, sae we're to gang that gate, are we?" he said coolly, following the dog's leadership.

Presently he stopped.

"Ye'll gar us fa' into the peat-moss, if ye gang ony further, my lad," he said, addressing the dog, which had come back to his side.

A low whining bark was the reply.

Sandy reflected a minute. "Noo, my lad, ye be still a bit." Then, putting his fingers in his mouth, he blew a long shrill whistle.

He was answered by a call which sounded quite near by.

"Wha are ye, an' hoo cam' ye there?" shouted Sandy.

"Robert Allison," said the voice, weakly.

Sandy, carefully picking his steps, contrived to come in sight of his old enemy, who, he now saw, had fallen into one of the holes in the peat-moss, and was unable to extricate himself.

Robert's countenance fell as he caught sight of Sandy, who, leaning both arms on his crutch, stood quietly looking at him.

"Sandy, I canna' get out," he said presently.

"I could ha'e tauld ye that, Maister Robert," was the cool retort.

Tears of vexation started to the boy's eyes.

"Eh, man," he exclaimed, falling naturally into the common dialect, "dinna' stand there gloverin' at me. Canna' ye help me oot?"

"An' whye s'uld I help ye oot? I'm nae sae mickle obliged to ye for onything ye ha'e dune, that I s'uld risk my ain neck to serve ye."

"Weel, then, I maun just stay here," was the sullen reply. "I'm tired wi' strugglin', an' I canna' get oot—so good-night to ye."

This dogged courage pleased Sandy, who chuckled a little.

"Na, Maister Robert, I didna' say I wad na' help ye. Hoo did ye fa' in?"

"I saw a bonnie birdie fly in here, an' I thought mebbe I wad find its nest, and I forgot about the holes, and so I fell in."

"Ay, an' noo hoo are ye to get oot again? Eh, doggie, doggie, winna' ye be still, an' lat me think?" said Sandy, pushing the little terrier gently away.

It was a dreary place. All around were the

holes, like great open graves, from which the peat had been dug; many of them half full of water as black as ink. The dim, weird light made it seem doubly lonely and terrible. Every here and there were tufts of coarse grass, which afforded a footing, insecure enough, but still the only way of crossing the moss with safety. Sandy stood on one of these, musing over the situation.

Robert began to get impatient. The hole into which he had fallen was luckily less full of water than were many of the others; but it was deep, and the sides were slimy to the touch and altogether unable to afford a foothold; so his efforts to free himself had only brought him fatigue of body and vexation of spirit.

"Sandy, man," he exclaimed, "canna' ye leap on the turfs an' gi'e me yer hand?"

"Weel, I'm nae ower gude at leapin'. I ha'e na' practeed it much, ye see," retorted Sandy, grimly.

Robert's face flushed hotly, and he prudently said nothing further.

By and by, Sandy began to advance slowly and cautiously, feeling the ground with his crutch before venturing on it. By this means he proceeded safely till within a few feet of Robert Allison, who watched his progress with eager interest.

"Noo, Maister Robert," he said, pausing, "I ha'e ane word to say to ye. I ha'e often wished for the chance to do ye an ill turn, an' mebbe I wad ha'e dune it noo gin it had na' been for my mither. An' I just want ye to reflect that ye micht ha'e staid where ye are the haill nicht, if Sandy had had an ill min' as weel as an ill skin."

Robert hung his head. "Sandy, I'm sorry," he said presently.

"Weel, there's naething mair to be said. Tak' a grip o' my stick, an' I'll try to pull ye oot."

Robert was heavy, and the strain on Sandy's back hurt him cruelly; but still he persevered, and after some time he had the satisfaction of seeing the other on firm ground again.

"Eh, Maister Robert, sic a plight as ye're in!" and Sandy looked at him in unfeigned dismay. The black mud had clung to his garments, and even besmirched his face.

"Noo be carefu' hoo ye walk," he said, leading the way back to the road.

Robert would have liked to offer thanks, but did not dare to do it, so followed on silently. When they had nearly reached the cart track, Sandy stopped.

"I canna' gang on, Maister Robert," he said faintly; then a sudden pallor overspread his face, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Robert uttered a cry of alarm, and, springing forward, tried anxiously to raise him; but he was



forced to give up the attempt, and, sitting down beside him, he resolved to wait, in hopes of some one coming. His dog lay down at his side, howling mournfully from one to the other.

The minutes passed like hours, and still Sandy lay unconscious. Robert was almost giving way to despair, when he heard the creaking of wheels, and to his great joy a cart soon came in sight.

fore the kirk, "ye maun run on, Maister Robert, an' tell the lad's mither, an' we'll com' slowly efter ye."

"Oh, I canna'!" said Robert, huskily.

"Maister Robert, ye maun just do it; we've all to do things we dinna' like, whiles."

And Robert, with downcast eyes and wildly-beating heart, started on his mission. The mother



SANDY RESCUES ROBERT.

The two men who were in it both jumped out when they saw the melancholy little group by the road-side.

"Aye, but this is ill news for his puir mither," said one, compassionately, as they lifted the boy tenderly into the cart.

"Noo, Maister Robert, get in wi' yer doggie, an' we'll take ye hame."

Sandy's little basket of moss was still where he had left it, and Robert, with a sudden rush of bitter recollections, took it up carefully, and climbed into the cart.

"Noo," said one of the men, as he stopped be-

made no outcry; her face grew a shade paler, that was all.

"Is he deid, laddie?" she asked, as Robert finished his rather incoherent account.

"No, no," said the boy, eagerly; and then the cart stopped at the door, and Sandy was carried in and laid on the bed.

"There's a great London doctor up at 'The Towers,' seeing my mother. I'll fetch him."

And Robert dashed out of the house and up the street, not pausing even to notice his crony, Will Burton, who called after him to know what was the matter.

He soon returned with the doctor, who remained a very long time in the little inner room where Sandy was lying.

By and by, Sandy's mother came out, and Robert caught her dress as she passed, not seeing him in the dusky gloom.

"Will he die?" he asked.

"Na, na, laddie; he'll no' die," she answered, gently; "an' the doctor says he'll mebbe be able to do something for the lad's back yet,—he'll no' be like ither folk, but he'll mebbe walk wi'oot his crutch."

And Robert, dropping his face in his hands, burst into sudden tears.

"Eh, laddie, ye maunna' greet; ye'll ha'e both gotten a lesson the day ye'll no' forget," she said, tenderly. Then, with true delicacy, she left him to himself.

Sandy opened his eyes, when she again bent over him.

"Weel, mither," he said, faintly.

"Weel, Sandy."

"What was it ye read about the crooked things bein' made straight? Mebbe I'm ane of the crooked things that He'll be makin' straight up there."

"Aye, Sandy, my lamb; but no' yet. Ye're to

stay wi' yer pair auld mither noo," she answered, fondly.

He smiled contentedly.

"Weel, mither, I could na' stay wi' onyane better, except the Ane that's above us a'."

The next few weeks were calm and peaceful ones. Sandy was soon able to sit up, and, under the new treatment prescribed by the doctor, grew rapidly better. He soon began to work at his baskets again, and his new friend Robert was never so happy as when scouring the country in search of curious mosses wherewith to fill them. And when Will Burton ventured a remonstrance, he was told plainly that only by kindness and courtesy to the poor cripple could he retain the liking of his former constant companion; and he, always accustomed to be led by the bolder spirit, consented now to let it lead him in the paths of kindness and humanity.

Robert's devotion was not a mere impulse; he became more and more attached to his humble friend; and for years after the happy day when the invalid was able to go about again in the pleasant sunshine, there were no firmer friends in the little village of Glenburn than Robert Allison, the laird's son, and Sandy, the hunchback.

## FLORENCE.

HAVE you heard of a baby far over the sea—  
A baby as pretty as pretty can be?



Florence they call her. To Florence she came  
When sent to this earth,—that gave her the name.  
A Yankee papa and mamma she doth bless—  
Our Florentine baby's a Yankee no less;  
And one of these days we'll unfurl to her view  
The flag of her country—the red, white and blue!  
The pretty signoras oft stop on the street,  
Delighted the beautiful baby to meet.  
Birds hover about her, and baby says "Coo!"  
As they warble and trill her a sweet "How d'ye do?"  
Even the doggies that come in her way  
Wag, in Italian, a merry "Good-day!"  
Lilies nod softly, and roses would screen her—  
Everything smiles at the wee signorina.  
Never a blossom so pretty as she—  
Florence, our baby-girl over the sea!

## ST. NICHOLAS' DAY IN GERMANY.

BY JULIA S. TUTWILER.

WELL, here I am in this little old-fashioned German village of Kaiserwerth, on the east bank of the beautiful Rhine, in the midst of flat meadows and fields, intersected by broad roads bordered with Lombardy poplars. Far off against the horizon we can see the spires of the city of Dusseldorf, and the old town of Ratingen; and still further off is a line of low, blue hills. These are the foot-hills of the Sauerland Mountains, which fill a great part of Westphalia, the next province to ours, with beautiful highlands and valleys.

Passing along the cleanly swept streets of the village of Kaiserwerth, on the 5th December last, I noticed that groups of wooden-shod children kept gathering with great interest around the window of the "conditorei," that is, the confectioner's shop. Wishing to see what attracted them so particularly, or, as the Germans say, "what was loose there," I went to the window too, and stood among the little Germans, looking over their heads.

Such a store of cakes! but not cakes like those usually in the shop-window. Oh no, indeed! These were something quite out of the common way; they were all picture-cakes. Here was a great big brown rooster with a flowing tail, and a lordly crest; here was a lady in a ruff and splendid garments, and here a knight in armor with sword and lance. But especially prominent among these and many other smaller figures, were great big figures, nearly two feet long, representing a bishop with his crosier in his hand, his miter on his head, and his ornamental robes flowing in ginger-cake around him. Of course I went in—for I am quite well acquainted at the confectioner's—to ask "what was loose" there; and whether they had not made a mistake and begun to have Christmas three weeks too soon. But my friend the confectioner's blond-haired daughter, who takes a great interest in enlightening me as an ignorant foreigner, informed me that the next day, the 6th, would be St. Nicholas' Day, and that all these things, and many others upstairs, would be purchased by their customers for its celebration. Now, I had been very well acquainted with St. Nicholas in America, and had believed that I knew everything about him, from his personal appearance to the names of his team of "tiny reindeer;" but then, in America, it was always on Christmas night that

"Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,"

—and this seemed to be something different. So I

determined to find out all I could about the habits of St. Nicholas in Germany, and very gladly accepted Gretchen's invitation to walk upstairs and see the exhibition or show-room fitted up in his honor. Here, on a counter running around three sides of it, were more piles and piles of picture-cakes; many of the large ones such as I had seen down-stairs, and heaps of smaller ones to be sold by the pound. Then there was one counter filled with all sorts of little candy figures; the most common ones were little babies whose heads alone could be seen; their hands and all the rest of the figure being enveloped in candy folds and narrow ribbons crossed around and around them and tied fast. Now, you may think the Germans very irreverent when I tell you that these candy babies represent the Child-Jesus, the Christ-kind, as they call him, in his swaddling bands; but we must not judge uncharitably of the habits of other countries; they have their ideas as to what is right and wrong, and we have ours; I will only tell you what they do, without giving any opinion.

Then there were candy figures of an old man, with gray beard and hair, which represented St. Nicholas himself; then all sorts of pretty little fancy candies, such as we see in America; and especially plentiful were little candy shoes, for the most part made of brown chocolate, with white rosettes and trimmings. Gretchen was very kind in showing me everything, and explaining it all to me; she even brought in from the kitchen some of the wooden molds in which the cakes are shaped. These are thick, square blocks of wood, with the figure to be made deeply cut into them; the dough is pressed firmly into this cutting until it takes its shape, and it is then taken out and baked.

Of course I asked a great many questions, both there and after I returned to my German home; and I will tell you now what I learned.

St. Nicholas, whose image I had seen both in cake and candy, was a real person, and a very good, holy man; he lived about 300 years after the birth of Christ, in Syria, a province of Asia Minor, where Paul himself first preached Christianity to the heathen inhabitants. (Look at your map, girls.) There he was Bishop of the city of Myra. I cannot tell you all about his good and holy life in this letter; I will only mention that he was very fond of the children of his congregation, and took great pleasure in teaching them and talking to them; and always so lovingly and gently, that all the

children of the city loved very dearly their good Father Nicholas. When he died, he was called a saint. In those old times people liked to fancy what particular work for their Lord was given in their new life to the good men who had been devoted to good deeds in this world; so they chose for St. Nicholas, as best suited to his character, the care of all the little children of earth, and loved to think that he was still watching over and helping the little ones he had loved.

Many curious legends are related of him, one of which, you may remember, was finely told in the Letter-Box of this magazine a year ago.

While the little ones of the city still remembered the lovely, kind old man, with the silver hair and beard, who had talked so lovingly to them of the Good Shepherd, whose little lambs they were, their mothers could always persuade them to try to be good, by reminding them of what their dear old friend had said to them. On each anniversary of his death, the people of the city in which he had spent his life met together in the churches to hold a service in memory of his virtues, and at nightfall mothers would give to their good children, with words of praise and encouragement, such little gifts as their kind old bishop had been wont to give them when he met them in his walks. So the children came to feel as if their dear old Father Nicholas was still watching lovingly over them, and coming to see them once every year to bring them tokens of his love and approbation; and they formed the habit of saying that the gifts which they received on this day were from St. Nicholas.

As time passed on, much was forgotten of his history, and much was added to it, as will always be the case with a story that travels around among nurses and children. For example, the children grew to believe that St. Nicholas came in the night on a beautiful shining white horse, and put their presents for them on the table beside their beds; and as they wanted to do something to show how much they thanked him, they began to put something for his horse to eat after his long journey, on the plate which they stationed by the bedside to receive the goodies which St. Nicholas brought. Now here comes the difficult point; nobody that I have seen in Germany can tell me why it is that the food for St. Nicholas' horse must always be put in a little shoe! For this purpose the little chocolate shoes I have mentioned are intended; the children buy them always on St. Nicholas' Eve. Whatever the legend or the story was that caused this use of the little shoe, it seems to be entirely lost, even in Germany.

I have tried all the more earnestly to find out the origin of this custom, because, I think, it must be connected in some way with our custom of hanging

up a stocking for St. Nicholas; how the good saint came to have his shoes in Germany and his stockings in America, I should very much like to know. A young German girl, on hearing me speak of my young country folk hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve, said, "Oh! I remember, that American custom is mentioned in the descriptions of Christmas-day in the "*Vite, Vite Vurld.*" You see the German girls love Miss Warner's book just as much as you do, and read it over and over again, sometimes in German, but often in English; for nearly all well-taught German children read English. Instead of learning Latin and algebra, as you do, they give a great deal of time to learning to read and speak the modern languages. I really cannot say which is the wiser plan, but both have their advantages.

One of the deaconesses, good and wise Sister Elspeth, "*meine liebe mutter schwester,*" told me how they celebrated St. Nicholas' day at her sister's house, and in a great many other German families: Late in the evening, on the day before, just about the time when the children are usually sent to bed, a loud knocking is heard at the door; the mother, or auntie, goes out to let the stranger in, and comes running back, with:

"Oh! children! children! what do you think? here is St. Nicholas coming in; the Christ-kind has sent him to ask about you all, that he may know whether to bring you any presents at Christmas or not?" The children all become very much excited. Little Hanschen pulls his apron straight; Karl smooths down his hair with his hand; little Meta turns out her toes, as auntie is reminding her to do all day long; and as they are all on tip-toe with expectation, the door opens and in walks St. Nicholas. A great big bag hangs by his side; long, snow white hair falls from under his bishop's cap; and so much long silvery beard covers his face, that the children can hardly see anything but his eyes. These, however, look so kind and good, and twinkle so pleasantly, that little Hanschen lets go the mother's dress and ventures a step nearer to the new guest. The latter bows very politely to mother and auntie, and says that as Christmas is very near, the Christ-kind has sent him to all the houses of the village to find out to what children the Christ-kind must bring presents at Christmas, when he comes in his little well-filled wagon. Then the saint makes very particular inquiries about each child. "Has Meta learned to turn out her toes when she walks, better than she did last Christmas?" Meta's toes turn wider and wider apart as he speaks, and auntie says: "I think Meta is trying very hard to learn to walk like a graceful little lady." Meta smiles with pleasure, and St. Nicholas gives a nod of satisfaction. "And does Karl eat all his soup

every day before he asks for anything else, and never grumble about anything that is put on his plate?" "Yes, Karl has learned not to be a baby about his dinner," says the mother, "and is getting ready to be a brave soldier some day, by thanking God for whatever He gives, and eating it without ever thinking about it." "Schön! schön!" says St. Nicholas, which means "Good! good!" "And has Hänschen been a diligent little boy, and learned by heart some little Christmas hymns to sing under the Christmas-tree?" And little Hänschen, the youngest of them all, his face as red as fire with excitement, and his blue eyes as wide open as he can stretch them, before the mother can answer, opens his mouth, and bursts out just as loud as he can sing, with his new Christmas hymn:

"Holy night! silent night!  
Darkness all, save yon light  
Shining o'er the stable where  
Watch the worshipping, blessed pair,  
By the Heavenly Child."

"Well done," says St. Nicholas, "I will ask the Christ-kind on Christmas-day to bring a very full wagon to this house; and now, to show what very nice things He is going to bring with Him, He has sent you beforehand a few specimens of what He will have in His wagon."

So he opens the big bag that hangs by his side and brings out apples and nuts, candy, Christkindchens, and all sorts of cakes, especially big figures of himself, and gives some to each one of the delighted children; tells them to be as good as they have been, and, if possible, better, until Christmas comes, and they shall have still more beautiful gifts. Then he shakes hands with the children, makes a low bow to the mother and auntie, and says he must hurry off, as he has to visit every house in the village and inquire about all his children. Sometimes, instead of St. Nicholas coming in person, the father goes to the door when the knock is heard, and comes back with a great bag of good things, and tells the children all that St. Nicholas asked him, and what he answered before receiving this foretaste of Christmas for them.

On this last St. Nicholas' day, I heard great laughing, mingled with delighted exclamations, and a good deal of scampering about, in the Orphan Home, which is next door to our seminary. In this home about forty little orphans are receiving a Christian education, under the loving, tender care of the good deaconesses. I learned afterward that it was a visit from St. Nicholas which had caused the excitement; and that the saint was, this time, no less a person than one of the three pastors of the "Anstalt," as this whole group of institutions is called. It was Pastor George Hiedner, the son of the great and good Pastor Hiedner, who founded

the Anstalt, and did so many other blessed works of mercy for Germany and the world. I wish we had one such man in our country. But was n't it kind in young Pastor George Hiedner to take so much interest in amusing and pleasing the little orphans? I think it was as good as if he had preached a sermon to them; for it showed his love and his interest in a way that even the youngest could understand and enjoy.

Sometimes, when the poorer people have no spare room in which to set up and dress a Christmas-tree, St. Nicholas is supposed to come in the night, on his shining white horse, and leave presents for the children on the table by their beds while they are all asleep; and if the children have not a groschen to buy a candy shoe, in which to put the food for his horse, they cut one out of a potatoe and put the oats and bread in that; but a shoe it must be. I am sorry there are any children in Germany too poor to have a Christmas-tree; for a Christmas-tree in this far country is—oh! I can't tell you how charming that and everything else about a German Christmas is, unless I write you a whole letter about nothing else.

Now, should you like to hear a little story about St. Nicholas' day? Yes? Well, here is

#### WHAT ST. NICHOLAS BROUGHT TO THE CANDIDATE.

Once upon a time there was a very rich German merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter. She did not have two envious elder sisters, like the merchant's daughter Beauty, in the fairy-tale. On the contrary, she had no elder sisters at all; but a whole crowd of merry, romping younger brothers and sisters, who loved her dearly. In fact, they could not help doing so, for Bertha was as good as she was beautiful.

Now this charming young lady had many lovers, but none of them had won her heart. She was gentle and merry with them all, granting special favor to none. Of course there was a reason for this, as there generally is in such cases. There was a very quiet, modest young man, who lived in Bertha's home as tutor to her little brothers and sisters. He was what they call in Germany a candidate; that is, he had studied to be a minister, but had not yet been given the charge of a congregation.

Bertha had met him as a stranger a few years before, when both were visiting in Holland. She was skating one day on one of the frozen canals near Amsterdam, and in stooping to tighten her skate-strap she had dropped a pretty trinket. This young man had found it, had given it to her with a courteous "It is yours, Fraulein!" She had

thanked him and passed on. That was all, but neither of them forgot the moment, and neither tried to hide a bright look of recognition when in time the good merchant formally introduced the new tutor to his daughter.

At first he had been very happy in his new capacity, and had helped to make everybody else

the world; and that they believed a good, true-hearted man, like the young candidate, was the very person to make her so.

"I can give her money enough," said her father, "but money alone cannot bring her happiness, and that is what I want for her."

The good mother assented; and they came to



"IT IS YOURS, FRAULEIN!"

so, by his pleasant, sunny temper, and his merry plans. But for the last few months he had been grave and silent, and, though the children loved him dearly still, they could not find his company as amusing as it once was.

Fraulein Bertha, too, had lost a great deal of her pretty color, and often looked very absent and sad when she thought no one was watching her.

The good father and mother soon saw what was the matter, and spoke to one another about it. They agreed that they would rather see their dear daughter happy than to have any other blessing in

the conclusion that they need only be quiet, and things would soon come right of themselves. But months passed away, and things did not seem to be coming right at all. The young candidate grew graver and paler, and his eyes began to look quite sunken and hollow. Bertha could not eat any of the nice things that her anxious father piled up on her platter each day, in the hope of tempting her appetite; and she was so nervous that the slightest thing startled her. One day her mother begged her to say all that was on her heart. The pretty Bertha burst into tears, and, bowing her

head on her mother's shoulder, told her trouble. It was not much to tell—only that she knew that the candidate loved her dearly, and was too proud to tell her so, because he was so poor.

“And how about my Bertha,” said the mother; but Bertha only clasped her more tightly and sobbed harder than before. “It is nothing to be ashamed of that my dear little daughter should have learned to love a good and noble man, who for months has evidently loved her better than anything in the world; and it is better that we should talk of the matter reasonably together.”

So at last Bertha was quiet and calm, and looked happier than she had done for months, as her mamma talked in the pleasantest possible way to her about the many virtues of the young candidate.

Still matters remained at a stand-still; the father showed as much friendship as possible to the young man, and the mother had long motherly talks with him about his health, and scolded him in the most affectionate way for not taking better care of himself.

But the kinder they were to him, the more determined he became in his own mind that it would be a very mean thing for him to take advantage of this confidence and friendship by trying to persuade their daughter to be the wife of a poor young minister. So the whole family was very uncomfortable indeed, and all because one young man was too modest to see what everybody else saw very plainly.

At last, when the good mother could not bear any longer to see so many people made uncomfortable without reason, she told Fraulein Bertha that she must really set her woman's wits to work and find some way out of the difficulty, else it would end in a very painful way for them all, by the lover's dying of a broken heart.

It was the fifth of December—St. Nicholas' Eve—and all the little brothers and sisters were gathered around the table in the sitting-room, in a great state of excitement preparing for the expected visit of the Saint in the coming night, on his silver-white steed.

Besides the little ornamented shoes, which hold the forage for the horse, the children in a great many houses set out their own shoes also on this night, just as you hang up your stocking; in fact, in some parts of Germany the children do that too, but it is not a common custom. The Saint is very apt to leave a little gift in each of the little leathern shoes, if he finds them very neat and shining; not the great handsome presents which the Christ-kind brings at Christmas, but a pretty little something to keep them in mind that Christmas is coming—a half-dozen marbles, a little pin-

cushion, or a little box of bon-bons. The children take great pride in having their shoes in the best possible condition at this time; and instead of trusting Hans to black and polish them as usual, there is a great borrowing of blacking-brushes from the kitchen, and so much polishing and brushing takes place in the nursery that the nurse declares they make the floors and their aprons blacker than their shoes.

This time the little leathern shoes had been polished till the little owners could almost see themselves in them; and nurse had washed hands and faces, and put clean aprons on all that still wore this nursery-badger; and now they were very busy arranging the forage for the beautiful white horse. Kind sister Bertha was helping them, and trying to laugh with them at their merry chatter.

“See, sister Bertha,” said little Fritz, “I am going to put rye for the Saint's horse in my candy-shoe, and Max is going to put water in his; so there will be both food and water there for the good horsy, and he will be well refreshed before he goes on to the next house.”

“I will put sugar for him in mine,” said little Kätchen.

“No, indeed, Kätchen, I would not do that. St. Nicholas' horse can always get sugar enough, for his master carries a great bag full of sugar things on his back. He would much rather have some rye, and some good fresh water,” said wise little Wilhelm. “Is not that true, Herr Dreifuss?” he added, appealing to the grave young teacher, who sat quietly by, and who now nodded assent.

“You did not see St. Nicholas to-day,” said Bertha upon this, turning to him. “Did you know he came this afternoon, between dinner and coffee, while you were taking your solitary walk? He was in a great hurry, but he got news of all the children for the Christ-kind, left a bag of apples and nuts for them, and promised to come again to-night to bring us all another foretaste of Christmas.”

“I am sorry I did not see him,” said the young teacher, trying to be interested in the pleasures of his little pupils.

“However, he inquired especially about you,” said Bertha, “and we gave him such a good account that he left word you must be sure to put your very largest pair of shoes before the door of your room to-night for him to fill for you.”

“Oh, Herr Dreifuss,” said little Kätchen, eagerly, “you must make a shoe for the good Saint. You can cut everything so nicely with your knife. See, here is a great big lump of sugar. Cut a shoe all out of sugar, and I will give you some rye to put in it. Then, when the horse has eaten the rye, he can eat the shoe too.”

Herr Dreifuss thanked the helpful little maiden, and, to the great pleasure of the children, began to carve a shoe out of the big lump of sugar, while Bertha silently looked on.

Usually Herr Dreifuss was very skillful in such matters, and had made many a piece of doll furniture for the little folks; but to-day his hands trembled, the knife slipped, and, in short, everything seemed to conspire to make him look clumsy and stupid in the eyes of Fraulein Bertha. So he hurried through with his task at last without caring much how it succeeded.

"It looks more like a heart than a shoe!" cried Fritz. "Does n't it, sister Bertha?"

And so it did—like a great, irregularly-shaped heart; and the place where the foot should go in looked as if it were the rent where this big heart was beginning to break asunder.

The candidate saw that Fritz was right, and wondered at his own awkwardness.

"Yes, it is a very poor shoe," he said; "we will not set it out for St. Nicholas; he will have so many prettier ones."

"I think it does very nicely," said Bertha, "and I am sure St. Nicholas will think so too. You must be sure to put it on your table, and your largest pair of shoes before your door, just as the children do."

"Well, I will certainly obey you," said Herr Dreifuss, trying to smile cheerfully in response to her kindness.

He went to his room, as usual, with a heavy heart.

"Yes, it is just like her angelic sweetness," he thought. "She sees my hopeless love, and pities it; and now she has made some little token to give me, to show me that she is sorry for me, and will be my friend. Ah! I ought to be happy that she is willing to be even this much to me, since I know that she never, never can be anything more."

And this very stupid young man—stupid only on this subject—after setting his big slippers outside his door, went to bed and dreamed all night long, as usual, of golden hair and kind blue eyes. In the morning he woke with a slight feeling of pleasant expectation, and the first thing he did was to open his door to get his slippers. But—no slippers were to be seen!

"It was all a jest, in order to hide my slippers," he thought, "but it is not a kind or pleasant jest. However, she could not have meant it unkindly—that would be too unlike her; so I must take it as she meant it."

And with his yesterday's heavy heart he went down to the breakfast-room. All the children were already there around the table, chattering like so

many blackbirds, showing the mother and the father the Christkindchens, and big cake images of himself, which St. Nicholas had laid on their tables and dropped into the shining shoes before their doors.

"And his horse ate all the rye I put in the candy shoe," said delighted little Fritz.

"And drank all my water!" cried Neas.

"And ate my sugar, too," said Kätschen, "and left a great big cake-rooster, almost as big as the one in the poultry-yard, on my table."

"And what did he bring you, dear Herr Dreifuss?" said the little pet, running up to her teacher, and taking his hand. "Did he really have something large and beautiful to put in your shoes? and was it a cake rooster?"

"No, little Kätschen, he did not put anything in my slippers. On the contrary, he carried them off with him. I think he must have wanted them to make a new pair of saddle-bags for his horse."

Little Katchen opened her blue eyes very wide, and looked as if she felt very doubtful as to the propriety of such conduct on the part of a Saint. However, just then the conversation was brought to a full stop by the entrance of sister Bertha; everybody looked curiously at her as she came in; for instead of her usual light-springing step, she came slipping and sliding along in the most extraordinary manner, as if she were suddenly lame.

"What is the matter, sister Bertha?" cried all the children together; but the father and mother did not say a word, and Bertha did not answer any of the others. She only came quietly slipping along. The young candidate looked, too, to see what was the matter; and there, on her pretty little feet—even over her own dainty shoes—were his great slippers! Bertha did not say a word, but came and stood quietly, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, right before the candidate! Yes, blushing, but very brave and steady—for were not her father and mother by, and did not they approve?—she stood waiting for him to take her.

But the candidate! what could he think? He felt as if the room were whirling around him. All was mystery. He looked at the slippers; but that did not help him—this stupid young man; then he looked at the little white hands clasped loosely together, but they did not explain the matter either; then he looked at the sweet, downcast face, with the soft blushes coming and going upon it, and Bertha raised her eyes and looked into his. *Then* he understood it all—right off—without a word; and jumped up and clasped the little hands in his and kissed them a hundred times. Then he gave a hearty kiss to the good mother, and then, as they



were both Germans, gave the father also a hearty embrace and kiss.

"So Bertha and the young man got married, and lived happily ever afterward?"

Certainly they did. And now, girls, remember I do not relate this story as an example to any of my girls in America. I merely "tell the tale as it was told to me."

## ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

*A Chapter for Girls, Little and Big (with a few Useful Hints for Boys).*

WHEN the red and yellow leaves have fallen, and boughs are brown and bare; when the katydid's noisy chirp is hushed, and the last bird has flown away, then the brave, stalwart evergreens seem to stand forward and take possession of the deserted woods. Their very look is suggestive. They make us think of Christmas merry-makings, lighted tapers, crackling fires,—all the pleasant things of the friendly winter; for winter is not a foe, as some think, but a friend, and if you meet him kindly, a very good friend, too. Perhaps it is the sight of the Christmas-trees which at this time of the year sets little people (and big ones also) to thinking "What *shall* I make for Christmas? I want a present for mamma, and one for father, and something for Jack and for Ethel, something pretty, but not too hard for me to make. Oh, dear, how few things there are which boys like, and how I wish some one would just come along and give me an idea."

Now, knowing that several thousands of his readers are likely to be talking or thinking in this way, St. Nicholas has sent us "along" for this very purpose, to discuss the matter of Christmas presents, and give an idea of the way to make them. We will begin with a few easy suggestions for little tots of six or seven, who have but lately learned to sew, and will need help from older sisters to finish their gifts nicely. Then we will suggest some ideas a little more difficult, for workers of ten and twelve, and, lastly, some, more elaborate still, for those of you who are graduates of the needle, and not afraid to risk spoiling nice materials. Of course we cannot in one article mention a tenth part of the many things that can be made, for the world is crammed with pretty and ingenious devices of all sorts. Also, of those we do mention, some may be already famil-

iar to many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. But such must recollect that what is old to them will be new to others, and *vice versa*, so that it is to be hoped that there will be something for everybody, something which can be turned to account for the coming Christmas, with its stockings, and laden trees, and pretty surprises. You often will find many and various articles given under one heading. Now we will begin with our first division:

*Easy Presents to be Made by Little Girls of Six or Seven.*

### A SCENT-CASE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

For these scent-cases it will be necessary to buy an ounce of sachet powder (heliotrope, mille-fleur, violet, or Florentine orris-root). Cut out two layers of thin cotton wadding three inches square, sprinkle the powder between them, and tack the edges together. Make a little bag of blue or crimson silk of the same size, run it round the edges, leaving one end open; tack the scented wadding smoothly in, and sew the open end over and over. Trim around the case with a narrow plaited ribbon, and catch it through in four or five places with tiny ribbon bows of the same color.

### PRETTY KETTLE-HOLDERS.

Cut some bits of an old blanket or quilt, or other thick material, into pieces eight inches square, and tack them together with strong stitches. Cover them with a case of scarlet flannel of the same size, and sew a red worsted cord round the edges, leaving a loop in one corner to hang the holder by. The loop must not be very long.

Ask sister to draw you the shape of a tea-kettle on paper; lay this down on a piece of black cloth and cut the cloth neatly after the pattern. Put this black cloth tea-kettle on the middle of the red flannel square, and hem it down nicely. If you have

learned to do marking letters, you might work the words "Polly put" in black worsted above the kettle, and the word "on" below it. This would puzzle people; and when they found that it meant "Polly put the kettle on," they would laugh.

#### SPECTACLE-WIPERS.

These are easy presents, and very nice ones. You must cut out of soft chamois leather, two perfectly round pieces an inch and a half across, and bind the edges neatly with narrow ribbon of any color you like. Fasten the circles together at the side with a small bow. This is all, but you will find that grandpapa will like it very much. It takes almost no room in his pocket, and is always at hand when he wishes to wipe his glasses, which he is sure to do several times a day.

#### A SHAVING-PAPER CASE.

This is a nice thing to make for papas and grown-up brothers.

For a pattern take a grape leaf, lay it down on card-board, draw round its edges with pencil, and cut the paper in the same shape. Buy half-a-dozen sheets of tissue-paper, red, blue, white, green and yellow; fold them over four or eight times, according to size, lay your card-board pattern down over them and cut the shape round with sharp scissors. It is on these soft sheets of thin paper that the razor is to be wiped clean. Make the cover of the same form, in green silk, or cloth, or Japanese canvas. Overcast the edge, or bind it with ribbon, and imitate the veins of the leaf with long stitches of green sewing-silk. The tissue-paper grape-leaves are inserted between the outside leaf-covers. There must be a loop of ribbon at the stem end of the leaf to hang it up by.

#### LEAF PEN-WIPERS.

The directions for making a shaving-paper case will enable you also to make a leaf pen-wiper, except that you now require a smaller leaf for your pattern (say an oak or a maple leaf), and you put leaves of black cloth instead of tissue-paper between the two outside leaves. These outside leaves should be of the color of the leaf whose pattern is chosen—red or yellow for maple, and brown for an oak, unless you prefer green.

#### WASH-STAND FRILLS.

The materials for these pretty, useful things, are a yard and a quarter of plain or figured white muslin, a yard and an eighth of tape, and a yard of ribbon two inches wide, of any color you prefer. Cut the muslin into two breadths, sew them together and make a hem two inches wide on both edges. Run a thread all across one end, half an

inch below the hem; into this put the tape, and draw up the frill, leaving a knot in the tape at each end. The ruffle is to be nailed to the wall through these knots, above the wash-stand, where the wall-paper is in danger of being spattered when persons are washing. Make two pretty bows of the ribbon and pin them over the tape-ends. You can draw up the lower part of the muslin piece also, if you wish, so as to make the top and bottom just alike. These frills are easy things to make, and they look very neat and pretty when they are on the wall.

#### A BAG FOR PAPA'S SLIPPERS.

This bag may be made of merino or cloth or Java canvas (embroidered), or crochet-work lined with cloth of a bright color. Let it be of an oblong shape, just large enough to allow the slipper to go in and out easily; and put a ribbon or cord loop at each of the top corners, so that it may be hung conveniently for every-day use.

#### GARTERS.

For little girls who can knit, there are few things nicer to make than a pair of garters. They are prettiest of bright scarlet or blue yarn. Set up one stitch on the needles, widen till you get to twenty, and knit regularly till the garter is twelve inches long. Slip ten of the stitches off on a third needle, and knit for twenty rows on the remaining ten, then take up the left-behind stitches and knit twenty rows on them, which forms a loop. Slip all the stitches again off on one needle, knit twenty rows and bind off. These garters are also pretty knit with fine white tidy-cotton, bound all round with narrow red ribbon. Many persons prefer them to any other kind.

#### PEN-WIPER MADE OF BABY'S SHOE.

Take a baby's shoe of red kid. Then cut out four round pieces of black cloth, each three inches in diameter; pink the edges, fold and fasten them together as described in paragraph headed "Bead Pen-wipers," and push the pointed ends into the toe part of the shoe, so that the pinked edges of the cloth may project at the top. One pair of baby's shoes (price forty cents) will make two of these pen-wipers. Papa would be glad to have one on his library-table.

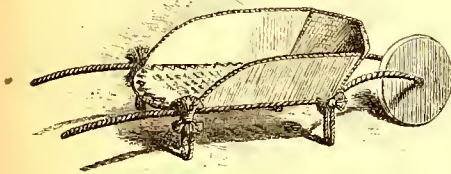
Now we pass to our second division:

*Things which can be Made by Girls from Ten to Fourteen who are expert with their needles.*

We will begin with a novel and pretty needle-book, for the idea of which we are indebted to Mrs. Annie Phœbus, who has suggested other ingenious devices in fancy-work for ST. NICHOLAS:

A WHEELBARROW NEEDLE-BOOK AND PIN-CUSHION.

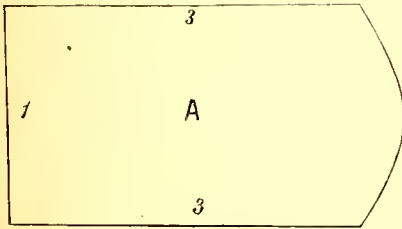
The needle-book from which this illustration is copied was made of lead-colored merino. By the by, girls, we would recommend you to save all the



WHEELBARROW NEEDLE-BOOK.

scraps of prettily colored merino, flannel and silk that may happen to fall in your way. They are sure to prove useful. And, another hint, lay aside all the old postal-cards, instead of tossing them into the waste basket. You will find them much better for lining purposes than stiff paper.

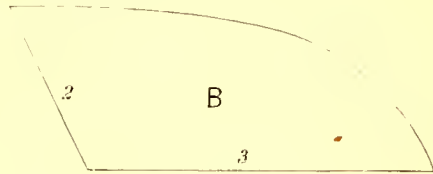
Here are diagrams which show the parts of the wheelbarrow needle-book. A is the bottom. Cut it out in pasteboard, and as each part is double you must cut out two of each. Cover both parts smoothly with merino, turn the edges in, basting them down firmly; lay them together and over-seam them all round. B is the shape for the sides.



PLAN OF BOTTOM.

They must be covered exactly like the bottom; only, as there are two sides to a wheelbarrow, you will require four pieces of pasteboard. C is the back. When the parts are all covered, join them

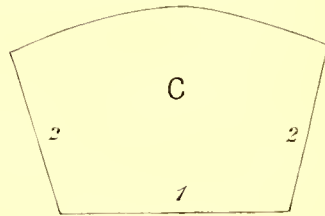
an inch in diameter and cover them like the others, making an awl-hole in the middle of each for the wire on which the wheels are hung. This wire must be covered wire, of the kind which milliners



PLAN OF SIDES.

use in bonnets. Half a yard will be needed, and it must be bent as in the diagram D.

First allow an inch for the handle. Then bend the wire down and up for the front leg. Next extend it the length of the barrow, stitching it firmly into place. At the corner bend down and up again for one back leg, allow two inches for the wheel, thread the wheel upon it, bend the second



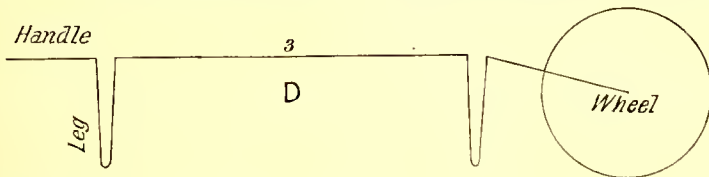
PLAN OF BACK.

back leg, and return along the other side of the barrow, forming leg and handle as before.

Lastly, cut out three small leaves of flannel, button-hole them round the edges or point with a scissors, and fasten them on the back at 1. The pins are stuck in across the front between the rounds of pasteboard, and a thimble-case and small pair of scissors may form the load of the wheelbarrow, which will then be complete.

SAND-BAG CASES.

A useful footstool for grandmamma, especially in sickness, or when she drives out on a cold day,



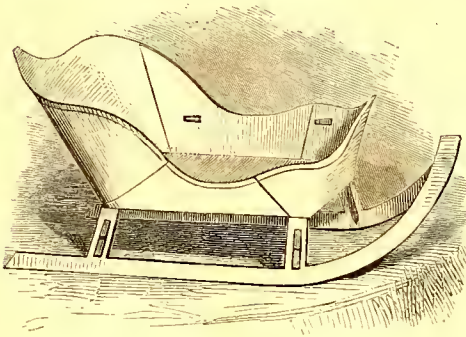
PLAN OF HANDLE, LEGS AND WHEEL.

together, being guided by the figures on the diagrams: 1 to 1, 2 to 2, etc.

For the wheels, cut two rounds of pasteboard

is a bag, twelve inches square, filled with sand. This can be heated in the oven, and will retain its warmth for hours. Make it of strong unbleached

sheeting. Then make a slip-cover of bright-colored rep or merino, bordered with fringe or a ruffling of the same; or you may embroider a canvas cover,



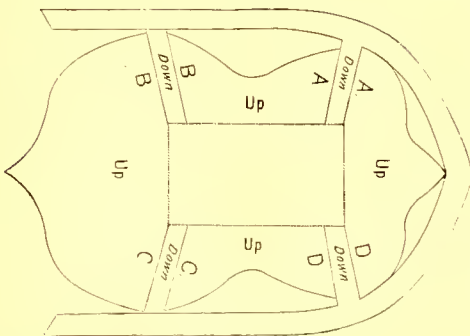
A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

if you please. One side of this case should be left open, so that the bag of sand (or salt) can easily be slipped out when it is to be heated, and secured in its place again, by means of loops and buttons, when it is taken out of the oven.

#### A DOLL'S SLEIGH.

The material of the sleigh is very thick white card-board. Below is a diagram of it before it is put together.

The *black* lines indicate the place where the card-board is to be cut through. The *dotted* lines show where the penknife must only half cut through the board, so that it may bend easily. The parts marked *up* are all to be turned in one direction. They make the back, front and sides of the sleigh body. The parts marked *down* must be turned in the opposite direction, to form the runners. Lap the corners marked respectively AA, BB, CC, DD, a little, and fasten them with a small brass manu-



PLAN OF DOLL'S SLEIGH.

script clip, such as you can buy at any stationer's shop; or, if you like, take the clamps from an old

hoop petticoat. If the runners do not stand firmly, stay them with pasteboard, which can be neatly pasted on.

The sleigh will be prettier if you paint bands of bright color around it with a camel's-hair pencil and water paints. You can easily put a little cushioned seat inside, if you wish.

#### BEAD PEN-WIPERS.

These are made of black broadcloth. Cut eighteen small circles, a little larger than a silver dollar. Overcast the edge of each with long stitches of sewing-silk, and upon each stitch thread eight beads of any color you like. Blue, green and opal beads are preferable to gilt or silver, because these tarnish. When the circles are trimmed, bend each into half, and then into half again (see diagram), and fasten all together at the points A, so as to form a ball with the beaded edges outside. You will find this pretty pen-wiper



DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO FOLD EACH OF THE CIRCULAR PIECES OF PEN-WIPER.

precisely the thing to lay on papa's writing-table as a Christmas surprise.

#### BRUSH-AND-COMB BAGS OF WHITE DIMITY.

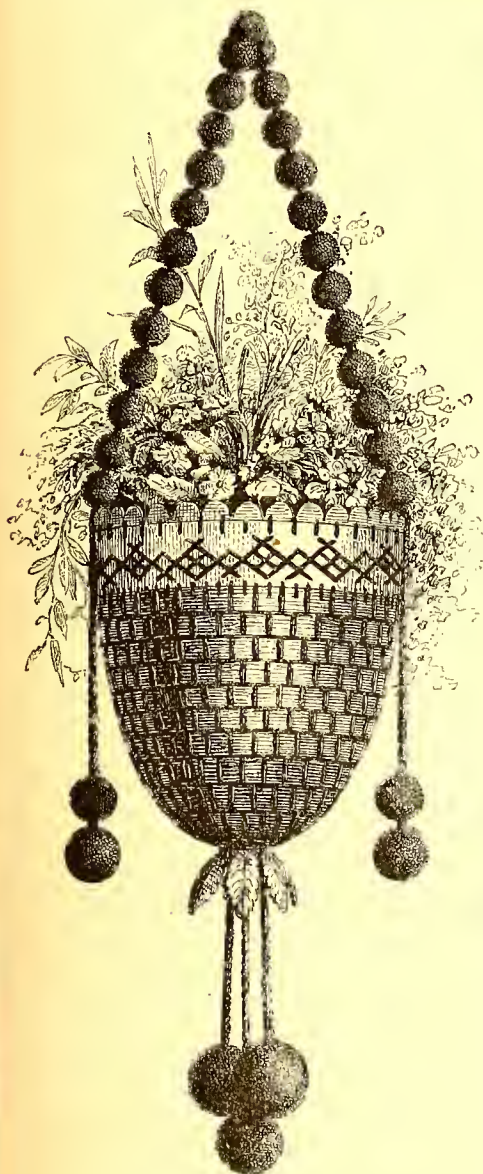
The materials required for these bags are half a yard of dimity or piqué, and a white cotton cord and tassel. Cut the stuff into two pieces, nine inches wide. One should be eleven inches long and the other fifteen. Shape one end of the longer piece into a point like the flap of a pocket-book. Sew the two pieces together with a strong seam, leaving the end with a flap open, and trim all round with the cord, passing it across so as to leave a tassel on either side, and form a double loop by which to hang the bag. An embroidered monogram or initials in scarlet will add to the prettiness of the effect, and the whole can be thrown into the common wash and done up as often as desired, which is an advantage always in the case of articles used on journeys.

Other useful fancy articles can be made of white dimity; a set of table-mats, round or oval, of four or six different sizes, each scalloped around the edge with linen floss or colored worsted; or wash-stand-mats or tray-covers, scalloped in the same way; or square flat cases for papa's cuffs.

## LITTLE GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKETS.

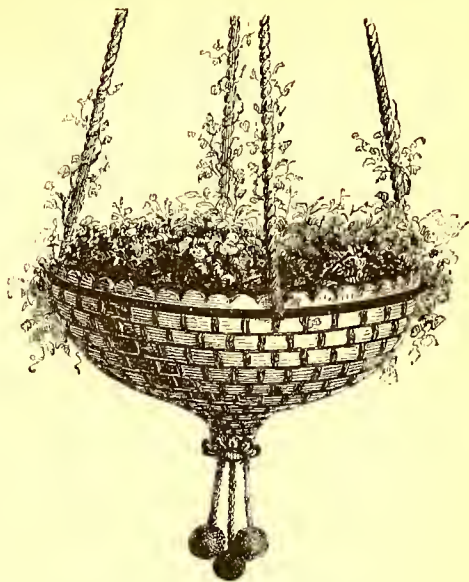
When goblets or wine glasses break at the stem, as they usually do, the tops can be put to use for hanging-baskets, as shown in these pictures.

Crochet a cover to fit the glass, in silk or worsted, with long crochet stitch, and a little looped or pointed border. This will not be a difficult thing



GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKET, NO. 1.

to do for any of you who are practiced in simple crochet. Make a small scalloped circle for the



GLASS-LINED HANGING-BASKET, NO. 2.

bottom, and fasten on three ball-tassels of the worsted. Hang with cords, or with balls strung on cord, as in No. 1. Then fill the glass with water or wet moss, and stick in tiny ferns or flowers, and you will have a very pretty effect at small trouble and almost no expense.

## WASH-STAND MATS.

Almost the most useful things in crochet are mats for wash-stands, and any girl who understands common and long crochet can make them. Two balls of white tidy-cotton, No. 8, will make a set. There should be a large round mat for the wash-bowl to stand upon, a small one for the little pitcher, one smaller yet for the mug, and two, either round or oval, for the soap-dish and brush-tray. Set up a chain of five stitches, loop it, and crochet round, widening enough to keep it flat. When the mat is large enough, finish with a border of loops, in three rows of long crochet, arranged in groups with a dividing loop. The first row should have three stitches in a group, the second four, and the third five. The mats must be "done up," whitened, and starched stiff.

## TABLE-MATS.

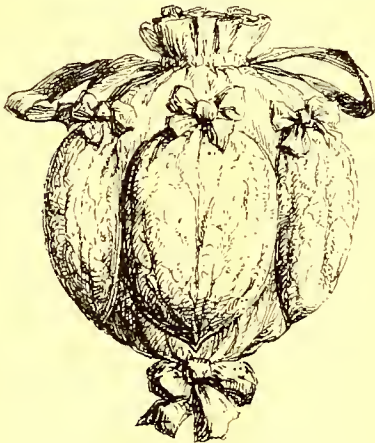
Table-mats crocheted in a similar manner, of white tidy-cotton, make excellent and useful presents. They are improved by being crocheted over lamp-wicking, which makes them doubly thick. The set consists of two large oval mats for the meat-platters, and four smaller ones for vegetable

dishes. An initial, embroidered in scarlet cotton in the middle of each mat, makes them prettier. They should be starched very stiff.

#### MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASES.

For these bright little affairs two large fair Madeira-nuts or English walnuts are required. Halve them carefully by forcing the points of your scissors into the soft end. Scrape the inside perfectly clean, heat a hair-pin red-hot in a candle-blaze or gas-jet, and with it bore two small holes opposite each other at each end of the shell; varnish with gum shellac dissolved in alcohol, then set them in a warm place till perfectly dry. Make a bright-colored silk bag three inches and a half square, with a hem at one end and a place for a drawing-string. Sew on the nuts, at equal distances, a little way above the unhemmed end; run a thread round that edge, draw it up tight, and finish with a little bow. Form the other end into a bag by running a narrow ribbon into a drawing hem. Last of all, set a tiny bow at the top of each shell, and fill the bag with cotton-wool sprinkled thickly with sachet-powder.

A tiny glove or bon-bon case can be made by using two half shells of a Madeira-nut, treated in a similar manner, piercing them with holes in the middle as well as top, and tying them together with very narrow colored ribbon. Of course they



MADEIRA-NUT SCENT-CASE.

hold only a very small pair of gloves. They are pretty objects to hang upon a Christmas-tree.

#### MADEIRA-SHELL BOATS.

These are very pretty for Christmas-trees, and they delight little folks. Take a half shell, glue a slender mast in it, and put in a sail of gilt or silver paper. They will sail nicely.

#### BUREAU MATS AND COVERS.

Three-quarters of a yard of white Java canvas will make four of these mats. Cut it into halves, and one of these halves into three small squares. Leave a margin all round to be raveled out for a fringe, and work just above this margin a simple border pattern in worsted, of any color you please—blue, rose, or crimson. The three smaller mats will hold the pincushion and toilet bottles, and the long one is laid across the front of the bureau, to receive brushes, combs and hair-pins.

If you wish, you can easily make a cover to match, for laying over the top of a pincushion. This may have the additional ornament of a monogram, or initials, embroidered in the center. Pretty border and initial patterns can be bought at a low price, if you have no designs at hand.

#### GLOVE PEN-WIPERS.

Cut a paper pattern of a tiny glove and of a little gauntlet-cuff to correspond. Cut the glove pattern out in thick cloth, and the gauntlet-cuff in thinner cloth, and line the latter with bright silk. Stitch the cuff to the glove with silk of the same color as the lining, and also make three rows of stitches on the back of the glove to imitate those in real gloves. Lastly cut out three or four pieces of cloth like the gauntlet, over-hand or point the edges with a scissors, and fasten them to the glove in under the gauntlet, to form the pen-wiper. This is a tidy little affair for a portfolio or traveling case.

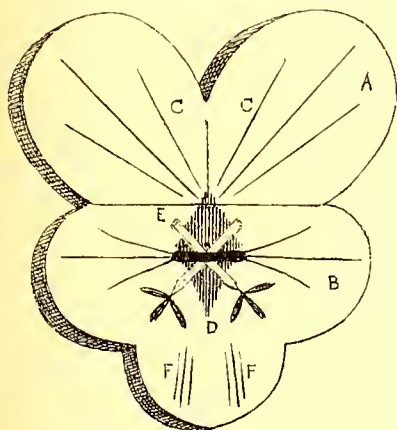
#### A PARASOL PEN-WIPER.

A very pretty pen-wiper can be made in the form of a closed parasol. Sharpen a thin wooden lead pencil that has an ivory tip. Cut a circle of silk, and another, somewhat smaller, of thin black cloth. Point or scallop the edges all around, pierce a hole in the center of each circle and run the point of the pencil through, leaving the silk circle on top. By a little ingenuity you can now crease, fold and secure these circles close to the handle, so that the whole will look precisely like a closed parasol; by experimenting first with a piece of paper you can best get the size of the circle required to suit your pencil.

#### A PANSY PINCUSHION.

For this pincushion you will require a small bit of bright yellow silk, and another bit of deep purple velvet or silk. Cut the shape in pasteboard twice over, and cover each side with the silk, the upper half (A) being the purple, and the lower (B) the yellow. The purple silk must be lapped under a good way, so that the stitches may not part and show the seam. Overseam the edges together,

leaving a small open space, and stuff the cushion full of worsted, ramming down to make it as hard and firm as possible. The outside is ornamented with stitches of black and yellow silks, which can be varied to taste. In the illustration, CC, are long stitches in yellow floss; D is a diamond-shaped



FANSY PINCUSHION.

group of black stitches, crossed at E with white floss, and F are long black stitches, three on each side. Some people add a tiny black velvet tip to the lower leaf of the pansy. There is an opportunity for displaying taste in the arrangement of these stitches. Better than to follow any description would be to take a real pansy, study it well, and arrange the stitches to imitate the flower as closely as possible.

#### WORK-CASES.

The materials for these work-cases are, a piece of yellow or gray Japanese canvas, twelve inches long and seven broad; a bit of silk of the same size and color for lining, and six skeins of worsted, of any shade which you happen to fancy.

Work a border down both sides of the canvas and across one end, leaving space to turn the edge of the material neatly in. This border may be as simple as you please. Four rows of cross-stitch in blue or cherry will answer for little girls not versed in embroidery. When the border is done, baste on the lining, turn the edges neatly in, and sew over and over. Then turn the lower third of this lined strip up to form a bag, and sew the edges together firmly. The embroidered end folds over to form a flap like a pocket-book, and must have two small buttons and loops to fasten it down.

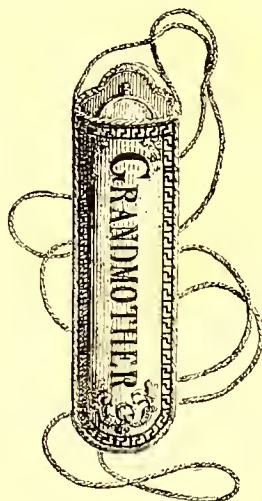
#### SPECTACLE-CASES.

These are nice presents to make for grandpas and grandmamas. Cut out a piece of card-board

a little longer than the spectacles are when shut up, and of the shape which you see in the picture. Then cut another piece an inch shorter than the other and one-third wider. At the lower end of this second piece, cut three slits an inch and a half long, lap them, baste firmly, and trim off so as to make the end fit to the bottom of the back-piece. Cover both pieces with kid, velvet, silk, chamois leather, or Java canvas, and ornament with floss silk, beads, or embroidery braid. Lastly, sew the two pieces together at sides and bottom, stitch a fine cord round the edge, and your case is done. The front-piece, being a little wider, will stand out from the back just enough to allow the spectacles to slide in and out easily. For grandma, it may be well to have a long loop of ribbon attached to each top corner of the case so that she may hang it from her belt.

#### ARTICLES IN BIRCH-BARK.

For those of you who have spent your Summer in the country, and brought home a store of birch-bark, there are numberless pretty things to make. Handkerchief-cases, seissor-cases, glove-cases, spectacle-cases, wall-baskets, watch-pockets, toilet-boxes, table-mats, portfolios, book-marks, napkin-rings, needle-cases,—I cannot enumerate all. The rules for making one apply to nearly all. The shape of the article chosen is cut out in stiff pasteboard; the bark, made very thin and smooth, is cut to match, and divided into long nar-



SPECTACLE-CASE.

row strips of equal width, attached to each other at one end, which is left uncut for a short distance. These strips are braided in and out with ribbon of any chosen shade, each end of the ribbon being carefully fastened down. When the braiding is

thus secured to the pattern, the whole is lined with silk, and the edges are trimmed with plaited ribbon or narrow silk cord. The glove and *mouchoir* cases are made square, and the corners are bent over to the middle and tied with ribbons. A little scent-bag is laid in each. Birch-bark articles can also be made by simply covering the card-board pattern with a plain piece of bark and binding the edges with ribbon or velvet.

#### THE CIRCLE-FLY.

For this amusing toy, suggested by Miss Donlevy, the following materials are needed. Four feathers, a long cork, half a yard of wire, two square inches of gilt paper, two black beads, some red or yellow sewing-silk, a couple of bits of card-board, a wooden spool, four round pieces of tin with a hole in the middle, a piece of red sealing-wax, and a small quantity of gum arabic.

The body of the circle-fly is made of the cork, and it is into this that the long wire is fastened.



THE CIRCLE-FLY.

The horns are short bits of wire fastened securely into the head, and tipped with sealing-wax. The black beads form the eyes; they are sewed into the cork head. Wind red or yellow sewing-silk round the body at regular intervals to form ornamental stripes, as seen in the picture. For the wings, cut out four pieces of pasteboard, two of white paper and two of gilt paper. Put each feather between two pieces of pasteboard, and glue with thick melted gum arabic. When perfectly dry, cover each pasteboard on one side with gilt paper. When this is dry, cover the other side of each with white paper. After the wings are for the second time perfectly dry, sew over the edges of the pasteboard part of the wings with colored silk, which will both ornament and strengthen them. To fasten the wings, run a wire not quite two inches long into the cork body, slip on each end one of the round pieces of tin, and bend the wire so that it stands perpendicular to the body. The bend must be half an inch high. Now give the wire another bend, making it parallel to the body, run it through the pasteboard part of the wing, put another round piece of tin on the outer side, and fasten by bending the wire over

the tin. Whittle the wooden spool down till it is quite thin, run the wire through its middle and bend as in the picture, to form a handle. The wire must end by a round bend to hold the spool in place.

As its name suggests, the circle-fly flies only in a circle, but it flies so fast that it will amuse a nursery full of little folks for a long time.

Now we will begin our third division :

*Christmas Presents a little more elaborate in construction, which can be made by Girls from Fourteen and upward, who are skillful with their needles.*

#### VARIOUS ARTICLES TO BE MADE IN VARNISHED CROCHET-WORK.

Pen-trays, wall-pockets, traveling-satchels, cases for holding rolls of music, flower-pot holders, and a great many other pretty and useful things can be made from cotton crochet-work, stiffened with colored starch, *allowed to dry in the desired form*, and varnished according to the directions on next page. Baskets, boxes, watch-cases, chair seats and backs, mats, footstool-covers, when made in this way, are as durable as cane or rattan work, and infinitely more ornamental.

#### CROCHETED WALL-SHIELD AND SPONGE-POCKETS,

Of which we wish more particularly to speak, are intended to be placed over a wash-stand. The shield is oblong in shape, as wide as the stand, and has a pointed top. The pockets, of which there are two, one for sponges, and the other for nail-brush, tooth-brush, etc., hang against the wall at either end of the shield. If an open pattern is selected for the shield, it will be pretty to line it with a bit of bright-colored silk or cambric. The front of the pocket is crocheted separately from the back, starched, and dried over a wooden form. The end of a wooden molding-dish, such as is used in butter-making, answers this purpose admirably. The form must be laid face down on a soft pine board, so that the crocheted piece may be stretched over it and pinned evenly to the board all round. When dry it is sewed to the back-piece and varnished. The back may be lined with oiled cloth or silk, if desired, but the meshes of the front-piece should be left open to secure ventilation for any wet article placed inside the pocket. The edges of these articles can readily be crocheted in points or fancy scallops. If desired, the sponge-pockets may be made directly on the wall-shield.



The method of treatment is the same for all articles: the covering is crocheted in strong white tidy-cotton, a size smaller than the thing to be covered, so as to admit of stretching tightly. A monogram or other ornament is then worked on the cover, which is stretched over its frame and secured; a coating of thick boiled starch is rubbed in, and when this is dry another coating is applied. Lastly, the whole is treated to a coat of shellac varnish, which, used over white cotton, gives a tint like cane or bamboo; if a darker color is desired, the starch is boiled with strained coffee instead of water. A basket made in this manner will outwear two ordinary straw ones, and there is this advantage, that if at any time a portion of the work is worn through or cut, it can be softened with alcohol, mended with tidy-cotton, and stiffened and varnished as before.

#### A NEW SOFA-CUSHION COVER.

The materials required for this cushion are, half a yard of fine white silk canvas, a yard and a half of thick satin ribbon three inches wide, blue or rose colored, a few skeins of floss silk, and a silk cord and tassels.

Cut the ribbon into three pieces, to be basted at equal distances on the canvas, one in the middle, the others at either side half way between the middle and the edge. Feather stitch the ribbon down on both sides with pale yellow floss. In the spaces left between the ribbon stripes, embroider a graceful little pattern in flosses which harmonize with the shade of the ribbon. Make up the cushion with a lining of plain silk or satin, and trim the edge with the cord and tassels.

This is an easy cushion to make, but the effect is really charming, and we recommend some of you to try it. The cushion from which our description is taken comes from England, and we have never seen a similar one in this country. Black satin ribbon and brilliant embroidery would be an effective combination.

#### OPEN-WORK BRACKETS MADE FROM CIGAR-BOXES.

Here is a Christmas present which either a boy or girl can make. All the materials needed are paper patterns of the forms to be used (which can be obtained from almost any carved open-work bracket), a sharp penknife, and an old cigar-box. The paper patterns must be pasted or gummed to the wood, so that the lines may be closely followed and cut through by the knife, leaving the desired open-work shapes. Then the paper can be soaked off with a damp sponge. If the bracket is only meant to hold light articles, the parts can be glued

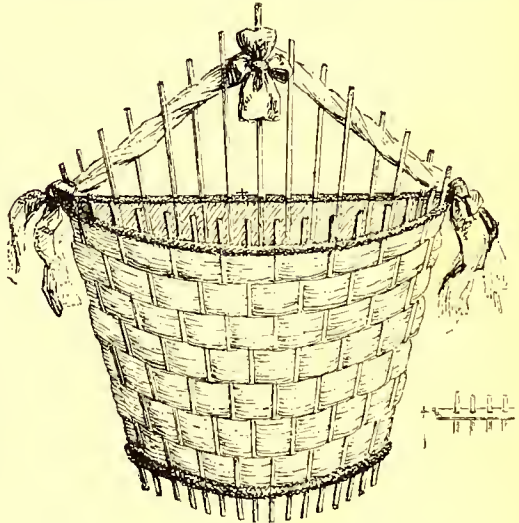
together merely, but it is better still to use the small brads which you will find in the sides of the cigar-box. When it is done, rub it with boiled linseed oil, or, if you prefer, coat with shellac varnish.

#### ORNAMENTAL CIGAR-BOXES.

A pretty box can be made by cutting open-work designs (as described above) on the separated parts of a cigar-box; then putting them together as before, varnishing them, and lining the open-work sides and cover with bright-colored silk or paper.

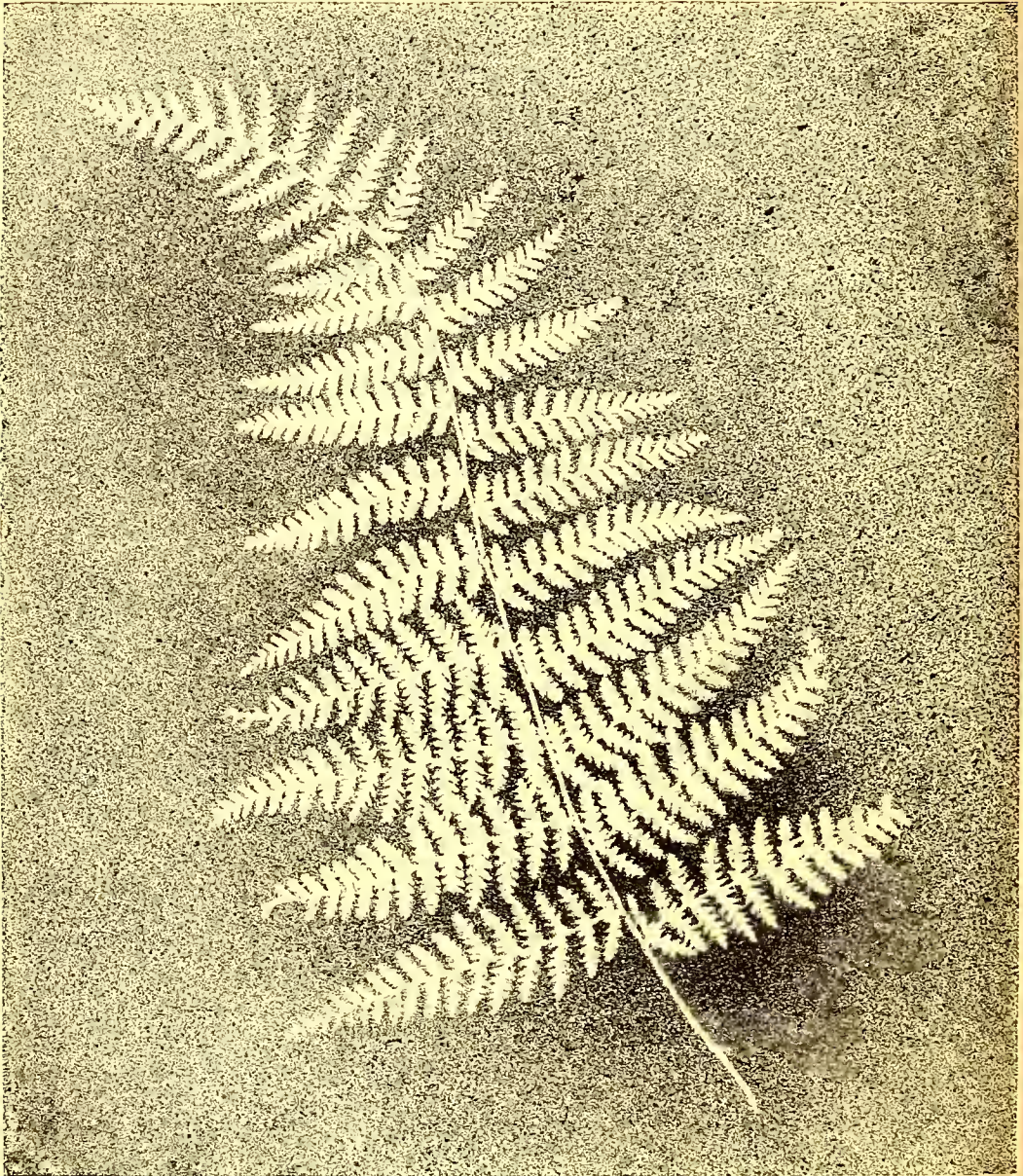
#### A STRAW WALL-BASKET.

This basket is made of straw and ribbon. Choose a number of perfectly smooth fair straws. Cut in pasteboard a half-circle, nine inches in diameter, and with a stiletto or pinking-punch make a series of small holes round the edge, half an inch apart. Measure a strip of pasteboard a little less than half



A STRAW WALL-BASKET.

an inch wide, and nine inches long, and pierce it regularly with holes of the same size, making them one inch apart. Take a second strip of the same width, sixteen inches long, and repeat the process. Now measure a straw twelve inches in length, and insert one end into the middle hole of the shorter strip, and the other end into the middle hole of the straight side of the half-circle (which forms the bottom of the basket), letting the lower edge of the straw project about two inches below the bottom of the circle. On either side of this insert a straw three-quarters of an inch shorter, and so proceed till the holes are filled and all the straws of the pointed back in position. The holes must be small enough to hold the straws firmly in place without any stitches. Next cut a number of straws six



A FERN-LEAF (SPATTER-WORK).

inches in length, and insert them into the longer strip of pasteboard, slipping the lower ends through the holes in the round of the half-circle, and fastening the two ends of the pasteboard strip firmly to the back-strip. Cover the edges of the bottom and top circles with blue chenille, and lace blue ribbon in and out among the straw of the front-piece to form the basket. Tack it firmly to the wall at either end, and fasten a bow of blue ribbon

to the middle of the back near the top. This is a graceful and novel wall-basket, and looks very pretty when heaped up with Berlin wools and other light articles, for which it serves as a catch-all.

#### SPATTER-WORK.

The first essential for successful spatter-work is a graceful pattern. To secure this, you must select and carefully press all manner of tiny leaves and

ferns, bits of strawberry vine, ivy sprays, and other wood treasures. For further materials you will want Bristol board, India-ink, a fine-toothed comb, a tooth-brush, some small pins, a tack-hammer, and a smooth board on which to fasten your paper while at work.

After the paper is firmly pinned to the board, lay your pattern upon it—the cross or basket form, if either is used, in the center—the leaves and ferns grouped about it, and pin each down very carefully, so that the ink may not spatter under them.

Put a table-spoonful of water into a small saucer, and rub India ink in it till the mixture is thick as cream. If you like a design in purple, the best violet ink can be substituted for this with good effect. Dip the tooth-brush (which should be one with long stiff bristles), lightly into the ink, and, holding it over the paper, rub it gently with the comb, so as to send out a fine spray of ink. Some persons reverse this process, and, dipping the comb into the ink, pass the brush over it to produce the same result. This is gradually repeated till the background is shaded to your wishes. Some parts are made darker than the rest to give the idea of perspective, but be careful not to make them too dark, as the ink will appear much blacker when dry.

Take the pins out carefully, and remove the leaves. The space beneath will now appear in white on a gray background. Now begins the artistic part of the performance, for the leaves must be veined with a camel's-hair brush, and lightly shaded here and there, and the central ornament must also be shaded in spatter-work, to give it roundness and effect. When all is done, and the ink perfectly dry, iron the paper on the wrong side with a slightly warmed iron.

A great many beautiful things can be contrived with this spatter-work. Wall-baskets, portfolios, glove and handkerchief cases, cigar-stands, and so on, cut from Bristol board, spattered, lined with silk and bound with narrow ribbons, are extremely pretty. Tidies, mats, aprons, hanging side-pockets, pillow-covers, and cushion-covers of Swiss muslin, spattered with a graceful pattern, are certainly "lovely." And, a newer idea still, we have lately seen work-boxes, table-tops, book-covers and paper-knives in white hollyhock, spattered with very dark brown (burnt umber being used instead of ink), and highly varnished, which had a really beautiful appearance, the varnish changing the light parts of the wood to a pale yellow which precisely harmonized with the rich brown of the background.

#### A NEW EFFECT IN KNITTING.

One of the knitting novelties of the season is the use of alternate rows of double zephyr and of Shetland and split zephyr worsteds, using common

garter stitch and large needles. It is effective for hoods, nubès, baby cloaks, afghans for cribs, and other articles of that kind.

#### BIBLE-COVERS.

There are few choicer presents than a cover for a friend's favorite Bible. The material for these covers is soft chamois leather, cut exactly the size of the open Bible, with a narrow piece sewed on at each end to fold under, and so hold the cover. Snip the larger piece all round into minute points. Stitch the end-pieces on wrong side out, a little way from edge, and turn over, leaving the points on big piece to project and form an edge. A monogram, or any appropriate motto, may be embroidered in the middle. These covers are simple things, but they require exquisite sewing and fitting to look well. Don't forget that, girls.

#### CABIN-BAGS.

These are not necessarily Christmas gifts, but if any friend happens to be taking a voyage in winter, a cabin bag is the very thing, for no lady traveler can be really comfortable at sea without one. They are made of linen or crash or chintz, after the manner of shoe-bags, with a row of pockets below and another above, stitched to a stout back-piece, bound round with braid, and furnished with loops to hang up by, and a small square pin-cushion in the middle of the top. They should be nailed firmly to the wall of the state-room within reach of the sofa or berth, and are invaluable for holding handkerchiefs, brushes, hair-pins, watch, and the thousand and one little things which, without such a place of refuge, are soon hopelessly shaken together and lost in the confused tumble and toss of a voyage.

#### SCENT-CASES FOR TRUNKS.

Another gift for a traveler is a large silk or muslin case made to fit the top of her trunk, and quilted with orris-root or sachet-powder. Clothing kept for a long time in trunks is apt to contract a smell of leather, and this daintily scented cover, which tucks in all round, will be more and more appreciated as time goes on, by the friend to whom you present it. Some persons do not like perfumes of any kind, and these may prefer the smell of leather to that of sachet-powder. Beware of presenting a scent-case to them.

#### TABLE AND CHAIR COVERS OF STAMPED LINEN.

These covers are made of that coarse gray linen which is bought for kitchen table-cloths. One of the best patterns to choose is that very common one which is lined off into diamonds with a star in the middle of each diamond. Divide these stars

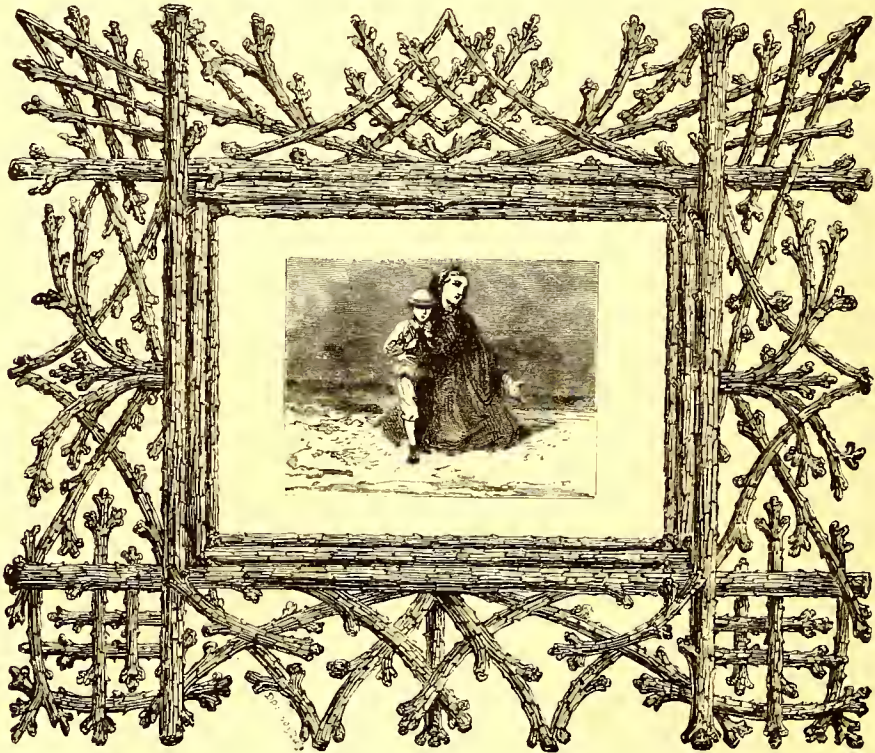
into groups of four, six, or eight, and work each star over with Berlin worsted of a different color, taking care that your colors harmonize with each other and make a good general effect. When all the stars are embroidered, sew narrow black velvet ribbon over the lines which form the diamonds. If for a table-cover, trim the edge with a row of black velvet ribbon, a fringe or a cord with tassels in the corners.

#### INLAID EMBROIDERY.

Many pretty and useful articles, such as pin-cushions, tidies, watch-cases, flower-pot covers,

once learned, it becomes hard to look at the trees any longer as *trees*; they seem, instead, repositories of easels, picture-frames, and other dainty devices, and we go out, scissors in hand, with all the confidence with which we enter a shop to order what is wanted. No initiated person, however, will ever cut the wood recklessly; that would be killing the golden goose indeed. No, the pieces chosen, which are from three to eighteen inches long, should be taken from the leaders or latest growth of the branches; judicious pruning will rather benefit the tree than injure it.

The wood obtained, it is to be *heated* a little, to



A PICTURE-FRAME IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

table-mats, floor-mats, wall-shields, screens, brush-and-comb bags, skate-bags, and school-satchels, can be made of gray crash, with fancy bits of colored cloth laid on and neatly secured around the edge by herring-bone stitch. Canvas may be thus "inlaid" with bright velvets, and the intervening spaces filled with gray, white or black cross-stitch.

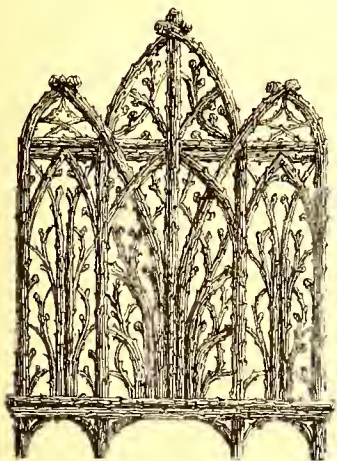
#### ORNAMENTAL WORK IN NORWAY SPRUCE.

Any one lucky enough to possess a large Norway spruce-tree, or more than one, has material at hand for a host of pretty objects which will be just the thing for Christmas presents. When this secret is

dry it quickly, and then with a dull knife scraped clean of its leaves (*in the direction of the foliage*), taking care not to destroy the wood-buds. For other materials you will need glue, a varnishing brush, a little copper wire, penknife, tack-hammer, and a scissors or pliers for cutting the wire. Flat pieces of soft pine board are also needed, on which the whole can be laid and pinned into shape; also bracket frames of pine formed like a T, with a shelf top. These brackets can be made of half a salt-box lid covered with spruce sticks, with a back and front of fanciful lattice-work, meeting in a cluster of leaf-buds at the bottom of the T.

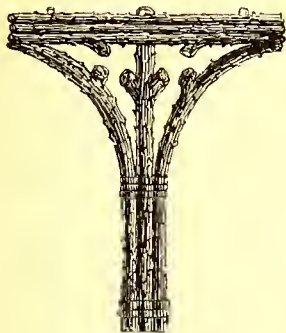
## PICTURE-FRAMES.

The desired size and shape of the frame must be penciled on the board, so that the work may be



AN EASEL.

perfectly true and even. Then the wood is arranged, guided by the drawing, till the general outline is complete, and glued with tiny drops carefully applied, or pinned deftly with tiny tape-pins. The outline being perfect, it is enriched with small twigs and clusters of wood-buds glued, or, better still, pinned, here and there, in places which need ornament or shaping. When the glue is stiff, disengage the frame from the board by inserting a paper-cutter between them, and, pushing the heads of the pins well in, cut off all the points projecting through at the back with a pair of scissors. Next, laying the frame face down, fasten an extra spruce stick all round, to give stiffness to the back; and



BACK-PIECE OF EASEL.

lastly, varnish the whole with gum-shellac varnish, which gives a soft and firm luster to the wood, preferable to the shiny effect of other varnish.

## EASELS.

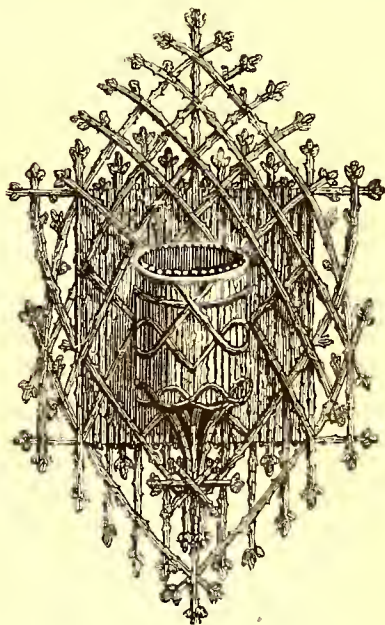
Easels are constructed in very much the same way as the frames, using a penciled diagram as a guide in forming the parts, and taking care that the projecting ledge on which the picture rests is straight and firm. The bands and hinges are of copper wire, which matches the color of the spruce.

## SPRUCE-WOOD WALL-POCKET.

The directions already given for spruce-wood work will suffice for making this wall-pocket. It should have a high arched back, and a portfolio pocket as wide as the back, and reaching half way up, lined with crimson silk or satin. This article has a beautiful effect when hung on the wall.

## MATCH-HOLDERS.

Use the picture as a guide. A square of pasteboard braces the back. The frame of the box is



MATCH-HOLDER.

made of pasteboard or of wood. This is fancifully covered with spruce sticks. An interlining of bright silk improves the effect.

Pasteboard cuff-boxes, covered with gay silk and ornamented with spruce-work, make pretty cigar-holders.

## A WORD ABOUT "PHANTOM FLOWERS."

Summer is the harvest-time with phantom flower makers, but even at this late season some leaves

and flowers can be found adapted for the purpose, and for the benefit of those who are desirous of trying their hand at this pretty manufacture, we will mention a method of getting rid of the leaf tissues without the long delay and disagreeable details of the usual process. The green leaves and seed vessels are laid upon small sheets of tin and covered tightly with lace or thin muslin. These are placed in a vessel of cold water, and allowed to boil *slowly* for several hours. When taken out, the upper sheet of tin is removed, and the leaves are deprived of their tissues by means of a fine camel's-hair brush, after which they are bleached, wired and mounted in the usual manner. Any one desirous of a full description of the science of desiccating leaves and plants, will find it in "A Treatise on the Art of Producing Phantom Flowers," published by Tilton & Co. of Boston.

#### EMBROIDERED WORK-CASES.

These are of the same size and shape as the simple work-case described in the earlier part of this article. The stitch used is the *double* cross stitch, which takes up four threads of the canvas. Work a row in pale tinted worsted, blue, rose or pearl, round three sides of the canvas, leaving one end plain, and a second row sixteen threads from the first one. Between these rows work in clear glass beads a Grecian pattern, filling in with worsted. There must be two lines of beads, to correspond with the double stitch which occupies that space on the canvas. Fill the middle with an alternate stitch of worsted, little squares containing four beads each, line with silk, fold the pocket, sew on the edges over and over, threading a bead on each stitch, and fasten with silk loops and two small clear glass buttons.

#### KNITTING-BAGS.

White or yellow Turkish toweling is the material for these bags. They are made in four pieces, each a foot long, pointed at top and bottom, and slightly curved toward the middle on both sides. The pieces are embroidered in silk or worsted with some simple pattern in bright colors, bound with narrow ribbon to match, and sewed together with a tassel to finish the bottom, and a drawing ribbon at the top. They are convenient little articles to hang on the back of a chair and receive an old lady's knitting when she lays it aside.

#### KNITTING-APRONS.

These are made like any other apron, secured with a band around the waist, except that it is cut about ten inches longer. This extra ten inches of length is to be turned up from the bottom and

divided off by stitching, so as to form four or more oblong pockets, open at the top. These pockets are handy for holding balls of worsted, and patterns, and the unfinished work in hand.

#### ARTICLES MADE OF COCOA-NUT SHELLS.

Boys with sharp knives, and a fair amount of good taste and ingenuity, can make very nice presents out of smoothed cocoa-nut shells. Three-quarter shells, supported on legs of rustic-work, and pierced with a few small holes at the bottom, make very pretty flower-pots; water-pails with wire handles, baskets with twisted grape-vine handles, card-receivers on rustic standards—all are very pretty. With sister's aid, bright silk or satin secured to the inside of the shell, and projecting a few inches beyond the opening, may be shirred with a drawing-string at the top, forming a pretty work-bag.

These cocoa-nut shell articles should be oiled, or have a coating of shellac varnish.

ST. NICHOLAS already has given hints and directions for making things which would serve admirably as Christmas presents for young friends. Among these we may refer to:

CHRISTMAS CITY (how to make a card-board city), Vol. I., p. 405.

WOOD-CARVING, Vol. I., pp. 84, 215, 346, 592.

HOLIDAY HARBOR (giving directions for making mimic public buildings and vessels of pasteboard), December number of Vol. II., p. 112.

EAST INDIAN TOYS—baby-doll, lady-doll, and cow (telling how to make them), November number of Vol. II., p. 52.

TURTLE CLOVES, Letter-Box for January, Vol. II., p. 196.

A PRETTY EASEL FOR PHOTOGRAPHS, Letter-Box for April, Vol. II., p. 389.

And now we must bring this long chapter to a close, with ST. NICHOLAS' compliments, and the hope that some of his girls, and boys too for that matter, who have been puzzling their heads over Christmas presents, may find just what they want in it. More than a hundred useful and tasteful articles can be made from the suggestions given. A good deal of work and a good deal of care are required for the making of anything really pretty. But remember, dears, that these gifts, into which love, thought, and patience are wrought with innumerable fine stitches or touches, will be worth more to the friends who care for you, a dozen times over than the finest thing which can be bought in a shop, and which costs you nothing but—money.

## BASS COVE SKETCHES.—OFF TO THE ISLAND.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

“BLESS my heart!” said Mr. Bonwig, amazed when the huge rollers that came tumbling in. “How are we ever going to get a boat outside of them without swamping her?”

“I’ll show ye,” said Joe.

The dory was dragged down to the edge of the surf. Then Joe put in the guns. Then he gave the skiff another gentle shove, into a receding wave. Then he told Mr. Bonwig to get aboard.

“I’ve a wife and children at home!” murmured that affectionate husband and father. “If anything should happen!”

“What in sixty ye think is goin’ to happen?” cried Joe, impatiently.

“I am very heavy!” said Augustus.

“So much the better; you’ll make splendid ballast,” grinned Joe.

“You are going, too?”

“Of course I am; I ha’n’t got no wife and children—not much!”

There was something in Joe that inspired confidence, and Mr. Bonwig resolved to stand the risk. He seated himself in the boat. Joe stood on the beach, holding the bow, and waiting. The waves were out.

“You never can shove me off in the world!” said Mr. Bonwig, painfully conscious of his own corpulence.

“You’ll see,” said Joe. The next moment the waves were in. A heavy swell lifted the dory, ballast and all. The ballast uttered a scream, and made a motion as if to jump overboard. “Keep yer seat. All right!” screamed Joe, pushing off. As the next breaker lifted the stern, he gave another shove, and jumped aboard. Before the third breaker came, he had the oars in his hands, ready to meet it.

“Well, well!” said Mr. Bonwig. “I *am* surprised!” And well he might be; for, you see, this embarking in the breakers is a business that calls for no little skill and experience; you must take advantage of them, and see that they don’t get the advantage of you. They have no mercy; and if they ever strike your skiff sideways, over she goes in an instant, and there she rolls to and fro in the foaming jaws until they crunch her to pieces, unless some strong hand at the right moment seizes and drags her out.

Young Joe, first by skillfully pushing off, then by prompt management of the oars, kept the dory

straight across the rollers, and soon had her safe outside of them. Then he commenced rowing strongly and steadily toward a rocky island, two or three miles off, over the ends of which the sea was dashing high and white.

Mr. Bonwig was seated in the stern, which he freighted so heavily that the bow stuck up ludicrously high out of the water. He had now quite recovered his equanimity.

“Well! I enjoy this!” said he, and lighted a cigar. “How easy this boat rows!”

“It does, to look on,” said Joe.

“I *am* surprised!” said Mr. Bonwig. “I’d no idea one of these little skiffs pulled so easy!” and he smoked complacently.

“How good that cigar tastes!” said Joe, with a grin. “I had no idee cigars tasted so good!”

“Young man,” replied Augustus, laughing, “I see the force of your remark. Perhaps you think I might offer to row. But I want to keep my nerves steady for the ducks. I’ll row coming back, and that will be a good deal harder, for we shall have a load of game, you know.”

“All right,” said Joe. “No, I thank ye”—as Bonwig offered him a cigar. “But if you happen to have any more of that ’ere sweet stuff about ye —”

“Oh, to be sure!” and Augustus had the pleasure of filling the young man’s mouth with candy. “What sort of ducks do we get at the island?”

“Coots and black ducks, mostly,” said Joe (and I wish I could make the words sound as sweet on paper as they did coming from his candied lips). “Black ducks go along the shore to feed, when the tide is low. They find all sorts of little live things on the rocks and in the moss, and in them little basins the tide leaves in holler places. They never dive deep; they only jest tip up, like common ducks. But coots will feed where the water is thirty feet deep; they go to the bottom, and pick up all sorts of insects and little critters. They pick young mussels off the rocks, and swaller ’em whole, shell and all, and grind ’em up in their gizzards.”

“Do they catch fish?”

“No; loons ketch fish, but ducks and coots don’t. A loon has got short wings that help him swim under water,—or fly under water, for that’s what it is. He’ll go faster’n some fishes. But he can’t walk; and he can’t rise on the wing very

well. He has to flop along the water, against the wind, a little while, 'fore he can rise. He can't rise goin' *with* the wind, any more 'n a kite can; and sometimes, when he lights in a small pond, he's pestered to git out at all. I ketched one in Bemis's pond last Spring. He was just as well and spry as any loon ye ever see, but there was n't room for him to git a good start, and no wind to help him; and he could n't run on the land, nor fly up from the land; and there was n't any good chance to dive. A loon 'll go down in deep water, and like as not ye wont see anything more of him till by-'m-by he comes up a quarter of a mile off, or mabby ye wont never see him agin,—for he can swim with jest a little speck of his body out of water, so that it takes a perty sharp eye to git sight of him. But this loon in Bemis's pond could n't come none o' them tricks, and I jest stoned him till he could n't dive, then I in arter him, and ketched him. He was a fat feller, I tell ye!"

"That's a good loon story," observed Mr. Bonwig.

"I can tell ye a better one than that," said Joe. "My father went a-fishin' off the end of that island once, and as the fish would n't bite, and the sea was calm, he jest put his lines out and laid down in the bottom of the dory, and spread a tarpaulin over him, and thought he'd go to sleep. That's a nice way to sleep,—have your boat at anchor, and it 'll rock ye like a cradle, only ye must be careful a storm don't come up all of a sudden and rock ye over. Ye can wind yer line around yer wrist, so's't if a cod does come and give it a yank, you 'll wake up. That's the way my father did. And he'd had a nice long nap, when all at oncet—yank! suthin' had holt. Off went the tarpaulin, and up he jumped, and he thought he'd got a whopper. by the way it run off with his line. But before he'd begun to pull, the line slacked, as if nothin' was on it; and the next minute up come a loon close alongside the boat, and looked at him, and my father looked at the loon, and thought he noticed suthin' queer hangin' out of nis bill. Then the loon dove, and then my father felt a whopper on his line ag'in, and he began to pull, and, by sixty! if he did n't pull up that loon and bring him into the boat! He had dove I don't know how many fathom for the bait, and got hooked jest like a fish."

"That *is* a good story!" said Mr. Bonwig, who had a sportsman's relish for such things. "What makes folks say *crazy as a loon*?"

"I d'n' know," Joe replied, "without it's 'cause they holler so. Did n't ye never hear a loon holler? You'd think 't was a crazy feller, if ye did n't know. I s'pose *loonatics* are named after 'em."

"Not exactly," said Mr. Bonwig. "*Lunatics*

are named after *Luna*; that's the Latin name for the moon, which affects people's brains, sometimes."

"I would n't give much for such brains!" said Joe, contemptuously. "Moon never hurt mine none!" Hence he argued that his own were of a superior quality. "You must have been to school to learn so much Latin!" he said, regarding Mr. Bonwig with fresh admiration.

Augustus nodded with dignity.

"What's the Latin for *dory*?" Joe asked, thinking he would begin at once to acquire that useful language.

Augustus was obliged to own that he did n't know. Thereupon Joe's admiration changed to contempt.

"What's the use of Latin," said he, "if ye can't tell the Latin for *dory*?" And Mr. Bonwig was sorry he had not said *doribus*, and so have still retained a hold upon Joe's respect.

"Why do folks say *silly coot*?" he asked, to change the subject.

"Wal, a coot *is* a silly bird—jest like some folks," said Joe. "Sometimes you may shoot one out of a flock, and the rest will fly right up to you, or jest stay right around, till you've killed 'em all." Augustus thought he would like to fall in with such a flock. "There 's some now!" said Joe. "They're goin' to the island. The sea runs so, we can't shoot very well from the boat, and I guess we'd better land."

Landing was easy under the lee of the island, and the boat was hauled up on the beach. Then Joe set out to guide his friend to the best point for getting a shot.

"There!" said he, stopping suddenly near the summit of a ledge, "ye can see 'em down there, about three rods from shore. Don't stir, for if they see us we shall lose 'em."

"But we must get nearer than this!" said Mr. Bonwig, "for even *my* gun wont do execution at this distance."

"Don't you know?" Joe said. "They're feedin'. When you come acrost a flock of coots feedin' like that, you 'll notice they all dive together, and stay under water as much as a minute; then they all come up to breathe agin. Now, when they dive, do as I do. There goes one down! there they all go! Now!" cried Joe.

He clambered over the ledge as nimbly as a lad could very well do, with an old "Queen's-arm" in each hand, and ran down rapidly toward the shore, off which the water-fowl were feeding. He was light of foot, and familiar with every rock. Not so Mr. Augustus Bonwig; he was very heavy of foot, and unacquainted with the rocks.

"Bl-e-hess m-y-hy hea-ah-rt!" he exclaimed,



jolting his voice terribly, as he followed Joe down the steep, rough way.

"Here! quick!" cried Joe, dropping behind another ledge.

Poor Mr. Bonwig plunged like a porpoise, and tumbled with a groan at the boy's side.

"Flat! flat!" whispered Joe.

"I can't make myself any flatter!" panted Augustus, pressing his corpulence close to the ground.

his feet, Joe was safe in the shelter of the rocks, and the birds were coming to the surface again. It required no very fine eyesight to see Mr. Bonwig; he was, in fact, a quite conspicuous object, clumsily running down the craggy slope, with both arms extended,—the better to preserve his balance, I suppose, although they gave him the appearance of a man making unwieldy and futile efforts to fly. The coots saw him, and rose at once upon the wing.



MR. BONWIG'S SHOT RATTLE AROUND JOE'S EARS.

"I've scraped off two buttons, and skinned my shins, already."

"You *a'nt* quite so flat as a flapjack, *be ye?*" said Joe. "Never mind. We're all right." He peeped cautiously over the ledge, cap in hand. "There comes one of 'em up agin! There they all come! Now look; be careful!" Bonwig put up his head. "Next time they go down we'll run for them big rocks close by the shore; then we shall be near enough."

"Is that the way you do? Well, I *am* surprised!" said Bonwig. "As your father said, it requires a knack."

"There they go!" cried Joe, and started to run. Augustus started too, but stumbled on some stones and fell. When with difficulty he had regained

"Bang!" "Bang!" spoke Joe's old flint-locks, one after the other; for, having fired the first as the flock started, he dropped that and leveled and fired the second, almost before the last bird had cleared the surface of the water.

"Bang! bang!" answered Bonwig's smart two-barreled piece from the hill-side; and the startled Joe had the pleasure of hearing a shower of shot rattle on the rocks all around him. The enthusiastic sportsman, seeing the coots rise and Joe fire, and thinking this his only chance at them, had let off his barrels at a dozen rods, as he would very likely have done at a quarter of a mile, so great was his excitement on the occasion.

He came running down to the shore. "Hello! *hel-lo!*" said he. "I've saved these! look there!"

And he pointed triumphantly at some birds which, sure enough, had been left behind out of the flock.

"By sixty!" grumbled Joe, "you come perty nigh *savin' me!* Your shot peppered these rocks—I could hear 'em scatter like peas!"

"Do you mean to say," cried Bonwig, "that I did n't kill those ducks?"

"All I mean to say is, they are the ones I fired at," said Joe, "and I seen 'em turn and drop 'fore ever you fired. Your gun did n't carry to the water at all. I'll show ye."

Joe began to hunt, and had soon picked up a number of shots of the size used by his friend Bonwig.

"Bless my heart! Now I *am* surprised! The wind must have blown them back!" said Augustus.

"If that 's the case," muttered Joe, "I shall look out how I git 'tween you and the wind another time! By sixty! ye might have filled me as full of holes as a nutmeg-grater! And I rather guess there 's nicer sounds in the world than to have two big charges o' shot come rattlin' about your ears that fashion!" And he rubbed his ears, as if to make sure that they were all right.

"Well, well, well!" said the wondering Augustus, picking up more shot. "I *am*—surprised aint the word; I'm astonished! Well, well, well!"

"You wait here," said Joe, "while I hurry and pick up them coots. There 's an eddy of wind takin' 'em right out to sea."

He disappeared, and soon Mr. Bonwig saw him paddling around the curve of the shore in his dory. Having taken the coots out of the water, he brought them to land, and showed them to the admiring Augustus.

"Now which way?" said the sportsman, filled with fresh zeal, "for I'm bound to have luck next time."

"We'll haul the dory up here, and go over on the other side of the island, and see what we can find there," said Joe.

"What a desolate place this is!" said Mr. Bonwig, as they crossed the black ledges. "All rocks and stones; not a tree, not a bush evcn; only here and there a little patch of grass!" He struck a schoolboy's attitude, on one of the topmost ledges, and began to declaim:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the center all round to the sea,  
I'm lord of the —"

Plenty of fowls, but there don't seem to be any brutes here," he commented, as he came down from his elevation.

"Guess ye learnt that to school, too, did n't ye?" said Joe.

"Young friend, I did," said Augustus. And he proceeded to apostrophize the salt water:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!  
Ten thousand —"

Thunder and blazes! who'd have thought that rock was so slippery?" he said, finding himself suddenly and quite unexpectedly in a sitting posture. "Speaking of fleets, what are all those sails, Joe?"

"Fishermen. Sometimes for days you wont see scarcely one; then there'll come a mornin' with a fair wind, like this, and they'll all put out of port together."

"Hello! *hel-lo!*" said Augustus. "Who ever expected to see a house on this island? What little building is that?"

"It's one of the Humane Society's houses; houc of refuge they call it. They have 'em scattered along the coast where ships are most likely to be wrecked and there's no other shelter handy."

"Nobody lives in it, of course?"

"I guess not, if they ean help it," said Joe. "But more 'n one good ship has gone to pieces on this island. I remember one that struck here eight year ago. She struck in the night, and the next mornin' we could see her, bows up, on the reef y'nder, where the tide had left her; but the sea was so rough there was no gittin' at her in boats, and the next night she broke up, and the day after nary spar of her was to be seen, except the pieces of the wreck that begun to come ashore to the mainland, along 'ith the dead bodies. About half the crew was drowned; the rest managed to git to the island, but there wa' n't no house here then, and they 'most froze to death, for it was Winter, and awful cold. Since then this little hut has been tucked in here among the rocks, where the wind can't very well git at it, to blow it away; and come when ye will, Summer or Winter, you'll always find straw in the bunks, and wood in the box, and matches in a tin case, and a barrel of hard bread, and a cask of fresh water. Only the wood and hard bread are apt to git used up perty close, sometimes. You see, fellers that come off here a-fishin' know about it, and so when they git hungry, they pull ashore with their fish, and come to the house to make a chowder. But I would n't," said Joe, assuming a highly moral tone, "without there was a barrel chock full of crackers! For, s'pose a ship should be wrecked, and the crew and passengers should git ashore here, wet and hungry and cold, and should find the house, and the box where the wood should be, and the barrel where the crackers should be, and there should n't be

neither wood nor crackers, on account of some plaguy fellers and their chowder! No, by sixty!" said Joe, "I would n't be so mean!"

"It looks naked and gloomy enough in here!" said Augustus, as they entered.

"It would n't seem so bad, though, to wet and hungry sailors, some wild night in Janewary, after they'd been cast away," said Joe. "Just imagine 'em crawlin' in here out of the rain and cold, and startin' up a good, nice fire in the chimbley, and settin' down afore it, eatin' the crackers!"

"How are the provisions supplied?"

"Oh, one of the Humane Society's boats comes around here once in a while, and leaves things. I

don't believe but what it would be fun to live here," Joe added, romantically, "like Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday."

"Suppose we try it?" said Mr. Bonwig. "I'll be Crusoe, and you may be t'other fellow."

"And we'll shoot ducks for a livin'!" said Friday. "Come on, Mr. Crusoe!"

They left the hut, and went in pursuit of game, little thinking that accident might soon compel them to commence living the life that was so pleasant to joke about, more in earnest than either dreamed of doing now. But the story of how that came to pass will have to be related in another number.

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## THE DEAD DOLL.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

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You need n't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!  
 There's no use in saying she is n't, with a crack like that in her head.  
 It's just like you said it would n't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day;  
 And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you had n't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!  
 As if I did n't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?  
 You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for looks?  
 Why, glue's for ehairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfullest crack!  
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack  
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.  
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!  
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!  
And to think I had n't quite finished her elegant new Spring hat!  
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—  
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."  
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;  
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"



"AND HILDEGARDE SAW ME DO IT."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,  
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.  
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!  
For I've hit it over and over, and it has n't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;  
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;  
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—  
This dear little box—and we'll bury her then under the maple-tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;  
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!  
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;  
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

## A PLAY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HERE is the good old story of the JOLLY ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, told by Hezekiah Butterworth in ST. NICHOLAS for January last, arranged for parlor representation. Some of our young folks may be glad to learn it, and prepare their costumes, in time for the coming holidays. Mr. Stephens' pictures (in our January number, 1874) may be of use in giving hints for the costumes, or our boys may prefer to study up the matter elsewhere for themselves. To add to the effect, both boys and girls may take parts as nobles and attendants.

## THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

*Characters: King John, Nobles, Abbot of Canterbury, Shepherd, and Attendants.*

## SCENE I.

*King seated on his throne. Enter Noble, bowing.*

*Noble.* Good King, do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?

*King.* No.

*Noble.* A hundred!

*King.* That is more than I keep in my palace!

*Noble.* Do you know how many gold chains the Abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?

*King.* No.

*Noble.* Fifty!

*King.* That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough. Bring me my royal steed; I will visit him at once.

*[Exit Noble as curtain falls.]*

## SCENE II.

*Abbot, elegantly dressed, seated in arm-chair.*

*Enter King, attended by Nobles.*

*King.* How now, Father Abbot? I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason—high treason against the Crown.

*Abbot.* My liege, I never spend anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what myself have earned.

*King.* Yes, Father Abbot, thy offense is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thou art esteemed a man of wit, and thy learning is great, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life.

*Abbot.* Name it, my liege.

*King.* Thou shalt, when I come again to this place, and stand among my nobles, answer me three questions.

*Abbot.* Name them, my liege.

*King.* Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny. Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time it would require for me to ride around the whole world. Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking.

*Abbot.* Oh, these are hard questions—hard questions for my shallow wit! But if you will give me three weeks to consider them, I think I may answer your Grace.

*King.* I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's.

*[Exit King as curtain falls.]*

## SCENE III.

*Abbot walking to and fro, apparently in deep thought. Enter Shepherd, staff in hand.*

*Shepherd.* How now, my Lord Abbot? What news do you bring from the King?

*Abbot.* Sad, sad news, Shepherd. I have but three weeks more to live, if I do not answer him three questions.

*Shepherd.* And what are these questions three?

*Abbot.* First, to tell him, as he stands among his nobles, with his gold crown on his head, how much he is worth, and that to a single penny. Secondly, to tell him how long it would take him to ride around the world. Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking.

*Shepherd.* Then cheer up, cheer up, my Lord Abbot. Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend me your gown and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place, and will answer the King's questions.

*Abbot.* Serving-man thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crosier and miter, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself. Go, and thou shalt have thy reward if thou canst save my life.

*[Exit Shepherd as curtain falls.]*

## SCENE IV.

*Curtain rises, and discovers the King and his Nobles, apparently awaiting the arrival of some one. Enter Shepherd, dressed as the Abbot.*

*King.* Now welcome, Sir Abbot. Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer

correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings.

*Shepherd.* Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth.

*King.* And thou shalt. Now tell me how much I am worth, and that within a single penny.

*Shepherd.* Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty; and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he.

*King [laughing].* Why, why, my Father Abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little! And now, jolly priest, tell me just how long it would take me to ride around the world.

*Shepherd.* You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning,

when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours.

*King [laughing].* I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put thy wits to the test. What do I think?

*Shepherd.* You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see [*throwing off his cloak*], and I have come to beg pardon for the Abbot and myself.

*King [laughing heartily].* And thou shalt have it. Tell the Abbot that thou hast brought him a full and free pardon from the King. And as for thyself, I will give thee four nobles each week, for the merry jest thou hast shown me.

[*Curtain drops.*]



## GOING TO LONDON.

Up, down! Up, down!  
All the way to London town—  
Here we go with baby!  
I'm the papa,  
You're the ma'ma,  
You're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!  
All the way to London town—  
See how fast we're going!  
Feel the jar  
Of the car?  
Feel the wind a-blowing?

Up, down! Up, down!  
All the way to London town—  
Here we are this minute!  
Rock a chair  
Anywhere,  
When we two are in it

## OUT OF GRANDMAMMA'S TEA-CUP.

*(A Centennial Tea Story.)*

BY ELIZA WOOD.

It was strange that we should all see an Indian in grandmamma's tea-cup on the night of December 16th, 18—, Emily and George, and little Dan and I. I am Godfrey.

A lone Indian, with a bow in his hand, shaped in the tea-leaves on one side of the cup, and on the other side, some scrawling writing, like this:

Emily read it "Fra Drake," and grandmamma was delighted.

"Now tell us a story about the old house on the wharf, grandmamma," Emily said, "and let me sit on the rug with my back close to your knees, for I shiver so at Indian stories."

We knew it was to be an Indian story, because grandmamma always took her text from some of the shapes that we children saw in the tea-leaves, and on that night we saw only the figure of an Indian and the writing.

"Let me get into your lap," said little Dan, "for my eflant is so tired."

Little Dan is only three years and a half; but he owns a very large, lead-colored canton flannel elephant. He sleeps with it, generally lying on his stomach with the beast under him, and keeps it on the nursery-table near him when he eats his meals.

George popped it into the soup-tureen one day at dinner, while Dan was gazing at the pudding; in consequence, there was a feud between George and Dan for two days, and a coolness for a week, although George allowed Dan to kick him, and good-naturedly assisted in bathing the elephant's feet and legs, which were greasy with chicken-broth.

"I'll tell you the story that my mamma told me when I was a little girl and lived in the old house on the wharf," said grandmamma. "I have remembered the 16th of December ever since. I suppose you children don't know what happened on that night, Anno Domini 1773?"

"Eflants?" asked Dan, gravely.

He always entered into the conversation with solemnity, especially when about to fall asleep.

"It was n't Sir Francis Drake's return from his

voyage round the world, was it," George asked, recklessly.

"Sit on him for a gaby," Emily whispered.

Grandmamma merely looked at him until he begged her pardon, and laughed nervously.

It was not that she was so intolerant of ignorance, but George had such a talent for exposing himself.

Emily and I were afraid to guess. I had the repeal of the Stamp Act on the tip of my tongue, but I turned it into a cough, seeing George so discomfited.

"The old house," grandmamma began, "was like most other houses of its day. The second story overhung the first, the rooms were built around a huge stone chimney in the middle, the garden was paled in, and my grandfather was permitted to wharf before his door, and to make a 'causey' ten feet square from his wharf to low-water mark, to be free of access. When our whaler returned from a voyage, she came into our own wharf; and next to it but one was Griffin's wharf.

"In the winter season the family lived downstairs—grandmamma and grandpapa and Uncle Godfrey and my mamma, who was the only girl.

"On the night of my story—December 16th, 1773—my mamma had a bad cold and hoarseness, and her mother had to put her to bed quite early in the afternoon.

"I have slept in the same little truckle bed, when I was a child, in a small wainscoted room just off the sitting-room in which the family lived in winter. Lying in bed with the door open, one could see the huge fire-place, and the doors on either side, which opened into Uncle Godfrey's bed-chamber and grandmamma's. The sitting-room extended nearly all across the back of the house.

"Grandfather came into the sitting-room by the back door just as grandmamma was pouring some hot water into a little china tea-pot from the teakettle that always hung from the crane.

"'Not making tea, I suppose, Maria?' he said, with a smile.

"'Yes, I am, Oliver, for the child: she needs something hot for her cold, and I think it a shame to throw away real good tea,' grandmamma replied.

"'Do you not know,' said grandfather, 'that the word *tea* ought not so much as to be once named

by the friends of American liberty, and here you are openly using it before me, a Son of Liberty, and a selectman.'

"He picked up the beautiful little china tea-pot and flung it behind the back-log, a cloud of steam and ashes arising; then he turned to grandmamma and said:

"I ask your pardon if I have been too hasty; but I am just from the assembly in the old South Meeting-house, and we are waiting there for Rotch's answer from the Governor. His time is up, and he must sail with the tea to-night.'

"Grandmamma did not answer. She was, with the poker, carefully lifting the tea-pot by the handle out of the ashes. There was a small piece nicked out of the spout, which seemed to pain her.

"Grandfather went out of the house and shut the front door with a heavy slam. Dear mamma closed her eyes then, to make her mother think she had been asleep during this little domestic scene. Grandmamma came and listened to her breathing, and tucked the bed-clothes in about her.

"'God bless you, my child,' she said, 'and help us all.' Then she took down her gray cloak and hurried out of the house.

"Poor mamma sat up in bed and wondered what it all meant.

"She knew a little about Rotch and the ship Dartmouth; that Mr. Rotch was the owner of the Dartmouth, which ship had come in to Griffin's wharf one Sunday morning, laden with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea; that, Sunday as it was, the selectmen had held a meeting, and that it was decided that the tea should not be landed.

"The school-children had come down to grandfather's wharf one Saturday morning to see the Dartmouth lying at Griffin's wharf, with two other tea-ships that were anchored there under guard, and mamma had joined in all their ceremonies that meant independence and liberty, except spitting upon a stamp which one of the boys had; that mamma declined to do, because she said it was a nasty trick. She had sacrificed her only doll when an effigy of George Grenville was needed for hanging upon a miniature Liberty Tree, and had joined in a feast under this tree (a barberry-bush in Coffin's field near the school-house) to celebrate the repeal of the Stamp Act.

"She had contributed liberally toward a testimonial of sassafras candy which was presented to the son of Edward Proctor, captain of the guard of the tea-ships; and yet the whole thing was a sad puzzle to her little brain, and it made her very unhappy to think that the end of it all was that her father had nearly broken the pretty china tea-pot, and her mother had left her alone in the house.

"Well, mamma, from her little bed, watched the bright flames of the wood fire in the sitting-room until it burned low and the tea-kettle stopped singing. It was quite dark outside and very still.

"Mamma crept out of bed and stole into the sitting-room with a blanket wrapped around her, and sat down on her little stool on the hearth. She wished herself back in bed as soon as she was seated upon the hearth; for the flickering fire-light made strange shadows on the wall, and the darkness in the corners of the room was so dense that it seemed to her miles deep, and she did not dare to turn her back to it, or return to her bedroom, for it was creeping toward her slowly. All the familiar objects in the room were shrouded in darkness except the strings of dried apples hanging from the center beam, and grinning like monster teeth, and the flitches of bacon that stretched and humped into wicked shapes to her terrified eyes. Then the darkness seemed to be infolding her, and the stillness hummed drearily in her head, and she tried to scream for her mother, but her voice would not come."

"Oh, don't let the Indian come now; I can't bear it," said Emily.

"He must come when he did come," said George; "must n't he, grandma?"

"Yes," answered grandmamma, "and he did come just as mamma was trying to scream; the shed door opened, and the back door into the sitting-room opened, and a very tall Indian strode in up to the chimney-place and lighted his pipe with a coal from the fire. Mamma tried to say, 'Don't kill me!' but her voice failed; and then a ray of hope came to her, that the Indian would go away without seeing her, and then he spoke to her.

"'Why, child, you'll perish with cold,' he said. 'Go back to bed. Where's your mother?'

"He stooped and picked her up and carried her to her bed, and was heaping some extra coverings upon her when a wild war-whoop resounded outside, and was echoed from various parts of the town.

"'That's the signal,' he said, and rushed out of the back door.

"After that mamma could only remember a whirlpool of noises, war-whoops, and splitting sounds. Then a dead silence, and then her father and mother came in with the Indian, and threw on more logs and warmed themselves at the sitting-room fire.

"I found the child sitting on the hearth, when I came home to light my pipe,' said the Indian, with the voice of Uncle Godfrey. 'I must see if she is awake.'

"Poor little mamma's voice came back then; she put her arms around his neck as he stooped



over her, and sobbed out 'Are you a friendly Indian?'

"He burst out laughing with Uncle Godfrey's laugh, and carried her into the sitting-room, where, in her mother's lap, she told her unhappy story as well as she could for laughing and crying and kissing them all.

"Uncle Godfrey took off his crown of feathers, and knelt to mamma to pass her fingers through his soft fair hair.

"'Whatever did you do it for, Uncle Godfrey?' she cried, and then her father tried to explain to her what had happened in Boston harbor that night."

"What had happened, George?" asked grandmamma.

"A party of men disguised as Indians, at a concerted signal, had gone on board the tea ships, and splitting open the chests of tea, had emptied their contents into the water. Three hundred and forty-two chests."

"Why had they done this, Godfrey?"

"Because it had been resolved in the colonies not to use any articles taxed by the crown, and the consignees of the tea would not order the ships to sail back with their cargo, and a clearance was de-

nied Mr. Rotch, and this was the only way to prove that we were in earnest."

"And we were in earnest," said grandma, with kindling eyes. "Our country's future might have been foretold that night, looking into those dark waters where the tea-leaves were unfolding.

"We now know the shapes they took: Lexington, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Bunker's Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Brandywine, Germantown, the war on the ocean, and Yorktown, when Lord Cornwallis delivered up his sword.

"Eight years after the battle of Lexington Washington issued a proclamation of peace."

"You look like a statue of Liberty when you say Washington, grandmamma," said George.

Grandmamma smiled, and little Dan cried out in his sleep, his nose was flattened against his elephant.

"I wish Dan would not make those startling noises," said Emily, whose back was still close to grandmamma's knees; "ring for his nurse, George."

"No, I want to carry the little rascal myself," said George.

So we all bade good night and thanked grandma for her tea-cup story.

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## TO THE "BOUQUET CLUB."

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

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O ROSEBUD garland of girls!

Who ask for a song from me,  
To what sweet air shall I set my lay?

What shall its key-note be?  
The flowers have gone from wood and hill;  
The rippling river lies white and still;  
And the bird that sang on the maple bough,  
Afar in the southland singeth now!

O Rosebud garland of girls!

If the whole glad year were May;  
If winds sang low in the clustering leaves,  
And roses bloomed away;

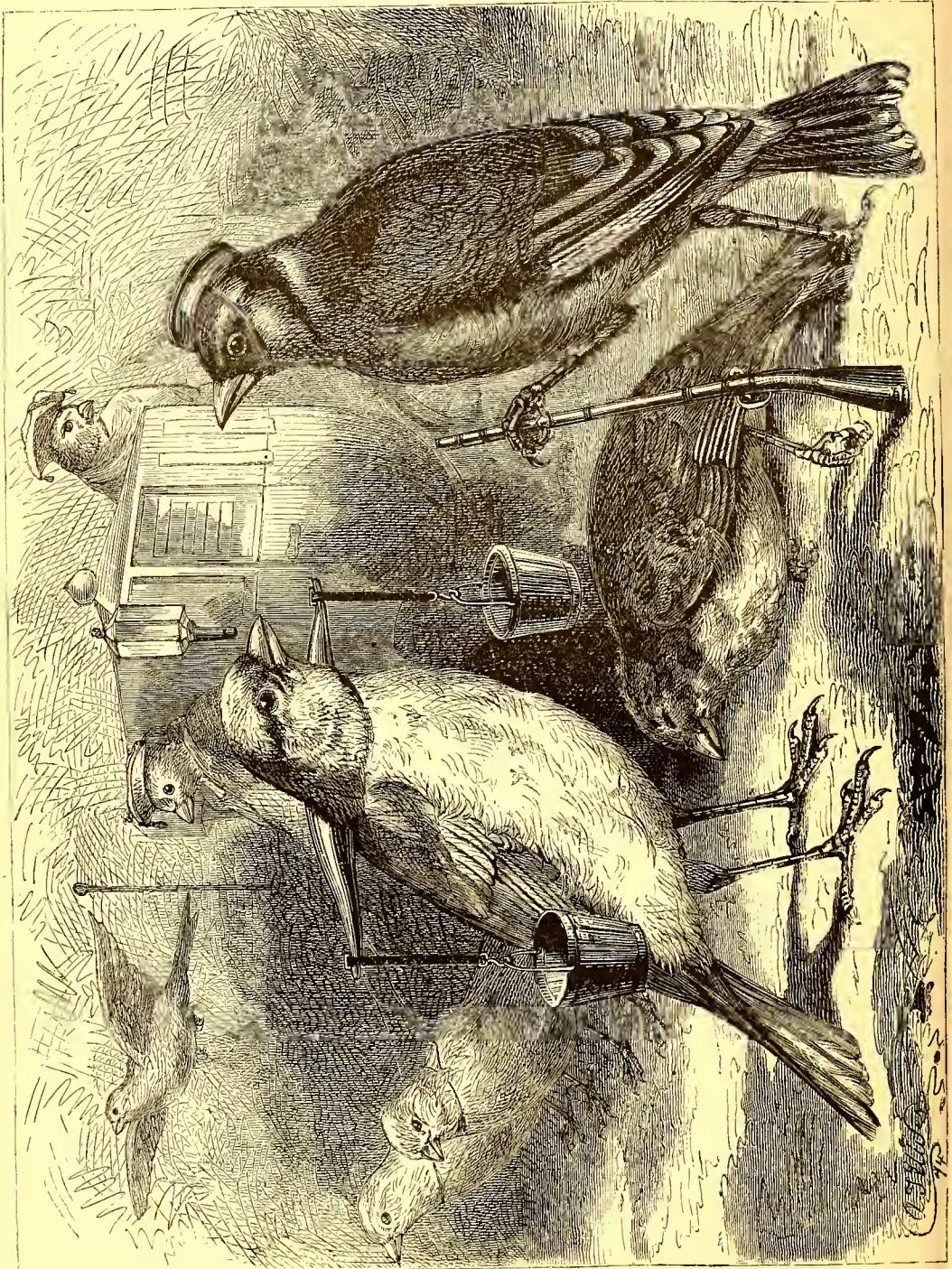
If youth were all that there is of life,  
If the years brought nothing of care or strife,  
Nor even a cloud to the ether blue,  
It were easy to sing a song for you!

Yet, O my garland of girls!

Is there nothing better than May?  
The golden glow of the harvest-time!  
The rest of the Autumn day!

This thought I give to you all to keep:  
Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;  
The year grows rich as it groweth old,  
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!

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“WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, SIR?”

W. H. B. 1872

## WHAT ROBBY SAW.

BIRDS know a great deal. They know how to find their food, and where to go for a change of climate. They know, too, how to build nests, and how to take care of their children. They are wise almost as soon as they are born.

But if you think birds cannot be taught anything besides the things that they know of their own accord, you are very much mistaken. They can be taught to do many funny tricks. I know a boy named Robby who has seen them, with his own eyes, do—*what*, do you think?

Why, he has seen two yellow canary-birds harnessed to a little bit of a coach, drawing it along in the liveliest way, with a canary-bird for a driver and another canary for footman. Think of that! Yes, and he has seen these same birds do even more than this.

He has seen them act a play. I'll tell you about it.

First, one pretty little fellow, named Mr. Prim, came hopping in as lively as a cricket. Then came another pretty little yellow fellow, named Major Flit, and he had—A GUN! And—O, O!—what did Major Flit do but point his gun right at Mr. Prim and fire it off! Down fell Mr. Prim stark and stiff—his eyes shut tight, and his poor little toes curled under. But Major Flit was not sorry one bit for shooting poor Mr. Prim. He strutted about as if he had done something fine. Then another canary, named Corporal Gruff, came in, carrying two little pails of water. They were about as big as thimbles. He shook his head sadly as he looked at poor Mr. Prim lying so helpless and stiff. Then he hopped savagely up to Major Flit, and stared at him, with an air that said: "What does this mean, sir?"

Something dreadful might have happened then if, quick as a flash, Mr. Prim had not jumped up, as if to say:

"Ho! ho! you thought I was killed, did you? Well, I'm just as much alive as you are!"

Now the birds had been taught by their kind master to do all this. The gun would go off and make a flash, but it had no shot in it.

Robby dreamed that night of Mr. Prim, the Major and the Corporal; the Major had on soldier clothes, and Mr. Prim was shaving himself before a yellow looking-glass! Was not that a funny dream?

If you ever go to a show where there are performing birds, look out sharply for Mr. Prim, the Major, and Corporal Gruff.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

No time for the usual compliments to-day, my chicks. Jack has news for you! A little bird tells him that Deacon Green thinks there ought to be a "Young Contributor's" department to ST. NICHOLAS, and that it will not do the children one bit of harm, provided the vanity of unfledged authors is not fed by printing their names. Hurrah for the deacon! He's written a letter to the editor about this matter, and Jack would n't be one bit surprised if something should come of it! Perhaps *next month*—who knows?

"The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will our Jack do then?—poor thing!"

writes a dear little boy. Bless his heart! Jack does n't mind the snow one bit. In this respect he differs from others of his race.

Ah! what wonderful folks these Scribners are, to be able to make a Jack-in-the-Pulpit blossom all Winter! This reminds me, strange to say, of

#### DRIED UP ANIMALS COMING TO LIFE.

WELL. Wonders never cease. You'll excuse my bringing forward a dried up old adage, my chicks, as I wish to apply it strictly to something the birds told me—which is, that certain creatures of the worm and small fry order can be dried up completely, kept in that state for years, and then be brought to life again! Now it's bad enough to be a worm anyway, but just conceive the state of mind a worm must be in who is brought to life after having been dried up for a dozen years! The pretty schoolmistress and Deacon Green were talking on this subject in the twilight last evening. Speaking of a minute sort of worms known as vinegar eels, she said that it was known to the botanist Linnæus

that these worms could be dried up and then revived. Also, that she had read that somebody named Baker, in 1775, found that the young of *Anguillula tritici*, inclosed in diseased grains of wheat, could be revived, even after a desiccation of twenty-seven years, by being moistened with water; and other naturalists observed the same fact for shorter periods.

Ah! the school-mistress is a wonderful little woman. She brought out that *Anguillula tritici* so glibly that it made Deacon Green fairly blink.

#### THE BRITISH BROAD ARROW.

WHAT a world this is! Hearing some persons mention the British Broad Arrow, I naturally inquired of the birds about it, knowing that they are specially interested, poor things! in arrows and in all sorts of weapons.

Now, what *do* you think they told me?

Why, the English Broad Arrow is n't an arrow at all. That is, it's not an arrow that you can fire from a bow at a mark, but it is a mark itself. Yet not a mark to be fired at. It is a mark stamped or cut upon wood and iron and certain other materials which belong to the British Government and are used about its naval ships or dock-yards. The Broad Arrow looks very little like an arrow, and very much like the print which a hen's foot leaves in the mud.

#### REFUSED BLESSINGS.

"It's amazing," said Deacon Green, "how stupid we human beings are, little and big; what worthless things we strive for, and what blessings we carelessly cast away. In some parts of Japan, when you go home from a dinner, a servant is sent after you with a box containing everything that was offered to you at table and that you refused. Ah! what if some day an angel comes after us to show us all the blessings that were offered to us on earth, that we were too stupid or too obstinate or too proud to take!

#### THE CROOKED STORY STRAIGHTENED.

As Jack wishes me to give a report concerning the "Crooked Story," printed on page 775 of the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, I comply with pleasure. Here is the first correct rendering (received Sept. 22d):

#### THE STORY.

A right sweet little boy, the son of a great colonel, with a ruff about his neck, flew up the road swift as a deer. After a time he had stopped at a new house and rung the bell. His toe hurt him, and he needed rest. He was too tired to raise his fair, pale face. A faint moan of pain rose from his lips.

The maid who heard the bell was about to pare a pear, but she threw it down and ran with all her might, for fear her guest would not wait.

But when she saw the little one, tears stood in her eyes at the sight. "You poor dear! Why do you lie here? Are you dying?"

"No," he sighed, "I am faint to the core."

She bore him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bread and meat, held scent under his nose, tied his collar, wrapped him warmly, gave him some sweet dram from a vial (or phial), till at last he went forth hale as a young horse. His eyes shone, his cheek was red as a flower, and he gambled a whole hour.

SARAH M. GALLAUDET (aged 10).

The same day brought an equally correct rendering by Nessie E. Stevens, who accordingly shares the honors with Sarah. F. E. C.'s rendering was received earliest of all (Sept. 21st), but she failed to

change the words "drachm" and "shown." R. A.'s came in with Sarah's, but he had wrongly changed "side" (sighed) to *said*. The following girls and boys have straightened the story perfectly, falling behind Sarah and Nessie only in point of time:

F. C. Doubleday, Bertha W. Young, Charles D. Rhodes, "Rose," Anna Jerenson, Sallie C. Schofield, H. L. Brown, Mary Troxell, Laurie T. Sanders, Addie Lawrence, Lily Graves, W. C. Kent, "Pigeon," Helen F. Mackintosh, Harry G. Perkins, "Mayflower," May Harvey, Bessie H. Van Cleef, James E. Whitney, Belle Peck, Charley Read, John C. Williams, Lenora Louise Crowell, "Hamlet," William Harding, Katie H., Jessie M. Metcalf, A. Eugene Billings, Jennie Carman, Lulu Van Eaton, Theodore W. Birney, Annie Lee Macreading, Mamie A. Johnson, Harry C. Powers, Annie E. Westcott, Mary B. Leiper, Poblotto Herberto, Nellie Kellogg, Helen W. Clarkson, Nellie F. Elliott, Nellie Fairbairn, Annie I. Earle, Mamie F. Danforth, Florence M. Easton, Harry Wigmore, Cora J. Whiting, Nellie Shed, William J. Haines, Mary Toumey, Clara Mack, George A. White, and Stevie B. Franklin.

Many other "straightenings" of the "Crooked Story" have been received, but they each contain one or more errors. Every effort, however, is heartily appreciated, and I hope to hear from all the writers again on the next similar occasion.

In praising one and all for trying to straighten the crooked story, I must not ignore its several offenses against correct pronunciation. It was allowable, for the puzzle's sake, to claim the same sound for such words as *when* and *wen*, *arc* and *ah*, *arms* and *arns*, *sore* and *saw* (especially as these are the too common pronunciations); but now that the puzzle is solved, we all must be doubly careful to sound our r's and h's, and give each word its full value.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

WHOA! HORSEY!

HAVE you ever heard of sea-horses? I have. The birds tell me there are plenty of them in the sea. If it's so, I'll thank the editors of ST.



THE SEA-HORSE (HIPPOCAMPUS).

NICHOLAS to show you a picture of one, and then, may be, you'll be able to find out further particulars for yourselves.

RESPECT YOUR TEACHERS.

"RESPECT your teachers, boys," said Deacon Green to two smart young fellows from town who were just now walking "across lots" with him. "Respect your teachers. I don't mean only that you should treat them with outward deference,

but I want you to truly honor them. If you try to do it and can't—why, go to another school. Honor the man who teaches you, who preaches you, who reaches you, say I."

The boys laughed at the deacon's funny rhyming, but I noticed that they straightened up as he spoke, and, from the bright look in their eyes, it was evident that they took his idea.

LEFT HANDED ANIMALS.

MONKEYS and boys, as a general rule, take hold of things most naturally with the right hand; but nearly all other animals may be said to be left-handed; that is, whenever their claws, paws, or feet serve the purpose of hands, the left is used instead of the right. I am told that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated traveler, who had sharp eyes of his own, gave it out as a fact that lions, tigers and leopards always strike their prey with the left paw, and that, so far as his observations went, all quadrupeds could be called left-handed. Even parrots extend their left claw when they wish to take anything from your hand; and in gnawing a bone, a dog almost invariably steadies it with his left paw.

What is your experience, my pets? Do pigs generally put their left foot in the trough, or not?

EGGS AND STONES.

"DON'T carry eggs and stones in the same basket."

That's all I heard—a mere passing remark of the deacon's. Can my boys and girls make anything out of it? It strikes me that often when things go wrong in every-day affairs, it may be because somebody has tried to carry eggs and stones in the same basket. Persons of *tact* never do this.

A SHREWD FARMER.

HERE is a letter that will amuse the chicks who have been prying into cows' mouths of late; though I hope they will not admire the cute farmer too much. There are some kinds of shrewdness which Jack does n't by any means hold up as good examples:

DEAR JACK: Your item concerning "Cows' Upper Teeth," reminds me of an incident which occurred in an adjoining town.

A city gentleman who had just purchased a farm in the country, wished to buy some cattle with which to stock it. He therefore attended an auction where cows were to be sold. One of them, a remarkably fine animal, soon attracted his attention, and he bought her at a fair price. He was examining his purchase, when a farmer, who unfortunately had arrived too late to buy the cow himself as he had intended, drove up, and thus accosted him:

"I say, friend, did you bid off that cow?"

"I did," was the reply.

"Well, did you know that she had no front teeth in the upper jaw?"

"No," replied the gentleman, indignantly. "Is that so?"

"You can see for yourself."

The gentleman examined the mouth of the cow, and finding no upper teeth, immediately went to the auctioneer and requested him to sell the cow again.

"What's the trouble?" asked the auctioneer.

"She has n't any upper front teeth," was the reply.

"Very well," replied the auctioneer with a smile, "I'll put her up once more."

He did so, and the shrewd farmer who had given the information to the city gentleman, bid her off at the same price.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE model schooner-yacht which is to be given as a prize to the boy or girl who shall best work out the "Prize Puzzle," in this month's Riddle-Box, is a very handsome vessel of first-rate sailing qualities. The hull is two feet and a half long, and the whole length from tip of bowsprit to the end of the boom is four feet eight inches. Height from keel to top of mainmast three feet four inches. It is not only a good boat to look at, but it is a good fast vessel to sail, and all its sails and rigging "work" just as if it were a real schooner. It was built by Fitch of Broadway, who makes so many of the model yachts which sail in the races on the lakes in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and in Central Park, New York. It is clipper-built and is a fast sailer. It has six sails: a jib and a flying-jib, a foresail and a foretopsail, a mainsail and a maintopsail. All the necessary "sheets" and ropes will be found in their places and in working order. It is a good vessel, a handsome vessel, and a fast vessel, and its name is ST. NICHOLAS. Any boy who gets this little schooner-yacht ought to be a happy fellow, if there is any water near his home where he can sail it. And any girl who gets it ought to be happy too, if she has a brother or a boy friend who can help her sail it. It is a very different boat from the awkward affairs we grown folks used to sail when we were young. No such beautiful fast-sailing miniature yachts were made in those days.

C. McL.—You will find in the 11th verse of the 20th chapter of Proverbs a better reply to your letter than any we can give you. May it encourage and inspire you as it should.

Syracuse, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: In the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS a little girl speaks of cows' teeth, and Jack said that it was a matter of dispute between naturalists whether cows have upper teeth or not. I thought I would find out yesterday, so I went to the butcher and asked him if cows had upper front teeth, and he said they had none, but way back in their mouths they had some large teeth called grinders. Good bye.—Yours, truly,  
ROSA DICKINSON.

Jack did not say there was any dispute among *naturalists* in regard to this matter, for naturalists and scientific men know all about it, of course. But he will be very glad, we know, to hear that a little girl has gone to work and investigated this matter herself.

Stratford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please be kind enough to tell me from what piece or hymn this quotation is taken: "I was mounted higher in the chariots of fire, and the moon was under my feet."—Yours,  
CLARA L. RAYDER.

The source of the quotation referred to is Charles Wesley's hymn on the happiness of the convert, beginning

"O, how happy are they,  
Who the Savior obey."

The last stanza reads:

"I rode on the sky,  
Freely justified I,  
Nor envied Elijah his seat;  
My soul mounted higher,  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon it was under my feet."

BIRD-DEFENDERS—Another "Grand Muster-Roll" of Bird-defenders will be printed in the Spring, and will contain all the names received by us from October 1st to the date of its publication.

EMMA T. writes that as her uncle has promised her, at Christmas, a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS for this year, she would like to know how best to dispose of her monthly numbers, after she has read them. "It's of no use to keep them," she says, "if I am going to have a fresh, new, bound volume anyway."

We will tell you, Emma, and all other girls, and boys too, who may have back numbers which they do not intend to bind, what is the very best thing that can be done with them. If you know any

boys or girls who are too poor to buy ST. NICHOLAS, or who do not for any other reason get the magazine, send your back numbers to such children and tell them, when they have read them to pass them on to other boys and girls who may not have them. Then, if the numbers are passed on from these to others, and so on as long as they last, which will be a good while if they are not too carelessly handled, each number may give delight and instruction to a great many children who otherwise would never see the magazine at all. This plan is not only a generous one, but it is very easy and costs no money.

Some of our readers who bind their magazines may also know poor girls and boys to whom they would like to give back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, if they had them to spare. To these we would say that Scribner & Co. are willing to send six back numbers for fifty cents, to any boy or girl who will write, enclosing the money, and stating that the numbers are to be given away to poor children who will pass them on. But if you do not know any boys and girls to whom you can give your back numbers, send them to some institution for poor or suffering children. There are establishments of this kind in nearly every large city, and you may feel sure that the numbers of ST. NICHOLAS will be most gladly welcomed by the little inmates. Among the institutions of the kind in New York are Dr. Knight's Hospital for Crippled Children, Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, and the children's department of Bellevue Hospital.

NEXT month, Jack-in-the-Pulpit will report on the answers to the crow and pigeon story.

HIRAM, N. C.—"Epizootic" is a word of five syllables—ep-i-zo-otic, the two o's being distinctly sounded. It is compounded of two Greek words, *epi*, upon, and *zoois*, an animal. The word which means a murrain or pestilence among animals is properly the noun *epi-zo-o-ty*—epizootic being an adjective, corresponding with the word epidemic as applied to human diseases. For instance, it is right to say, "My horse has the ep-i-zo-o-ty," or "my horse has the epizootic disease." But if you refer to the disease among animals as you would to a general epidemic among men, you may say the epizootic is raging. In this case the noun disease is understood.

MADLINE PALMER asks if it is "right for a Bird-defender to chase a peacock, in hope that some of its feathers may drop out during the chase?"

We believe that Madeline has reference to a boy Bird-defender. Let her ask him this question: "Suppose a big, cross old peacock were to see you put a piece of cake in your pocket, and in order to make the piece of cake bounce out of your pocket, that peacock were to chase you around the yard, and over the fence, and up the road, and through the bushes, and into the briars, and across mud puddles; every now and then giving you a nip in the legs, or a punch in the back, nearly scaring the life out of you, until at last the cake was jolted out of your pocket, and then the peacock should stop and eat it up,—how would you like that?"

If he says he would not like it, then tell him that he ought not to chase peacocks to make them drop some of their possessions.

If he says he would like such treatment, then you can tell him that he has not as much feeling as a peacock.

HERE is an account from H. R. C. of the trials of a young printer:

We have in our office a boy, whose duties are to copy letters, go to the post-office and bank, run on errands, and do anything else of an unimportant and trifling nature that is to be done. He is fourteen years old, and is very bright. Almost his only fault is that he is always in an attitude of restless longing for lunch-time to arrive, and is also somewhat too fluent in conversation. His name is Albert Jenkins, familiarly contracted to Jinks.

Last Christmas somebody gave him a copy of the Life of Benjamin Franklin, and a perusal of that thrilling romance implanted in Jinks's mind an ardent desire to be a practical printer. With a rigid economy worthy of a better cause, he began to hoard up a large portion of his weekly wages, with the intention of purchasing a printing-press. He even cut down his usual daily pie allowance one-half, and sometimes

did not eat a sandwich a-week. After practicing this heroic self-denial for several months, Jinks rushed insanely into the office one morning, and, dragging me to a corner of the room, stated in a breathless manner that a person up-town had an "Inimitable" foot-power press, with furniture, ink-roller, composing-stick, and everything else complete, not to mention numerous fonts of appropriate type. The man, having wearied of amateur printing, was anxious to sell out, and had offered the establishment to Jinks for the insignificant sum of fifteen dollars. Jinks possessed eleven dollars and ninety cents, and his business with me was to borrow the remainder of the purchase money. I yielded to his wishes, and he went off as happy as a boy whose teacher is taken suddenly ill and breaks up school.

He bought that press, and, taking it home, placed it beside his bed, so that it might be the last object upon which his eyes should gaze at night, and the first to greet his waking. The dreams of affluence and luxury which are written in it that absorbing work the "Arabian Nights," were cold and dull realities when compared to the gorgeous visions of future wealth which floated through Jinks's mind in connection with his press. He was unchangeably convinced that the reputation of Gutenberg, Faust, Caxton, and other printers of not inconsiderable repute, would be entirely eclipsed by the typographical fame of Jinks.

He at once proceeded to set up some type, choosing as his experimental sentence: "ALBERT JENKINS, PRINTER. GOOD WORK AND SMALL PROFITS." This is the way the "proof" looked when it was struck off:

"ALBERT JENKIN SPINIER  
GOOD WORK ANDSE AL7 PROFITS."

Even the partial and prejudiced eyes of Jinks could not regard this as a success. In fact, he was a good deal mortified, and began to doubt his chances for notoriety in the printing line—enviable notoriety, at any rate. However, after several trials, he corrected the blunders, and took another impression. In this the types were all right, but he had applied the ink with a too prodigal hand, and, instead of a clear and well-defined line of printing being presented to his admiring eyes, the job looked like a well-used blotting-pad. Then, after this was remedied, his "form" tumbled down, and the types fell into what is technically called "pt," which was not at all to Jinks's taste. Anybody but a boy would have become discouraged at these repeated disasters, but hope springs eternal in the boyish breast; and Jinks, finally triumphing over all difficulties, was able to turn out quite a creditable job of printing. Then he became a nuisance to the household. He printed names, mottoes, and short moral apothegms all over everything he could lay his hands on—not sparing his shirts, collars, and cuffs, upon which his name appeared in every variety of type. His clothes were saturated with a mixture of printers' ink and benzine; and by reason of getting his hands caught with painful frequency in the press, his fingers were perpetually encased in linen bandages, and looked like a row of rag-babies.

It is the unanimous sentiment of Jinks's family that he ought to have his printing done by a regular printer, and dispose of his press at auction; but the indefatigable Jinks persists in his career of paper-smearing and finger-mashing, and it is to be hoped that his perseverance will ultimately place him in the front rank of American "typos."

THE following names of boys and girls who sent answers to puzzles in the September number, were unavoidably crowded out of the November issue, and are therefore inserted here: Mamie A. Johnson, "Mena, Nina and Tina," Fannie M. Harris, Etta B. Singleton, Charley Gartrell, Alma Sterling, "Jenny Wren," George H. Eager, B. G. B., Mark W. C., F. Sykes, Claire de Figanierie, Laura S. Benedict, "Hollyhock and Sunflower," Marion A. Coombs, Hattie F. Johnson and E. Louise Tibbetts, Eugenia C. Pratt, A. B. E., Rachael Hutchins, Rudolph Matz, "Scamp and Nero," George F. Wanger, Esq., C. E. Wickes, Amory Prescott Folwell, William C. Delaney, Belle E. Gibson, Hattie Gibson, Charles H. Delaney, Eleanor N. Hughes, "Phil A. Tely."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers might like to hear about our three rather queer pets.

The first we got was a young hawk. He was covered with down that looked like lambs' wool. He is now all feathered and nearly grown, but has never tried to fly, but sits out in the yard and hops around a little. We feed him with beef principally, but he is very fond of mice. We call him Abe.

Our next pet was a young flying squirrel. We found it with our little kitten, and although the kitten was large enough to play some, and the squirrel was no larger than a mouse, they seemed to think as much of that as they did of the kitten. He died yesterday. We had taken him away from the cats and gone to feeding him milk; we think that was what was the matter with him. He was nearly full-grown. We think that the cats brought him in. We all felt very badly on account of his dying—he was so soft, and pretty, and cute.

Our third pet is the queerest of all, I think. He is a little mulatto boy. There was a load of orphan children brought here to be dis-

tributed, and I took him. He is about nine years old, and a real nice little fellow. He is perfectly contented and often tells us that he likes us, and we are very fond of him. I am only sixteen, and I suppose it was a rather long venture; but, then, there are only my mother and me at home. His name is George Newton.

F. J. KELLOGG.

WE are sure our boys and girls will be interested in the following little poem when they know that it is the last work of their friend Hans Christian Andersen. Soon after he had written this he died:

"Like to the leaf which falleth from the tree,  
O God, such only is my earthly life.  
Lord, I am ready when Thou callest me,  
Lo! Thou canst see my heart's most bitter strife—  
'Tis Thou alone canst know the load of sin  
Which this my aching breast doth hold within,

"Shorten the pains of death, shake off my fear,  
Give me the courage of a trusting child.  
Father of Love, I fain would see Thee near.  
In pity judge each thought and act defiled—  
Mercy, I cry! dear Lord, Thy will be done,  
Save me, I pray, through Jesus Christ Thy Son."

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS writes: A few days ago we were at the Indian pueblo of San Domingo, and a very pleasant old warrior came to camp to see us, bringing some water-melons with him which he graciously bestowed on our mess. In return I gave him a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, which he carefully examined upside down in front of my tent, not showing much interest until he came to a picture of a mountain sheep. And then his brown old face was covered with a broad grin, and he poured out his ecstasy in a series of exclamations in his own language and Spanish that lasted the greater part of the afternoon. "Ah, cimarron! cimarron! cimarron! bueno! bueno! bueno!" Cimarron was his name for mountain sheep, and bueno, as you know, of course, is Spanish for good. Here was something that he knew, and he danced the book up and down to give an idea of the sheep's motion, and imitated the noise of a gun, whereat he let the page fall over to indicate death. He skipped about with more liveliness than any one would have believed his poor old legs to be capable of; kissed the picture again and again, pressed it against his breast, brought us more melons in the fullness of his gratitude, and eventually went away murmuring, "muchas gracias, señor, much gracias!" meaning many thanks.

Clinton, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS your answer to Nora Abbott's question: "Why does corn pop when placed over the fire?"

I have heard another explanation. Corn contains air, and when placed over the fire the heat causes it to expand, and that breaks the skin. Apples and potatoes when placed in an oven will often "pop" open for the same reason.—Yours truly,

FLORA HOLT.

Cuba, Mo.

DEAR JACK: our cow has got upper back grinders and so has our calf, but they have not got upper front teeth. our cow and calf is called Devon and they have everything all right as God means them to have. I read in ST. NICHOLAS every month since the first number came out, and think it's the jolliest book in the world. I am a printer and am a good speller, I believe, and can read well to myself but not out loud, but am a bad writer; but I can knock center with my rifle three times out of five.

JOHNNY R.

Lynn, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The great elm-tree that Jack spoke of in the September number is in our yard; and besides the currant-bush, there is a young maple in it.—Yours very truly,

WILLIE F. MORGAN.

A WORD to you, boys and girls! If you intend renewing your subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, or if you intend to subscribe, *do it now!* If you wait until the busy days just before the holidays, you may be subjected to some delay in getting your numbers. Last year over twenty thousand people waited almost until Christmas-time before sending in their subscriptions, and the consequence was, that even with their strong force of clerks, it was impossible for the publishers to get all the subscriptions entered and the magazines mailed in time. And many people grumbled very much because they had to wait. It costs no more to attend to these business matters promptly than to put them off until the last minute, and in this case promptness will not only save Scribner & Co. a great deal of trouble, but may save yourselves some watching and waiting. Talk to your father and mother about this.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.



## A PRIZE PUZZLE.

## The Race of the Pilots.

*Explanation.*—Each of these pilot-boats represents a noted character in the world's history, described in the table below. Boat No. 1, near by, is of the present century; No. 15 belongs to ancient times; and all the boats between are ranged accordingly, in *chronological order*. The bow of a boat extending in advance of another signifies that its representative was born later. When bows are on a line, you are to understand that the characters they represent were born in the same year; and when a boat sails quite clear of those before and after it, you may know that the man it represents lived and died during a period when neither of the others was in existence.

Now, girls and boys, who can give the right name to each of the pilot-boats?

Send in your answers, young friends, carefully written on one side of the paper, giving the number of each boat, with the name of the distinguished person it represents, and the date of his birth and death, with not over thirty additional words concerning him. Sign your name to your answer, and write your notes on a separate sheet.

An answer must comprise all of the fifteen boats. All correct answers received before January 15th shall be acknowledged in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS, and to the author of the very *best* answer shall be awarded a prize, namely:

## THE BEAUTIFUL SAILING SCHOONER-YACHT,

described in Letter-Box on page 132 of present number. Neatness, careful penmanship, correctness of spelling,

and promptness shall also be taken into account. In case of "a tie" as to the merit of the best answers, the prize must be awarded by lot, and a second prize of

THE FIRST VOLUME OF ST. NICHOLAS, beautifully bound, will be awarded.

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

1. An eminent and noble-hearted American, a native of Kentucky, of whom Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "He is the true history of the American people of his time." He died from violence, forty-three years after the death of No. 2.

2. A Hanoverian; the son of a musician. Though a distinguished organist in early life, he did not begin until the age of thirty the scientific study that made him one of the most eminent men of the century. He was a great discoverer of things that have never been on earth. His son bears a distinguished rank in his father's profession.

3. A great musical composer. He wrote sonatas at the age of ten. In his prime, he produced principally what is known as sacred music. His oratorios give him his highest fame. He was blind for several years before his death. He lies in Westminster Abbey, though he was born in Prussian Saxony.

4. A celebrated Flemish painter. He was once an ambassador to England, and was knighted by a king of England and by a king of Spain. His most famous picture is in Antwerp. He was a superb colorist.

5. An Italian mathematician and natural philosopher. Also an inventor and world-renowned discoverer. He



was cast into prison on account of his teachings. You can find one of the signs of the zodiac in his name.

6. The greatest man in his own calling the world has ever seen. His wife was older than himself. The year of his death is the repetition of two numerals, and the request made from his grave has been honored for centuries.

7. A great German reformer, the son of a miner. Among his many literary labors, a very important translation stands chief. His character was distinguished for ardent zeal and unconquerable courage, combined with generosity of heart and great prudence when occasion demanded. Carlyle says of him: "He was not only the tongue, but the sword of his time."

8. An Italian statesman and diplomatist. He has been considered the incarnation of ambition, craft, and revenge. His name has been made odious by some writers, while others, claiming that he has been misrepresented, defend him as a fine scholar and true patriot. His masterpiece was a history of Florence.

9. An Italian poet of great renown. A lofty, solemn, grand-natured man, whose poetry is a delight to scholars and thoughtful readers. His greatest poem was not known to the world until after his death. He took an active part in the politics of Florence, and finally was banished from his native city for life.

10. A noble and heroic character. An illustrious knight and a commander in a sacred cause, he refused to be made a king, saying "he would never accept a

crown of gold where his Savior had worn a crown of thorns. He is the hero of one of the works of a celebrated Italian poet.

11. An emperor, a king of France, the founder of an empire and also of a dynasty of kings. He built a cathedral especially for his own burial-place. He established churches, monasteries, and schools, and promoted learning, arts, and civilization. He was the most powerful monarch of his time, and he died thousands of years after the flood.

12. Surnamed "the Great." A famous Eastern city is named after him. At his death he divided his empire between his three sons, whose names all began with the same letter.

13. A celebrated historian. One of the greatest men and ablest generals that ever lived. Six of his words have become immortal. Three were written in his letter to the Roman Senate, and three were uttered as his murderers fell upon him.

14. A great general of ancient times. When he was nine years old, his father took him to Spain, and made him swear on the altar of the Gods eternal hostility to the Romans. When over sixty years of age, he took poison to escape the power of his enemies.

15. An illustrious Greek philosopher, and a man of great culture. He received his surname from a Greek word signifying broad, on account of the breadth of his forehead, or, as some say, of his shoulders. He was once sold as a slave, but was ransomed.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals form the names of two American poets. 1. An English clergyman celebrated for his eccentricities and religious zeal. 2. A reiterated exclamation. 3. Established rules. 4. A dexterous movement. 5. Ambiguous. 6. That which lives forever.

A. O'N.

#### EASY REBUS.



#### LATIN WORD-PYRAMID.

THE center, left side, and right side form a celebrated message. Cross-words: 1. A letter originally wanting. 2. One-third of a day's work. 3. A conjunction. 4. Unworthy persons.

KOIRER.

#### SQUARE-WORD.

To be my first each tree can claim;  
My next, a bird of noble name;  
My third set people shiv'ring round;  
My fourth the antelope is found;  
My fifth, the brewer likes his beer  
When ready customers appear.

J. P. B.

#### INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled with words pronounced alike but spelled differently. 1. The — ree grew by the —. 2. The — had reference to the —. 3. You will not — if you wear —. 4. The — was fastened to a —.

CYRIL DEANE.

#### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. Something with which to catch fish. 3. A peculiar kind of puzzle. 4. A certain measure for liquids. 5. A consonant.

T. W.

#### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(The name of a famous English author.)

My first is in chair, but not in seat;  
My second is in hot, and also in heat;  
My third is in have, but not in hold;  
My fourth is in brave, but not in bold;  
My fifth is in lake, but not in pond;  
My sixth is in pledge, but not in bond;  
My seventh is in sharp, but not in dull;  
My eighth is in draw, but not in pull;  
My ninth is in sin, and also in crime;  
My tenth is in cent, but not in dime;  
My eleventh is in knock, but not in hit;  
My twelfth is in glove, but not in mit;  
My thirteenth is in pen, but not in quill;  
My fourteenth is in sick, but not in ill.

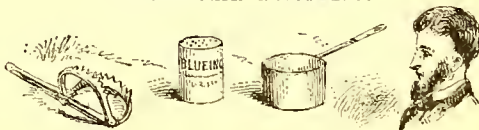
RUBY SEAL.

#### EASY ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of five letters. The 1, 5, 4, 2, 3 is to deserve. The 4, 5, 1, 2, 3 is to send. The 3, 2, 1, 5, 4 is a watch or clock. The whole is worn by high priests.

CYRIL DEANE.

#### PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



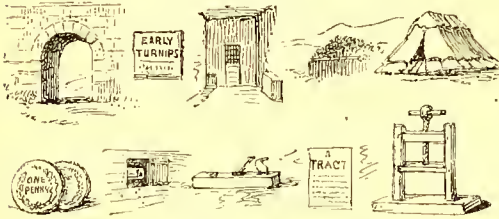
**DIAMOND REMAINDERS.**

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and form a complete diamond: 1. Part of an animal. 2. Forms. 3. Necessary to boats. 4. Parts of ships. 5. A cave.

The following form the diamond: 1. A part of every atlas. 2. A short poem. 3. To spoil. 4. A tree. 5. A letter. C. D.

**PREFIX PUZZLE.**

(Prefix a word to each of these designs and make a word of it.)



**HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.**

1. ELLA, have you done that hem? 2. O, what have you there? 3. Will you ever finish that work? 4. Come to me, Rebecca. J. J. T.

**CHARADE.**

I AM composed of three syllables, of which my first is a little river in England that gave name to a celebrated university; my second is always near; my third sounds like several large bodies of water; and my whole is the name of a Persian monarch, the neighing of whose horse gave him a kingdom and a crown. F. R. F.

**ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 7, 5, 2, 6, 8 is a large man. My 8, 9, 15 is a weight. My 8, 11, 10 is a combination of metal. My 12, 2, 8 is a small animal. My 3, 2, 3, 4 is an article of ornament. My 1, 14, 16 is what old people sometimes wear. My 13 is a consonant. My whole is the name of an American author. J. J. T.

**DECAPITATIONS.**

1. BEHEAD, in eloquence, that part which tells, And leave a class of snails that have no shells.
2. Behead an instrument for marking sound, And leave a girl's name, with fair meaning found.
3. Behead a covering for the head in fight, And leave a constellation large and bright.
4. Behead a kind of grief, and for the rest Find a white bird who wears a handsome crest. B.

**CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

1. COME, men, to work. 2. This lance I entomb in the earth. 3. Mr. Lucas has come home. 4. Give Bob a lesson to learn. 5. Is Louise a selfish girl? 6. Do you consider Otto talented? 7. She rows a boat nicely. Concealed in the above sentences are seven words having the following significations: 1. A keepsake. 2. Old. 3. Money. 4. To pack. 5. An artist's necessity. 6. The whole amount. 7. A famed individual. These words, written down in regular order, will form a double acrostic, the initials and finals naming two Shakespearian plays. CYRIL DEANE.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.**

EASY ENIGMA.—“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.”

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix FORE. Forearm, Forecastle, Foreclosed, Fore-horse, Forelock, Foreman, Forewheel, Foreside, Foresail, Foredeck.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Augusta. 2. Utica. 3. Sing Sing. 4. Lowell. 5. Troy. 6. Skaneateles.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

S  
I T  
P E N  
P E R I  
A N T I C  
W R E T C H  
A L L E G R O  
B A S S V I O L  
D I P T H E R I A  
D R E A R I N E S S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Milton, Handel.

M—arc—H  
I—d—A  
L—io—N  
T—oa—D  
O—liv—E  
N—ai—L

EASY METAGRAM.—Gull, Hull, Pull, Dull, Full, Lull.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Larkspur.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Bush, Tree.

B—us—T  
U—she—R  
S—al—E  
H—ar—E

ENIGMA, No. 2.—The Riddle-Box.

A FLOWER ACROSTIC.—Hans Christian Andersen.—Heartsease, Althaea, Narcissus, Snowdrop, Chrysanthemum, Heliotrope, Rosemary, Ivy, Spiraea, Tuberosa, Iris, Amaranth, Nasturtium, Anemone, Nicotiana, Daisy, Elder-blossom, Reseda (Mignonette), Syringa (Lilac), Eglantine, Nymphaea (Water-lily).

SPORTIVE ANAGRAMS.—1. Draughts—hard tugs. 2. Tennis—sent in. 3. Some do in dominoes. 4. Hours at—authors. 5. Or she—horse. 6. Rambles—marbles. 7. Spent in—tenpins. 8. But not—button. 9. Venison—in ovens. 10. Antelope—one plate.

CHARADE, No. 2.—Horse-chestnut.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S E T  
S C O R E  
L E O P A R D  
T R A C E  
E R E  
D

ELLIPSES.—1. Guy. 2. Clarence. 3. Dan. 4. Jesse. 5. Frank. 6. Benjamin. 7. Joseph. 8. Lewis. 9. George. 10. Bertram. 11. Eddy. 12. Harry. 13. Jonathan. 14. Robert.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Central Picture: A Terrible Adventure. Bird, Terrier, Arab, Nail, Rat, Vine, Tub, Rule, Tarn, Tavern, Burnt, Burt, Turtle, Eel, Bat, Barn, Net, Nut, Tern, Bear, Tail, Bridle, Barrel, Turret, Tent.

There was a mistake in the puzzle in the October number entitled “Reversals.” The only answers that could be given to the two final clauses are: “Snap—pans,” for No. 6, and “Trip—pirt” for No. 7; but the former is hardly admissible, and the latter, of course, incorrect. The answers to the first five are: 1. Meet—teem. 2. Brag—garb. 3. Bats—stab. 4. Deer—reed. 5. Spot—tops.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER were received, previous to October 18, from Florence E. Hyde, “Gussie,” Willie P. Dibble, Lena Dibble, Beattie Johnson, Beula Ingels, Lulu F. Potter, Hattie F. Johnson, E. Louise Tibbetts, Georgie Hays, Abbie N. Gunnison, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Madelaine Palmer, “L. and N.,” Bessie H. Van Cleef, “A Sunbeam,” Charles W. Coleman, “Sunflower and Hollyhock,” Jessie G. Mackintosh, Julia Lathers, “Pearl,” Harry Wigmore, Mamie A. Johnson, “Mayflower,”





ST. CHRISTOPHER

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

JANUARY 1876.

NO. 3.

## THE PARABLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

BY H. H.

To a king's court a giant came,—  
"O King, both far and near  
I seek," he said, "the greatest king;  
And thou art he, I hear.

"If it please thee, I will abide;  
To thee my knee shall bend;  
Only unto the greatest kings  
Can giants condescend."

Right glad the king the giant took  
Into his service then,  
For since Goliath's mighty days  
No man so big was seen.

Well pleased the giant, too, to serve  
The greatest king on earth;  
He served him well, in peace, in war,  
In sorrow, and in mirth,

Till came a wandering minstrel by,  
One day, who played and sang  
Wild songs, through which the devil's name  
Profanely, loudly rang.

Astonished then the giant saw  
The king look sore afraid;  
At mention of the devil's name,  
The cross's sign he made.

"How now, my master! Why dost thou  
Make on thy breast this sign?"  
He said. "It is a spell," replied  
The king—"a spell divine,  
VOL. III.—10.

"Which shall the devil circumvent,  
And keep me safe and whole  
From all the wicked arts he tries  
To slay my precious soul."

"Oh, ho, my master! then he is  
More powerful than thou!  
They lied who called thee greatest king;  
I leave thy service now.

"And seek the devil; him will I  
My master call henceforth,"  
The giant cried, and strode away  
Contemptuous and wroth.

He found the devil soon. I ween  
The devil waited near,  
Well pleased to have this mighty man  
Within his ranks appear.

They journeyed on full many a day,  
And now the giant deemed  
At last he had a master found,  
Who was the king he seemed.

But lo! one day they came apace  
To where four road-ways met,  
And at the meeting of the roads  
A cross of stone was set.

The devil trembled and fell back,  
And said, "We go around."  
"Now tell me," fierce the giant cried,  
"Why fearest thou this ground?"

The devil would not answer. "Then  
I leave thee, master mine,"  
The giant said. "Of something wrong  
This mystery is sign."

Then answered him the fiend, ashamed:  
" 'Twas there Christ Jesus died;  
Wherever stands a cross like that,  
I may not, dare not bide."

"Ho, ho!" the giant cried again,  
Surprised again, perplexed;  
"Then Jesus is the greatest king,—  
I seek and serve him next."

The king named Jesus, far and near,  
The weary giant sought;  
His name was everywhere proclaimed.  
His image sold and bought,

His power vaunted, and his laws  
Upheld by sword and fire;  
But him the giant sought in vain,  
Until he cried in ire,

One winter eve, as late he came  
Upon a hermit's cell:  
"Now by my troth, tell me, good saint,  
Where doth thy master dwell?"

"For I have sought him far and wide,  
By leagues of land and sea;  
I seek to be his servant true,  
In honest fealty.

"I have such strength as kings desire,  
State to their state to lend;  
But only to the greatest king  
Can giants condescend."

Then said the hermit, pale and wan:  
"Oh, giant man! indeed  
The King thou seekest doth all kings  
In glorious power exceed;

"But they who see him face to face,  
In full communion clear,  
Crowned with his kingdom's splendor bright,  
Must buy the vision dear.

"Dwell here, O brother, and thy lot  
With ours contented cast,  
And first, that flesh be well subdued,  
For days and nights thou 'lt fast!"

"I fast!" the giant cried, amazed.  
"Good saint, I'll no such thing.  
My strength would fail; without that, I  
Were fit to serve no king!"

"Then thou must pray," the hermit said;  
"We kneel on yonder stone,  
And tell these beads, and for each bead  
A prayer, one by one."

The giant flung the beads away,  
Laughing in scornful pride.  
"I will not wear my knees on stones;  
I know no prayers," he cried.

Then said the hermit: "Giant, since  
Thou canst not fast nor pray,  
I know not if our Master will  
Save thee some other way.

"But go down to yon river deep,  
Where pilgrims daily sink,  
And build for thee a little hut  
Close on the river's brink,

"And carry travelers back and forth  
Across the raging stream;  
Perchance this service to our King  
A worthy one will seem."

"Now that is good," the giant cried;  
"That work I understand;  
A joyous task 't will be to bear  
Poor souls from land to land,

"Who, but for me, would sink and drown.  
Good saint, thou hast at length  
Made mention of a work which is  
Fit for a giant's strength."

For many a year, in lowly hut,  
The giant dwelt content  
Upon the bank, and back and forth  
Across the stream he went,

And on his giant shoulders bore  
All travelers who came,  
By night, by day, or rich or poor,  
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King  
His work would note or know,  
And often with a weary heart  
He waded to and fro.

One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,  
 He sudden heard a call :  
 "Oh, Christopher, come carry me!"  
 He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.  
 "It must be that I dreamed,"  
 He said, and laid him down again ;  
 But instantly there seemed

Again the feeble, distant cry :  
 "Oh, come and carry me!"  
 Again he sprang, and looked : again  
 No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,  
 Like infant's soft and weak ;  
 With lantern strode the giant forth,  
 More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child  
 He found,—a piteous sight,—  
 Who, weeping, earnestly implored  
 To cross that very night.

With gruff good-will, he picked him up,  
 And on his neck to ride,  
 He tossed him, as men play with babes,  
 And plunged into the tide.

But as the water closed around  
 His knees, the infant's weight  
 Grew heavier and heavier,  
 Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,  
 His staff shook in his hand,  
 His mighty knees bent under him.  
 He barely reached the land,

And, staggering, set the infant down,  
 And turned to scan his face ;  
 When, lo ! he saw a halo bright  
 Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down afraid  
 At marvel of the thing,  
 And dreamed not that it was the face  
 Of Jesus Christ, his king,

Until the infant spoke, and said :  
 "Oh, Christopher, behold !  
 I am the Lord whom thou hast served !  
 Rise up, be glad and bold !

"For I have seen and noted well  
 Thy works of charity ;  
 And that thou art my servant good,  
 A token thou shalt see.

"Plant firmly here upon this bank  
 Thy stalwart staff of pine,  
 And it shall blossom and bear fruit,  
 This very hour, in sign."

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.  
 The giant, left alone,  
 Saw on the bank, with luscious dates  
 His stout pine staff bent down.

For many a year, St. Christopher  
 Served God in many a land ;  
 And master painters drew his face,  
 With loving heart and hand,

On altar fronts and church's walls ;  
 And peasants used to say,  
 To look on good St. Christopher  
 Brought luck for all the day.

I think the lesson is as good  
 To-day as it was then—  
 As good to us called Christians  
 As to the heathen men :

The lesson of St. Christopher,  
 Who spent his strength for others,  
 And saved his soul by working hard  
 To help and save his brothers !



## THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE FOREST.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE New Year's story I am about to tell is well known to German children, all of whom go tripping through fairyland in the golden days of childhood. It was written by a good German baron, Frederic de la Motte Fouqué, who wrote the beautiful fairy-story "Undine," about which all of our readers have heard. It does not appear, however, in the popular translations of the works of the delightful old baron. It is quite a romance in the original, but we have reduced it to a very brief and simple story.

The nobleman who wrote it, and who loves good people and children almost as much as Hans Christian Andersen loved them, declares that this is a story that ought to be told. He does not say why; he leaves his readers, young and old, to guess that by their own firesides. So, you see, the story is something of a riddle—one must live in a particular way to find it out.

Berthold was a German merchant. He traveled much from city to city. In Germany there are long, dark forests, through which he often journeyed.

One evening, he became bewildered in one of these forests. He was riding on horseback, and just as the far sunset was flaming over the tall tops of the trees above him, he was startled to find he had ridden out of his way. He carried great treasure in his saddle-bags—jewels, ready money and bills of exchange. In the recesses of the forests there were robbers.

As he was proceeding along a lone defile, after nightfall, he espied a man walking in the foot-path before him. He called to him, saying:

"Who are you?"

"I am a collier. I live with my family apart from the world, in this forest."

"Can you give a stranger who has lost his way a night's lodging?"

"I have no right to refuse hospitality to a stranger. In God's name, you are welcome."

Berthold followed the man till they came to a little cottage. The good wife met them at the door with a lamp, and a happy family of children greeted the collier's return.

The evening passed pleasantly. The merchant told stories of his journeys, and soon felt at home among the children gathered lovingly around him.

At last it was proposed that they should sing. The sweet voices of the children were just joining in a merry roundelay, when a sudden and loud knocking was heard at the door. The children

stopped singing, and the collier said firmly: "In the name of God, come in!"

Upon this, the door slowly opened, and a little old man, of gentle appearance and manners, came stealing in, greeting the family courteously, and taking the lowest place at the table. His garments were of some ancient pattern; he seemed wan and woe-begone, as though reduced by disease. Berthold gazed at him with a feeling of great curiosity and surprise, but said nothing. He once met his eye; there was something in it so deeply mysterious that he felt a chill creeping over him, and he began to be restless and ill at ease.

At last the little old man folded his hands, and, turning to the collier, said:

"It is the hour of prayer."

The collier at once began to sing "Now all the woods are sleeping," in which the whole family joined, filling the house with such delightful music that the merchant listened like one enchanted.

Presently a voice rose above the rest. It startled Berthold, and made the cottage tremble. It was the little old man's.

The family knelt down, and the collier prayed. Then they all rose up with loving words, and the little old man glided out of the door, bowing as humbly as when he came in.

But presently the door opened again, and the little old man once more appeared. He threw a look of fearful wildness upon Berthold, then disappeared, the door closing after him with violence.

"He is a little touched in mind," said the merchant, nervously.

"He is perfectly harmless," said the collier. "I have not seen any evil in him for a long time. But," he added, "the only chamber I can give you for the night has a door that does not shut very tightly; *he* comes into it in the night, but do not fear him; if you do not think any evil thought or do any evil act, he will go out of his own accord."

Berthold's heart was now far from tranquil. He pressed his portmanteau of treasures close to his side as the collier lighted him up the narrow stairway to his room.

He lay down, placing his portmanteau and weapons beside him on the bed, but he could not sleep. He remembered what the collier had said about the little old man, that the safeguard against him was the absence of all evil thoughts and acts. In this respect the collier's family seemed secure; but the merchant knew how great was his



own greed for gain; how it made him hard and uncharitable, and he tried to put away all evil thoughts and to think of the hymn, "Now the woods are all reposing," lest the little old man should appear.

A little past midnight he fell into a troubled sleep, and his mind began to wander over his schemes for gain. He was dreaming of the good bargain he had made, or expected to make, when he was startled by a noise close by. He raised himself in bed, and saw the little old man in the

gaze!" he exclaimed, seizing his pistols. The little old man started back, as in terror. He seemed to be in an agony of prayer. A change seemed coming over him. He appeared conscious of it, and, going toward the door, disappeared.

Berthold gazed after him and then remembered the collier's admonition in regard to the danger of evil thoughts. He wished that he had acted differently, for he wished to bring no evil on the family.

There was a sound at the latch; the door opened, when an evil-looking giant, wearing a red mantle,



"HE THREW A LOOK OF FEARFUL WILDNESS UPON BERTHOLD."

moonlight, moving about the room. The merchant at first looked upon him with a feeling of curiosity rather than alarm or anger, and while he did so, all was well. But he at last became irritable under the disturbance, and, when the little old man at last approached the bed, Berthold's irritability kindled into anger, and wicked thoughts began to fill his mind, and he found it hard to restrain his lips from wicked words.

At last, the little old man touched the portmanteau containing the merchant's treasures. This was too much. The merchant's caution forsook him, and he was filled with rage.

"Back! you vile robber! back, from my bag-

appeared. He laughed wildly, and said: "I begin to be free again. You have made me *grow!*"

Berthold saw that the giant was none other than the little old man.

The merchant leaped from his bed and discharged his pistol. The giant vanished, growing taller and more fearful as he disappeared.

In a moment, the collier hurried up the stairs.

"In the name of God," said he, rushing into the room, "what have you been doing to our house-spirit?"

"House-spirit!" said Berthold, like one in a dream. "What do you mean?"

"He has just gone out of the house," said the

collier, "perfectly monstrous in his size, and inflamed with fury!"

But the collier saw that the merchant did not understand him, and he entreated him to go down into the common apartment where all of the family, aroused by the report of the pistol, had now met. The children shrunk away from him as he entered the room, and the collier's wife was in tears.

"And now," said the good woman, "we must live all those years over again."

"This may all seem strange to you," said the collier to the merchant; "but when my wife and I first came to the cottage to live, we found it haunted by a terrible specter, such as I have just seen disappear. But I said to myself, I will not fear him, for if I am a truly Christian man no power of evil can harm me. I will overcome him with a good life, and he shall not overcome me. So, in the name of God, I remained. Red Mantle—for such is his name—appeared to us continually, but we ceased to fear him. I brought up my little ones to believe that nothing could harm them while they trusted in God; and that any specter would grow less and less who dwelt in a family who had loving hearts and lived pure lives. So Red Mantle at last became my little ones' playmate. We restrained our dispositions, we guarded our thoughts, we loved each other. We prayed together much, and the specter began to grow more gentle and to shrink in size, year by year, until he became the dwarf you saw when he came in the evening to prayers. All evil disappeared from his face, and we all loved him as a meek and harmless house-

spirit, and expected that he would soon be released from this troubled state and vanish forever."

The next morning, the merchant left the cottage. Years passed away; he traveled from city to city, and into countries remote from Germany, but he never forgot the experiences of that night.

One afternoon, near sunset, he found himself on the borders of the same forest as before, and he resolved again to strike down the defile and see what had become of the good collier family.

It was somewhat late when the cottage appeared before him. He dismounted and entered. They were singing, "Now all the woods are sleeping." It was the hour of prayer!

The merchant knelt down beside the white-haired old man, expecting every moment the house-spirit would re-appear. But the little old man did not come. Only a soft light was shed abroad amid the shadows of the room, and a sweet, low melody arose, like the touch of the most delicate fingers on finely attuned musical-glasses.

It was all that remained of the house-spirit, for the collier and his family had all these years lived pure and holy lives.

"That was once our house-spirit," said the collier, "but it can only now make its presence known to us as a gentle light and a strain of music, sweet and low. We have subdued him by innocence and prayer."

O ye who read this untrue, true story by the light of the winter fireside, does the new year open with some specter in your hearts and homes? Unriddle the tale of the collier family.

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## PICCOLA.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

POOR, sweet Piccola! Did you hear  
What happened to Piccola, children dear?  
'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants  
As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas-time, and her parents poor  
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,  
Striving with poverty's patient pain  
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they  
When dawned the morning of Christmas-day;  
Their little darling no joy might stir,  
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all  
That something beautiful must befall  
Every child upon Christmas-day,  
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,  
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;  
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,  
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild—  
Never was seen such a joyful child.  
“See what the good saint brought!” she cried,  
And mother and father must peep inside.



Now such a story who ever heard?  
There was a little shivering bird!  
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,  
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

“How good poor Piccola must have been!”  
She cried, as happy as any queen,  
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,  
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

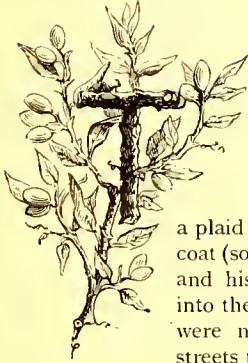
Children, this story I tell to you,  
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.  
In the far-off land of France, they say,  
Still do they live to this very day.

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER V.

## NEW PARTNERS.



THE boys were a little shy of Mr. Montague Morse. He had the appearance of "a city chap," Hiram Fender said. He wore

a plaid velvet vest, a black frock-coat (somewhat seedy, to be sure), and his trousers, though tucked into the tops of his calfskin boots, were more suitable for Boston streets than for the plains. Then

he was very precise in his language, and had a way of saying "good morning," instead of "mornin' to yer," which quite discomfited Hiram and Tom. The latter took the earliest opportunity to declare that "that Boston feller was cranky." It seemed very odd, too, that he should be knocking about there on the frontier, alone, and seeking a chance to get in with some party bound across the continent. To be sure, he said that his party had broken up and had left a yoke of cattle on his hands; but how did they know that he had not stolen these oxen? Arthur fairly shuddered when this dark suspicion crossed his mind; and he looked involuntarily to see if their new acquaintance did not have the "game leg" by which Johnny had described a missing adventurer. Morse, however, told a very straightforward story, and his manner was so frank and open that one of the party, at least, regarded him with favor. Barnard said, after much deliberation, "That fellow is clear grit."

One afternoon, the boys, leaving Tom at home "to keep house," crossed the river and hunted up Morse, who was temporarily quartered at the camp of some Illinois men. They saw his oxen quietly grazing in the meadow hard by, and soon satisfied themselves that he had honestly come into possession of them. The people at the Illinois camp knew all the circumstances of the breaking up of the Boston man's party, and they incidentally told the story all over again while gossiping about the intended trade with our boys.

"But if we take your cattle in with our team, we shall have to trade off our horses, and get a yoke of oxen for ourselves," interposed Barnard.

"Hosses? have you got a hoss for sale?" asked one of the Illinois party.

"We have a pair," replied Barnard, "which we shall not want if we go on with cattle. What do you think are best for the plains—cattle or horses?"

"Well, some allow that hosses is best, because they're the fastest; then, agin, there's them that allows that cattle's best, because they hold out better in the long run. Then, agin, cattle can feed where hosses would e'enamost starve to death. Hosses is delicate critters, powerful delicate. How much do you allow you'll get for yer hoss?"

Hiram broke in with the information that they had not made up their minds to sell. They were only considering the matter. At this, a silent man, who was mending his trousers in a corner of the tent, spoke up:

"I know four chaps camped down by the creek. They've got a cheap yoke of cattle—a young cow and a smart little steer; jest the thing for a leadin' yoke."

Arthur laughed outright at the idea of driving a cow in an ox-team.

"Well, yer may laugh, young feller," said the man, as he shut one eye to thread his needle; "but let me tell ye that cows is cows in Californy—one hundred and sixty or seventy dollars a head, I've heerd tell; and a good drivin' cow will pull like all possessed, if she's rightly yoked. Then there's yer milk all through, yer see, fur nothin', so to speak." And he resumed his mending.

"It would n't do any harm to go and see that team of mixed critters," suggested Hiram.

So the boys started up, and, getting directions from the party in the tent, went off in search of the camp by the creek. As they were moving away, the spokesman of the Illinois men called after them:

"I'll trade with ye for that white hoss of your'n. I seen him when we war comin' through loway. Say sixty-five dollars?"

"He's wuth seventy-five," called back Hiram; and the boys went on together, the Boston man leading off at a great pace. They searched around a long time before they found the camp of the men who had a yoke of cattle to sell. At most of the camps where they inquired, things seemed gloomy. The latest news from California was unfavorable. Many were talking about turning back; but many others were doggedly completing their preparations for the final start. One man, standing on the wheel

of his wagon, with a marking-brush and pot of paint, was printing on its canvas cover the words, "California or bust." This was a sort of defiant declaration that many men thought it necessary to make, considering how many people were endeavoring to discourage others. The sign was common on the tents and wagon-covers of the emigrants. Others had such inscriptions as, "We are bound to go through," or "Bound for the Sacramento," and one party had painted on their wagon-cover, "Root, hog, or die."

It was a picturesque sight, this city of emigrants. More people were here than on the east side of the river. Most of them had completed their outfit at Council Bluffs, and were fixing up the few odds and ends that were needed before the final start. They already affected the rude ways and manners of the plains. For the most part, the men wore slouched hats and red or blue flannel shirts; they discarded coats and vests, and wore belts at the waist. The weather was mild, for it was now early May, and groups of emigrants were cooking in the open air, or carrying on a sort of outdoor house-keeping, of which their wagons were the foundation. Here and there was a family of father, mother, and children. One wagon the boys saw had "No more Missouri for us" painted on its dingy red cover in black letters; a flock of white-haired children—Arthur said there were sixteen—climbed out and in, staring open-eyed at the strangers. This populous group had no tent, but lived wholly in the wagon, an enormous affair with a tall top, high at each end and lower in the middle. The father of the family, a yellow-faced, discouraged-looking man, wearing mud-colored clothes of homespun, "allowed" that he was from "Arkansaw," and was not quite sure whether he should go to California or Oregon. He should go by the North Platte route, and turn off to the north by the Fort Hall road, if the gold news should "peter out" by the time he reached that point.

"Gosh! how that Boston feller do walk," sighed Hiram, who found it difficult to keep up with their new comrade. Morse strode on ahead, talking eagerly over his shoulder; the hard buds of the "rosin-weed" plants that covered the meadow rattled against his boot-legs as he measured off the ground. Arthur trotted along somewhat laboriously, and wondered if all Boston people walked like Mr. Montague Morse.

They found the men who had the ox and cow for sale—four great hulking fellows who had four yoke of cattle among them. They had had two wagons, one of which they had exchanged for provisions and cash in the town of Council Bluffs, and the other they retained. They would sell the ox and cow together for sixty-five dollars. The cow was

"skittish and a little wild-like," but a good milker and was first-rate in the yoke. The steer—well, there he was, a small black fellow, with one horn crumpled down in the oddest sort of way.

"Strong as a steam-ngine," explained the owner. "Strong as a steam-ngine and tame as a kitten. And, stranger, he's just the knowingest critter you ever see. 'Pears like he was human, sometimes—hey, Tige!" and the man affectionately patted the little black steer on his nose.

"Is this all you've got to sell?" asked Hiram, rather discontentedly.

"Well, the fact is, stranger," replied the man, "we don't reely want to sell. 'Pon my word, we don't. But we've no need for all these cattle, and we do need the money. I just hate like pison to part with Old Tige. (His name's Tiger, you see, and we call him Tige, for short.) But we've got three other yoke and a light load; and we allow to go through right peart, without no trouble."

The boys walked around the cattle two or three times more, their owner entertaining them with a long string of praises of his odd yoke, as he sat on the wagon-tongue and talked fast.

"Come now, say sixty dollars and it's a trade. I want the money powerful bad," he concluded.

Arthur pulled Hiram's sleeve and said:

"Take him, Hi; take him. I like that little black steer."

Hiram spoke up: "Give us the refusal of this yer yoke of cattle until to-morrow?"

"We have not yet concluded whether we shall buy any cattle here, or go on with our horses," explained Barnard. Morse looked a little disappointed, but said nothing.

It was agreed that the boys should have until next day to make up their minds about buying the cattle at sixty dollars for the yoke. As they walked back, Morse, thoughtfully whipping off the weed-tops with his ox-goad, said:

"You fellows take account of stock—wagon, outfit, provisions, and team. I'll put in my yoke of cattle and my share of provisions and outfit, or money to buy them, and will pay you my proportion of the cost of the wagon. Partnership limited; the concern to be sold out when we get through; share and share alike. How's that?"

"That's fair," said Barnard. But Hiram nudged him, and he added: "We'll talk it over. You come across and see us the fust thing to-morrow morning."



OLD TIGE.

It was agreed, and the boys went back to their camp to discuss the proposition. Barnard and Hiram were really the final authorities in the matter; but Arthur and Tom exercised the younger brother's privilege of saying what they thought about it. Arthur thought the Boston man must be a good fellow. He was bright and smart; and Arthur had noticed that he spoke cheerily to the white-headed children in the Arkansas wagon. Besides, he was always pleasant and full of jokes, added the boy, with a feeling that that was not conclusive, though he had formed his opinions partly by it.

"I suppose we have really made up our minds to go with oxen. I like that Boston chap. We can't get another yoke of cattle—if we sell your horse and buy the ox-and-cow yoke—any better than by taking this man into camp with us," argued Barnard.

"But them store clothes!" said Hiram, with some disgust.

"Why, he can't help it if he has to wear out his old city clothes," said Arthur, eagerly. "He is not foolish enough to throw them away. So he wears 'em out for common ones. Don't you see?"

"And he's a powerful walker," added Hiram, with an expression of admiration on his freckled face. "Golly! how that chap kin walk, though!" And this turned the scale. The Boston man was solemnly voted into the partnership.

Tom once more objected that Morse was "stuck up," and he was once more suppressed by his brother, who reminded him that he talked too much with his mouth. This frequent rebuke having silenced Tom, Hiram added:

"A feller that knows as much about cattle as he does, and kin walk like he does, is n't stuck up. Besides, he'll put in just about eighty dollars inter the company's mess."

At this, little Johnny, who still clung to the boys, started up. "Eighty dollars! Oh, I've got eighty dollars. Wont you take me through for that?"

Hiram looked with some disdain on the little fellow, who was trembling with excitement, and said: "You got eighty dollars, my little kid! Where?"

Johnny hastily slipped off his striped trousers, and, turning out the lining of the waistband, showed eight flat, round disks of something hard, carefully sewed in.

"Them's it! them's it! Eight on 'em; eight ten-dollar gold pieces, all sewed in." And, slitting little holes in the cloth, he showed the coins, sure enough, each sewed in separately from the other.

"Poor little chap! We don't want to take your money," said Barnard.

"No," added Hiram. "Besides, you haint got no clothes wuth speaking about. You can't go across the plains in them clothes."

"They're not 'store clothes,' though, Hiram," added Arthur, with a laugh. Arthur's heart had gone out to the poor little waif, and he reminded his comrades that part of his money might be used for an outfit, and it would be only fair to take part as his share of the cost of the trip.

"Besides, I've got clothes," said the waif; and, unrolling his bundle, he showed some coarse woolen shirts, a pair of cowhide shoes, overalls, and a few small articles of wearing apparel.

Barnard inspected these critically, and said: "No woman folks put these up; but they'll do better than nothing."

Arthur felt a touch of homesickness at this remark, and his thoughts flew back to his mother as he glanced over his own tidy suit, the work of his mother's hands. He saw her again at the garden-gate, as he had seen her many a time while camping out in the lonely Iowa prairies; and, with a soft voice, he said:

"Let's take Johnny along, boys. He shall have half of my blankets."

"What do you say, Barney?" asked Hiram, with a little glow in his honest heart, though he looked at the waif with an air of severe scrutiny.

"I'm agreed, if you are," replied Barnard. "But I tell you what it is, Arty,—our tent is full, and we can't have any more passengers nor lodgers. The partnership is complete this time."

At this, Johnny, who had ripped out the gold coins from his waistband, put them into Hiram's hand, and said:

"Am I going through with you?"

"Well, I allow you shall go through with us, youngster. It's share and share alike, you know; and you are to do your part of the work. That's all. There's nothin' comin' to ye when we get through. Understand that?" And a hard look flitted across the young man's face as he jingled the gold in his palm.

Johnny protested that he understood the bargain perfectly. He was to have such clothes as they thought necessary. The rest of his cash was to pay for his share of the provisions needed for the trip.

Next day, Morse came over early, with the information that the Illinois men would give seventy dollars for Hiram's white horse. Morse was informed of the conclusion of the partnership discussion. The terms were once more gone over and fairly understood on both sides, and the bargain was ratified.

"Now, then," said Barnard. "This is Mister Hiram Fender, late of Lee County, Illinois, known

as Hi Fender, for short. This is Thomas Fender, brother of the same, and 'a right peart boy,' as he says; otherwise Tom. And this infant is my brother, Arthur Adams Stevens, probably the best boy that ever lived—except me; and is known in this camp as Arty. As for myself, I am Arty's brother, which is glory enough for me, and my name is Barker Barnard Stevens; otherwise Barnard, usually called Barney for short, and sometimes dubbed Barney Crogan by my small and impertinent brother."

The boys laughed heartily at this long speech. Morse, not to be outdone in advancing into intimate acquaintance, said:

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce myself—Montague Perkins Morse, late of Hovey & Co.'s, Boston; now bound for California, or bust; and generally known as Mont Morse, or, if you prefer it, Mont,—and very much at your service."

With a great deal of enthusiasm, the boys celebrated this happy conclusion of affairs by going over the river and closing the two bargains. The white horse was sold to the Illinois men for seventy dollars; and they took Tige and Molly, for these were the names of the ox and cow, at the sum agreed upon the day before.

"We will move over here to-morrow," said Hiram, "and we will take the cattle off your hands then."

"But to-morrow is Sunday," said Mont. "We are not going to travel Sundays, are we?"

Hiram looked a little troubled for a moment. Then Barney cheerily said:

"Oh, no; we are not going to travel Sundays, except in cases of great emergency. Are we, Hi?"

"Certainly not," answered Hiram, briskly. "Never allow to travel on Sundays, not if we can help it."

"Then you'll keep the cattle until Monday, wont you?" asked Barnard.

"Well, if you fellers are too pious to come over on Sunday, you may take 'em away now," said the man, gruffly.

"All right," replied Hiram. "We'll take them now, and be beholden to nobody for nothin'."

So the cattle were taken across the ferry, and the boys had milk with their corn-meal mush that night.

"A mean old hunks," growled Hiram. "Wanted us to smash Sunday all to pieces, did he? Well, I allow we made just two milkings out of him."

Sunday here was not like the Sabbath at home. Labor was generally suspended throughout the camps, however, except where some impatient party stole out with their teams, driving along with a half-subdued air, as if afraid "to smash Sunday all to pieces." Generally, the emigrants, looking

neat but uneasy in their particularly clean clothes, lounged about the wagons and "traded" in undertones, or discussed the latest news from California by way of the States.

The bright May sun shone down upon a motley mass of people scattered among tents or grouped around wagons. About noon, the blowing of a horn announced that a religious service, of which notice had been previously circulated, would begin. There was a general sauntering in the direction of a cluster of wagons, near which a preacher, standing on a feed-box, called the people about him.

Five or six women, wives of emigrants, aided by twice as many men, formed a choir, and their voices rose sweetly on the air with the familiar hymns of Christian service. Then the minister, after devotional exercises, preached a little sermon from the text in Romans viii., 17. He talked about heirs and heirship; he dwelt on the fact that they were all seeking an inheritance, and while he advised wisdom and prudence in this search, admonishing the people about him to seek the true riches, he reminded them that they were joint heirs; that their inheritance was mutual. He taught them to forbear with one another; to be patient, loving, and to go on in their journey of life, as across the continent, with unselfishness, bearing each other's burdens.

"That's a right smart chance of a sermon," said Hiram, as they moved away after the last hymn had been sung and the attentive crowd had dispersed. "A good sermon; and just you remember what the parson said about toting one another's burdens, you Tom, will ye?"

Tom received this lesson with some show of indignation, and said: "O yes, you're the man that hears sermons for some other feller, you are."

But Arthur added, in the interest of peace:

"Tige can't carry the yoke alone. Molly must bear up her end. So if you and I don't wash the dishes and get supper, Hi and Barnard can't drive the wagon and get wood and water."

"Good for you, Arty," said Hiram, heartily. "And even little Johnny here is goin' to pitch in and do his share. I know he is, for I seen him choppin' wood this mornin' like sixty."

Johnny colored with pleasure at this rude praise, and Arty declared that Johnny was one of the joint heirs whom the preacher had talked about.

The debate about the sermon and their future united interests was a good end to a pleasant day. Mont had taken up his abode with the party. The tent was full, and the six young fellows were paired off among the quilts and blankets that covered their floor of grassy earth.

That night, Arthur felt Johnny stirring under the blankets by his side.

"What is the matter, Johnny?" he asked.

The boy put his thin hand on his companion's shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "I love you."

Arty kissed the little waif and said, "It's a bargain." Then they slept again.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ADRIFT.

"WELL, now, Johnny, you do look right peart." This was Hiram's opinion of the little lad when he had been equipped with his new clothes. He brought enough apparel with him for common wear; but he needed a serviceable suit for a change. This, with the necessary boots and shoes, a warm jacket for cold weather, and some additional supplies which his enlistment in the company required to be bought, made quite a hole in the eighty dollars which he had put into the common fund.

"Never mind, youngster," said the good-natured Hi. "I allow we'll have enough for all hands to get through on; so as you pitch in and do your share of work, we sha' n't find no fault."

Johnny declared his willingness to do all he could for the benefit of the company, whether it was picking up fuel, washing dishes, or driving the team. He was quite a man now, he thought, though only a little fellow. For was n't he bound for California to make his fortune? And he was going with his own resources, too, and could earn his way. This thought made the boy cheerful and happy; the color came again into his cheeks; he grew merry and frolicsome; and, before the last days of preparation were over, the poor outcast was, as Hi said, "right peart."

They had delayed at the river a long time. There were many things to be disposed of, and their places supplied with articles which were more needed. There were preventives against scurvy to be bought, for they had heard that some emigrants ahead of them had suffered from that dreadful disease, just as sailors do on the ocean when their vegetables and fresh provisions give out. So the boys laid in a supply of dried apples and vinegar, and traded away some of the stuff of which they had an excess. Then parts of the wagon had to be changed for the oxen, as they were now to make the voyage across the plains with cattle instead of horses.

One bright May morning, they took down their tent, packed their bedding, loaded the wagon, yoked up the cattle, and began their long; long tramp across the continent. Numerous other emigrant trains were stretching their way over the rolling prairies to the westward, and the undulating road was dotted with the white-covered wagons of their old neighbors of the canvas settlements by

the Missouri River. Looking behind, they saw, with a little pang of regret, the well-beaten spot where they had made their home so long. Around that place still lingered a few emigrants, who waved their hats to them by way of cheer, as the long procession of adventurers wound its way over the ridges. Beyond and behind them was the flowing river; the bluffs which give their name to the town bounded the horizon, and still beyond was the past life of these young fellows, with all their struggles; there was home.

Before them lay the heart of the continent with its mysteries, difficulties, and dangers. They tramped on right bravely, for beneath the blue horizon that lured them forward were wealth, fame, adventure, and—what these bright young spirits most longed for—opportunities for making their own way in the world. At any rate, they had turned their backs on civilization and home.

Their fortitude was tested somewhat severely during their very first week on the track across the continent. They expected disagreeable things, and they found them. They had been traveling through a rolling country, destitute of timber and dotted with only a few bunches of brushwood by the creeks. Barney, Arthur, and Tom took turns at driving the team. Mont strode on ahead. Hi and Johnny "changed off" with riding Old Jim, for whose back a saddle had been "traded" for at the Bluffs. The young emigrants were in first-rate spirits, and when a light rain came up at night, they laughed blithely over the prospect of soon getting used to the "hardships" of which they had been so often warned. It was discouraging work, however, cooking supper; for, by the time they had camped, the rain fell in torrents. They got their camp-stove into the tent, and, by running out its one joint of pipe through the open entrance, they managed to start a fire. More smoke went into the tent than out of it, for the wind had veered about and blew directly into it. Then they decided to strike the tent and change it around so as to face to the leeward. This was a difficult job to do while the rain fell and wind blew. But the boys packed their camp stuff together as well as they could, and took down the tent.

"Hold on tight, boys!" shouted Barnard, cheerily, for the canvas was flapping wildly in the wind, and threatened to fly away before it could be secured. Arty held up one pole and Barnard the other, while Mont, Hi, and Tom ran around to pin the canvas to the earth, Johnny following with the bag of tent-pins. Just then a tremendous gust came, and away flew the tent like a huge balloon, jerking Tom head over heels as it went. Poor little Johnny clung to it desperately, having caught hold of one of the ropes as it went whirling over



his head. He was dragged a short distance and gave it up, his hands being cut and torn by the line.

"Stop her! stop her!" yelled Hi, and away they all ran after the flying canvas. The cattle were cowering under the lee of a few bushes across the road, and the apparition of the collapsed tent coming over their heads, startled them so that they ran wildly in all directions. The cow was caught by the horns, a fold of the tent-cloth having been entangled on them, and she set off, frantically bellowing, across the prairie. The canvas by this

"We can get a good fire in the stove," said Mont, sagaciously, "and keep moving it about until we dry the worst of it; and, when it stops raining, it will drain off a great deal. But it does not look much like holding up," he added, as he looked out at the sheets of rain. "And if it don't hold up, we may as well not go to bed at all."

Indeed, the prospect was rather gloomy, and the young emigrants began to think themselves early introduced to the disagreeable part of their trip. They managed to keep up a roaring fire in their



"AWAY FLEW THE TENT LIKE A HUGE BALLOON."

time was so wet and heavy that it could not be dragged far, and, when the boys came up, poor Molly was a prisoner. They rescued their fugitive house, and, in sorry plight, took it back to where their camp was now exposed to a pelting rain.

"Aint this fun, Arty?" said Hi, grimly, when they were once more under cover.

"Fun alive!" replied Arty; "and so long as we have a roof over us for the night, we are in great luck. But how we are ever to get supper is more than I know."

"Supper!" retorted Barnard. "I'd like to know where we are going to sleep to-night. Every inch of ground is sopping wet, and no fire that we can build will dry it."

camp-stove, however, and the air in the tent was dry and warm. They made tea, and fried their meat, and, with dry crackers, secured a tolerable meal. By midnight the rain abated and ceased flowing under the canvas. They then lay down on the damp blankets, and slept as best they might. Toward morning Arty awoke, and, hearing the rain on the canvas roof, reached out his hand and found the ground near by covered with water. Water was everywhere around him. He lay in a puddle which had accumulated under him. At first, he thought he would turn over and find a dry spot. But he immediately discovered that that would not be a good plan. He had warmed the water next him with the natural heat of his body. To turn

over was to find a colder place. So he kept still and slept again as soundly as if he were not lying in a small pond.

They were wakened after sunrise by the sound of wagons driving by. Jumping up from their damp beds, the young emigrants found themselves somewhat bedraggled and unkempt. But the rain had ceased, the sun was shining brightly, and what discomfort can long withstand the influence of a fair day, sunshine, and a warm wind?

The cattle, fastened up the night before to the wagon-wheels, were lowing for freedom; and the boys were at once ready to begin preparations for another day's journey. They spread their bedding and spare clothing in the sunshine, brought out their camp-stove, built a fire, and had a jolly breakfast with hot biscuits and some of the little luxuries of camp fare.

All that day the boys traveled with their blankets spread over the wagon-top, in order to dry them in the hot sun; but not one of the party complained of the discomforts of the previous night, nor showed any sign of being any worse for sleeping in the rain.

"It gets me, Mont," said Hi Fender, "that a city feller, like you, should put up with such an uncommon hard night without growling."

"Oh, that's nothing when you get used to it," said Mont, lightly.

"But you are getting used to it sooner than I am," replied Barnard, with admiration for the young city fellow's pluck.

"There aint much such accommodations in Boston, I allow?" said Hi. "No sleepin' out in canvas tents, with the water creeping under your blankets, in that village, is there?"

"Well, no; but we cannot bring city ways out on the plains, you know, Hi; and as long as we have a canvas roof over us, we ought to be satisfied and thankful. By the way, I wonder how those Pike County fellows got on last night. They intend to sleep in their wagon when they have reduced their load, but they sleep on the ground now. Must have found it a little damp last night."

Barnard thought that Bush, with his heifer and go-cart, would be worse off than anybody they knew. Bush was a jolly emigrant, traveling all alone with a hand-cart fixed up with shafts, into which was harnessed a young cow. He had quarreled with his partner at Council Bluffs, and had gone off in a fit of disgust. His entire worldly wealth was packed into the little cart, with one or two sacks of flour, some "side-meat," beans, and coffee. His cooking apparatus consisted of a frying-pan and a tin pot, in which latter useful utensil he made his coffee and cooked everything that could not be cooked in his frying-pan.

"I don't believe Bush put in much time singing last night," said Tom. "If his fiddle was n't drowned out, he was, I'll just bet."

"There he is now!" said Arty, and as he spoke they saw Bush's tall form stalking beside his queer little team, and rising over a swell of the prairie, just ahead.

At camping-time that night they overtook Bush, who was as gay and light-spirited as ever. He hailed the boys with heartiness and begged the privilege of baking a cake of dough in their camp-stove.

"The fact is, boys," he explained, "me and Suke had a rough time of it last night, and I guess a hot corn-dodger will help us both mightily. Hey, Suke!" he said lovingly, for Bush and his vicious little cow were on very good terms.

"Rain?" he said in answer to the boys' inquiries. "Rain? Oh, no, I guess not. It did n't rain at all worth mentioning. It jest came down on the run. Well, it did. I crawled under the go-cart, where the water wa' n't more than a foot deep. It was n't dry quarters; but I could have got along as gay as you please only for my legs. They're so all-fired lengthy that they stuck out and got wet. When I pulled 'em in, my head stuck out, and when I pulled my head in agin, my legs stuck out. Pity about them legs, aint it, boys?" he added, looking down at his canvas-covered limbs. "Howsomever, I thought of you chaps. I'm used to it, but you Boston fellers aint seasoned yet. I was camping by myself over behind the divide, to keep out of the wet, and when I saw your tent get up and dust, I started to lend you a hand. But you corraled the pesky thing before I could get to you."

"Much obleeged, I'm sure," said Hi. "But we caught her on the critter's head afore she went far."

"Yes, yes, a tent's a mighty onhandy thing, I do believe. Good enough for them that can't get along without it; but, as for me, as the revolutionary feller said, gimme liberty or gimme death. I'd rather sleep out o' doors."

"Queer feller, that Bush," said Hi, when they were squatted about their camp-table at supper-time. "He's tough as sole-leather and chipper 'n a cricket. And he allows to go clean through to Californy with that 'ere go-cart and heifer. Why the Morrions will steal him, his cow and his cart, and all, if he ever gets so far as Salt Lake."

"They'll be smart, then, for he sleeps with both eyes open," said Barnard, who admired Bush very much.

They were camped in a low, flat bottom, by the river Platte. Tall cotton-woods fringed the river-bank, on the north side of which the emigrant road then ran. Here were wood, water, and grass in

plenty; and at this generous camping-ground many emigrants pitched their tents for the night. After supper was over, the boys strolled out among the camps and enjoyed the novel sight. The emigrants had now got into the ways of the plains,—were doing their own cooking and washing, had put on their roughest manners and roughest clothes, and were already beginning to talk about the Indians. The Cheyennes, it was said, were very troublesome just beyond Fort Laramie; and it was reported that one party of emigrants had been attacked near the Point of Rocks and all hands killed.

At one camp-fire where our boys lingered, Bush was the center of a large party, to whom he was singing his one great song, "Lather and Shave." It was a famous song of many verses—ninety-nine, Bush said; but he never had time to sing them all, though often invited to give them. His violin had, so far, survived all misadventures and furnished lively music for the company. One handsome young fellow, with a tremendous voice, sang a ditty about emigrating to the gold mines, of which the refrain was:

"Ho! ho! and away we go,  
Digging up the gold on the Sacramento!"

All the by-standers and loungers joined in this chorus with spirit and emphasis, the last syllable of Sacramento being shot out with a will—"Toe!"

At another camp, they found a forlorn little woman dandling a child on her knee, sitting on a wagon-tongue, while her husband was trying to get supper under her directions. The fire would not burn, the man was awkward, and his patience seemed clean gone as he finally squatted back on the ground and caught his breath, after blowing at the fire until he was red in the face.

"Yes, we've had a powerful bad streak o' luck," he complained. "First, she took sick at the Bluffs," he said, jerking his head toward the woman on the wagon-tongue. That kep' us there nigh onto a month; and my pard, he got out of patience and lit out and left us. Then the young one up and had the cholery yesterday, and we broke down in that thar slew just beyond Papes's, and we had to double up teams twicet that day. And now then this 'ere blamed fire wont burn, and we be agoin' to Californy. We be," he added, with great sarcasm. "I never could build a fire; hit's woman's work, hit is! Oh, look at yer, smolderin' and smudgin' thar!" he continued, addressing the sulky fire. With a sudden burst of rage, he kicked the smoking embers to the right and left with his heavy boot, and said, "Blarst Californy!"

"Here, let me try," said Tom. "I'm right smart at fire-bildin';" and the boy gathered the

half-charred embers together, and deftly fanned a flame from them by wafting his hat before the coals, into which he poked some dry stems and grass. The fire recovered itself cheerily, and the man looked down on Tom's stooping figure with a sort of unwilling admiration. Arthur did not like the looks of a husband who seemed so indifferent to his wife and baby.

"Here, give me the baby," said he; "I'll tend it while you get your supper. And, Mister, you had better look after your cattle. I see they've got all snarled up with that ox-chain."

"Drat the cattle!" said the man; and he went off to swear at the poor beasts which had managed to turn their yokes and worry themselves generally into a tangle, while waiting for their master to take care of them for the night.

"Don't mind him," sighed the woman, relinquishing the sick baby to his volunteer nurse. "Don't mind him. He's got a right smart of a temper, and he do get contrarywise when things goes contrarywise, and the good Lord knows they have gone contrarywise ever since we left the States. Now trot the young one easy-like, if he hollers, and I'll just rattle up some supper for my ole man."

Arty held the baby as tenderly as he could, softly moving up and down on his knee the unpleasant-looking feather pillow on which it was laid. A tall young girl came around from behind the wagon; looked at the emigrant's wife, who was kneading biscuit, kneeling on the ground; looked at Arthur, who was crooning a little song to the sick baby; and then she remarked: "Goodness, gracious me!"

"Nance!" said Arthur, looking up.

"Yes, it's Nance," retorted the tall young girl, with some asperity. "Leastways, I'm called sich by folks that haven't got no more manners than they have room for."

"Beg pardon, Miss Nancy. But you surprised me so, you know."

"I suppose you don't allow I'm surprised. Oh, no, not the leastest bit. You a-tending baby out here on the perarie! Howsomer, I like it, I like it! I declare to gracious, I do!" she added in a milder tone. "It's just what boys are fit for. Hope you've learned to make bread by this time. Scalded their flour, the ornery critters! Oh, my!" and, overcome by the recollection of that first great experiment of the boys when in Iowa, the tall young girl sat down on the wagon-tongue and doubled herself up again.

"Never mind," she said, disengaging herself from her laugh. "If you'll come over to our camp, I'll give you some yeast—real hop-yeast; brought it all the way from loway myself. It's good enough to bust the cover of your camp-kettle off."

"Your camp! Are you going to California?" asked Arthur, with surprise.

"Goin' to Californy! Of course we be. What else do you suppose we'd be campin' out here on the Platte, miles and miles away from home, for?"

"But how did you pass us?"

"Could n't say. Dad, he allowed he would n't stop at the Bluffs more'n one day. Oh, he's got the gold fever just awful!"

"Was he thinking of going to California when we passed your place in Iowa?"

"Could n't say. He seen the folks piling by on the emigrant road, bound to the gold mines. He used to set on the fence and swap lies with 'em by the hour, and ma just hollerin' at him from the back-door all the while. Oh, my! was n't she mad, though!"

"Did n't she want to come?"

"Not at first; but she got to talking with some of the women-folks on the road, and then she and dad talked gold night and day. They jest got wild. So one day, dad, he let the place, picked up his traps, bundled us into the wagon, and here we be."

"How do you find it, as far as you've got?" asked Tom, who by this time had become very much interested in Nance's story.

"Pretty tolerable-like. How's yerself?"

"Oh, it's pretty good fun, all but washing dishes," replied Tom, bashfully.

"Washin' dishes!" retorted the girl, with great scorn. "And you call yer handful of tin plates and things washin' dishes. Don't I wish you had to do up the dishes I had at home in loway! Oh, it's real persimmons, this,—just nothing to do. Barefooted, you see," and Nance put out a brown foot, to show that she had left her shoes with civilization.

"Where's your other fellers?" she asked,— "specially that one that scalded his flour?"

Arthur explained that they were about the camps, having tarried where Bush was playing his violin for a "stag dance," as it was called, down by the cotton-woods.

"Well, you come over to our camp to-morrow, early, and I'll give you some real hop-yeast. It's worth a hull raft of bakin' powder and self-risers. We're off at sun-up. So long!" And Nance was gone.

"Right smart chance of a gal, that," commented the emigrant, whose anger had cooled, and who was sitting on an ox-yoke contentedly smoking his pipe.

"So Miss Sunbonnet is going to California, is she?" said Barnard, when the boys related their interview with that young woman.

"Yes," replied Arthur, remembering Nance's brown foot; "she's going a-digging up the gold on the Sacramen—toe!"

*(To be continued.)*

## JOURNEYING THROUGH THE DAY.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

COME, children, come! we must hasten on,  
For still it's a long, long way;  
A happy long way, ere our journey be done—  
We are journeying through the day.

Think! here is another day begun,  
So close on the one that's gone;  
And to-morrow will be another one,  
As soon as the east can dawn.

The day! what a wonderful thing it is—  
So full of love and delight,  
From the time of the mother's morning-kiss  
Till the kiss that comes with "Good-night!"

And it leads from the east, and goes to the west,  
And follow it we will;  
Though, whether we work, or whether we rest,  
We stay in the same place still.

For here it begins, and here it ends,  
All on the sun's highway;  
We need not part from home and friends,  
To journey through the day.



## HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

BY ANNIE J. MACKINTOSH.

### PART II.

YOU remember that in our last paper we noticed some of the differences between plants having their origin in two-lobed seeds and those growing from undivided seeds. But there are other differences just as great, and as strongly marked. If you examine a twig from any ordinary tree, you will find that the outside covering may be easily removed, and seems to be quite distinct from the wood. I need not tell you that this covering is called bark; and you know, too, that the trees that grow in your neighborhood are all provided with this outer coat.

But examine a piece of straw. You would not think for a moment of calling its covering bark; it is much more like a very thin skin or coating of varnish.

Now, if there are leaves on the various stems which we are examining, you will find that those which are parallel-veined all belong to the stems which have no bark, while the net-veined leaves are attached to the bark-covered branches.

Thus we have another difference between the two great divisions of plants. Let us see if we cannot discover still another. Take a portion of your corn-stalk and split it lengthwise; you find that it is stringy or fibrous. Examine a piece of wood in the same way, and you will see that it is solid. Now take a cross-slice from the corn, and another from one of the branches, and let us compare them. In the corn you find nothing but the skin-covering, and the ends of the fibers, like little specks, scattered through a spongy substance called cellular tissue (see Fig. 2, next page); while in the other slice (Fig. 1) you see first the bark, then one or more layers of solid wood; and in the middle you find the heart-wood or pith, so that the slice presents the appearance of a number of rings arranged around the center. By counting these rings in trees which have been cut down, you may judge of the number of years which have elapsed since they first showed themselves above ground, for the tree adds a new ring or layer to its growth every year. Such plants are called "exogenous," or

outward-growing plants, because the new layer is formed just within the bark, and outside those of previous years. The fibrous plants grow by additions to their inward surface, thus pushing the

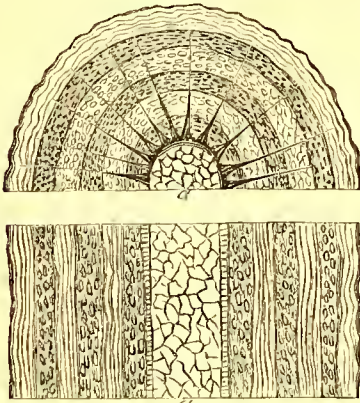


FIG. 1.—MAGNIFIED SECTIONS, TRANSVERSE AND LONGITUDINAL, OF OUTWARD-GROWING PLANT.

older parts outside. This class is entitled "endogenous," which means inward-growing.

Did you ever think that the plants not only grow but live? A very different life from ours, to be sure, yet resembling it in some points, and in none more than in the necessity for food. This food consists of earthy matter, gases and moisture, and these three combined constitute sap. The organs employed in providing food are the roots and leaves. The former take in earthy matter and moisture from the earth, while the latter obtain moisture and gases from the atmosphere. You may see this earthy matter, which is the solid part of the plant, very easily, if you live where wood is used as fuel. In the burning, the heat drives into the air both gas and moisture, leaving behind only the earthy matter, which we call ashes.

The stem of the plant is composed of minute cells or cavities, too small to be seen by the naked eye. These cells may be compared to little boxes, and you must try to imagine them piled one above the other, the bottom of one cell forming the top of the one just below. If you will remember that these separations are thinner than the sides of the cells, you will understand how the moisture, taken up by the rootlets, is forced from the cells below to those above, traveling thus until it reaches the leaves.

These too, as I have already said, assist in providing for the support of the plant. If you examine a common leaf under the microscope, you will find that the whole surface, more especially that of the under part, is covered with small holes, or breathing pores, which are said to open or close,

as the conditions of the atmosphere prove favorable or otherwise, to the collection of food-material.

When the moisture and earthy matter, taken up by the roots, have reached the leaves, they are mixed with the air and moisture which the leaves are constantly drawing in; thus mixed it forms sap, and passing back again through the plant, nourishes and builds up the parts which require it. If the supply be greater than the demand, that which is unused is carried down to the roots, where it mixes with the new material and passes again to the leaves. Thus a constant circulation is kept up during the summer months; but as fall approaches, the movement becomes slower and slower, until, when winter has really come, the plant sleeps, like the dormouse and hedgehog, until gentle showers and warm sunshine whisper that it is time to wake; then the sap begins again to flow, the buds expand and burst, and we know that spring has really come.

Now we shall have something to say of flowers. Collect specimens of as many different varieties as possible, but among them try to have a lily of some sort, as it is much easier to examine the parts in a large flower. In addition to these, we shall require a knife, a strong pin, and the magnifying glass.

Take a lily, then. What gives it its beauty? The leaves, of course. Well, these leaves taken together, just as they are on the flower, are called the corolla, which means crown; if we speak of a single leaf, it is called a petal. With your knife remove the corolla, being careful not to injure the heart inside. Having cut away the crown, you find inside a circle of stems (Fig. 3, *a, a*), surmounted

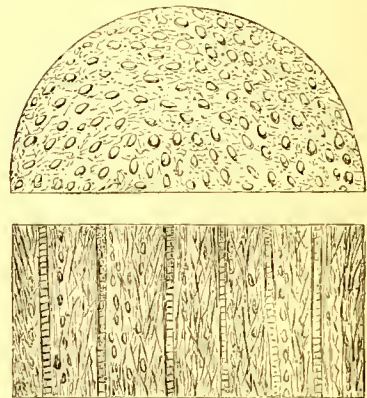


FIG. 2.—MAGNIFIED SECTIONS, TRANSVERSE AND LONGITUDINAL, OF INWARD-GROWING PLANT.

by oblong tips which are covered with yellow powder or dust. These stems are called stamens, and consist of two parts; the filament, which is the stalk, and the anther, the part which holds the dust. Remove some of the latter and place it

under the glass, when you will find that it is composed of rounded grains; this dust is called pollen. Now take a tip and examine it carefully through

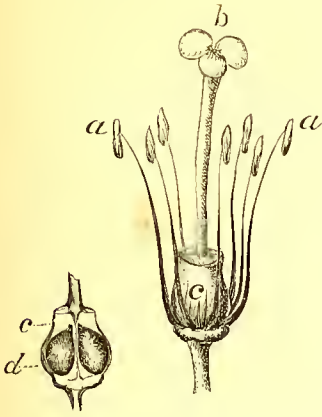


FIG. 3.—STAMENS, PISTILS, AND SEED-VESSEL.

the glass, turning it round with the pin; you see now that it is not a knob, but a little bag of skin, which seems to have been burst. This bag, or sac, is called the anther, and its duty is to hold the pollen until perfectly ripe, when it bursts, covering itself with the dust.

You have now remaining a greenish stem, at the end of which is a berry-like enlargement; this stem is called the pistil (Fig. 3, *b*), and the enlarged portion is the ovary (Fig. 3, *c*), which holds the seeds. If you will, without separating them, cut the pistil and ovary lengthwise, and put them under the glass, you will be able to see plainly the seeds neatly packed in the ovary (Fig. 3, *d*); you will also observe that the pistil is a hollow tube leading down to the ovary.

We have now learned the names of the parts in the flower which we have been examining, but the lily is not a complete flower; it lacks one part which you may find in some others of your specimens, as the rose, pink, morning-glory, &c. We refer to the green leaves outside of the corolla. This circle is called the calyx (Fig. 4, *a*), which means "flower-cup;" though ordinarily green, it is sometimes bright-colored, as in the case of the fuchsia.

We will make a list of the parts, so that you may memorize them more easily:

1. Calyx. (Fig. 4, *a*.)
  2. Corolla. (Fig. 4, *b*.)
  3. Stamens; filament, anthers, pollen. (Fig. 3, *a*, *a*.)
  4. Pistil; ovary, seeds. (Fig. 3, *b*, *c*, *d*.)
- A complete flower will present all of these sev-

eral parts, but many are lacking in one or more of them. Some, as the lily, have no calyx, others have no corolla—mignonette for instance; in some species the stamens are found in one flower and the pistil in another, as in Indian corn. Others, still, have all the stamen-bearing flowers on one plant, while another of the same species produces flowers containing pistils only; of this class the red maple is given by Prof. Gray as an illustration. There are also flowers which produce neither stamens nor pistils, of which the snow-ball will be a familiar example.

You already know that the seeds (Fig. 3, *d*), from the beginning of the flower, are packed away in the ovary (Fig. 3, *c*), but these seeds will be perfectly useless unless a portion of the pollen is allowed to come in contact with them; by useless we mean, that if planted they would never grow. But how is this accomplished? Touch the pistil, it is sticky; now, the pollen being very light, is dislodged by every passing breeze, and some of it is sure to fall upon the pistil, when it sends down through the tube a root-like thread, which, touching the seeds, makes them fertile, in some way which we do not understand. From this you will learn that the portions necessary to make the seeds productive are the stamens and pistils. In flowers which contain both you will observe that, if they are upright upon their stems, the pistil is apt to be shorter than the stamens, while if they droop, the reverse is the case; this is to enable the pollen more readily to reach the pistil. In cases where the stamens and pistils are separated, Dame Nature sometimes employs the wind and sometimes the insects which

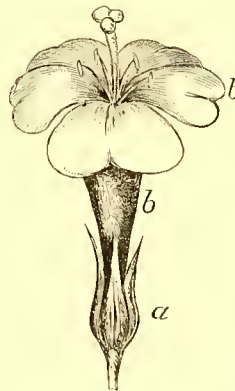


FIG. 4.—PARTS OF A FLOWER.

crawl over the flowers as her messengers; the pollen sticks to their legs and bodies, and they carry it very nicely for a short distance. But for long journeys the wind is much better, and cases have been mentioned of pollen traveling in this way for hundreds of miles.

After the pollen has reached the seeds, time only is required to enable them to ripen, so that we have now completed the circle: from the seed back to it again. But do not imagine that you know *all* about the subject. If, however, you have learned enough to prompt you to notice and experiment for yourselves, your time will not have been wasted.

## WHAT THEY DID NOT DO ON THE BIRTHDAY OF JACOB ABBOTT B., FAMILIARLY CALLED SNIBBUGGLEDYBOOZLEDOM.

(With illustrations by J. E.)

By M. S. B.


I WONDER if anybody in this city remembered that last Wednesday was Snibbuggledyboozledom's birthday. I guess nobody thought a word about it until the next day, which was a great pity, for everybody ought to have remembered it and turned out, and shouted and fired guns, and made speeches and processions; and I would write and tell you all about what they did. But as they did n't celebrate the day at all,



THE BELL IN THE FIRE-TOWER.

I can only write what they *did n't* do.

In the first place then, we were not waked up before light by a crowd of three or four hundred boys shouting and firing guns and fire-crackers and parlor-match pistols, and yelling, "Hurrah for Abbott, seven years old!" "Three cheers for Jakey, seven years old!" Then at sunrise the big bell in the fire-tower did not strike seven times: "Boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong! boo-oong!" and all the other bells in the steeples did n't strike in with a tremendous uproar: "Ding-dong-ding! ding-dong-ding! ding-dong-ding!" just as loud as they ever could n't sound. What a clatter they did n't make!

And all the flags in the city were not flying all day from sunrise till dark. And the boys all over the city did n't keep at work every minute of the day popping off fire-crackers and torpedoes, and little toy cannon that would shoot off a shot about as big as this:  and used a nail for a ramrod. Sometimes they would n't light the crackers and throw them up in the air, to see them go off before they came down again; and sometimes they would n't hold them out in little iron pistols, to look like

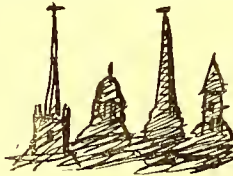
shooting; and sometimes they would n't bury them in the ground, and then touch them off, so as to throw the dirt up all around like a mine; and sometimes they would n't put a fire-cracker on a little chip (for a boat) and sail it off on the water, and light the cracker to see it blow up the boat. I tell you they did n't have a *splendid* time, and every boy's father did n't give him ten cents, all for his own, to buy peanuts or candy, or anything else he wanted.

And then in the afternoon there was n't a grand procession three miles long, with lots of soldiers in bright-colored uniforms, and brass bands, each one with a drum-major with a tall bearskin cap and a gold-headed staff, and Masons with queer little white aprons, and firemen with their engines and hose-carts and ladder-trucks, and the mayor and common council, and three trained monkeys on as many little ponies, and an elephant and two camels, and a clumsy rhinoceros with his horn on his nose



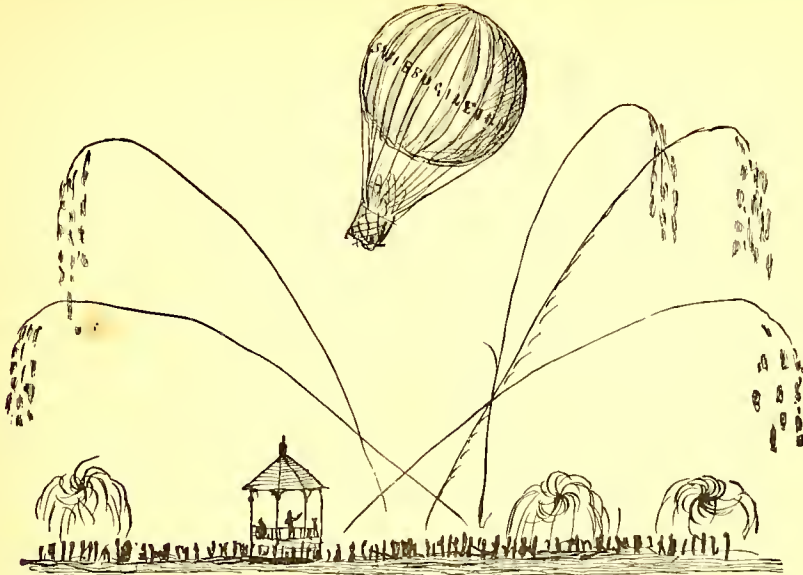
(a very ugly nose too), and thirteen ministers in carriages. And they did n't go through all the streets and up to the park, and then the mayor did n't make a grand speech two hours long, telling how gratified he was n't to assist in the celebration of such a day, and what an honor he did n't consider it to the city to be the residence of two such great folks as himself and Snibbuggledyboozledom.

And then they did n't have a grand display of fire-works—great rockets that went s-s-s-izz away up in the air and then sent down lots of red and purple and green stars, and wheels that spun around and around with a whiz-z-z and threw off all manner of beautiful sparks, and Roman candles that burned with sparks and threw up with a "pop" brilliant white and colored balls. And at the end they did n't send up an enormous fire-balloon, thirty-five feet across, with red and white and blue stripes up and down it, and "Snibbuggledyboozledom, 1875," in large gold letters reaching all around it. And it did n't sail, sail, sail away, shining at first like a great big moon, and sailing, sailing, sailing further off till it looked no bigger than a star, and then sailing, sailing, sailing away till we could n't see it at all. And I don't believe it ever came down at all, anywhere. Because, you see,



THE OTHER STEEPLES.





THE CROWD, THE FIRE-WORKS, THE MAYOR SPEAKING, THE ROCKETS, AND THE BALLOON.

if it did n't ever go up, it could n't ever come down!

And that was the end of the things that did n't happen on the boy's birthday. Only the next day the papers did n't have lots of news about it—how one man did n't have his hat knocked off by a rocket that went along straight instead of going up in the air, and fifteen boys and three girls did n't get their fingers and faces burned with the fire-crackers and things, and ten horses were not frightened and

did n't run away, smashing nine wagons and barking fifteen trees, and five houses were not set on fire by sparks and crackers, and the usual number of such mishaps did not take place. And there were not about fifteen thousand pints of peanuts sold, and five thousand glasses of soda water, and a corresponding amount of other good things.

And then (this part did really happen) everybody went to bed and went to sleep, just as if it had been any common day.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY J. H. WOODBURY.

We were frozen in, within a bight of the coast in Camden Bay; to the northward of all our northern possessions; within the Arctic Circle, where there is one long winter night for months, unbroken by a rising sun.

We had lingered too long on that northern shore, where we had been cruising through the short summer season for whale-oil to feed the lamps at home.

Home! Home! The full meaning of the word came to us, as we sat round our own dim-burning lamps down in our well-protected quarters in the

steerage and talked of the loved ones whom we had left there. Should we ever return to them? Yes; every one believed it, and we were still cheerful.

The sun had been long gone, and it was Christmas-time; and because it was Christmas-time we thought the more of those we had left at home. Santa Claus, too, and the stockings he used to fill when we were there, came to our minds; and the sleigh-rides, the skating, coasting—and the dear girls who used to be such a help to us in enjoying it all—we remembered *them* you may well believe!—and we talked of them as well. Every man—of course,

we were all men, though some were a little under age—told about his own particular girl; and if you could have heard us, you would have thought each one had an angel at home, sure! You can't imagine how lovely the girls become, so far away! Just go beyond the Arctic Circle and get frozen in, and you'll know all about it.

The girls—the *dear* girls!—we could only talk about them; but that was some comfort. We were all resolved to carry home something nice for them, at least, and to that end we had been “scrimshawing” whalebone ever since the sun had set.

I don't think you will find *scrimshawing* in the dictionary, for the word is n't used much on shore. It means, cutting, etching, scratching, carving—making all sorts of pretty things out of whalebone. We had made jaggings-knives, and things to keep the girls straight, and things which we had no names for, and were still working away on our whalebone “fixins” when Christmas came.

I will tell you how *we* were “fixed.” The ship lay not far from the shore, within a bight of the coast, as I have said, so that there was a semicircle of snow-covered hills in full view from our decks; the nearest being hardly more than a mile distant. Although we had no sun, the moon was with us, round and full, at Christmas-time, and the snow-covered hills glistened in its light. We often walked as far as the hills, and sometimes over them, to give our limbs the exercise they needed; but as yet had never found anything very attractive in that direction.

We suffered less from the cold than you might suppose. The ship was well provided with all sorts of warm clothing, and the captain gave us all the extra garments we needed, at the ship's expense. The quarters of the foremast hands had been changed from the forecabin to the steerage—the space in which had been sufficiently enlarged to accommodate them as well as the boat-steerers—and all, but the officers in the cabin, now lived there together. The cabin was separated from the steerage only by a bulkhead.

The cabin contained a stove, in which a fire was kept always going, giving that apartment a moderate degree of warmth. The galley range had been lowered into the steerage, where it stood a little to one side of the hatchway, and having plenty of fuel, consisting in part of whale-scrap, a fire was kept constantly going in that also. Besides, the walls of our apartment were lined all around with sails—of which we had a large supply, besides those we had unbent from the yards after the ice had fastened upon us—and all around, outside, the ship had been banked with snow, almost as high as the rail. Indeed, we did not suffer much with cold; but the moisture accumulated in

our close quarters to such an extent as to cause some discomfort from that source.

The few light duties we had to perform occupied but a small portion of our time, and we were allowed to pass the remainder of it pretty much in our own way. It was almost worth while to be frozen in, for one reason at least: we were not obliged to turn out every four hours to stand a watch on deck. Still we had regular hours for sleep, and were called out at an appointed time. We still felt that we were under our captain's control, though his authority was much relaxed.

After all, it was not such a very bad thing to be frozen in, except for its keeping us so much longer from home, and from all the world besides ourselves. On the whole, the time passed rather pleasantly. Having plenty of whalebone, both white and black, and tools to work it with—and withal a turning-lathe—we passed more time in making fancy articles for home than in any other way.

But as Christmas drew near there was some talk about a visit from Santa Claus. From certain indications he might reasonably be expected, and it was even proposed that we should all hang up our stockings. Several of our number were making caps, mittens, mufflers, and such things, with which they were taking unusual pains; more than they would be likely to if they were going to wear the articles themselves; and this was what suggested to us that Santa Claus might possibly come.

Uncle Jim, our oldest man, was inclined to laugh at the idea, however. He was of the opinion that Santa Claus would n't come away up there just to please a few half-frozen whalemen; but if he *should* come, he would want something bigger than stockings to put his nick-nacks in. He advised hanging up our *trousers*, with the bottoms of the legs tied together with rope-yarns.

“Most likely,” said he, “if he brings anything, it will be pickles, and old cheese and whisky.”—Uncle Jim was a dry old chap—“or something of that sort.”

Having no sun, we could only tell by the moon, and the captain's chronometer, when Christmas came, but we were ready to usher it in. Everybody was so wide awake that Santa Claus could not possibly have got into the steerage without being seen; and for that reason, as we supposed, he did not come. But we were as merry, perhaps, as though he had been there. We rang the fore-cabin bell for an hour, and ran up the stars and stripes at the mizzen peak, and should have fired a salute with the two old guns on the quarter-deck, had they not been so filled with frost that there was danger of bursting them. While we were making all the noise we could, the cook, with another man and a boy to help him, began to get our

Christmas dinner; to which we looked forward with great expectations.

We had running and leaping matches and other games in the open air, till we were tired of them, and then we went down again into the steerage, and, while the dinner was cooking, we had songs, speeches, and theatricals. Booth was n't there, but we had Jack Short, probably the best star actor at that time within the Arctic Circle. Short made an awful Richard. Taking the first man he could lay hands on for a horse, he made the rest of us fly to our bunks for safety; and then we could n't help laughing to see the black cook's eyes stick out as he stood behind his coppers stabbing at Short with his longest beef-fork to keep him off.

In the midst of our fun, a strange voice hailed from on deck, and we all tumbled up to see who was there and what was the matter.

Behold! there stood Santa Claus himself! It could be no other; it was just like the pictures we had all seen of him, and every one recognized him at once. He spoke to Short, whom he seemed to recognize as our leading man, in a voice that was thick with frost.

"I'm a little late," said he; "but I was sure of getting here before sunrise, anyhow, so I thought I'd attend to all the others first. Mighty hard driving up this way. Broke a trace, crossing Winnipeg, and had to stop to mend it. Upset all my traps, too, coming down the Saddle-Back Mountains. But I'm here at last, all right, and if you've got any oats I'd like to give my team a feed before I begin to unload."

"Have n't got an oat," says Short; "but where's your team? Trot it up."

The heads of the team were visible, and the next moment four curious-looking animals came up the inclined snow-plane to the open gangway, drawing a sledge (which looked very much like the one we had built to use about the ship), and leaped upon deck. The sledge was loaded with packages and bundles, all labeled, but the *team* was what at first most interested us.

Those animals were not reindeer, nor dogs—unless they were a new species that we had not yet heard of. They had only two legs, and they wore boots. But their bodies and heads were covered with fur, and something that looked like raveled-out stocking yarn. Their heads looked somewhat like dogs' heads; but as none of them had their tongues out, we suspected they were not dogs at all. In some respects, especially in height, they resembled our four boat-steerers; and when we remembered that we had not seen the boat-steerers below for an hour or more, we thought it just possible that they might have been transformed into these strange animals.

The captain, and the others who lived in the cabin—all but the mate—came up to look at Santa Claus and his team. As for the sledge, we all felt sure we had seen it before; but we were not going to accuse Santa Claus of deception, or with stealing, to begin with. Evidently he had brought us presents, and we ought to be satisfied.

"No oats!" exclaimed he as if astonished, when his team stood stamping and shaking themselves on deck. "What have you been living on all winter?"

"Nothing to brag of, as yet," said Short. "We've been eating odds and ends, mostly. The doctor's got some good beef in his coppers to-day, though, and if your hounds are hungry enough to eat that, they can have some."

"Hungry! Have n't stopped to eat nor drink, till now, since we left Kamtchatka, almost twenty-four hours ago! Been clear round, you know. Guess they'll pick your beef-bones if you give 'em a chance! And that reminds me, I've got a few fixin's here that wont go bad with your Christmas dinner, and I guess I may as well give 'em to ye right away." And at once Santa Claus began to unpack.

The packages he drew out first were labeled, in very bold letters, "For General Distribution." There was a keg of molasses, two whole hams, frozen pickles, condensed milk, a package of cheese (very old cheese, that had been packed in brandy, or something else that was strong enough to keep it), pilot bread (a better quality of bread than we got every day), a quantity of preserved bananas, somewhat resembling figs, a box of mustard, vinegar, pickled potatoes, and a bag of dried apples.

All these Santa Claus unloaded, while we crowded around him, and then came articles of clothing, each bearing in large letters the name of one of the crew. A pair of boots for one, a flannel shirt for another, a Guernsey frock for a third, and so on. Every man of us got something to cheer his heart and show that he was not forgotten. Old Santa seemed to know us all, and handed to each his particular package, accompanying it with some appropriate remark.

We could not but admire the old fellow while he was doing this, but when it appeared that he had brought us *letters from home*, our enthusiasm almost upset him. From out a deep pocket he drew letter after letter, and, slowly reading the superscription, handed it to the one to whom it belonged. To every one, even the cook, he brought a letter.

But it was too cold to read the letters on deck, and we at once transferred all our presents to the steerage. Then we invited old Santa and his team to go down with us and hear the news and get some dinner. But the dinner would not be ready for

an hour, and the old fellow thought he could n't wait. He had only an empty sledge now, he said, and his spaniels would take him home in a jiffy. Most likely his wife would have dinner waiting. So he cracked his long whip, and away they went, round the stern of the ship; and we all rushed below.

Then such a time as we had—I can hardly tell! Of course, we read our letters first; but, after all, it was evident they had not been written by those from whom we most wished to hear. Yet there

taken Holland again. Uncle Seth had shingled his barn. They were talking of putting a new lightning-rod on the meeting-house. Ann Eliza had sprained her ankle running after grasshoppers. Sarah Jane had lost her waterfall, and all the other girls were going to give up waterfalls because she could n't find it again. Such as these were the items of news we got; and though, after all, there was not a word that could be depended upon about the dear ones at home, the letters helped to make our Christmas merry. By the time they were read,



SANTA CLAUS APPEARS ON DECK.

was news in them, such as it was. For instance, San Miller learned that Eliza, the girl he used to talk about, had got three new beaux since he left home, and was in an "awful pucker" because she did n't know which she liked best.

Another of the girls whom we had heard about was married, and had moved to Kansas; and another had started alone and on foot for the North Pole to look for her sailor-man, and had not been heard from since. But this was not half:

Grandmother Goose was dead. The Dutch had

our dinner was ready; and I venture to say that never was there a more generous Christmas dinner served up so near the North Pole, or a jollier crew there to partake of it.

I will add, that we got out of the ice at last, and after a little more whaling returned to the Sandwich Islands with a full ship. Our next Christmas was passed at Bahia, only a few degrees south of the Equator, in Brazil, beneath a blazing sun, in the midst of tropic scenery, and surrounded with nearly every kind of tropical production.

## MARJORIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

MARJORIE sat on the door-step shelling peas, quite unconscious what a pretty picture she made with the roses peeping at her through the lattice-work of the porch, the wind playing hide-and-seek in her curly hair, while the sunshine with its silent magic changed her faded gingham to a golden gown, and shimmered on the bright tin pan as if it were a silver shield. Old Rover lay at her feet, the white kitten purred on her shoulder, and friendly robins hopped about her in the grass, chirping "A happy birthday, Marjorie!"

But the little maid neither saw nor heard, for her eyes were fixed on the green pods, and her thoughts were far away. She was recalling the fairy-tale granny told her last night, and wishing with all her heart that such things happened nowadays. For in this story, as a poor girl like herself sat spinning before the door, a Brownie came by, and gave the child a good-luck penny; then a fairy passed, and left a talisman which would keep her always happy; and last of all, the prince rolled up in his chariot, and took her away to reign with him over a lovely kingdom, as a reward for her many kindnesses to others.

When Marjorie imagined this part of the story, it was impossible to help giving one little sigh, and for a minute she forgot her work, so busy was she thinking what beautiful presents she would give to all the poor children in her realm when *they* had birthdays. Five impatient young peas took this opportunity to escape from the half-open pod in her hand and skip down the steps, to be immediately gobbled up by an audacious robin, who gave thanks in such a shrill chirp that Marjorie woke up, laughed, and fell to work again. She was just finishing, when a voice called out from the lane:

"Hi, there! come here a minute, child!" and looking up, she saw a little old man in a queer little carriage drawn by a fat little pony.

Running down to the gate, Marjorie dropped a curtsey, saying pleasantly:

"What did you wish, sir?"

"Just undo that check-rein for me. I am lame, and Jack wants to drink at your brook," answered the old man, nodding at her till his spectacles danced on his nose.

Marjorie was rather afraid of the fat pony, who tossed his head, whisked his tail, and stamped his feet as if he was of a peppery temper. But she liked to be useful, and just then felt as if there were few things she could *not* do if she tried, be-

cause it was her birthday. So she proudly let down the rein, and when Jack went splashing into the brook, she stood on the bridge waiting to check him up again after he had drank his fill of the clear; cool water.

The old gentleman sat in his place looking up at the little girl, who was smiling to herself as she watched the blue dragon-flies dance among the ferns, a blackbird tilt on the alder-boughs, and listened to the babble of the brook.

"How old are you, child?" asked the old man, as if he rather envied the rosy creature her youth and health.

"Twelve to-day, sir;" and Marjorie stood up straight and tall, as if mindful of her years.

"Had any presents?" asked the old man, peering up with an odd smile.

"One, sir—here it is;" and she pulled out of her pocket a tin savings bank in the shape of a desirable family mansion painted red, with a green door and black chimney. Proudly displaying it on the rude railing of the bridge, she added, with a happy face:

"Granny gave it to me, and all the money in it is going to be mine."

"How much have you got?" asked the old gentleman, who appeared to like to sit there in the middle of the brook, while Jack bathed his feet and leisurely gurgled and sneezed.

"Not a penny yet, but I'm going to earn some," answered Marjorie, patting the little bank with an air of resolution pretty to see.

"How will you do it?" continued the inquisitive old man.

"Oh, I'm going to pick berries and dig dandelions, and weed, and drive cows, and do chores. It is vacation, and I can work all the time, and earn ever so much."

"But vacation is play-time—how about that?"

"Why, that sort of work *is* play, and I get bits of fun all along. I always have a good swing when I go for the cows, and pick flowers with the dandelions. Weeding is n't so nice, but berrying is very pleasant, and we have good times all together."

"What shall you do with your money when you get it?"

"Oh, lots of things! Buy books and clothes for school, and if I get a great deal, give some to granny. I'd love to do that, for she takes care of me, and I'd be so proud to help her!"

"Good little lass!" said the old gentleman, as

he put his hand in his pocket. "Would you now?" he added, apparently addressing himself to a large frog who sat upon a stone looking so wise and grandfatherly, that it really did seem quite proper to consult him. At all events, he gave his opinion in the most decided manner, for, with a loud croak, he turned an undignified somersault into the brook, splashing up the water at a great rate. "Well, perhaps it would n't be best on the whole. Industry is a good teacher, and money cannot buy happiness, as I know to my sorrow."

The old gentleman still seemed to be talking to the frog, and as he spoke he took his hand out of his pocket with less in it than he had at first intended.

"What a very queer person!" thought Marjorie, for she had not heard a word, and wondered what he was thinking about down there.

Jack walked out of the brook just then, and she ran to check him up; not an easy task for little hands, as he preferred to nibble the grass on the bank. But she did it cleverly, smoothed the ruffled mane, and, dropping another curtsey, stood aside to let the little carriage pass.

"Thank you, child—thank you. Here is something for your bank, and good luck to it."

As he spoke, the old man laid a bright gold dollar in her hand, patted the rosy cheek, and vanished in a cloud of dust, leaving Marjorie so astonished at the grandeur of the gift, that she stood looking at it as if it had been a fortune. It was to her, and visions of pink calico gowns, new grammars, and fresh hat-ribbons danced through her head in delightful confusion, as her eyes rested on the shining coin in her palm.

Then, with a solemn air, she invested her first money by popping it down the chimney of the scarlet mansion, and peeping in with one eye to see if it landed safely on the ground-floor. This done, she took a long breath, and looked over the railing, to be sure it was not all a dream. No, the wheel-marks were still there, the brown water was not yet clear, and if a witness was needed, there sat the big frog again, looking so like the old gentleman, with his bottle-green coat, speckled trousers, and twinkling eyes, that Marjorie burst out laughing, and clapped her hands, saying aloud:

"I'll play he was the Brownie, and this is the good-luck penny he gave me. Oh, what fun!" and away she skipped, rattling the dear new bank like a castanet.

When she had told granny all about it, she got knife and basket, and went out to dig dandelions; for the desire to increase her fortune was so strong, she could not rest a minute. Up and down she went, so busily peering and digging, that she never lifted up her eyes till something like a great

white bird skimmed by so low, she could not help seeing it. A pleasant laugh sounded behind her as she started up, and looking round, she nearly sat down again in sheer surprise, for there close by was a slender little lady, comfortably established under a big umbrella.

"If there *were* any fairies, I'd be sure that was one," thought Marjorie, staring with all her might, for her mind was still full of the old story; and curious things do happen on birthdays, as every one knows.

It really did seem rather elfish to look up suddenly and see a lovely lady all in white, with shining hair and a wand in her hand, sitting under what looked very like a large yellow mushroom in the middle of a meadow, where, till now, nothing but cows and grasshoppers had been seen. Before Marjorie could decide the question, the pleasant laugh came again, and the stranger said, pointing to the white thing that was still fluttering over the grass like a little cloud:

"Would you kindly catch my hat for me, before it blows quite away?"

Down went basket and knife, and away ran Marjorie, entirely satisfied now that there was no magic about the new-comer; for if she had been an elf, could n't she have got her hat without any help from a mortal child? Presently, however, it did begin to seem as if that hat was bewitched, for it led the nimble-footed Marjorie such a chase that the cows stopped feeding to look on in placid wonder; the grasshoppers vainly tried to keep up, and every ox-eyed daisy did its best to catch the runaway, but failed entirely, for the wind liked a game of romps, and had it that day. As she ran, Marjorie heard the lady singing like the princess in the story of the Goose-Girl:

"Blow, breezes, blow!  
Let Curdkin's hat go!  
Blow, breezes, blow,  
Let him after it go!  
O'er hills, dales and rocks,  
Away be it whirled,  
Till the silvery locks  
Are all combed and curled."

This made her laugh so, that she tumbled into a clover-bed, and lay there a minute to get her breath. Just then, as if the playful wind repented of its frolic, the long veil fastened to the hat caught in a blackberry-vine near by, and held the truant fast till Marjorie secured it.

"Now come and see what I am doing," said the lady, when she had thanked the child.

Marjorie drew near confidingly, and looked down at the wide-spread book before her. She gave a start, and laughed out with surprise and delight; for there was a lovely picture of her own little home and her own little self on the door-step, all

so delicate, and beautiful, and true, it seemed as if done by magic.

"Oh, how pretty! There is Rover, and Kitty, and the robins, and me! How could you ever do it, ma'am?" said Marjorie, with a wondering glance at the long paint-brush, which had wrought what seemed a miracle to her childish eyes.

"I'll show you presently; but tell me, first, if it looks quite right and natural to you. Children sometimes spy out faults that no one else can see," answered the lady, evidently pleased with the artless praise her work received.

"It looks just like our house, only more beautiful. Perhaps that is because I know how shabby it really is. That moss looks lovely on the shingles, but the roof leaks. The porch is broken, only the roses hide the place; and my gown is all faded, though it once was as bright as you have made it. I wish the house and everything would stay pretty forever as they will in the picture."

While Marjorie spoke, the lady had been adding more color to the sketch, and when she looked up, something warmer and brighter than sunshine shone in her face, as she said, so cheerily, it was like a bird's song to hear her:

"It can't be summer always, dear, but we can make fair weather for ourselves if we try. The moss, the roses, and soft shadows show the little house and the little girl at their best, and that is what we all should do; for it is amazing how lovely common things become, if one only knows how to look at them."

"I wish I did," said Marjorie, half to herself, remembering how often she was discontented, and how hard it was to get on, sometimes.

"So do I," said the lady, in her happy voice. "Just believe that there is a sunny side to everything, and try to find it, and you will be surprised to see how bright the world will seem, and how cheerful you will be able to keep your little self."

"I guess granny has found that out, for she never frets. I do, but I'm going to stop it, because I'm twelve to-day, and that is too old for such things," said Marjorie, recollecting the good resolutions she had made that morning when she woke.

"I am twice twelve, and not entirely cured yet; but I try, and don't mean to wear blue spectacles if I can help it," answered the lady, laughing so blithely that Marjorie was sure she would not have to try much longer. "Birthdays were made for presents, and I should like to give you one. Would it please you to have this little picture?" she added, lifting it out of the book.

"Truly my own? Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Marjorie, coloring with pleasure, for she had never owned so beautiful a thing before.

"Then you shall have it, dear. Hang it where you can see it often, and when you look, remember that it is the sunny side of home, and help to keep it so."

Marjorie had nothing but a kiss to offer by way of thanks, as the lovely sketch was put into her hand; but the giver seemed quite satisfied, for it was a very grateful little kiss. Then the child took up her basket and went away, not dancing and singing now, but slowly and silently; for this gift made her thoughtful as well as glad. As she climbed the wall, she looked back to nod good-bye to the pretty lady; but the meadow was empty, and all she saw was the grass blowing in the wind.

"Now, deary, run out and play, for birthdays come but once a year, and we must make them as merry as we can," said granny, as she settled herself for her afternoon nap, when the Saturday cleaning was all done, and the little house as neat as wax.

So Marjorie put on a white apron in honor of the occasion, and, taking kitty in her arms, went out to enjoy herself. Three swings on the gate seemed to be a good way of beginning the festivities; but she only got two, for when the gate creaked back the second time, it stayed shut, and Marjorie hung over the pickets, arrested by the sound of music.

"It's soldiers," she said, as the fife and drum drew nearer, and flags were seen waving over the barberry-bushes at the corner.

"No, it's a picnic," she added in a moment; for she saw hats with wreaths about them bobbing up and down, as a gayly trimmed hay-cart full of children came rumbling down the lane.

"What a nice time they are going to have!" thought Marjorie, sadly contrasting that merry-making with the quiet party she was having all by herself.

Suddenly her face shone, and kitty was waved over her head like a banner, as she flew out of the gate, crying rapturously:

"It's Billy! and I know he's come for me!"

It certainly *was* Billy, proudly driving the old horse, and beaming at his little friend from the bower of flags and chestnut-boughs, where he sat in state, with a crown of daisies on his sailor-hat and a spray of blooming sweetbrier in his hand. Waving his rustic scepter, he led off the shout of "Happy birthday, Marjorie!" which was set up as the wagon stopped at the gate, and the green boughs suddenly blossomed with familiar faces, all smiling on the little damsel, who stood in the lane quite overpowered with delight.

"It's a s'prise party!" cried one small lad, tumbling out behind.

"We are going up the mountain to have fun!" added a chorus of voices, as a dozen hands beckoned wildly.

"We got it up on purpose for you, so tie your hat and come away," said a pretty girl, leaning down to kiss Marjorie, who had dropped kitty, and stood ready for any splendid enterprise.

A word to granny, and away went the happy child, sitting up beside Billy, under the flags that waved over a happier load than any royal chariot ever bore.

It would be vain to try and tell all the plays and pleasures of happy children on a Saturday afternoon, but we may briefly say that Marjorie found a mossy stone all ready for her throne, and Billy crowned her with a garland like his own. That a fine banquet was spread and eaten with a relish many a Lord Mayor's feast has lacked. Then how the whole court danced and played together afterward! The lords climbed trees and turned somersaults, the ladies gathered flowers and told secrets under the sweetfern-bushes, the queen lost her shoe jumping over the waterfall, and the king paddled into the pool below and rescued it. A happy little kingdom, full of summer sunshine, innocent delights and loyal hearts; for love ruled, and the only war that disturbed the peaceful land was waged by the mosquitoes as night came on.

Marjorie stood on her throne watching the sunset while her maids of honor packed up the remains of the banquet, and her knights prepared the chariot. All the sky was gold and purple, all the world bathed in a soft, red light, and the little girl was very happy as she looked down at the subjects who had served her so faithfully that day.

"Have you had a good time, Marjy?" asked

King William, who stood below with his royal nose on a level with her majesty's two dusty little shoes.

"Oh, Billy, it has been just splendid! But I don't see why you should all be so kind to me," answered Marjorie, with such a look of innocent wonder, that Billy laughed to see it.

"Because you are so sweet and good, we can't help loving you—that's why," he said, as if this simple fact was reason enough.

"I'm going to be the best girl that ever was, and love everybody in the world," cried the child, stretching out her arms as if ready, in the fullness of her happy heart, to embrace all creation.

"Don't turn into an angel and fly away just yet, but come home, or granny will never lend you to us any more."

With that, Billy jumped her down, and away they ran, to ride gayly back through the twilight, singing like a flock of nightingales.

As she went to bed that night, Marjorie looked at the red bank, the pretty picture, and the daisy crown, saying to herself:

"It has been a *very* nice birthday, and I am something like the girl in the story, after all, for the old man gave me a good-luck penny, the kind lady told me how to keep happy, and Billy came for me like the prince. The girl did n't go back to the poor house again, but I'm glad I did, for *my* granny is n't a cross one, and my little home is the dearest in the world."

Then she tied her night-cap, said her prayers, and fell asleep; but the moon, looking in to kiss the blooming face upon the pillow, knew that three good spirits had come to help little Marjorie from that day forth, and their names were Industry, Cheerfulness, and Love.

## TROUBLE AHEAD.

By A. D. W.

MERRY Christmas! girls and boys.  
Santa Claus with team and toys  
Now is starting on his way,  
With his overladen sleigh,—  
Never heeding cold or wetting,  
Not a single town forgetting.  
But a puzzled look he bears  
As he moves among his wares;

And I doubt if ever yet  
Was Santa Claus in such a pet.  
Now he purses up his lips,  
Snaps his rosy finger-tips;  
All in vain he scans his store,  
Names the children o'er and o'er,—  
*Just one boy* deserves a switch,  
And he has forgotten *which*.



## CHRISTMAS IN THE FAR EAST.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

CHRISTMAS in the East!—in a land where it never snows, and where the houses do not even have chimneys, as fires are not needed to sit by, and the cooking is done in little shanties built apart from the dwellings. But then it is always warm enough to leave doors and windows wide open, and dear old Santa Claus may take his

our little ones of the “trees” and “stockings,” or the feasting and presents, and the “good times” generally that belong to this cheery season. We had in our beautiful Eastern home, embowered in its wonderful tropic flowers so fragrant and so fair, a blue-eyed boy, with fair, rosy cheeks, and soft, wavy hair like a cloud of golden sunlight; and



THE LITTLE PRINCE AND HIS PLAYMATE.

choice of entering by either of these instead of a chimney, thus escaping the chance of getting burned or begrimed with soot.

The Orientals themselves do not know much about Christmas, either as a holiday, or the blessed anniversary that commemorates the birth of our dear, loving Saviour, who was born as a babe in Bethlehem, and who died for us on Calvary. But we who went from pleasant homes and happy fire-sides in this fair land did not forget the good old fashion of “Christmas-keeping,” nor fail to tell

there was another who came often to play with him—a little prince, of slight, graceful figure, with the rich, bronze complexion of that sunny clime, and beautiful dark eyes that flashed like diamonds. His glossy black hair was worn very curiously,—at the back cut close to the head, and in front, where it was almost a foot long, coiled in a smooth knot on the top of the forehead, and confined by a long, golden pin set with very costly diamonds. Around this knot of hair was always twined a wreath of jessamines or tuberoses that were held in place by

jeweled pins. His simple costume consisted of only two flowing garments of silk or embroidered muslin, but the deficiency was more than made up by jewelry, of which he wore incredible quantities, in the varied forms of rings, chains, anklets and bracelets. There were half-a-dozen or more gold necklaces around his throat, and an equal number of chains across the left shoulder, passing under the right arm; a jeweled girdle of very great value was clasped about his waist; heavy gold bracelets, one above another, filled nearly the entire space between his wrist and elbow, and many more, just as massive and costly, were around the brown ankles, while every finger was literally loaded with rings.

But the most curious of all was a tiny talisman of quaint workmanship, suspended by a slender chain about the child's neck, and designed, so his mother told me, to keep off witches and evil spirits. The head nurse had placed this "charm" on the baby's neck at his birth, and, sleeping or waking, it was never removed. On his visits to my house, the little prince was always attended by thirty or forty servants, who crouched down about the halls and verandas, ready to wait on their little lord and see that he was kept out of harm's way. On first entering, the wee prince would step gravely forward and hold up his sweet face to me for the usual kiss, and then, seating himself on a low ottoman, would beckon one of his servants to come and remove his cumbersome ornaments, that he might the better enjoy a romp with my little son. So one costly decoration after another would be taken off, and as they were laid all together in one glittering pile there seemed almost enough to stock a small jewelry store. Thus relieved, the little prince would bound away with the joyous exclamation: "Now I can play ever so nice!" The two playfellows loved each other very dearly, and seemed never to weary of being together; yet they would look into each other's faces with questioning wonder, as if to ask why they were so different. The little prince would stroke fondly the soft, golden curls of his companion, and then run to a mirror and stand for minutes together, feeling and scrutinizing his own glossy locks of raven blackness; while my own fair boy would pat lovingly the bronze-tinted cheek of the handsome little prince, and then look at his own tiny, dimpled hand, white almost as a snow-flake, to see if the color had been transferred by touching. As different as possible they were in everything, yet both so very lovely and charming, one never knew which most to admire. One was round, chubby and dimpled, with cheeks like a fresh rose, and eyes blue; the other, pale, dark, slender and graceful—one all roguishness and fun; the other

noting everything about him, and strangely wise and dignified for his years.

They were very near of an age, the little prince being the senior by only a few months; and when the Christmas after their fifth birthday came round, I determined to give them a celebration—such an one as they had never seen in all their five-year lives. That they might enjoy to the full the pleasant surprise, I kept my own counsel and told them nothing, except that the young prince was to come and spend the day with me, and bring his little sister. My boy knew there was to be company, as usual, on Christmas-day, and that was all. On Christmas Eve, Santa Claus arrived with mysterious-looking parcels—enough to set Master Harry half crazy with curiosity, and render it extremely difficult to get him off to bed at his usual early hour. When relieved of his presence, we set to work in good earnest and soon had all things arranged to our minds.

At six o'clock on Christmas morning, our merry prattler was aroused by a bombardment of Chinese fire-crackers against the nursery door; and, before he could be arrayed in his simple dress of white muslin, more than half of the twenty little guests who had been invited were already in the reception-room. A few moments more brought the remainder, the little prince and his sister among them; and then the folding-doors that led to papa's study were thrown open, and Santa Claus stood revealed to the astonished group! Yes, there stood "His Excellency" dressed in fantastic garb of green and gold Chinese "knee breeches," and huge, glittering buckles on his white-soled shoes; while over all, as if the thermometer had been standing at zero instead of 102°, was thrown a bright crimson cloak, and his cap was surmounted by a crest of what seemed to be real, genuine icicles. From the capacious pockets of his fantastic cloak, Santa Claus scattered bonbons and fire-works profusely around, standing guard meanwhile over the beautiful tree that adorned the center of the apartment and towered in majestic height almost to the ceiling.

Not one of the children had ever seen Santa Claus before, and they were lost in wonder as to where he could have sprung from, with his long, white beard and frosty hair, so strangely opposed to his merry voice and frolicsome pranks. There is no telling how long the disguise would have been kept up, but in romping with one of the little ones, the false mustache dropped off, and could not be replaced, and the merry peal of laughter that followed betrayed the imposture, as with a scream of delight little Harry exclaimed: "Papa! my own papa!"

So cloak and crown were thrown aside, and

“papa” in his own person no longer guarded the tree, but invited all to approach and partake of its precious fruits. It was a gracefully formed orange-tree, alive and growing in a huge tub, every twig and branch loaded with the fragrant blossoms, and green and ripe fruit in the various stages. Among the branches were tiny Chinese lanterns of oiled silk, painted in fantastic pictures of angels and dragons, winged women and flying fish, and all the other impossible things that Chinese artists love to paint. The gifts and toys that decorated the tree were just as wonderful, but in quite a different way. There were toy sets of furniture of exquisitely carved ivory instead of wood; miniature steamboats and chariots that could be wound up like a clock, and made to run for half an hour; magic tumblers and jugglers acting like things of life; artificial basins of water with fish and ducks swimming in them, which by means of a magnetic needle could be made to gather around a pretty little maiden, whose call was expressed by raising her hands; miniature tea-sets of beautiful porcelain; curious ivory balls cut within balls, and various other things that I have not time here to describe, besides puzzles, games and bonbons in seemingly endless variety. On the topmost summit of the tree hung the American and Siamese flags with blended folds. The national banner of Siam is a white elephant on a crimson ground. The top of a light and graceful tree seemed a queer place for an elephant, but, I have no doubt, our youngsters thought the gay colors floating over the green leaves and golden fruit looked very handsome. Upon tiny twigs, that could support nothing more weighty, were hung small crystallized fruits, and among them floated a tiny, silken flag, on which were written these lines:

“Though mighty deeds by right,  
From older folks are due,  
Yet little ones should try  
Some good, at least, to do.

The gentle child, though small,  
May little favors show;  
And loving words to all  
From infant lips may flow.”

The tree, with all it contained, was given up to the little ones to be disposed of just as they wished; and that they found in its fruits boundless stores of enjoyment no one would have doubted, after hearing their glad shouts of joy during all the hours of that happy Christmas-day. So busy and so merry were they over their treat that they could scarcely be persuaded to stop at nine o'clock long enough for breakfast; but when dinner came at four P. M. both curiosity

and the spirit of frolic were somewhat abated, and they sat down to the feast, prepared to do full justice to the good things set before them. Twenty high chairs had been collected from the neighboring families for the use of the little guests, and they sat around that long table, as beautiful a group of laughing, rosy cherubs as ever were collected under a roof. The eldest of the company was less than six, and the youngest—dainty, flaxen-haired little Blanche—scarcely three. Right merrily they chatted and joked, and talked baby nonsense—sometimes in English, more frequently in Siamese or Malay—for three-year-old linguists who talk half-a-dozen languages are often found in the East. But never a discord was heard, a word of impatience, or an angry retort from all that happy group.

At six (which is twilight within the Tropics), we had a grand display of fire-works: rockets, squibs and fire-wheels, tokas and Roman candles; and then the merry party broke up, to return to their several homes. Among all my tiny guests not one was more delighted than the little prince, as wonderingly he inspected all the arrangements of this *first* Christmas in which he had ever, really, taken any part. Santa Claus and the tree were very prodigies of beauty and skill in the eyes of the little fellow, and over and over again, as his parents told me, were all the details of that cheery Christmas festival reënacted within the broad halls of the grand palace royal, of which this beautiful boy was the most cherished ornament. He decked out one of his attendants as Santa Claus, and a dozen little half-brothers and sisters, all near his own age, served as guests. Not an important item of the celebration he so much enjoyed was omitted; and it shows the wonderful aptitude of the royal child, that after witnessing only for a single time these varied details he should be able to reproduce them with such accuracy. Now, in his young manhood, it is still the same intelligent aptitude applied to the introduction from other countries of many of the inventions and improvements of the day, that has given to Siam such a wonderful impetus in progress, and to the two youthful sovereigns of that fair land, the first place among Oriental monarchs. For that little head now wears a crown; the tiny, dimpled fingers so busy in plucking the fruits of the Christmas-tree, to-day grasp a jeweled scepter, and the boy folded so lovingly in my arms on that happy Christmas-day, now occupies the glittering throne of the “Sacred and great kingdom of Siam,” and receives the loving homage of its ten millions of inhabitants.

## HOW WILLIE COASTED BY MOONLIGHT.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

“COME, Willie! I would n't be toasting  
My shins at the fire all night,  
When the snow is so splendid for coasting,  
And the full moon is shining so bright.

“I would n't be such a young napper,  
For anything under the sun.  
Come! on with your fur cap and wrapper!  
We are sure to have capital fun.

“Dobb's Hill is the place. You must hurry!  
The boys all are out in the snow!  
And tell your mamma not to worry;  
We'll be back by ten—as you know.”

So Willie got up and bestirred him;  
But David had gone ere he woke.  
Said Willie: “I certainly heard him—  
Yes, surely 't was David that spoke.”

Then off Willie started to find him,  
With his cap, and his mittens, and sled.  
“Stop, David!” he shouted behind him;  
But David heard nothing he said.

“He's gone to Dobb's Hill, where the coasting  
Is best—for the hill's very high;  
And David has always been boasting  
He could run his sled farther than I!”

Then up to Dobb's Hill Willie floundered,  
But lo! not a boy to be seen;  
And he stood in the snow there, and pondered.  
And wondered what David could mean.

'T was almost as clear as the noon-light—  
The trees towered tall overhead;  
He stood in the silence and moonlight,  
And mournfully looked at his sled.

“I'd better go back, then,” said Willie;  
“There's little fun coasting alone.  
But then, it seems stupid and silly  
Not having some fun of my own.”

Now while he took time for deciding,  
And this way and that turned his head,  
He saw a small figure come riding  
Straight *up* the hill-side, on a sled.

“Ho, David!” cried Will, “you've been hiding;  
But this is as strange as a dream,—  
For how in the world are you riding  
*Up hill* without horses or steam?”

But never an answer got Willie—  
The figure sat still as a gnome;  
He began to feel solemn and chilly,  
And wished he had never left home.

But slowly and slowly the figure  
Moved up o'er the snow and the ice;  
Then suddenly seemed to grow bigger,  
And leapt from his sled in a trice.

“Come, Willie!” he cried, “we'll together  
Coast down on my sled to the lake;  
There was never such glorious weather  
For a journey like that we shall take.”

“But *you* are not David!” said Willie;  
With strangers like you I'll not go.”  
Said the man: “You must go, willy-nilly,  
For I am your uncle, you know,—

“Your uncle, Cadwallader Biornson,  
From Lapland. It can't be denied:  
Your mother's half-brother, Luke Johnson,  
Was mine—on your grandmother's side.

“I was coming this evening to see you;  
But am glad that I met you just here.  
I was n't quite sure it could *be* you,  
Until I could see you quite near.

“It's a wonderful sled that I carry—  
'T will take you wherever you will;  
So get on behind me—don't tarry;  
We'll take *such* a ride down the hill!”

Here he loosened his cap and his wrappers,  
And showed him an honest old face.  
What a pity he told him such whappers,  
And talked with so winning a grace!

For Willie was coaxed to believe him,—  
He was sure such a twinkling eye  
Could never betray or deceive him,  
And yet he could hardly tell why.



He looks like old Santa Claus, clearly!  
 Perhaps he will take me to see  
 Where he keeps all the toys that he yearly  
 Hangs up on the Christmas-tree!"

So off in the moonlight they started,—  
 "His uncle" before, he behind,—

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And Willie was gay and light-hearted,  
 As downward they flew like the wind.

Faster and faster and faster!  
 Far down on their slippery track;  
 And Will, he stuck on like a plaster  
 Behind the old gentleman's back.

But soon it grew colder and colder,  
No end to the hill anywhere,  
And he saw o'er the Laplander's shoulder  
That they seemed to be flying through air.

And round them the stars were all flashing,  
Auroras waved wild overhead,  
Till at last came a terrible crashing  
That shook him all over with dread.

And a blue flying meteor shot by him—  
He shrank from the glare and the heat,  
For it flamed and it thundered so nigh him,  
He started and fell from his seat!

He fell from his seat—and it woke him—  
Still there by the fire, it would seem!  
And David *will* tease him and joke him,  
Because he once told him his dream.

## LES AVENTURES DE CINQ CANARDS.

C'était une belle matinée de printemps ; le soleil brillait, les oiseaux chantaient, l'herbe était toute couverte d'une fraîche rosée. Dans le ruisseau qui longe le jardin, un joli petit ruisseau qui coule doucement à travers des prairies émaillées de fleurs, Maman Cane donnait des leçons de natation à ses petits ; vous savez bien que le premier devoir d'un canard est de bien apprendre à nager, et naturellement, Madame Cane soignait beaucoup cette branche de l'éducation de ses petits. Elle les corrigeait quand ils ne nageaient pas bien, leur faisait tenir la tête droite, et enseignait en outre aux deux aînés à plonger. Les canetons n'en étaient pas à leur première leçon et faisaient déjà bonne figure dans l'eau. Aussi, après avoir étudié quelque temps, les jeunes écoliers demandent à leur maîtresse la permission d'aller faire une petite promenade à la nage ; elle le leur permet, et voilà nos canetons qui s'élancent gaiement avec le courant. Les deux aînés ouvraient la marche et servaient d'avant-garde ; ensuite venaient les trois autres ; c'était la première fois qu'ils s'en allaient seuls, et ils regardaient tous à droite et à gauche, parceque tout leur était nouveau et étrange. A mesure qu'ils nageaient, le ruisseau s'élargissait ; de gais papillons voltigeaient parmi les fleurs, et de jolis oiseaux chantaient sur les buissons. Ils nageaient déjà depuis quelque temps, lorsque tout à coup un grand bruit se fit entendre ; l'eau fut agitée ; les canards effrayés, se retournèrent juste à temps pour voir les pattes de derrière d'un gros vieux crapaud disparaître sous l'eau.

“Ce n'était vraiment pas la peine de nous effrayer pour si peu de chose,” dit le plus grand des canards, qui s'appellait Neptune ; mais lui aussi avait bien eu peur. Ils rirent de leur frayeur, et continuèrent leur chemin ; à ce moment, leur attention fut attirée par des cris piteux poussés par un des trois petits canards ; il avait vu quelque chose au bord du ruisseau qu'il croyait être bon à manger et il était allé se fourrer le bec entre deux pierres et ne pouvait plus le retirer. Il se débattait comme un furieux quand les autres arrivèrent ; les deux grands le saisirent, chacun par une aile, les deux

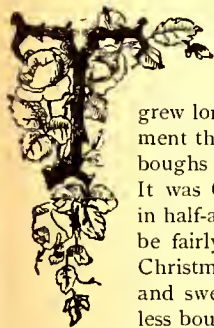
autres petits le prirent par la queue, et ils tirèrent tant qu'ils purent. Enfin, à force de tirer, ils finirent par dégager leur petit frère, le bec à moitié disloqué, et en proie à un mal de dents horrible. Il pleurait à chaudes larmes mais ses camarades réussirent à le consoler, et il les suivit à quelque distance, mais sans rire et sans jouer avec eux. Tout en nageant, ils arrivèrent devant une maison où il y avait un petit chien ; aussitôt que celui-ci les aperçut, il fondit droit sur eux en aboyant de toutes ses forces, comme s'il eût voulu en gober au moins deux à la fois. Mais en arrivant au bord de l'eau, il s'arrêta, indécis, sans avoir le courage d'y entrer. Quand les canetons virent combien il était lâche, ils s'arrêtèrent, le regardèrent avec mépris, et joignirent leurs couacs de défi à ses aboiements furieux. Au bruit qu'ils firent, la porte de la maison s'ouvrit, un petit garçon sortit, et vint en courant vers nos canetons. Il n'avait pas l'air bien gentil, et quand, au lieu de chasser le petit chien, il se mit à ramasser des pierres, les canards commencèrent à se douter de ses intentions. L'avant-garde donna le signal de la fuite, et, tournant bec, ils filèrent à toutes pattes. Il était temps, car le petit garçon était déjà en train de leur jeter des pierres. Mais heureusement, plus il jetait de pierres, moins il réussissait à les atteindre. Quand ils furent hors de portée de ses attaques, ils se retournèrent pour voir ce qu'il allait faire. Le petit gamin pleurait presque de rage, et courait le long du ruisseau pour arriver plus près d'eux ; mais sa colère l'empêchait de voir où il mettait les pieds ; il fit un faux pas, pouf !—le voilà dans l'eau. En entendant ses cris de détresse, sa mère accourut, le retira de l'eau, et lui donna deux bons soufflets, l'emmena dans la maison se sécher. La chute du petit emporté excita un rire fou chez les canards, mais ils pensèrent qu'il était plus prudent de ne pas continuer leur promenade ce jour-là, et se mirent en route pour aller retrouver la maman.

En revenant, il ne leur arriva rien qui vaille la peine d'être raconté, et ils passèrent le reste de la journée à causer de leurs aventures, et à les détailler à la Maman Cane.

## TOINETTE AND THE ELVES.

*(A Christmas Story.)*

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



HE winter sun was nearing the horizon's edge. Each moment the tree-shadows grew longer in the forest; each moment the crimson light on the upper boughs became more red and bright. It was Christmas Eve, or would be in half-an-hour, when the sun should be fairly set; but it did not feel like Christmas, for the afternoon was mild and sweet, and the wind in the leafless boughs sang, as it moved about,

as though to imitate the vanished birds. Soft trills and whistles, odd little shakes and twitters;—it was astonishing what pretty noises the wind made, for it was in good humor, as winds should be on the Blessed Night; all its storm-tones and bass-notes were for the moment laid aside, and gently, as though hushing a baby to sleep, it cooed and rustled and brushed to and fro in the leafless woods.

Toinette stood, pitcher in hand, beside the well. "Wishing Well" the people called it, for they believed that if any one standing there, bowed to the East, repeated a certain rhyme and wished a wish, the wish would certainly come true. Unluckily, nobody knew exactly what the rhyme should be. Toinette did not; she was wishing that she did, as she stood with her eyes fixed on the bubbling water. How nice it would be! she thought. What beautiful things should be hers, if it were only to wish and to have! She would be beautiful, rich, good—oh, so good! The children should love her dearly, and never be disagreeable. Mother should not work so hard—they should all go back to France—which mother said was *si belle*. Oh, dear, how nice it would be! Meantime, the sun sank lower, and mother at home was waiting for the water, but Toinette forgot that.

Suddenly she started. A low sound of crying met her ear, and something like a tiny moan. It seemed close by, but she saw nothing.

Hastily she filled her pitcher, and turned to go. But again the sound came, an unmistakable sob, right under her feet. Toinette stopped short.

"What *is* the matter?" she called out bravely. "Is anybody there; and if there is, why don't I see you?"

A third sob—and all at once, down on the

ground beside her, a tiny figure became visible, so small that Toinette had to kneel and stoop her head to see it plainly. The figure was that of an odd little man. He wore a garb of green, bright and glancing as the scales of a beetle. In his mite of a hand was a cap, out of which stuck a long-pointed feather. Two specks of tears stood on his cheeks, and he fixed on Toinette a glance so sharp and so sad, that it made her feel sorry and frightened and confused all at once.

"Why, how funny this is!" she said, speaking to herself out loud.

"Not at all," replied the little man, in a voice as dry and crisp as the chirr of a grasshopper. "Anything but funny. I wish you would n't use such words. It hurts my feelings, Toinette."

"Do you know my name, then?" cried Toinette, astonished. "That's strange! But what is the matter? Why are you crying so, little man?"

"I'm not a little man. I'm an elf," responded the dry voice; "and I think you'd cry if you had an engagement out to tea, and found yourself spiked on a great bayonet, so that you could n't move an inch. Look!" He turned a little as he spoke, and Toinette saw a long rose-thorn sticking through the back of the green robe. The little man could by no means reach the thorn, and it held him fast prisoner to the place.

"Is that all? I'll take it out for you," she said.

"Be careful—oh, be careful!" entreated the little man. "This is my new dress, you know—my Christmas suit, and it's got to last a year. If there is a hole in it, Peascod will tickle me, and Bean Blossom tease till I shall wish myself dead." He stamped with vexation at the thought.

"Now, you must n't do that," said Toinette, in a motherly tone. "else you'll tear it yourself, you know." She broke off the thorn as she spoke, and gently drew it out. The elf anxiously examined the stuff. A tiny puncture only was visible, and his face brightened.

"You're a good child," he said. "I'll do as much for you some day, perhaps."

"I would have come before if I had seen you," remarked Toinette, timidly. "But I did n't see you a bit."

"No, because I had my cap on," replied the elf. He placed it on his head as he spoke, and,

hey, presto! nobody was there, only a voice which laughed and said: "Well—don't stare so. Lay your finger on me now."

"Oh!" said Toinette, with a gasp. "How wonderful! What fun it must be to do that! The children would n't see me. I should steal in and surprise them; they would go on talking, and never guess that I was there! I should so like it! Do elves ever lend their caps to anybody? I wish you 'd lend me yours. It must be so nice to be invisible!"

"Ho!" cried the elf, appearing suddenly again. "Lend my cap, indeed! Why, it would n't stay on the very tip of your ear, it's so small. As for nice, that depends. Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is n't. No, the only way for mortal people to be invisible is to gather the fern-seed and put it in their shoes."

"Gather it? Where? I never saw any seed to the ferns," said Toinette, staring about her.

"Of course not—we elves take care of that," replied the little man. "Nobody finds the fern-seed but ourselves. I'll tell you what, though. You were such a nice child to take out the thorn so cleverly, that I'll *give* you a little of the seed. Then you can try the fun of being invisible to your heart's content."

"Will you really? How delightful! May I have it now?"

"Bless me! do you think I carry my pocket stuffed with it?" said the elf. "Not at all. Go home, say not a word to anybody, but leave your bedroom window open to-night, and you'll see what you'll see."

He laid his finger on his nose as he spoke, gave a jump like a grasshopper, clapping on his cap as he went, and vanished. Toinette lingered a moment, in hopes that he might come back, then took her pitcher and hurried home. The woods were very dusky by this time; but, full of her strange adventure, she did not remember to feel afraid.

"How long you have been!" said her mother. "It's late for a little maid like you to be up. You must make better speed another time, my child."

Toinette pouted, as she was apt to do when reprov'd. The children clamored to know what had kept her, and she spoke pettishly and crossly; so that they too became cross, and presently went away into the outer kitchen to play by themselves. The children were apt to creep away when Toinette came. It made her angry and unhappy at times that they should do so, but she did not realize that it was in great part her own fault, and so did not set herself to mend it.

"Tell me a 'tory," said baby Jeanneton, creeping to her knee a little later. But Toinette's head

was full of the elf; she had no time to spare for Jeanneton.

"Oh, not to-night!" she replied. "Ask mother to tell you one."

"Mother's busy," said Jeanneton, wistfully.

Toinette took no notice, and the little one crept away disconsolately.

Bed-time at last. Toinette set the casement open, and lay a long time waiting and watching; then she fell asleep. She waked with a sneeze and jump, and sat up in bed. Behold, on the coverlet stood her elfin friend, with a long train of other elves beside him, all clad in the beetle-wing green, and wearing little pointed caps! More were coming in at the window; outside a few were drifting about in the moon-rays, which lit their sparkling robes till they glittered like so many fire-flies. The odd thing was, that though the caps were on, Toinette could see the elves distinctly, and this surprised her so much, that again she thought out loud, and said:

"How funny!"

"You mean about the caps," replied her special elf, who seemed to have the power of reading thoughts. "Yes, you can see us to-night, caps and all. Spells lose their value on Christmas Eve always. Peascod, where is the box? Do you still wish to try the experiment of being invisible, Toinette?"

"Oh, yes—indeed I do!"

"Very well—so let it be!"

As he spoke he beckoned, and two elves, puffing and panting like men with a heavy load, dragged forward a droll little box about the size of a pumpkin-seed. One of them lifted the cover.

"Pay the porter, please ma'am," he said, giving Toinette's ear a mischievous tweak with his sharp fingers.

"Hands off, you bad Peascod!" cried Toinette's elf. "This is my girl. She sha' n't be pinched." He dealt Peascod a blow with his tiny hand as he spoke, and looked so brave and warlike, that he seemed at least an inch taller than he had before. Toinette admired him very much; and Peascod slunk away with an abashed giggle, muttering that Thistle need n't be so ready with his fist.

Thistle—for thus, it seemed, Toinette's friend was named—dipped his fingers in the box, which was full of fine brown seeds, and shook a handful into each of Toinette's shoes, as they stood, toes together, by the bedside.

"Now you have your wish," he said, "and can go about and do what you like, no one seeing. The charm will end at sunset. Make the most of it while you can; but if you want to end it sooner, shake the seeds from the shoes, and then you are just as usual."



"Oh, I sha' n't want to," protested Toinette: "I'm sure I sha' n't."

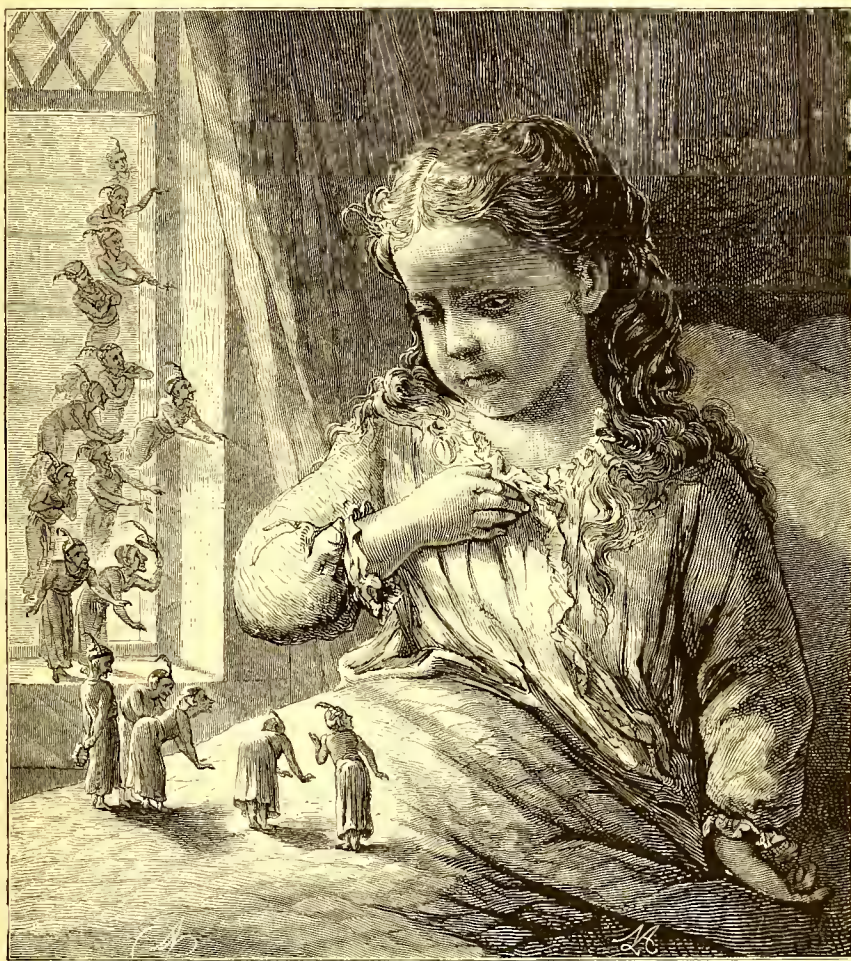
"Good-bye," said Thistle, with a mocking little laugh.

"Good-bye, and thank you ever so much," replied Toinette.

"Good-bye, good-bye," replied the other elves, in shrill chorus. They clustered together, as if in consultation; then straight out of the window they

happened? She put on her best petticoat, and laced her blue bodice; for she thought the mother would perhaps take them across the wood to the little chapel for the Christmas service. Her long hair smoothed and tied, her shoes trimly fastened, downstairs she ran. The mother was stirring porridge over the fire. Toinette went close to her, but she did not move or turn her head.

"How late the children are!" she said at last,



THE ELVES VISIT TOINETTE.

flew like a swarm of gauzy-winged bees, and melted into the moonlight. Toinette jumped up and ran to watch them; but the little men were gone—not a trace of them was to be seen; so she shut the window, went back to bed, and presently, in the midst of her amazed and excited thoughts, fell asleep.

She waked in the morning with a queer, doubtful feeling. Had she dreamed, or had it really

lifting the boiling pot on the hob. Then she went to the stair-foot, and called, "Marc, Jeanne-ton, Pierre, Marie! Breakfast is ready, my children. Toinette—but where, then, is Toinette? She is used to be down long before this."

"Toinette is n't upstairs," said Marie, from above. "Her door is wide open, and she is n't there."

"That is strange!" said the mother. "I have

been here an hour, and she has not passed this way since." She went to the outer door and called, "Toinette! Toinette!"—passing close to Toinette as she did so, and looking straight at her with unseeing eyes. Toinette, half-frightened, half-pleased, giggled low to herself. She really was invisible then! How strange it seemed, and what fun it was going to be!

The children sat down to breakfast, little Jeanneton, as the youngest, saying grace. The mother distributed the hot porridge, and gave each a spoon, but she looked anxious.

"Where can Toinette have gone?" she said to herself.

Toinette was conscience-pricked. She was half inclined to dispel the charm on the spot. But just then she caught a whisper from Pierre to Marc, which so surprised her as to put the idea out of her head.

"Perhaps a wolf has eaten her up—a great big wolf, like the 'Capuchon Rouge,' you know." This was what Pierre said; and Marc answered, unfeelingly:

"If he has, I shall ask mother to let me have her room for my own!"

Poor Toinette! her cheeks burnt and her eyes filled with tears at this. Did n't the boys love her a bit, then? Next she grew angry, and longed to box Marc's ears, only she recollected in time that she was invisible. What a bad boy he was! she thought.

The smoking porridge reminded her that she was hungry; so brushing away the tears, she slipped a spoon off the table, and whenever she found the chance, dipped it into the bowl for a mouthful. The porridge disappeared rapidly.

"I want some more," said Jeanneton.

"Bless me, how fast you have eaten!" said the mother, turning to the bowl.

This made Toinette laugh, which shook her spoon, and a drop of the hot mixture fell right on the tip of Marie's nose, as she sat with up-turned face waiting her turn for a second helping. Marie gave a little scream.

"What is it?" said the mother.

"Hot water! Right in my face!" spluttered Marie.

"Water!" cried Marc. "It's porridge."

"You splattered with your spoon. Eat more carefully, my child," said the mother; and Toinette laughed again as she heard her. After all, there was some fun in being invisible!

The morning went by. Constantly the mother went to the door, and, shading her eyes with her hand, looked out, in hopes of seeing a little figure come down the wood-path, for she thought, perhaps, the child went to the spring after water.

and fell asleep there. The children played happily, meanwhile. They were used to doing without Toinette, and did not seem to miss her, except that now and then baby Jeanneton said: "Poor Toinette gone—not here—all gone!"

"Well, what if she has?" said Marc at last, looking up from the wooden cup he was carving for Marie's doll. "We can play all the better."

Marc was a bold, outspoken boy, who always told his whole mind about things.

"If she were here," he went on, "she'd only scold and interfere. Toinette almost always scolds. I like to have her go away. It makes it pleasanter."

"It *is* rather pleasanter," admitted Marie, "only I'd like her to be having a nice time somewhere else."

"Bother about Toinette!" cried Pierre. "Let's play 'My godmother has cabbage to sell.'"

I don't think Toinette had ever felt so unhappy in her life, as when she stood by unseen, and heard the children say these words. She had never meant to be unkind to them, but she was quick-tempered, dreamy, wrapped up in herself. She did not like being interrupted by them, it put her out, and then she spoke sharply and was cross. She had taken it for granted that the others must love her, by a sort of right, and the knowledge that they did not grieved her very much. Creeping away, she hid herself in the woods. It was a sparkling day, but the sun did not look so bright as usual. Cuddled down under a rose-bush, Toinette sat, sobbing as if her heart would break at the recollection of the speeches she had overheard.

By and by a little voice within her woke up and began to make itself audible. All of us know this little voice. We call it conscience.

"Jeanneton missed me," she thought. "And, oh dear! I pushed her away only last night and would n't tell her a story. And Marie hoped I was having a pleasant time somewhere. I wish I had n't slapped Marie last Friday. And I wish I had n't thrown Marc's ball into the fire that day I was angry with him. How unkind he was to say that—but I was n't always kind to him. And once I said that I wished a bear would eat Pierre up. That was because he broke my cup. Oh dear, oh dear! What a bad girl I've been to them all!"

"But you could be better and kinder if you tried, could n't you?" said the inward voice. "I think you could." And Toinette clasped her hands tight and said out loud: "I could. Yes—and I will."

The first thing to be done was to get rid of the fern-seed, which she now regarded as a hateful thing. She untied her shoes and shook it out in the grass. It dropped and seemed to melt into the

air, for it instantly vanished. A mischievous laugh sounded close behind, and a beetle-green coat-tail was visible, whisking under a tuft of rushes. But Toinette had had enough of the elves, and tying her shoes, took the road toward home, running with all her might.

"Where have you been all day, Toinette?" cried the children, as, breathless and panting, she flew in at the gate. But Toinette could not speak. She made slowly for her mother, who stood in the doorway, flung herself into her arms, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Ma chérie, what is it, whence hast thou come?" asked the good mother, alarmed. She lifted Toinette into her arms as she spoke, and hastened indoors. The other children followed, whispering and peeping, but the mother sent them away, and, sitting down by the fire with Toinette in her lap, she rocked and hushed and comforted, as though Toinette had been again a little baby. Gradually the sobs ceased. For awhile Toinette lay quiet, with her head on her mother's breast. Then she wiped her wet eyes, put her arms around her mother's neck, and told her all from the very beginning, keeping not a single thing back. The dame listened with alarm.

"Saints protect us," she muttered. Then feeling Toinette's hands and head, "Thou hast a fever," she said. "I will make thee a *tisane*, my darling, and thou must at once go to bed." Toinette vainly protested; to bed she went, and perhaps it was the wisest thing, for the warm drink threw her into a long, sound sleep, and when she woke she was herself again, bright and well, hungry for dinner, and ready to do her usual tasks.

Herself,—but not quite the same Toinette that she had been before. Nobody changes from bad to better in a minute. It takes time for that, time and effort and a long struggle with evil habits and tempers. But there is sometimes a certain minute or day in which people *begin* to change, and thus it was with Toinette. The fairy lesson was not lost upon her. She began to fight with herself, to watch her faults and try to conquer them. It was hard work; often she felt discouraged, but she kept on. Week after week and month after month, she grew less selfish, kinder, more obliging than she used to be. When she failed, and her old fractious temper got the better of her, she was sorry, and begged every one's pardon so humbly, that they could not but forgive. The mother began to think that the elves really had bewitched her child. As for the children, they learned to love Toinette as never before, and came to her with all their pains and pleasures, as children should to a kind older sister. Each fresh proof of this, each kiss from Jeanneton, each confidence from Marc, was a comfort to

Toinette, for she never forgot Christmas-day, and felt that no trouble was too much to wipe out that unhappy recollection. "I *think* they like me better than they did then," she would say, but then the thought came, "Perhaps if I were invisible again, if they did not know I was there, I might hear something to make me feel as badly as I did that morning." These sad thoughts were part of the bitter fruit of the fairy fern-seed.

So with doubts and fears the year went by, and again it was Christmas Eve. Toinette had been asleep some hours, when she was roused by a sharp tapping at the window pane. Startled and only half-awake, she sat up in bed, and saw by the moonlight, a tiny figure outside, which she recognized. It was Thistle, drumming with his knuckles on the glass.

"Let me in," cried the dry little voice. So Toinette opened the casement, and Thistle flew in and perched, as before, on the coverlet.

"Merry Christmas, my girl," he said, "and a Happy New Year when it comes! I've brought you a present;" and, dipping into a pouch tied round his waist, he pulled out a handful of something brown. Toinette knew what it was in a moment.

"Oh, no!" she cried, shrinking back. "Don't give me any fern-seeds. They frighten me. I don't like them."

"Now, don't be silly," said Thistle, his voice sounding kind this time, and earnest. "It was n't pleasant being invisible last year, but perhaps this year it will be. Take my advice and try it. You'll not be sorry."

"Sha'n't I?" said Toinette, brightening. "Very well then, I will." She leaned out of bed, and watched Thistle strew the fine, dust-like grains in each shoe.

"I'll drop in to-morrow night, and just see how you like it," he said. Then, with a nod, he was gone.

The old fear came back when she woke in the morning, and she tied on her shoes with a tremble at her heart. Down-stairs she stole. The first thing she saw was a wooden ship standing on her plate. Marc had made the ship, but Toinette had no idea that it was for her.

The little ones sat round the table with their eyes on the door, watching till Toinette should come in, and be surprised.

"I wish she'd hurry," said Pierre, drumming on his bowl with a spoon.

"We all want Toinette, don't we?" said the mother, smiling as she poured the hot porridge.

"It will be fun to see her stare," declared Marc. "Toinette is jolly when she stares. Her eyes look big, and her cheeks grow pink. Andre Brugen

thinks his sister Aline is prettiest, but I don't. Our Toinette is ever so pretty."

"She is ever so nice, too," said Pierre. "She's as good to play with as—as—a boy!" he finished, triumphantly.

"Oh, I wish my Toinette *would* come!" said Jeanneton.

Toinette waited no longer, but sped upstairs with glad tears in her eyes. Two minutes, and

He came at midnight, and with him all the other little men in green.

"Well, how was it?" asked Thistle.

"Oh, I liked it this time," declared Toinette, with shining eyes. "And I thank you so much!"

"I'm glad you did," said the elf. "And I'm glad you are thankful, for we want you to do something for us."

"What can it be?" inquired Toinette, wondering.

"You must know," went on Thistle, "that there is no dainty in the world which we elves enjoy like a bowl of fern-seed broth. But it has to be cooked over a real fire, and we dare not go near fire, you know, lest our wings scorch. So we seldom get any fern-seed broth. Now, Toinette—will you make us some?"

"Indeed I will," cried Toinette, "only you must tell me how."

"It is very simple," said Peascod; "only seed and honey dew, stirred from left to right with a sprig of fennel. Here's the seed and the fennel, and here's the dew. Be sure and stir from the left; if you don't, it curdles, and the flavor will be spoiled."

Down into the kitchen they went, and Toinette, moving very softly, quickened the fire, set on the smallest bowl she could find, and spread the doll's table with the wooden saucers which Marc had made for Jeanneton to play with. Then she mixed and stirred as the elves bade, and when the soup was done, served it to them smoking hot. How they feasted! No bumble-bee, dipping into a flower-cup, ever sipped and twinkled more rapturously than they.

When the last drop was eaten, they made ready to go. Each, in turn, kissed Toinette's hand, and said a little word of farewell. Thistle brushed his feathered cap over the door-post as he passed.

"Be lucky, house," he said, "for you have received and entertained the luck-bringers. And be lucky, Toinette. Good temper *is* good luck, and sweet words and kind looks and peace in the heart are the fairest of fortunes. See that you never lose them again, my girl." With this, he, too, kissed Toinette's hand, waved his feathered cap and—whirr! they all were gone, while Toinette, covering the fire with ashes, and putting aside the little cups, stole up to her bed a happy child.



THE ELVES' SUPPER.

down she came again, visible this time. Her heart was light as a feather.

"Merry Christmas!" clamored the children. The ship was presented, Toinette was duly surprised, and so the happy day began.

That night Toinette left the window open, and lay down in her clothes; for she felt, as Thistle had been so kind, she ought to receive him politely.





### GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Good news on Christmas morning,  
 Good news, O children dear!  
 For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,  
 Is living now, and here!

Good news on Christmas morning,  
 Good news, O children sweet!  
 The way to find the Holy Child  
 Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,  
 Good news, O children glad!  
 Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord  
 As ever Wise Men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,  
 Good news, O children fair!  
 Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold  
 The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,  
 Thank God, O children dear!  
 That Christ who came to Bethlehem  
 Is living now, and here.

## THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

## CHAPTER I.

THE boys of Iceland must be content with very few acquaintances or playmates. The valleys which produce grass enough for the farmer's ponies, cattle and sheep, are generally scattered widely apart, divided by ridges of lava so hard and cold that only a few wild flowers succeed in growing in their cracks and hollows. Then, since the farms must be all the larger, because the grass is short and grows slowly in such a severe northern climate, the dwellings are rarely nearer than four or five miles apart; and were it not for their swift and nimble ponies, the people would see very little of each other except on Sundays, when they ride long distances to attend worship in their little wooden churches.

But of all boys in the island, not one was so lonely in his situation as Jon Sigurdson. His father lived many miles beyond that broad, grassy plain which stretches from the Geysers to the sea, on the banks of the swift river Thiörvá. On each side there were mountains so black and bare that they looked like gigantic piles of coal; but the valley opened to the southward as if to let the sun in, and far away, when the weather was clear, the snowy top of Mount Hecla shone against the sky. The farmer Sigurd, Jon's father, was a poor man, or he would not have settled so far away from any neighbors; for he was of a cheerful and social nature, and there were few at Kyrkedal who could vie with him in knowledge of the ancient history and literature of Iceland.

The house was built on a knoll, under a cliff which sheltered it from the violent west and north-west winds. The walls, of lava stones and turf, were low and broad; and the roofs over dwelling, storehouses, and stables were covered deep with earth, upon which grew such excellent grass that the ponies were fond of climbing up the sloping corners of the wall in order to get at it. Sometimes they might be seen, cunningly balanced on the steep sides of the roof, grazing along the very ridge-poles, or looking over the end of the gable when some member of the family came out of the door, as much as to say, "Get me down if you can!" Around the buildings there was a square wall of inclosure, giving the place the appearance of a little fortress.

On one side of the knoll a hot spring bubbled up. In the morning or evening, when the air was

cool, quite a little column of steam arose from it, whirling and broadening as it melted away; but the water was pure and wholesome as soon as it became cold enough for use. In front of the house, where the sun shone warmest, Sigurd had laid out a small garden. It was a great labor for him to remove the huge stones and roll them into a protecting wall, to carry good soil from the places where the mountain rills had gradually washed it down from above, and to arrange it so that frosts and cold rains should do the least harm; and the whole family thought themselves suddenly rich, one summer, when they pulled their first radishes, saw the little bed of potatoes coming into blossom, and the cabbages rolling up their leaves, in order to make, at least, baby-heads before the winter came.

Within the house, all was low, and dark, and dismal. The air was very close and bad, for the stables were only separated from the dwelling-room by a narrow passage, and bunches of dry, salt fish hung on the walls. Besides, it was usually full of smoke from the fire of peat, and, after a rain, of steam from Sigurd's and Jon's heavy woolen coats. But to the boy it was a delightful, a comfortable home, for within it he found shelter, warmth, food and instruction. The room for visitors seemed to him the most splendid place in the world, because it had a wooden floor, a window with six panes of glass, a colored print of the King of Denmark, and a geranium in a pot. This was so precious a plant that Jon and his sister Gudrid hardly dared to touch its leaves. They were almost afraid to smell it, for fear of sniffing away some of its life; and Gudrid, after seeing a leaf of it laid on her dead sister's bosom, insisted that some angel, many hundred years ago, had brought the seed straight down from heaven.

These were Sigurd's only children. There had been several more, but they had died in infancy, from the want of light and pure air, and the great distance from help when sickness came. Gudrid was still pale and slender, except in summer, when her mild, friendly face took color from the sun; but Jon, who was now fourteen, was a sturdy, broad-breasted boy, who promised to be as strong as his father in a few years more. He had thick yellow hair, curling a little around his forehead; large, bright blue eyes; and a mouth rather too broad for beauty, if the lips had not been so rosy

and the teeth so white and firm. He had a serious look, but it was only because he smiled with his eyes oftener than with his mouth. He was naturally true and good, for he hardly knew what evil was. Except his parents and his sister, he saw no one for weeks at a time; and when he met other boys

the cows were warmly stabled and content with their meals of boiled hay; when the needful work of the day could be done in an hour or two, and then Sigurd sat down to teach his children, while their mother spun or knit beside them, and from time to time took part in the instruction. Jon



JON'S HOME.

after church at Kyrkedal, so much time always was lost in shyly looking at each other and shrinking from the talk which each wanted to begin, that no very intimate acquaintance followed.

But, in spite of his lonely life, Jon was far from being ignorant. There were the long winter months, when the ponies—and sometimes the sheep—pawed holes in the snow in order to reach the grass on the bottoms beside the river; when

could already read and write so well that the pastor at Kyrkedal lent him many an old Icelandic legend to copy; he knew the history of the island, as well as that of Norway and Denmark, and could answer (with a good deal of blushing) when he was addressed in Latin. He also knew something of the world, and its different countries and climates; but this knowledge seemed to him like a strange dream, or like something that happened long ago

and never could happen again. He was accustomed to hear a little birch-bush, four or five feet high, called "a tree," and he could not imagine how any tree could be a hundred feet high, or bear flowers and fruit. Once, a trader from Reykiavik—the chief seaport of Iceland—brought a few oranges to Kyrkedal, and Sigurd purchased one for Jon and Gudrid. The children kept it, day after day, never tired of enjoying the splendid color and strange, delightful perfume; so that when they decided to cut the rind at last, the pulp was dried up and tasteless. A city was something of which Jon could form no conception, for he had never even seen Reykiavik; he imagined that palaces and cathedrals were like large Icelandic farm-houses, with very few windows, and turf growing on the roofs.

#### CHAPTER II.

SIGURD'S wealth, if it could be called so, was in a small flock of sheep, the pasture for which was scattered in patches for miles up and down the river. The care of these sheep had been intrusted chiefly to Jon, ever since he was eight years old, and he had learned their natures and ways—their simple animal virtues and silly animal vices—so thoroughly, that they acquired a great respect for him, and very rarely tried to be disobedient. Even Thor, the ram, although he sometimes snorted and tossed his horns in protest, or stamped impatiently with his fore-feet, heeded his master's voice. In fact, the sheep became Jon's companions, in the absence of human ones; he talked to them so much during the lonely days, that it finally seemed as if they understood a great deal of his speech.

There was a rough bridle-path leading up the valley of the Thiörvá; but it was rarely traveled, for it struck northward into the cold, windy, stony desert which fills all the central part of Iceland. For a hundred and fifty miles there was no dwelling, no shelter from the fierce and sudden storms, and so little grass that the travelers who sometimes crossed the region ran the risk of losing their ponies from starvation. There were lofty plains of black rock, as hard as iron; groups of bare, snowy-headed mountains; and often, at night, you could see a pillar of fire in the distance, showing that one of the many volcanoes was in action. Beyond this terrible wilderness the grassy valleys began again, and there were houses and herds, increasing as you came down to the bright bays along the northern shore of the island.

More than once, a trader or Government messenger, after crossing the desert, had rested for a night under Sigurd's roof; and many were the tales of their adventures which Jon had treasured up in his memory. Sometimes they spoke of the

*trolls*, or mischievous fairies, who came over with the first settlers from Norway, and were still supposed by many persons to lurk among the dark glens of Iceland. Both Sigurd and the pastor at Kyrkedal had declared that there were no such creatures, and Jon believed them faithfully; yet he could not help wondering, as he sat upon some rocky knoll overlooking his sheep, whether a strange little figure *might* not come out of the chasm opposite, and speak to him. The more he heard of the terrors and dangers of the desert to the northward, the more he longed to see them with his own eyes and know them through his own experience. He was not the least afraid; but he knew that his father would never allow him to go alone, and to disobey a father was something of which he had never heard, and could not have believed to be possible.

When he was in his fifteenth year, however (it was summer, and he was fourteen in April), there came several weeks when no rain fell in the valley. It was a lovely season for the garden; even the geranium in the window put forth twice as many scarlet blossoms as ever before. Only the sheep began to hunger; for the best patch of grass in front of the house was carefully kept for hay, and the next best, further down the river, for the ponies. Beyond the latter, the land belonged to another. So Jon was obliged to lead his flock to a narrow little dell, which came down to the Thiörvá, three or four miles to the northward. Here, for a week, they nibbled diligently wherever anything green showed itself at the foot of the black rocks; and when the pasture grew scanty again, they began to stare at Jon in a way which many persons might have thought stupid. *He* understood them; they meant to say: "We've nearly finished this; find us something more!"

That evening, as he was leading his flock into the little inclosure beside the dwelling, he heard his father and mother talking. He thought it no harm to listen, for they had never said anything that was not kind and friendly. It seemed, however, that they were speaking of him, and the very first words he heard made his heart beat more rapidly.

"Two days' journey away," said Sigurd: "and excellent pastures that belong to nobody. There is no sign of rain yet, and if we could send Jon with the sheep——"

"Are you sure of it?" his wife asked.

"Eyvindur stopped to talk with me," he answered; "and he saw the place this morning. He says there were rains in the desert, and, indeed, I've thought so myself, because the river has not fallen; and he never knew as pleasant a season to cross the country."



"Jon might have to stay out a week or two; but, as you say, Sigurd, we should save our flock. The boy may be trusted, I'm sure; only, if anything should happen to him?"

"I don't think he's fearsome," said Sigurd; "and what should happen to him there, that might not happen nearer home?"

They moved away, while Jon clasped the palms of his hands hard against each other, and stood still for a minute to repeat to himself all he had heard. He knew Eyvindur, the tall, strong man with the dark curling hair, who rode the swift cream-colored pony, with black mane and tail. He knew what his father meant—nothing else than that he, Jon, should take the sheep two days' journey away, to the very edge of the terrible wilderness, and pasture them there, alone, probably, for many days! Why, Columbus, when he set sail from Palos, could not have had a brighter dream of unknown lands! Jon went in to supper in such a state of excitement that he hardly touched the dried fish and hard oaten bread; but he drank two huge bowls of milk and still felt thirsty. When, at last, Sigurd opened his lips and spake, and the mother sat silent with her eyes fixed upon her son's face, and Gudrid looked frightened, Jon straightened himself as if he were already a man, and quietly said: "I'll do it!"

He wanted to shout aloud for joy; but Gudrid began to cry.

However, when a thing had once been decided in the family, that was the end of any question or remonstrance, and even Gudrid forgot her fears in the interest of preparing a supply of food for Jon during his absence. They slept soundly for a few hours; and then, at two o'clock in the morning, when the sun was already shining on the snowy tops of the Arne Mountains, Jon hung the bag of provisions over his shoulder, kissed his parents and sister, and started northward, driving the sheep before him.

### CHAPTER III.

IN a couple of hours he reached the farthest point of the valley which he had ever visited, and all beyond was an unknown region. But the scenery, as he went onward, was similar in character. The mountains were higher and more abrupt, the river more rapid and foamy, and the patches of grass more scanty—that was all the difference. It was the Arctic summer, and the night brought no darkness; yet he knew when the time for rest came, by watching the direction of the light on the black mountains above. When the sheep lay down, he sought a sheltered place under a rock, and slept also.

Next day, the country grew wilder and more for-

bidding. Sometimes there was hardly a blade of grass to be seen for miles, and he drove the sheep at full speed, running and shouting behind them, in his eagerness to reach the distant pasture which Eyvindur had described. In the afternoon, the valley appeared to come suddenly to an end. The river rushed out of a deep cleft between the rocks, only a few feet wide, on the right hand; in front there was a long stony slope, reaching so high that the clouds brushed along its summit. In the bottom there was some little grass, but hardly enough to feed the flock for two days.

Jon was disappointed, but not much discouraged. He tethered Thor securely to a rock, knowing that the other sheep would remain near him, and set out to climb the slope. Up and up he toiled; the air grew sharp and cold; there was snow and ice in the shaded hollows on either side, and the dark, strange scenery of Iceland grew broader below him. Finally, he gained the top; and now, for the first time, felt that he had found a new world. In front, toward the north, there was a plain stretching as far as he could see; on the right and left there were groups of dark, frightful, inaccessible mountains, between the sharp peaks of which sheets of blue ice plunged downward like cataracts, only they were silent and motionless. The valley behind him was a mere cleft in the stony, lifeless world; his sheep were little white dots, no bigger, apparently, than flowers of life-everlasting. He could only guess, beyond the dim ranges in the distance, where his father's dwelling lay; and, for a single moment, the thought came into his mind and made him tremble—should he ever see it again?

The pasture, he reflected, must be sought for in the direction from which the river came. Following the ridge to the eastward, it was not long before he saw a deep basin, a mile in diameter, opening among the hills. The bottom was quite green, and there was a sparkle here and there, where the river wound its way through it. This was surely the place, and Jon felt proud that he had so readily discovered it. There were several glens which furnished easy paths down from the table-land, and he had no difficulty, the next morning, in leading his flock over the great ridge. In fact, they skipped up the rocks as if they knew what was coming, and did not wait for Jon to show them the way into the valley.

The first thing the boy did, after satisfying himself that the sheep were not likely to stray away from such excellent pasturage, was to seek for a cave or hollow among the rocks, where he could find shelter from storms. There were several such places; he selected the most convenient, which had a natural shelf for his store of provisions, and, having dried enough grass to make a warm, soft

bed, he found himself very comfortably established. For three or four days, he was too busy to feel his loneliness. The valley belonged to nobody; so he considered it his own property, and called it Gudridsdale, after his sister. Then, in order to determine the boundaries of this new estate, he climbed the heights in all directions, and fixed the forms of every crag and hollow firmly in his memory. He was not without the secret hope that he might come upon some strange and remarkable object,—a deserted house, a high tree, or a hot fountain shooting up jets like the Great Geysir,—but there was nothing. Only the black and stony wilderness near at hand, and a multitude of snowy peaks in the distance.

Thus ten days passed. The grass was not yet exhausted, the sheep grew fat and lazy, and Jon had so thoroughly explored the neighborhood of the valley that he could have found his way in the dark. He knew that there were only barren, uninhabitable regions to the right and left; but the great, bare table-land stretching to the northward was a continual temptation, for there were human settlements beyond. As he wandered farther and farther in that direction, he found it harder to return; there was always a ridge in advance, the appearance of a mountain pass, the sparkle of a little lake—some promise of something to be seen by going just a little beyond his turning-point. He was so careful to notice every slight feature of the scenery,—a jutting rock here, a crevice there,—in case mist or rain should overtake him on the way, that the whole region soon became strangely familiar.

Jon's desire to explore the road leading to the northward grew so strong, that he at last yielded to it. But first he made every arrangement for the safety of the sheep during his absence. He secured the ram Thor by a long tether and an abundance of cut grass, concealed the rest of his diminishing supply of provisions; climbed the nearest heights and overlooked the country on all sides without discovering a sign of life, and then, after a rest which was more like a waking dream than a slumber, began his strange and solitary journey.

The sun had just become visible again, low in the north-east, when he reached the level of the table-land. There were few clouds in the sky, and but little wind blowing; yet a singular brownish haze filled the air, and spots of strong light soon appeared on either side of the sun. Jon had often seen these "mock suns" before; they are frequent in northern latitudes, and are supposed to denote a change in the weather. This phenomenon, and a feeling of heaviness in the air, led him to study the landmarks very keenly and cautiously as he advanced. In two or three hours he had passed

the limits of his former excursions; and now, if a storm should arise, his very life might depend on his being able to find the way back.

During the day, however, there was no change in the weather. The lonely, rugged mountains, the dark little lakes of melted snow lying at their feet, the stony plain, with its great irregular fissures where the lava had cracked in cooling,—all these features of the great central desert of Iceland lay hard and clear before his eyes. Like all persons who are obliged to measure time without a watch or clock, he had a very correct sense of the hours of the day, and of the distances he walked from point to point. Where there was no large or striking object near at hand, he took the trouble to arrange several stones in a line pointing to the next landmark behind him, as a guide in case of fog.

It was an exciting, a wonderful day in his life, and Jon never forgot it. He never once thought of the certain danger which he incurred. Instead of fear, he was full of a joyous, inspiring courage; he sang and shouted aloud, as some new peak or ridge of hills arose far in front, or some other peak, already familiar, went out of sight far behind him. He scarcely paused to eat or rest, until nearly twelve hours had passed, and he had walked fully thirty miles. By that time the sun was low in the west, and barely visible through the gathering haze. The wind moaned around the rocks with a dreary, melancholy sound, and only the cry of a wild swan was heard in the distance. To the north the mountains seemed higher, but they were divided by deep gaps which indicated the commencement of valleys. There, perhaps, there might be running streams, pastures, and the dwellings of men!

Jon had intended to return to his flock on the morrow, but now the temptation to press onward for another day became very great. His limbs, however, young and strong as they were, needed some rest; and he speedily decided what to do next. A lighter streak in the rocky floor of the plain led his eye toward a low, broken peak—in reality, the crater of a small, extinct volcano—some five miles off, and lying to the right of what he imagined to be the true course. On the left there were other peaks, but immediately in front nothing which would serve as a landmark. The crater, therefore, besides offering him some shelter in its crevices, was decidedly the best starting-point, either for going on or returning. The lighter color of the rock came from some different mixture in the lava of an old eruption, and could easily be traced throughout the whole intervening distance. He followed it rapidly, now that the bearings were laid down, and reached the ruins of the volcano a little after sunset.

There was no better bed to be found than the

bottom of a narrow cleft, where the winds, after blowing for many centuries, had deposited a thin layer of sand. Before he lay down, Jon arranged a line of stones, pointing toward the light streak across the plain, and another line giving the direction of the valleys to the northward. To the latter he added two short, slanting lines at the end, forming a figure like an arrow-head, and then, highly satisfied with his ingenuity, lay down in the crevice to sleep. But his brain was so excited that for a

long time he could do nothing else than go over, in memory, the day's journey. The wind seemed to be rising, for it whistled like a tremendous fife through the rocky crevice; father and mother and Gudrid seemed to be far, far away, in a different land; he wondered, at last, whether he was the same Jon Sigurdson who drove the flock of sheep up the valley of the Thiörvá—and then, all at once, he stopped wondering and thinking, for he was too soundly asleep to dream even of a roasted potato.

*(To be continued.)*

## A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY E. M. S.

'T WAS Christmas in a Southern town,  
The air was soft and sweet,  
And the sinking sun looked brightly down  
On the gay and crowded street,  
While roses and violets blooming near  
Made my little girl say, "Is it Christmas here?"

But I said, "I see the Christmas star  
High in these Southern skies,  
And the Christmas light is streaming far,  
And shines in the people's eyes.  
I'm sure St. Nick will find the way  
Without Jack Frost and the reindeer sleigh."

"At home the snow is on the ground,  
The air is cold and clear,  
And greens and holly are hung around.  
To help the Christmas cheer.  
How can St. Nicholas come in his sleigh,  
If all the snow is melted away?"

Early my little girl went to bed,  
That the night might shorter seem;  
And scarce had she pillowed her curly head,  
Than she dreamed a beautiful dream,  
And wondrous music seemed to bear  
A message of joy on the balmy air.

"What will he do with his big fur coat,  
The icicles on his hair?  
The tinkling bells wont sound a note,  
With no Jack Frost in the air.  
'T would just be folly, O mother dear!  
To hang up my stocking—no Christmas here!"

Nearer and nearer it seemed to come,  
Sweeter and sweeter it grew.  
Till the Christmas light was in the room,  
And the Christmas glory too;  
While the angels' song rang from the sky,—  
"All glory be to God on high!"

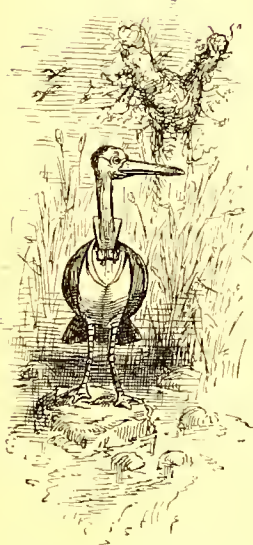
"All glory be to God on high,  
And peace, good-will on earth!"  
Thus joyous rose the angels' cry,  
To hail Our Saviour's birth;—  
And ere the radiance passed away,  
The light had dawned on Christmas-day.



## BOBBY AND THE KEY-HOLE.

*(A Hoosier Fairy Story.)*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



“DO you think that folks in fine clothes are the only folks that ever see fairies, and that poor folks can’t afford them. But in the days of the real old-fashioned “Green Jacket and White Owl’s Feather” fairies, it was the poor boy carrying faggots to the cabin of his widowed mother who saw wonders of all sorts wrought by the little people; and it was the poor girl who had a fairy godmother. It must be confessed that the mystery-working, dew-drop dancing, wand-waving, pumpkin-met-

amorphosing little rascals have been spoiled of late years by being admitted into fine houses. Having their pictures painted by artists, their praises sung by poets, their adventures told in gilt-edge books, and, above all, getting into the delicious leaves of ST. NICHOLAS, has made them “stuck up,” so that it is not the poor girl in the cinders, nor the boy with a bundle of faggots now, but girls who wear button boots and tie-back skirts, and boys with fancy waists and striped stockings, that are befriended by fairies whom they do not need.

But away off from the cities there still live a race of unflattered fairies who are not snobbish, and who love little girls and boys in pinafores and ragged jackets. These sprites are not very handsome, and so the artists do not draw their pictures, and they do not get into gilt-edge Christmas books. Dear, ugly, good fairies! I hope they will not be spoiled by my telling you something about them.

Little Bobby Towpate saw some of them; and it’s about Bobby, and the fairies he saw, that I want to speak. Bobby was the thirteenth child in a rather large family—there were three younger than he. He lived in a log cabin on the banks of a stream, the right name of which is “Indian Kentucky Creek.” I suppose it was named “Indian Kentucky” because it is not in Kentucky, but in Indiana; and as for Indians, they have been gone many a day. The people always call it “The Injun

Kaintuck.” They tuck up the name to make it shorter.

Bobby was only four years and three-quarters old, but he had been in pantaloons for three years and a half, for the people in the Indian Kaintuck put their little boys into breeches as soon as they can walk—perhaps a little before. And such breeches! The little white-headed fellows look like dwarf grandfathers, thirteen hundred years of age. They go toddling about like old men who have grown little again, and forgotten everything they ever knew.

But Bobby Towpate was not ugly. Under his white hair, which “looked every way for Sunday,” were blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, and a mouth as pretty as it was solemn. The comical little fellow wore an unbleached cotton shirt, and tattered pantaloons, with home-made suspenders or “gallowses.” The pantaloons had always been old, I think, for they were made out of a pair of his father’s—his “daddy’s,” as he would have told you—and nobody ever knew his father to have a new pair, so they must have been old from the beginning. For in the Indian Kaintuck country nothing ever seems to be new. Bobby Towpate himself was born looking about a thousand years old, and had aged some centuries already. As for hat, he wore one of his daddy’s old hats when he wore any, and it would have answered well for an umbrella if it had not been ragged.

Bobby’s play-ground was anywhere along the creek in the woods. There were so many children that there was nobody to look after him; so he just kept a careful eye on himself, and that made it all right. As he was not a very energetic child, there was no danger of his running into mischief. Indeed, he never ran at all. He was given to sitting down on the ground and listening to the crazy singing of the loons—birds whose favorite amusement consists in trying to see which can make the most hideous noise. Then, too, he would watch the stake-drivers flying along the creek, with their long, ugly necks sticking out in front of them, and their long, ugly legs sticking out behind them, and their long, ugly wings sticking out on each side of them. They never seemed to have any bodies at all. People call them stake-drivers because their musical voices sound like the driving of a stake: “Ke-wack! ke-wack!” They also call them “Fly-up-the-creeks,” and plenty of ugly names besides.

It was one sleepy summer afternoon that Bobby sat on the root of a beech-tree, watching a stake-driver who stood in the water as if looking for his dinner of tadpoles, when what should the homely bird do but walk right out on the land and up to Bobby. Bobby then saw that it was not a stake-driver, but a long-legged, long-necked, short-bodied gentleman, in a black bob-tail coat. And yet his long, straight nose did look like a stake-driver's beak, to be sure. He was one of the stake-driver fairies, who live in the dark and lonesome places along the creeks in the Hoosier country. They make the noise that you hear, "Ke-whack! ke-whack!" It is the driving of stakes for the protection of the nests of their friends the cat-fish.

"Good-morning, Bobby, ke-whack!" said the long, slim gentleman, nodding his head. He said ke-whack after his words because that is the polite thing to do among the stake-driver fairies.

"My name haint Bobby Ke-whack, nur nothin'," answered Bobby. The people on Indian Kaintuck say "nor nothing" without meaning anything by it. "My name haint on'y jeth Bob, an' nothin' elth."

But the slender Mr. Fly-up-the-creek only nodded and said ke-whack two or three times, by way of clearing his throat.

"May be you 'd like to see the folks underground, ke-whack," he added presently. "If you would, I can show you the door and how to unlock it. It's right under the next cliff, ke-whack! If you get the door open, you may go in and find the Sleepy-headed People, the Invisible People, and all the rest, ke-whack!"

"Ke-whack!" said Bob, mimicking, and grinning till he showed his row of white milk-teeth. But the gentleman stake-driver must have been offended, for he walked away into the water and disappeared among the willows, saying, "Ke-whack! ke-whack!" in an indignant way at every step.

When once the stake-driver fairy had gone, Bob was troubled. He was lonesome. He had always been lonesome, because the family was so large. There is never any company for a body where there are so many. Now Bob wished that "Ole Ke-whack," as he called him, had not walked off into the willows in such a huff. He would like to see who lived under the ground, you know. After awhile, he thought he would go and look for the door under the cliff. Bobby called it "clift," after the manner of the people on the Indian Kaintuck.

Once under the cliff, he was a long time searching round for a door. At last, he found a something that looked like a door in the rock. He looked to see if there was a latch-string, for the houses in the Indian Kaintuck are opened with latch-strings.

But he could not find one. Then he said to himself (for Bobby, being a lonesome boy, talked to himself a great deal) words like these:

"Ole Ke-whack thod he knowed wharabout the key mout be. The time I went down to Madison, to market with mammy, I theed a feller dretht up to kill come along and open hith door with a iron thing. That mout be a key. Wonder ef I can't find it mythelf! There, I come acrost the hole what it goeth into."

He had no trouble in "coming acrost" the key itself, for he found it lying on the ground. He took it up, looked at it curiously, and said: "Thith thing muth be a key." So he tried to put it into the key-hole, but an unexpected difficulty met him. Every time he tried to put in the key, the key-hole, which before was in easy reach, ran up so far that he could not get to it. He picked up some loose stones and piled them up against the door, and



THE KEY-HOLE MOVES UP.

stood on them on his tip-toes, but still the key-hole shot up out of his reach. At last, he got down exhausted, and sat down on the pile of stones he had made, with his back to the door. On looking round, he saw that the key-hole was back in its old place, and within a few inches of his head. He turned round suddenly and made a dive at it, with the key held in both hands, but the key-hole shot up like a rocket, until it was just out of his reach.

After trying to trap this key-hole in every way

he could, he sat down on a stone and looked at it a minute, and then said very slowly: "Well, I never! That beats me all holler! What a funny thing a key-hole muth be."

At last, he noticed another key-hole in the rock, not far away, and concluded to try the key in that. The key went in without trouble, and Bob turned it round several times, until the iron key had turned to brass in his hands.

"The blamed thing ith turnin' yaller!" cried little Towpate. You must excuse Bob's language. You might have talked in the same way if you had been so lucky as to be born on the Indian Kaintuck.

Seeing that he could not open anything by turning the key round in this key-hole, since there was no door here, he thought he would now try what luck he might have with the "yaller" key in opening the door. The key-hole might admit a brass key. But what was his amazement to find on trying, that the key-hole which had run upward from an iron key, now ran down toward the bottom of the door. He pulled away the stones and stooped down till his head was near the ground, but the key-hole disappeared off the bottom of the door. When he gave up the chase it returned as before. Bobby worked himself into a great heat trying to catch it, but it was of no use.

Then he sat down again and stared at the door, and again he said slowly: "Well, I never, in all my born'd days! That beats me all holler! What a thing a key-hole ith! But that feller in town did n't have no trouble."

After thinking awhile he looked at the key, and came to the conclusion that, as the key-hole went up from an iron key, and down from a brass one, that if he had one half-way between, he should have no trouble. "Thith key ith too awful yaller," he said. "I'll put it back and turn it half-way black, and then we'll thee."

So he stuck it into the key-hole and tried to turn it in the opposite direction to the way he had turned it before. But it would not turn to the left at all. So he let go and stood off looking at it awhile, when, to his surprise, the key began turning to the right of its own accord. And as it turned it grew whiter, until it was a key of pure silver.

"Purty good for you, ole hoss," said Bob, as he pulled out the bright silver key. "We'll thee if you're any better'n the black one and the yaller one."

But neither would the silver one open the door; for the key-hole was as much afraid of it as of the brass one and the iron one. Only now it neither went up nor down, but first toward one side of the door and then toward the other, according to the way in which the key approached it. Bobby, after

awhile, went at it straight from the front, whereupon the key-hole divided into two parts—the one half running off the door to the right, the other to the left.

"Well, that' th ahead of my time," said Bob. But he was by this time so much amused by the changes in the key and the antics of the nimble key-hole, that he did not care much whether the door opened or not. He waited until he had seen the truant key-hole take its place again, and then he took the silver key back to the other key-hole. As soon as he approached it the key leaped out of his hand, took its place in the key-hole, and began to turn swiftly round. When it stopped the silver had become gold.

"Yaller again, by hokey," said Bob. And he took the gold key and went back, wondering what



the key-hole would do now. But there was now no key-hole. It had disappeared entirely.

Bob stood off and looked at the place where it had been, let his jaw drop a little in surprise and disappointment, and came out slowly with this: "Well, I never, in all my born'd days!"

He thought best now to take the key back and have it changed once more. But the other key-hole was gone too. Not knowing what to do, he returned to the door and put the key up where the nimble key-hole had been, whereupon it reappeared, the gold key inserted itself, and the door opened of its own accord.

Bob eagerly tried to enter, but there stood somebody in the door, blocking the passage.

"Hello!" said Bob. "You here, Ole Ke-whack? How did you get in? By the back door, I 'low."

"Put my yellow waistcoat back where you got it, ke-whack!" said the stake-driver, shivering. "It's cold in here, and how shall I go to the party without it, ke-whack!"

"Your yaller wescut?" said Bob. "I haint got no wescut, ke-whack or no ke-whack."

"You must put that away!" said the fly-up-the-creek, pecking his long nose at the gold key. "Ke-whack! ke-whack!"

"Oh!" said Towpate, "why did n't you say so?" Then he tossed the gold key down on the ground, where he had found the iron one, but the key stood straight up, waving itself to and fro, while Bobby came out with his drawling: "Well, I never!"

"Pick it up! Pick it up! Ke-whack! You've pitched my yellow waistcoat into the dirt, ke-whack, ke-whack!"

"Oh! You call that a wescut, do you. Well, I never!" And Bobby picked up the key, and since he could think of no place else to put it, he put it into the key-hole, upon which it unwound itself to the left till it was silver. Bobby, seeing that the key had ceased to move, pulled it out and turned toward the open door to see the stake-driver wearing a yellow vest, which he was examining with care, saying, "Ke-whack, ke-whack," as he did so. "I knew you'd get spots on it, ke-whack, throwing it on the ground that way."

Poor Bobby was too much mystified by this confusion between the gold key and the yellow vest, or "wescut," as they call it on the Indian Kaintuck, to say anything.

"Now, my white coat, put that back, ke-whack," said the fly-up-the-creek fairy. "I can't go to the party in my shirt sleeves, ke-whack."

"I haint got your coat, Ole Daddy Longlegs," said Bobby, "less you mean this key."

On this suspicion he put the key back, upon which it again unwound itself to the left and became brass. As soon as Bobby had pulled out the brass key and turned round, he saw that the fairy was clad in a white coat, which, with his stunning yellow vest, made him cut quite a figure.

"Now, my yellow cap," said the stake-driver, adding a cheerful ke-whack or two, and Bobby guessed that he was to put the brass key in the key-hole, whereupon it was immediately turned round by some unseen power until it became iron, and then thrown out on the ground where Bobby Towpate had found it at first. Sure enough, the fairy now wore a yellow cap, and, quick as thought, he stepped out to where the key was lying, and struck it twice with his nose, whereupon it changed to a pair of three-toed boots, which he quickly drew on. Then he turned and bowed to Bobby, and said:

"Ke-whack! You've ironed my coat and vest,

and brushed my cap and blacked my boots. Good-day, ke-whack, I'm going to the party. You can go in if you want to."

Bobby stood for some time, looking after him as he flew away along the creek, crying "ke-whack, ke-whack, ke-whack!" And Bobby said once again: "Well, I never, in all my born'd days," and then added, "Haint Daddy Longlegs peart? Thinks he's *some* in his yaller wescut, I 'low."

When once the fly-up-the-creek had gone out of sight and out of hearing, Bobby started on his search for the Sleepy-headed People. He traveled along a sort of underground gallery or cave, until he came to a round basin-like place. Here he found people who looked like fat little boys and girls, rather than men and women. They were lolling round in a ring, while one of the number read drowsily from a big book which was lying on a bowlder in the middle of this Sleepy-hollow. All seemed to be looking and listening intently. But as soon as those who sat facing Bobby caught sight of him, they gave a long yawn and fell into a deep sleep. One after another they looked at him, and one after another the little round, lazy fellows gaped, until it seemed their heads would split open, then fell over and slept soundly, snoring like little pigs. Bobby stood still with astonishment. He did not even find breath to say, "Well, I never!" For presently every one of the listeners had gone off to sleep. The reader, whose back was toward the new-comer, did not see him. He was the only one left awake, and Bobby looked to see him drop over at any moment. But the little fat man read right along in a drawling, sleepy mumble, something about the Athenians until Bob cried out: "Hello, Ole Puddin-bag, everybody'th gone to thleep; you'd jeth ath well hole up yer readin' awhile."

The little man rolled his eyes round upon Bob, and said: "Oh, my! I'm gone off again!" And then he stretched his fat cheeks in an awful yawn.

"Hey! You'll never get that mouth of your'n shet, ef you don't be mighty keerful," cried Bob; but the fellow was fast asleep before he could get the words out.

"Well now, that'th a purty lookin' crowd, haint it?" said Bob, looking round upon the sleepers.

Just at that moment they began to wake up, one after another, but as soon as they saw Bob, they sighed and said: "He's so curious," or, "He's so interesting," or something of the sort, and fell away into a deep slumber again. At last, Bob undertook to wake some of them up by hallooin', but the more noise he made, the more soundly they slept. Then he gave over shaking them and shouting at them, and sat down. As soon as he was quiet, they began to wake up again.

"Hello!" cried Bob, when he saw two or three of them open their eyes.

"If you'd only keep still till I get awake," said one of them, and then they all went to sleep again.

By keeping quite still, he got them pretty well waked up. Then they all fell to counting their toes, to keep from becoming too much interested in Bobby, for just so sure as they get interested or excited, the Sleepy-headed People fall asleep. Presently the reader awoke, and began to mumble

"I know a better thtory than that air!" said Bobby, growing tired of the long, mumbling reading of the dull book.

"Do you? Tell it," said the reader.

So Bobby began to tell them some of his adventures, upon which they all grew interested and fell asleep.

"Don't tell any more like that," said the little reader, when he awoke.

"What'th the matter with it? Heap better



THE SLEEPY-HEADED PEOPLE.

a lot of stuff out of the big book, about Epaminondas, and Sesostris, and Cyaxeres, and Clearchus, and the rest, and they all grew a little more wakeful. When he came to an account of a battle, Bobby began to be interested a little in the story, but all the others yawned and cried out, "Read across, read across!" and the reader straightway read clear across the page, mixing the two columns into hopeless nonsense, so as to destroy the interest. Then they all waked up again.

thtory than that big book that you're a mumblin' over, Mr. Puddin'."

"We don't like interesting stories," said the sleepy reader. "They put us to sleep. This is the best book in the world. It's Rollin's Ancient History, and it hasn't got but a few interesting spots in the whole of it. Those we keep sewed up, so that we can't read them. The rest is all so nice and dull, that it keeps us awake all day."

Bobby stared, but said nothing.



"Can you sing?" said one of the plump little old women.

"Yeth, I can thing Dandy Jim."

"Let's have it. I do love singing; it soothes me and keeps me awake."

Thus entreated, little Bobby stood up and sang one verse of a negro song he had heard, which ran:

"When de preacher took his tex'  
He look so berry much perplex',  
Fur nothin' come acrost his mine  
But Dandy Jim from Caroline!"

Bobby shut his eyes tight, and threw his head back and sang through his nose, as he had seen big folks do. He put the whole of his little soul into these impressive words. When he had finished and opened his eyes to discover what effect his vocal exertions had produced, his audience was of course fast asleep.

"Well, I never," said Bob.

"The tune's too awful lively," said the little old woman, when she woke up. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now, hear me sing." And she began, in a slow, solemn movement, the most drawling tune you ever heard, and they all joined in the same fashion:

"Poor old Fidy,  
She died last Friday;  
Poor old creetur,  
The turkey-buzzards——"

But before they could finish the line, while they were yet hanging to the tails of the turkey-buzzards, so to speak, Bobby burst out with:

"La! that'th the toon the old cow died on. I would n't thing that."

"You would n't, hey?" said the woman, getting mad.

"No, I would n't, little dumplin'."

Whereupon the little woman got so mad that she went fast asleep, and the reader, growing interested and falling into a doze, tumbled off his chair on his head, but as his head was quite soft and puttyish, it did him no particular harm, except that the fall made him sleep more soundly than ever.

When they had waked up again Bobby thought it time to move on, but as soon as he offered to move, the sleepy-heads surrounded him and began to sing a drawling song, which made Bobby sleepy. He soon found that they meant to make him one of themselves, and this was not at all to his taste. He struggled to get away, but something held him about the feet. What should he do?

Suddenly a bright thought came to his relief. The sleepy-heads were now all standing in a ring around him. He began to tell a story at the top of his voice:

"My gr'an'pappy, he fit weth a red Injun. An'

the Injun he chopped my gran'pappy's finger off weth his tomahawk, and ——"

But at this point all the little people got intensely excited over Bobby's gran'pappy's fight, and so, of course, fell asleep and fell forward into a pile on top of Bobby, who had an awful time getting out from under the heap. Just as he emerged, the people began to wake up and to lay hold of his feet, but Bobby screamed out:

"And my gran'pappy, he up weth his hatchet and he split the nasty ole red Injun's head open——"

They were all fast asleep again.

Bobby now ran off toward the door, not caring to go any further underground at present, though he knew there were other wonders beyond. He reached the door at last, but it was closed. There was no key-hole even.

After looking around a long time he found the Fly-up-the-creek fairy, not far from the door, sitting by a fire, with a large, old owl sitting over against him.

"Give me the key to the door, Ole Ke-whack!" said Bobby.

"Oh, no! I will not give you my clothes, ke-whack! Do you think I would give you my party clothes? If you had n't sung so loud, the door would n't have shut. You scared it. Now, I can't give you my fine clothes, and so you'll have to stay here."

Poor Bobby sat down by the fire, not knowing what to do.

"Tell him about the Sleepy-headed People," said the owl to Bobby, solemnly.

"Shut up, old man, or I'll bite your head off!" said the Fly-up-the-creek to the owl.

"Do as I say," said the owl. "If you stay here, you'll turn to an owl or a bat. Be quick. The Sleepy-heads are his cousins—he does n't like to hear about them."

"Don't mind a word the old man says, ke-whack!"

"Give me the key, then," said Bobby.

"Do as I say," said the owl.

The Fly-up-the-creek tried to bite off the owl's head, but the "old man" hopped out of his way. Bobby began to tell the story of his adventures among the Sleepy-heads, and the stake-driver began to cry, "Ke-whack, ke-whack!" to drown his words, but as Bobby went on, the stake-driver's voice became weaker and weaker. Bobby was so amazed that he stopped.

"Go on!" cried the owl, "or you'll never get out, or I either."

So Bobby kept up his talk until the stake-driver was lying senseless on the floor.

"Put the key in the lock, quick," cried the owl.

"Where is the key?"

"His fine clothes. Take them off, quick! Cap first!"

Bobby began with the cap, then stripped off the coat and vest and boots.

"Put them in the key-hole, quick!" said the owl, for the stake-driver was reviving.

"Where is the key-hole?"

"There! There!" cried the owl, pointing to the fire. By this time the Fly-up-the-creek had already begun to reach out for his clothes, which Bobby hastily threw into the fire. The fire went out, the great door near by swung open, and the

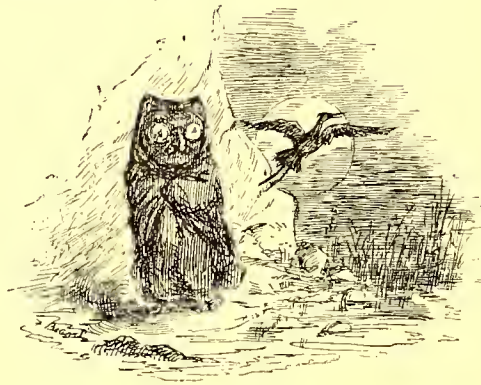
big-eyed owl, followed by Bobby, walked out, saying, "I'm free at last."

Somehow, in the day-light, he was not any longer an owl, but an old man in gray clothes, who hobbled off down the road.

And Bobby looked after him until he saw the stake-driver, shorn of his fine clothes, sweep over his head and go flying up the creek again. Then he turned toward his father's cabin, saying:

"Well, I never! Ef that haint the beatinest thing I ever did see in all my born'd days."

And I think it was.



## BASS COVE SKETCHES.—A COUPLE OF CRUSOES.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE sea was inspiring to Mr. Augustus Bonwig's poetical feelings; and he began to declaim again, as he and Joe descended the ledges on the seaward side of the island.

"The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern—" But here a chasm in the rocks occasioned a hiatus in the verse.

"On the stern of a ship?" Joe asked.

"No; 'on a stern and rock-bound coast,'" said Mr. Bonwig, as he stepped over the chasm.

But here, again, he was interrupted; this time by Joe, who cautioned him against scaring the ducks with his poetry.

"Now, look a here, Mister! You notice, we're comin' to a sort of clift" (Joe meant cliff). "We can crawl right to the edge on't, and look right

down into a little inlet, where we'll be purty sure to see suthin'."

"Crawl, is it?" said the portly Mr. Bonwig, wincing. "I'm not built for crawling. But no matter. Go ahead. I'll sacrifice the rest of my buttons in a good cause, if necessary."

Joe advanced to make an observation. He reached the edge of the cliff; and presently looked back at his companion with a laugh, and beckoned to him. Augustus came up with him, scratching the rocks with his remaining buttons, and looked over.

"Here's a splendid shot!" said Joe. "Two old wives close in shore!"

Bonwig saw with delight the pair of ducks, riding on the swells that poured into the inlet, or tipping

up and plunging their bills down among the cool, dark sea-moss, as the bright waves receded, leaving it half exposed and glistening in the early sunlight.

"Now," said Joe, "I 'm goin' to let you have all the chance this time. I sha' n't fire at all, till you do. Don't show yourself, nor make a noise, but take aim right through this notch."

Bonwig obeyed; resting his ponderous stomach on the ledge, and thrusting his gun over it, he cocked both barrels, and took as deliberate aim as it was possible for a highly nervous sportsman to do, under the circumstances.

"Plenty of time," said Joe.

"I—know—it; but, bless my heart! how they do—bob up and down!"

The ducks were, in fact, constantly in motion, tossing on the swells, or tipping up and darting their bills hither and thither. Moreover, the light on the water was very deceptive. One has to get used to shooting at objects afloat, as Joe very justly observed afterward.

"I—I—rather think I'd better fire!" said Augustus, in a trembling voice.

"Seems to me, I would; I don't see what you're waitin' for," Joe replied.

Mr. Bonwig fired both barrels in quick succession. The startled ducks rose quickly and quietly from the water, as if to show a due respect for his salute; not a feather of either being injured.

"Bless my heart!" said Mr. Bonwig.

"You've had your chance; now it's my turn," said Joe.

He took aim with his old "Queen's arm," fired instantly, and brought down a bird. Then he fired his other gun, and the other duck whirled and fell into the sea.

"Now, I am—I am surprised!" said Augustus. "It's all a knack, as your father said; and you have got the knack! I *am* surprised!"

"I'll go down after 'em," said Joe, "while you go back and see if there aint some more ducks over t'other side, by this time. And haul the dory a little further up on the beach," he added, "for I'm afraid the tide will git it; it's comin' in fast."

Bonwig went, and returned in a short time, saying that he had left the dory safe, and that he had seen no game.

"Where are your old wives?" he asked. "Have n't you been down after them yet?"

"No," said Joe; "I'm watchin' them loons," pointing out to sea. "If you'll do jest what I tell ye, I guess we can git 'em. Sure ye left the dory all right?"

"Oh, yes! The tide wont reach it this hour. I don't see your loons, though," said Augustus.

"Yes, I do! Half a mile off! How do you expect ever to get them?"

"I'll git down on to that ledge that runs out into the water, and hide. Then I'll holler like a loon, and purty soon you'll see 'em steerin' right in toward me. But if they come near enough to find out I aint a loon, they'll stop. So, soon as you see 'em comin', you jest wave this 'ere hankercher on yer ramrod, so 's to take their eye. I carry it 'most a purpose for loons." Joe pulled a flaming bandanna from his pocket, and showed Mr. Bonwig how to manage it. "Loons is birds," he said, "that has lots of curiosity in their dispositions, and they'll 'most gener'llly allus come in nigh enough to see what a wavin' red hankercher means, so's t a feller can git a shot at 'em. Only," said Joe, eying his friend's gun wistfully, "it's hard carryin' two long, heavy guns down a steep clift, like this here; and now, if you don't care to go down and do the shootin'—for you'll be too fur off up here—"

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, looking over the precipice, "I never could get down these rocks alive, in the world! I—I—must think of my wife and children!"

"Then if you would jest lend me the loan of your gun once," said Joe.

"Why yes—certainly," said Augustus.

"Then you wont be shootin' *me*, ye know," grinned Joe.

Leaving his companion on the top of the cliff, he dropped over the edge of it, and, taking advantage of the loons diving, slipped down from crevice to crevice, and from shelf to shelf, until he had made his way in safety to the bottom, and concealed himself on the point of rock he had mentioned. Then he began to halloo like a loon, with his hands behind his mouth to throw his voice out to sea—uttering a wild, lonesome cry, which soon attracted the birds' attention. They ceased their diving, and presently began to swim toward him.

Bonwig now waved the handkerchief on the cliff, remaining himself unseen; and the loons, tacking and turning occasionally, and rising and falling on the swells, continued to approach the shore, ever after Joe had stopped calling.

Nearer and nearer they came, until Augustus grew impatient. "Why don't he fire? Why don't the fellow fire?" he kept saying to himself. But Joe knew what he was about. Aware of the difficulty of penetrating the loons' breast-feathers with bird-shot, he wished to get them as near as possible, and close together, or their two heads in range, in order to double his chances. At last, just as one was darting by the other on the top of a wave, he fired one of Bonwig's barrels. The nearest bird immediately went over on his side, and began to flop and turn on the water in a way that showed he had got a fatal hurt. His mate

was less severely wounded. She tried to dive, but could not remain beneath the surface, and a second shot dispatched her.

Then Joe climbed back up the rock.

"Why don't you get the old wives?" Augustus called to him. "They're tossing about in the cove there."

"We must bring the dory around to pick up the loons, anyhow," said Joe, handing the gun over the edge of the cliff, "and we can get the old wives then."

"Why did n't you shoot sooner?" Mr. Bonwig asked.

"Don't you see?" said Joe. "If I had n't wounded 'em both at once, soon as I fired at one, t'other 'd have dove quick as wink, and most likely I should n't have got another shot at her. They're a terrible quick bird! They'll dodge the flash of a gun, without you're perty near 'em."

"Well, well! you *have* got the knack, I declare!" said Mr. Bonwig. "I don't know but I shall have to give in to you, after all!"

"This is a splendid gun of yourn!" said Joe, covetously. "If I could only have this with me alluz, then I *might* do suthin'! But I must go for the dory now. You stay here and watch the loons, and perty soon you'll see me come rowin' around the island."

"Now, why can't I shoot like that boy?" Bonwig said to himself after Joe had gone. "In the city, he was so green everybody laughed at him. But, bless my heart! if I don't find him my superior down here! I'm afraid, if anybody deserves to be laughed at to-day, he is n't the fellow, anyway!"

Mr. Augustus was beginning to be sick of duck-shooting.

Hearing a cry in the direction Joe had gone, Mr. Bonwig arose and listened. Another cry, full of anger and distress. Augustus started to find his young friend, whom he presently saw hurrying back to meet him.

"You critter, you!" shrieked Joe, forgetting all deference due to his companion in the rage and perplexity of the moment; "you old fat fool, you!"

"Bless my heart!" said Augustus, aghast, "what's the matter?"

"Matter, you lazy lummo! don't you know nothin'?" And Joe turned back again with gestures of fury and despair.

"Why! what on earth have I done?" cried Mr. Bonwig, following him, more alarmed than angry.

"The dory!" said Joe, chokingly.

"Hey? what's happened to the dory?" said Bonwig, turning pale. "I left it safe!"

"You did n't! You said you'd haul it up out

of reach of the tide, and you never touched it! Now look a there!"

They had reached a commanding point of the island, from which Augustus had the satisfaction of seeing the little skiff afloat, and drifting quietly and steadily out to sea.

"Bless my!—" gasped the astounded candy-maker. "Can't ye swim and get it?"

"Swim?" echoed Joe, with wrathful contempt. "I'd like to see any man swim for that! The wind has got into the north-west, and it's carryin' on her away faster 'n anybody can swim! Why did n't ye haul her up, as I told ye?"

"I—really—I could n't see any necessity for it!" said poor Mr. Bonwig. "The waves did n't touch her."

"But I told you the tide was comin' in! And could n't you see yourself that once in a while there was a big swell, bigger 'n the rest! 'Twas one o' them that started her off, and then the wind took her!"

"I *am* surprised!" said the pale Mr. Bonwig. "I don't see how we are going to get off this island! And I—I promised my wife—she'll certainly be looking for me to-night. I *must* get back to-night!"

"If you do, you'll have to swim." And Joe sat down sulkily on the ledge and watched the departing dory.

"What! you don't mean——?"

"You'll have enough of Robinson Crusoe 'fore you get through! That dory cost my father fifteen dollars!"

"It aint possible we shall have to stay here," faltered Augustus, casting his eyes about him, and feeling not a bit like spouting poetry just then, "and live on what we kill?"

"A feller could n't live very long on what *you* kill!" said Joe. "I don't care for sleepin' in the hut, I'd jest as lieve do that as not; and I can eat fish and wild ducks and hard bread as long as the next chap. Eut, by sixty! that dory! Dad'll skin me alive if I don't bring her back. See her go! see her go!" And Joe whipped his legs with his hands despairingly. "The coots are in her, too!" with a fresh wail. "And we can't get the loons without her; and mabby we can't get the old wives now."

"Then if no more ducks come around, what shall we do?" said Augustus, who was a man of excellent appetite, never careless about his dinner.

"I guess you'll have a chance to grow a little mite less pussy 'n you be now," said Joe, beginning to see the humor of the situation, and to get the better of his despair.

"Can't we make a signal of distress?"

"You can try it, if you want to. But dad is

huskin' corn to-day; and even if he should see it, he'd think it was for loons. Besides, there aint another dory to the Cove, since Old Wansey's got stove up by the last gale; and dad could n't come off for us if he wanted to."

"Then," said Augustus, "I don't see but that we are in a fix!"

"Jes' so," said Joe. "But now, if you want to make a signal, I'll show you. It must be on the highest spot, where it can be seen from shore, as well as by fishin' boats outside."

can my coat, in this wind," said Joe; and he proceeded to divest himself of that useful, but not indispensable garment.

He thrust a gun-barrel into one of the sleeves at the wrist, and thence through the shoulders of the shirt into the other sleeve, which he tied into a knot over the muzzle.

"Now, there's your banner!" said he, waving it aloft.

"Well, I declare!" said Augustus, "you've done it! Long may it wave!" as Joe flourished



THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

The thought of something to be done put Joe into a good humor.

"Here's where you was monarch of all you surveyed," he said, with a grin, as they walked over the ledges; adding, "I guess the deep and dark blue ocean will roll on fast enough for you now, without waitin' to be told! Here's the place!"

"We never can make ourselves seen from this distance," said Bonwig, with a heavy heart.

"We can try."

"But what can we make a signal of? A handkerchief is nothing!"

"Take my shirt,—I can spare that better than I

the pale ensign in the breeze. "Though there's a prospect of its waving long enough, without rushing it particularly. But, as a signal of distress, it seems to me there's something not quite right. Don't they usually have the union down?"

"Shirts ha' n't got no union," said Joe. And he began to sing: "*'T is the star-spangled banner,*" in a cheerful and enlivening manner.

Being one of those brave-hearted lads whose spirits always rise in the presence of danger and difficulty, and having recovered from the chagrin of losing the dory, he was now in a merrier mood than he had been at any time that morning.

"It wont take long for this wind to whip a shirt into ravelin's!" said he. "After it has flopped mine all to pieces, then we'll take your'n. Then, when that's gone, we'll run up our jackets, and then our trouse's, for we're bound to keep the signal flyin'!"

Mr. Bonwig could not see the fun of the thing, but kept a dismal countenance, thinking of his wife and children.

"You need n't be so anxious about suthin' to eat," remarked Joe. "It'll take you a good while longer to starve than it would most people. My uncle was in a ship that was lost once, and was three weeks on a raft in the Pacific Ocean, with seven other men, and he said three of the men died, and all the rest come within one of it; only therè was a fat man with 'em,—weighed about two hundred and fifty when they took to the raft,—he stood it; he kept growing lighter an' lighter, and fresher and fresher; he weighed about a hundred, and was spry as a cricket when a vessel finally picked 'em up. He had lived all the while on his own fat; like a bear in winter."

This pleasant anecdote did not seem to afford Mr. Bonwig very much comfort. The idea of living on *his* fat for any length of time was not cheering. He had no doubt whatever of growing lighter and lighter on that diet; but as for growing fresher and fresher, that did not appear to him to be among the probabilities. No,—Mr. Augustus Bonwig could not indulge a hope of ever becoming spry as a cricket, in that way.

"Your father *must* grow anxious about you, if you don't come home; and he can find a dory somewhere," said he.

"My father never's anxious about me when I'm off duck-shootin'," replied Joe. "Once I got lost in a fog, rowin' from Pippin P'int. I got turned about somehow. I kept rowin' and rowin', but could n't find no land; and night come on, dark as Egypt—and there I was! No supper, no north star, no compass, no overcoat,—discouragin', I tell you! I rowed all night, to keep warm, and in hopes of touchin' land somewheres;—and it was n't half so comfytable as we'll find it in that house to-night, burnin' the Humane Society's wood and eatin' the Humane Society's crackers, and tellin' stories,—not half! Wal, mornin' come, but

the fog did n't lift, and I did n't know where I was any more'n I did before; but I kept on rowin' and rowin', only when I stopped to rest, which was perty often now,—I was gittin' used up. No supper, and no breakfast! The sea was calm; the fog was so heavy it seemed to press it right down flat. I could n't see more'n an oar's length or two ahead of me. So the forenoon wore on. By-m-by I give up,—no supper, no breakfast, no dinner,—it was beginnin' to tell on me. You've no idee how a feller'll shrink, without eatin' or sleepin' for twenty-four hours! It seemed to me I'd got dad's clo'es on. I'd hollered myself hoarse; but in that fog, it was like a man's hollerin' in his grave. You need n't look so sorry; why," said Joe, "this here island, in fine weather, is paradise to an open boat in a fog!"

"How did you finally get ashore?" asked Augustus.

"Wind changed, and fog lifted all of a sudden, jst afore sundown. And where do ye s'pose I was? Almost within gunshot o' the Cove! I jst rowed ashore, hauled up the dory, and walked into the house. There sot dad, a-smokin', comfytable as could be. 'Where's yer ducks, boy?' says he the fust thing. 'Did n't git none,' says I. 'Why, where ye been all this time?' says he; 'and ha'nt got nary duck!' 'O, paddlin' round in the fog,' says I. 'A'nt ye hungry?' says my mother,—she was gittin' supper. 'Wal, I be some hungry,' says I. And supper did taste mighty good that night, I tell ye!"

"Was n't your family concerned about you?" said Mr. Bonwig.

"What was the use of bein' consarned? There was no gale; and they knowed I'd come home agin some time," said Joe. "I did come home, and I brought the dory. Dad'll be dreadful worked, if I don't bring it this time! Look! it's most out of sight!"

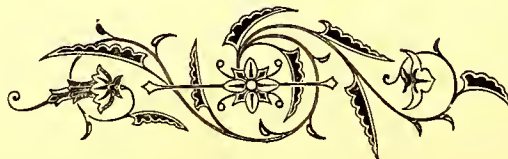
"That seems to be all you care about!"

"Why should n't it be? We'll do well enough. It wont be many days before somebody'll be comin' off here a-fishin', and see us."

"Many days!" groaned Augustus. "I'm gettin' hungry already!"

"Wal," said Joe, "you keep the flag a-wavin', and I'll go and see what I can do for dinner."

(Concluded in next number.)



## GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

"MOTHER, do butterflies remember when they were worms and caterpillars?" inquired Natty.

"What puzzling questions you children do ask!" said his mother. "The idea never entered my head. You must ask your uncle Joe."

"Uncle Joe," asked Natty, again, "do butterflies remember when they were worms and caterpillars?"

"Why, no," said Uncle Joe. "I should say not, if all stories are true."

"What stories?"

"I happened to be reading one the other day which—but stay, just hand me that book, please; the thin, square, prettily bound one. That's it. Now we'll look for the story. I forget the name. Ah, here we have it. It's not a long story. Reading it will hardly take ten minutes. Listen."

A poor little worm was one day crawling slowly along the ground, seeking for food, while above her happy insects darted through the air, their bright wings flashing in the sunlight.

"Alas!" sighed the little worm. "What a toilsome life is ours! We move only by great labor, and even with that can never travel far. Kept near the damp ground, liable at any moment to be crushed, toiling up and down rough stalks, eating tough leaves—for it is only now and then we find a flower. Oh, it is truly a wearisome life.

"Yet none seem to pity our sorrows. Those proud insects flitting over head, the miller, the butterfly, the dragon-fly, the golden bumble-bee, they never notice us! Oh, but life goes well with them! Flying is so easy! Even easier than rest. Wherever they wish to be, they have only to spread their wings and the summer wind bears them on. Dressed out so gayly, at home with all the flowers, living on sweets, seeing fine sights, hearing all that is to be heard, what care they for us poor plodders? Selfish creatures! They think only of themselves. Now, for my part, if I had wings and could move about so easily, I would think, sometimes, of the poor worms down below, who could not fly. I would bring them, now and then, a sip of honey, or a taste of something nice from the flower gardens, far away. I would come down and speak a kind word, tell them something good to hear—in short, be friendly. Oh, if one only had wings, how much good one might do. But these selfish creatures never think of that!"

Not long afterward this complaining worm was changed into a butterfly. Spreading her light

wings, she passed the happy hours in flitting from field to field, rocking in the flower-cups, idling about where the sunshine was brightest, sipping where the honey was sweetest. Oh, a right gay butterfly was she, and no summer day ever seemed too long!

One morning, while resting upon an opening rose-bud, she saw below her a couple of worms, making their slow way over the ground.

"Poor creatures!" she said. "Life goes hard with them. Dull things, how little they know! It must be stupid enough down there. No doubt their lives could be brightened up a trifle. Some few pleasures or comforts might be given them, and I hope this will be done. If I were not so busy—but really I have n't a moment to spare. To-day there is a rose party, and all the butterflies are going there. To-morrow the sweet-pea party comes off, and all the butterflies are going there. Next day the grasshoppers give a grand hop, and at sundown there will be a serenade by the crickets. Every hour is occupied. The bumble-bees and hornets are getting up a concert. Then there is a new flower blossoming in a garden far away, and all are flying to see it. The two rich butterflies, Lady Golden Spot, and Madame Royal Purple, have arrived in great state, and expect great attentions. The bees have had a lucky summer, and, in honor of these new arrivals, are to give a grand honey festival, at which the queen herself will preside. The wasps are on the police, and will, I trust, keep out the vulgar. The gnats and mosquitoes have formed a military company, called the flying militia, and will serve, if needed. It is to be hoped that no low creatures, like the two creeping along below, will intrude themselves. Poor things! If I had the time, I really would try to do something for them, but every sunny day is taken up, and stirring out in the wet is not to be thought of.

"Besides, one meets with so much that is not pleasant in mixing with low people! Their homes are not always cleanly. I might soil my wings. And if once taken notice of, they will always expect it. Why make them dissatisfied? They are well enough off, as they are. Perhaps, after all, it is my duty not to meddle with them. In fact, I have no doubt of it.

"Here comes Miss Gossamer! Welcome, Miss Gossamer! All ready for the rose party? How sweetly you look! Wait one moment till I have washed my face in this dew-drop. The sun has

nearly dried it up while I have been pitying those mean worms below there. Folly, I know, to thus waste the time. But my feelings are so tender! I actually thought of calling! What would Lady Golden Spot think, or Madame Royal Purple!

Have you seen them pass? They are sure to be there. Do you suppose they will take notice of us? If they don't, I shall be perfectly wretched. Come, dear Miss Gossamer, one more sip, and then away!"

## WAITING FOR THE SLEIGH.

By D. F. H.



ONLY two days before New Year's! It should be a happy time for me; but when I think of all the good resolutions made this time last year, and so few of them kept, I can only feel sorry, and think I have wasted much precious time. One resolution was to help the poor, not only with kind words, but with substantial acts of bounty. And how little I have really done!

All this I thought, sitting in my easy-chair, before one of the most cheerful and comfortable of fires—an open grate, the coals all red hot. I had been very busy all day, but was only waiting for the sleigh, to go out and finish some holiday shopping. I had written for some little children to come and spend a week with me at this time, and had asked my aunt also to make one of the party, knowing how delighted the children would be to find her here to meet them, for she is an especial favorite of the little ones. The chair and the fire were both so luxurious, the heat of the room so delightful, and the cold wind and the snow both so uninviting, that I hesitated about venturing out. But, then, the toys and the last things—that lovely doll for Addie, that little set of doll's jewelry for little Effie, and quantities of other things—all must be bought. Then some good warm clothing for poor Mrs. Rooney, with her five children.

"If you please, ma'am, the sleigh is at the door." My wrappings were on in a moment, and I was soon gliding along, wrapped up well in the warm robes, and listening to the merry bells, jingling as we hurried along.

As we were driving through one of the poorer parts of the town, John the coachman said to me: "You told me, ma'am, to let you know of any *very*

poor people I might hear of. There *is* a poor woman they told me about to-day, and if you wish to see her, I know where she lives—not far from here."

I was hurried, having put off going out until late in the day; but here was a chance of doing a little good during this blessed holiday-time; so I asked John to drive to the woman's house.

How busy every one seemed to be! So many happy-looking people, all eager about something, which I could not help thinking was shopping. As we drove along, we passed groups of happy children, and, thank Heaven! I saw very few who looked poor. We were leaving the better class of even poor-looking houses, and at last came to a miserable-looking street or alley—for John could not drive near the door of the house he pointed out to me as the one I was looking for.

I should not have said *house*—that implies comfort, or at least shelter. The shanty—for it was nothing more—seemed almost to be tumbling down. It had a really ragged appearance. The window was very small, and several panes were out; and in these places were bits of old cloth, paper, or anything that could be found to keep out some of the bitterly cold wind.

I knocked, and hardly heard the feeble "Come in." My heart sank at what I saw. A poor woman, looking like the house—ragged—sitting on a broken stool before an old stove. Poor thing! I suppose she thought there was a *little* heat there; but indeed, when I went near it, I could not feel the least. She was leaning over, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands; and when she looked up at me, I saw she had been crying. There seemed to be nothing in the room but the woman, the stove, an old broken chair, the stool upon which she sat, and a bed in the corner. She did not speak, and I hardly knew what to say; but at last I told her I had heard she was in need,



and I came to do anything I could for her. Her looks of gratitude I can never forget.

"You need n't think of *me*—only do something, if you can, for Tom; that 's all I ask."

"For Tom," I said—"your husband?"

"No, ma'am—my boy there, in bed."

I went to the corner where the bed was, and there saw this sad sight: A little boy, about seven or eight years old, was lying there, asleep; but such a look of suffering in his poor white face—I could hardly look at him.

"What is the matter? Is he ill?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, he is ill—he has a fever; but that is not the worst—he is lame. His father died when Tom was a little baby. I did very well for a time. I took in sewing, and some ladies were very kind to me. But at last one day, when Tom was six years old, playing with some rough boys, he was thrown down, and his hip put out of place. They brought him to me helpless, and so he has been ever since. I had a little money, which kept us for a few months from want. A doctor, who came, sent by one of the ladies who had helped me, did all he could for him, but at last he told me Tom could not be cured. God forgive me! but I could not help thinking, if I could only pay him well, he might have done something for him."

Here was a most pitiful state of things. The poor woman went on to tell me that she was completely discouraged. She had tried everything. She could not leave the poor boy for any length of time, so could not go out by the day to work. And now she was utterly without food or work, and almost in despair.

What should I do first? Where so much was to be done, what was the most important thing to do? "We must have a fire at once." So giving her a little money. I told her to go and get some wood, promising to sit by Tom until she returned. I placed the stool by his bed, and the woman went out. My mind seemed almost paralyzed. I looked at the poor little face before me, so wan and worn, in all the rags and dirt (for everything *was* dirty, but I could not blame the woman). He looked as though he really was a pretty child.

I was thinking very intently, when all at once a light seemed to fill the room. I turned toward the door, expecting to see the mother returning, but the door was not open—only it seemed there was no need of its being open; for coming through it, there were quantities of the tiniest people I ever

saw. And how busy they all were! They did not seem to glance at me; they were tugging something in with which they were having a great deal of trouble.

What can it be? A stove! In a moment the old one is gone, and a nice new one in its place. The window is mended, and the glass looks new and clean. The floor is mopped, and actually looks white; and yet I saw no mopping, only I *know* it has been done. Chairs are placed about the room, a good table by the window, and, most wonderful of all, without waking Tom, a sweet clean bed is in the corner, instead of the old one, and he is clean and sweet too; and his sleep seems very happy, for he is smiling.

What pretty little creatures these are! Bless me! I am on a new chair—how in the world could they have done that? What are they doing now? They are at a dresser—putting cups and saucers, plates, and other dishes in their places. They have forgotten nothing—not even a wood-box behind the door, filled with wood. They are certainly most thorough housekeepers. What *will* the poor woman think when she comes back? She has been away a long time. How much they have done (I knew them by this time to be fairies), while I have been sitting thinking what I should do!

Tom is waking. He looks at me with large blue eyes, and does not seem to wonder at the change around him, or at me, a stranger, sitting by him. Here is his mother. Before I can speak to him, she is opening the door. Why does she not come in?

"Ma'am, the sleigh is ready."

What! Why! Where is Tom? And where am I?

In my easy-chair, by my comfortable fire, and have had this dream—nothing more than a dream. This time the sleigh is really waiting for me, and I do go to get the toys and presents for the children.

And now, my little friends who read this, I must tell you, my dream did some good; for that very day, I *did* find out some very poor people, who needed a helping hand very much, and whose New Year's day I could make happy, by making them comfortable, and showing them they were thought of, and that their Father in Heaven had touched human hearts in their behalf, and that the fresh year would not be without hope and good cheer.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

CHRISTMAS is coming—and then, a brand-new year! Now a year is the greatest, most beautiful, most wonderful of Christmas presents, my darlings, and you're each to have one—a brand-new year! think of it. Soon it will lie fresh, white and shining before you, not a dark spot upon it—not a wrong thought, not a harsh word, nor a neglected duty. It seems to me that the best way to thank God for such a present as that is to take good care of it and keep it fair and shining to its very last moment.

But I'm only Jack-in-the-pulpit, so I'll just give my love to you all, and talk about

## A SENSATION AMONG THE FLOWERS.

"DEAR JACK," writes a little maid, who signs herself "Riderhood," "may I tell what I am almost sure happened last Summer?"

"Certainly you may," answers your Jack.

But the little maid, without waiting to hear this gracious permission, goes on:

The roses in the pretty schoolmistress's garden blushed deeply at their own insignificance; the violets, sorrowing, hung their heads; and the snow-white lilies trembled with despair on the day the gardener sowed the new seed with the big names.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the rose, "the gentle schoolmistress will not care for us plain, old-fashioned flowers any more, after the *agrostemma coeli-rosea* and the *mirabilis jalapa* bloom."

"The gardener often writes their names with capitals, while he begins mine with a little *l*," said the lily.

"He might at least Frenchify yours with an *ie*," replied the wall-flower; "but I suppose we must just be prepared to accept the unenviable position of neglected flowers; no doubt we shall henceforth 'waste our sweetness on the desert air.'"

But Summer came, and with it the blossoms of the fearfully and wonderfully named *agrostemma coeli-rosea* and the *mirabilis jalapa grandiflora*.

And when the schoolmistress walked in the garden, she said:

"These weeds are so troublesome; I will pull them up, so that my dear violets may have more room to grow," and she threw the *agrostemma coeli-rosea* superbum over the fence!

Next she saw the *mirabilis jalapa grandiflora* in full bloom.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "I wonder what Hans planted more four o'clocks for! I had plenty in the back part of the garden already. But they are sweet, old-fashioned flowers, and I will let them

grow here, if they don't overrun my jewels—the roses, lilies, violets and the dear old wall-flowers."

Then the rose smiled, and the wall-flower sent forth its sweetest fragrance, the violet peeped out shyly from its green leaves, and the snow-white lily shone like silver in the setting sun.

## THE WINK OF TIME.

YOU never heard of such a thing? Why, I'll warrant you've alluded to it often and often, without knowing it. Didn't you ever speak of such or such a matter coming, going, or happening just in "the nick of time?" Very well. The little School-ma'am says that nick comes from the German word *Nicken*, to nod or wink. So the nick of time, is the wink of time, or my name is not Jack.

## WHY SLED?

TALKING of words, and what the little School-ma'am says about them, it may interest my chicks to know that the sled that is to rush down hill with them so often during this winter, gets its name from its nature—that is, from ever so many queer foreign words, all signifying to *slide*. In Germany a sled is a *schlitten*; in Holland, the land of the Dutch, it's a *slède*; in Denmark, the country of Hans Christian Andersen, it is known as a *slaede*; but in Iceland, where the long-continued snow makes a boy familiar with his sledge, he very naturally calls it *sledi*, which I'm sure is quite proper and sociable.

## FINGER NAILS SIX INCHES LONG.

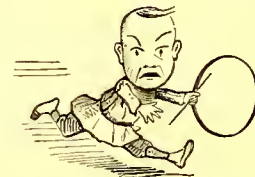
AT first I could n't and would n't believe it, but when I heard the little fellow say that he read the statement in Governor Seward's book, I gave in, for of course a governor is expected to tell the exact truth on all occasions.

What was it?

O, did n't I tell you? Why the little chap said that rich Chinese mandarins wear long finger-nails, sometimes as long as six or eight inches, as a sign that they do not have to work. When nails are as long as this, they are protected by cases of bamboo or of gold. The nails are polished and stained like tortoise-shell.

This is good news for lazy boys. All they have to do is to work their way to China, make their fortune there, and let their nails grow.

## THE NAMELESS TERRORA.

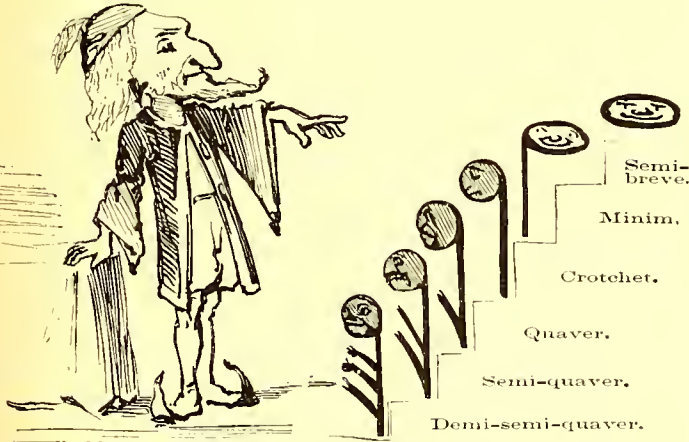


THE Nameless Terrora is not set down in the books, but he is a terrible creature, of small size—so small that you can't see him at all, unless you're frightened, and then he is prodigious. Timid little boys

of vivid imagination see him very often, especially when they're caught out after nightfall. Brave little boys never see him. It must be a dreadful thing to go through life in constant dread of the Nameless Terrora.

## THE SOUND BEARERS.

THE birds make great fun of human music. Do you know why? Because it has laws! Now, their music has laws, too, but the dear little things don't know it. A robin friend of mine, sitting on a window-sill lately, heard a music-master giving a little girl her music lesson. He thinks it the funniest thing in the world, and assures me, on the authority of the music-master, that human music is made entirely by little hobgoblins, who carry the sounds up and down the musical scale or



ladder, slowly or rapidly, according to orders. Mr. Semibreve, he says, is the slowest of them all. Next comes Mr. Minim, who is only half as slow as Semibreve; then Mr. Crotchet, who is half as slow as Minim; then little Quaver, who is half as slow as Crotchet; then Semi-Quaver, half as slow as Quaver, and finally, Demi-Semi-Quaver, the liveliest little chap of them all, who can run up and down the whole flight, while slow old Semibreve is rolling to the next step.

## HOPPERS AND WALKERS.

WELL, well! Little did I think when I asked some of you to find out the four mistakes in my absurd story, on page 54 of the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, what a tremendous uprising there would be among the observing young folks of this great country. Letters have poured in upon your Jack by hundreds and hundreds, and hundreds again. Even the little Schoolma'am says she never saw anything like it. It is delightful. Stacks of letters from East, West, North and South, and the jumping-off place. A prize book, you remember, was offered for the first letter received which should correctly point out the four mistakes. Well, on the 21st of October, by same post, came two that were right, and equally good—one from W. M. K. Olcott, and another from Mamie A. Johnson. Consequently, to each of these, the little Schoolma'am will send a book. But here comes the trouble: The answers of many other children who live far away from New York, were just as good

as those of W. M. K. Olcott and Mamie, who live close by, but of course they could not possibly be so early. This bothers your Jack, for he wishes to be very fair. Henceforth, the little Schoolma'am says some other plan of award must be adopted. Meantime she decides to send a book to the very best and earliest letter that came from a distance. So, Master Willie L. Brooks, of Sacramento, Cal., you are to have a book also. Special mention must be made of correct answers and fine letters from the following boys and girls:

Annie Gardiner, Susan H. Welles, May G. Holmes, Josie M. Brown, Nellie Breck, A. P. Folwell, Susie Garfield, Willie W. Ames, Edith Foster, Bessie Blar, Marion W. Losee, "Louise," Frank D. Russell, Silas B. Adams, Willie B. Jones, Annie T. Bridges, W. E. Graham, H. W. Lung, Ira U. Ingram, Frank O. Welcome, Mary Donaldson, Garrie W. Bailey, Fred. A. Walpole, Fred Collins, Bessie Plimpton, Nelly D. Marshall, F. F. Hildreth, Sallie B. Griggs, Edwin F. Walker, Mamie Hodges, Emily I. Smith, Harry N. Paul, Nellie Simpson, Jas. I. Weston, Philip S. Rust, Hester Dorsey, M. W. Collet, John C. Williams, Louise E. Gleim, Harry Bennett, Julia Emma Boyd, Annie Goodman, Lena Warren, I. Buford Hendrick, Willie Shattuck, Jennie E. Woodrow, Ada May Seely, Katie Pyle, Anne B. Webb, Mrs. N. H. Parker, Mary E. Walker, Bessie Thomas Lily Taylor, Carrie A. Abbott, K. E. Withers, Jr., Charles T. Thomas, Ida Graham, G. M. H. Sammy Chubb, Mamie T. Sturgis, Frank Turner, Alice Holbrook, Carrie French, Harry Newcomb, W. E. Taylor, Hattie M. Daniels, Mabel F. Hule, C. G. Helfelstein, Frank T. Chapman, R. K. Eastman, Simie Stein, Jr., Floy N. Markham, Herbert T. Bardwell, Helen W. Rice, Julia D. Hunter, Johnnie Knight, Johnnie Bachman, Alice M. Rowe, Wm. N. Tolman, Lucy V. Kerr, Etta C. Burt, N. Brewer, Jr., Mary L. Allen, Sarah Gallett, Gerrie May Perry, "Atlanta Boy," Lucy Annie Whitcomb, Helen Paul, and Annie Todd.

Many others sent admirable answers; indeed, out of the great number of letters received, only about one hundred failed to be correct; but ST. NICHOLAS cannot give room to any more names. Jack thanks the writers, one and all, and hopes to hear from them again. Here is the first correct reply that was opened:

New York, Oct. 20th, 1875.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT:

In all my experience in the country, I think I have never seen crows or pigeons hop, nor robins and sparrows walk, but *vice versa*. I therefore conclude that the four mistakes in your story in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, are the statements that the crow and pigeon hopped, and the sparrow and robin walked.—Yours truly,  
W. M. K. OLCOTT, aged 13 years.

And here is an extract from Helen D——'s letter—a "big" girl, who does not compete for the prize:

Hearing that you were interested in "hoppers and walkers," I remembered that just a few days ago we came across something on that subject, in "Wake Robin," by John Burroughs. That close and loving observer of Nature says, page 222: "By far the greater number of our land birds are hoppers. The sparrows, thrushes, warblers, woodpeckers, buntings, &c., are all hoppers." On page 215 he says: "Robins belong to the thrush family. . . . See the robin hops along upon the ground. Plovers, sandpipers, and snipes run rapidly. Among the land-birds, the grouse, pigeons, quails, larks, and various blackbirds, walk. The swallows walk, also, whenever they use their feet at all, but very awkwardly."

## MY UNCLE JEHOSHAPHAT.



My Uncle Jehoshaphat had a pig,  
A pig of high degree ;  
And it always wore a brown scratch wig,  
Most beautiful for to see.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat loved that pig,  
And the piggy-wig he loved him ;  
And they both jumped into the lake one day,  
To see which best could swim.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat he swam up,  
 And the piggy-wig he swam down;  
 And so they both did win the prize,  
 Which the same was a velvet gown.

My Uncle Jehoshaphat wore one-half,  
 And the piggy-wig wore the other;  
 And they both rode to town on the brindled calf,  
 To carry it home to its mother.

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### BABY BO.

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FLY away, fly away, Birdie oh!  
 Bring something home to my Baby Bo;  
 Bring her a feather and bring her a song,  
 And sing to her sweetly all the day long.

Hoppety, kickety, Grasshopper oh!  
 Bring something home to my Baby Bo;  
 Bring her a thistle and bring her a thorn,  
 Hop over her head and then begone.

Howlibus, growlibus, Doggibus oh!  
 Bring something home to my Baby Bo;  
 Bring her a snarl and bring her a snap,  
 And bring her a posy to put in her cap.

Twinkily, winkily, Firefly oh!  
 Bring something home to my Baby Bo;  
 Bring her a moonbeam and bring her a star,  
 Then, Twinkily Winkily, fly away far!



## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

(Henceforth we hope to be able to give space every month to a Young Contributors' Department, the articles in which are to be signed with their writers' initials only, though we must require in each instance the real name, age, and address of the author. We shall be happy to hear from our young friends, and shall be guided in selecting manuscripts by their individual merit, the relative age of the author, and the interest of the matter for the greatest number of our readers.)

## THE CURRENT OF DEATH.

NEARER and nearer we draw to thy side,  
Closer and closer as time goes by,  
Alas, that men dread thee and know not why,  
O wonderful River of shadowy tide!

How silently past us thou glidest along,  
Onward, still onward, thro' days and years;  
Thy current, O River, is swollen with tears,  
On thy bosom thou bearest the weak and the strong.

The aged and hoary, the young and fair,  
Thou bearest away from this sphere of pain;  
Care may exist but for them in vain,  
Woe and affliction are things that were.

Unending the peace of thine unseen wave,  
Unceasing thy journey to That from This;  
A glimpse of thy waters, O River, is bliss,  
Alike for the hoary, the young, and the brave.

C. D. D.

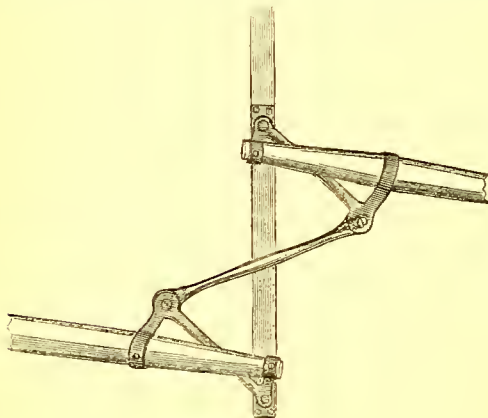
## A NEW WAY TO ROW A BOAT.

OUR boy readers, we think, will be specially interested in the following personal account of a cruise on the Adirondack lakes, written by one of our young friends, who says he likes to see where he is going. "Be sure you're right as you go ahead," is evidently his motto; for he rowed himself over the lakes with oars of his own invention that enabled him to face the bow.

## THE EXCURSION.

This summer I spent a month in the Adirondacks. I had twice been there before, and was sufficiently acquainted with the woods to make my way through the lakes without a guide. I entered from Boonville, and went into camp with two friends on Seventh Lake of the Fulton chain. After several days of fishing and hunting, we went on to Long Lake, where I bought a new boat, to which I attached my rowing-gear.

This rowing-gear is a contrivance for rowing a boat which allows the boatman to face the bow, pulling in the same manner as with the ordinary oars. The reverse movement is obtained by dividing the



THE ROWING GEAR.

oar in two parts, each part having a ball and socket-joint fastened on the gunwale of the boat.

The arrangement is such that the oarsman applies his strength to the best mechanical advantage, and enables him to row faster and more easily than with the ordinary oar.

The oars can also be closed up out of the way, alongside of the



MY BOAT AND OARS (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH).

gunwale, without detaching them from the boat. While rowing, there is no noise from the bearings.

With these oars, the boatman makes no more effort in steering than in directing his course while walking, and this lessens greatly the effort of rowing. He sees the blade of his oar in front of him, and can easily avoid obstacles, while, if he chooses to float along lazily for awhile, the oars can be closed out of the way of the gunwale, without detaching them from the boat.

My boat is a double-bowed pine shell, fourteen feet long, and weighs 75 lbs., without the oars. For so short a boat, it is quite fast. After it was all ready to float, I took it down to the landing, accompanied by a curious crowd, and pulled off in fine style, as the rowing-gear worked much to my satisfaction. The guides, in their turn, all tried it and liked it.

I spent a few days at the village on Long Lake before beginning my cruise. One windy morning I started down the lake, in company with two other boats, on my way to the Saranacs. We made fine progress, as the wind was in our favor, and very soon crossed the sand-bar into the Raquette River. Here I fully realized how convenient it was to see where I was going without twisting my neck. Very soon we got to Johnson's Portage, commonly called "carry," which I crossed twice, first to carry my boat, and then to carry my two guns and bag. This was no easy matter, as the "carry" was a mile and a quarter long, and very muddy from the recent rains. After dinner I rowed down the river, changing my course at Stony Creek Brook, and that evening crossed Spectacle Lakes to Indian "Carry." At the landing, the people who saw me silently and swiftly approaching the shore, were quite astonished to see my position in the boat. I was now on the Upper Saranac, one of the finest lakes of the woods. The next day I rowed down to Bartlett's Hotel, and then on to Martin's. As I often rowed in company with other boats, my oar was well tested with theirs. I soon found that for hunting, this oar would take the place of the paddle in most cases. I went to Paul Smith's by way of the lakes, and the day I left St. Rige's was very pleasant, being neither too hot nor too cold; the lake was smooth as glass and nearly as clear. After spending a few days on Lake Tupper, I set out alone for the Thousand Isles, by way of Potsdam and Ogdensburg, running the rapids of the Raquette River as far as possible, and several times narrowly escaping a capsizing.

For two days I ran rapids and "carried" around falls. Often before losing the sound of the rapid above, I would hear the roar of waters below, and in a few minutes be gliding swiftly down, the noise of the waters drowning all other sounds, and the boat being enveloped in a cloud of spray. The intense excitement of a run down the rapids cannot be described.

On the St. Lawrence, while rowing through a heavy swell, my oars worked well, convincing me that they are well adapted for rowing in a heavy sea.

I stayed among the Thousand Islands for several days, and the boatmen all liked my oars.

I left Alexandria Bay for Montreal on a day boat, taking my canoe

with me. It was a fine day, and I enjoyed my sail down the rapids greatly. From Montreal I went directly on by rail to Bellows Falls, where I spent a pleasant Sunday. Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, I left Bellows Falls in my boat to row home on the Connecticut River. That night I stopped at Vernon, Vt., having rowed thirty miles. The next day I rowed to Stratfield, Mass. Thursday I reached Thompsonville, Ct., and Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, found myself at Middletown, Ct., having made, in less than four days, a hundred and fifty miles.

Coming down the river I was often stopped by persons who wished to examine "the new-fangled oars." Once, a man on the bank shouted to me, "Young man, you are rowing the wrong way." I replied, "Perhaps you don't know which way I am going." I made but two "carries" on the Connecticut, and ran all the swift water below Holyoke. So ended a very pleasant and successful trip, during which I rowed about four hundred miles in my boat; and I certainly had seen far more than if I had been rowing backward all the way.

W. L.

#### A THRILLING NIGHT ADVENTURE AT A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

As the nine o'clock night-bell rang, I sauntered down the hall of our boarding-school, and stopped a minute to see that Nell and Anna were all right. Upon finding that they were sure that a man was in their closet, I investigated the three inches space between a trunk and the wall, and relieved their terror-stricken minds. Then I turned into my own room, laughing a moment with Eva and Louise Bishop, over our witty neighbor's last sally. The bell "for putting out the gas" rang, and darkness reigned, save where a teacher's kerosene

lamp illuminated her own apartment. Morpheus is generally kind to dorm maids, and in ten minutes the whole forty of us were asleep.

I dreamed of the prairies and all the dear faces—but is that our principal's? Yes; and white with terror, for she is shaking me and saying: "You must waken; one-half of this house is on fire. Hurry on your waterproof, and help Eva with Louise."

I rush to the hall—Louise has fainted—Eva is gray from fear, and the glare renders her almost corpse-like. We carry her sister's light form down to the side door; some one has sent for carriages, and there they are; the horses frantic with terror. I don't see Anna or Nell, and shut the back door with a snap. Those two children belong to me. I must find them. I go back—the smoke is stinging. They are alone, on a short hall. In the passage the principal stops me. I scream, yell the girls' names. She throws up her arms with an awful expression of horror, and sobs, "Great Heavens! I've forgotten them." I push past her and am pounding on their door. The two girls are shivering in their white night-clothes. Anna's great black eyes dilate, as she tries to say, bravely; "What can we do?"

"Little Nell" moans "Mother." I look back—the flames are creeping up the stairs. There's only one chance. We tear the sheets in strips and fasten them around Nell; then warning her to "keep cool, dearie," we let her down inch by inch. Then Anna and I look at each other—only one can go—two girls, to whom life is just opening. "I promised to watch over you, and you must go, Anna," I manage to say, and I tie the cotton strips about her waist. "You know I am strong, trust in me; go back to dear old Illinois, and tell Carl I kept my promise." "Good-night." The knots hurt my hands, and it is sitting. I can hardly hold any longer. At last, the weight is gone, and— I turn over, to find the sun shining full in my face, the sheet twisted round and round the bed-post, and the rising-bell ringing.

K. W. F.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

### BRIEF MENTION OF A FEW NEW BOOKS.

**NINE LITTLE GOSLINGS.** By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros.—A delightful book of stories and pictures. The first chapter tells how Johnny, who is not a boy, had a very narrow escape from something which was not an accident; the next and next, up to the ninth and last, give each an interesting history of events which seem as if they *must* have happened somewhere; while one and all are most originally and pleasantly told in the service of Mother Goose's melodies. We cordially advise all of our young friends of from eight to eighty years to read this book.

**HEADS AND TAILS.** By Grace Greenwood.—A profusely illustrated book about little animals, for very young readers, which, being by Grace Greenwood, is sprightly and entertaining from the first page to the last. J. B. Ford & Co., N. Y.

**DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By the author of "Stories from My Attic;" "Dream Children," and "Seven Little People and their Friends." (With seventy-seven illustrations.) New York: Hurd & Houghton.—A book that will enchant you, young friends, little and big, and delight your parents—so good and rich throughout, so charmingly illustrated and so prettily and quaintly covered, that it is an honor to the Bodley Family as well as to the author.

**VICTORIAN POETS.** By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—Boys and girls who are old enough to really crave a knowledge of modern English poetry, and young enough to require in their critic the warmth and sympathy of a true poet, will find this very thorough and scholarly work of Mr. Stedman's a treasure indeed. Being in no sense that dreary, bloodless thing, a condensed literary chronicle, it is compact as a manual, and yet so full and satisfactory, so suggestive, so like a long talk with just the right person on a subject upon which one is most eager to be informed, that its single volume, soon read, seems to have broadened out into a dozen, and the profitable time spent in reading it to have been expanded a hundred fold. We should be glad to see this book, with its very complete index and helpful side notes, introduced into our higher academies and colleges.

**TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.** By Frank R. Stockton. (With one hundred and fifty illustrations.) New York: Scribner, Armstrong and Co.—Knowing that young persons can gain information in other ways than by blackboards and text-books, Mr. Stockton, not long since, whisked away a host of American young folk on a holiday tour of "Roundabout Rambles." It was a delightful excursion, and for those who enjoyed it to bid good-bye to their jolly friend and resume their old studies was something like returning to school on the day after a picnic. But the sight-seeing and adventure of the journey must certainly have added a new zest to their studies, and turned many a dull page into an interesting one. It will be happy news, therefore, for them to learn that, during their school-hours, Mr. Stockton has himself been busy in collecting the materials for this charming series of "Tales Out of School," which are fully as interesting as the "Rambles," and will make the brightest winter-evening fireside glow even brighter still. Between the beautiful covers of this new volume are the most fanciful stories, and the most graphic descriptions of strange and wonderful things in nature and art, that Mr. Stockton has ever written.

**THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.** By J. T. Trowbridge. Osgood & Co., Boston.—Here we have, in book form, the capital story of Jack Hazard and his Western experiences. ST. NICHOLAS readers need not be told that this story will well bear reading again, while those who are not familiar with Jack, Vinnie, Wad, Old Penklow, little Chokie and the rest of the lively people of the story, should lose no time in making their acquaintance. We think this one of the best books of the Jack Hazard series.

**EIGHT COUSINS,** now published in book form by Roberts Bros., Boston, met with such a cordial reception in ST. NICHOLAS, that it must become one of Miss Alcott's most popular books. Everywhere, the children, the girls especially, take the greatest interest in Rose. Each of her seven cousins has his admirers, to be sure, and there are people who almost worship Uncle Alec; but Rose is the queen of the story. We think, too, that Jo" of "Little Women" will have a powerful rival in this delightful young girl, who is as pretty as she is good, and who is so very good. These stories of Mr. Trowbridge and Miss Alcott have gone side by side through ST. NICHOLAS, and now that they have separated and passed out into the wide world, we wish them the best of good fortune.

**THE BIG BROTHER.** By George Cary Eggleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.—This is a story of Indian war in the early part of this century. It is full of the adventures of brave whites—boys as well as men—with savage red men, and abounds in stirring scenes of frontier warfare. But the book will do more than give the boys pictures of Indian fights. It relates a history of a very important part of our country's experience, and will tell many a youngster a great deal that he never knew before.

**THE ROSE LIBRARY.** (Popular Literature of all Countries.) New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.—These very tasteful little volumes, all illustrated, and only 50 cents each, will meet the needs of many young folk who wish to own standard story-books, yet cannot afford to buy expensive volumes. The works of this series, now before us, are: **UNDINE AND THE TWO CAPTAINS**, by De La Motte Fouqué (a new translation). **PICCIOLA**, or **THE PRISON FLOWER**, by X. B. Saintine; **THE FOUR GOLD PIECES**, a Story of Brittany, by Julie Gourand; **ROBERT'S HOLIDAYS**, by N. Danvers (founded on the French of Z. Fleuriot); **THE HOUSE ON WHEELS**, by Madame de Stolz, and **SEA GULL ROCK**, by M. Jules Sandeau.

**FRISK AND HIS FLOCK**, by Mrs. D. P. Sanford, is a bright account of a flock of girls and boys at a country school, and of the wise and funny way the dog Frisk helped Miss Agatha, the teacher, to manage her scholars. It is a large, handsome book, with pictures that will delight the young folks. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

*From American Tract Society, New York:*

**PROUD LITTLE DODY.** By Sarah E. Chester.—This is a story that little girls will read over and over again with ever fresh interest. Dody is a comical, lovable little creature, and there are so many portraits of her, from the time she locks herself into her mamma's room to the day she climbs the tree to show Tom what girls can do, that she seems like an old friend at the last.

**SPLENDID TIMES** is a handsome volume, and its pages are crowded with fine pictures. Its author, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, knows well how to tell tales that children like.

We have also received from the same publishers, **FIVE HAPPY WEEKS**, by Mrs. Sangster; **THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT**, **GRANDPAPA'S HOME**, **THE PRIZE MEDAL AND OTHER STORIES**, by S. Annie Frost; **THE RIVERSIDE FARM-HOUSE**, by Mrs. M. E. Miller; **BOUGHT WITH A PRICE**, by A. L. O. E.; **GOOD ANGELS**, AND **OTHER STORIES**; **HOW TIPTOE GREW**, by Catharine Williams; **THE HOLLY BOY**; **BURDOCKS AND DAISIES**, AND **OTHER STORIES**.

**FLOY LINDSLEY AND HER FRIENDS**, by the author of "A Summer in a Forest," is intended for older children than any of the above. It is an interesting sequel to that pleasant book, "A Summer in a Forest," and here we meet again with the Lindsleys, and the Round Point people—Ariatha, Dorie, Cush, and all the rest. But

**DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:** Can you tell me the best thing to hold card-houses together in the Christmas City, as gum-arabic mucilage does not hold them firmly?  
W. F. BRIDGE, Jr.

If you buy *good* mucilage, you will find it satisfactory. If you made the mucilage yourself, perhaps you made it too thin.

Lausanne, Suisse, Oct. 17, 1875.

**DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:** I have been taking your Magazine ever since it came out, but I never wrote but one letter to you, and that was about crystallizing flowers.

I do love your book so much, I took it when I lived in Washington, D. C.; and when we started for Europe, I thought I would have to give it up, but mamma said I might have it sent to me; so now it is sent to London, and from London to Lausanne, where I am at a French boarding-school; and I like it very much.

Please tell Miss Alcott I liked the "Eight Cousins" very much. I cannot think of any more to say, so good-bye.

I remain your loving and constant reader,

GERTRUDE CURNER.

Your book is such a pleasure to me!

**DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:** I want to ask some of the boys and girls, through you, why it is "darkest just before dawn." If you will ask them, you will very much oblige

Your friend,

FLORENCE GARDINER.

those who have not read the previous volume will find the story complete in itself.

**THE SHINING RIVER.** From Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—A collection of New Music for Sunday-schools—by H. S. & W. O. Perkins—and a good collection, we should say. Although it contains many new pieces never before published, familiar and favorite hymns are not discarded. We wonder anew, at sight of this, why, with all due regard to economy, the covers of the Sunday-school song-books cannot be made just a little less ugly and uninviting.

**PRACTICAL HINTS ON THE SELECTION AND USE OF THE MICROSCOPE.** By John Phin. Industrial Publication Society, New York.

**THE TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL.** By Capt. Thomas Brown. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These are two excellent books, and though somewhat advanced for little people, will doubtless prove of interest and use to some of our older readers who care for microscopical investigations, or who stuff and prepare birds, squirrels, &c.

**HISTORY OF MY FRIENDS.** From the French of Emile Achard. G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This is a series of excellent stories about animals. Some of them are exceedingly interesting.

**MICE AT PLAY.** By Neil Forest. Roberts Brothers.—A story which is not only interesting, but teaches some good lessons to old people as well as young ones.

**SIX TO SIXTEEN.** By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Roberts Brothers.—This is an English story, which may prove of interest to older readers.

**CAPTAIN HATTERAS.** By Jules Verne. Osgood & Co.—Jules Verne is always astonishing, sometimes too much so; but this book of adventure at the North Pole is one of his best works.

**JOLLY GOOD TIMES**, by P. Thorne, is a fresh, lively narrative of child-life on a farm. The varied experiences that cluster around that existence are portrayed very faithfully in this neat little volume. The book contains several capital illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Roberts Bros., Boston.

**FAMILY RECORDS**, published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y., is a large and handsome volume, with blank pages for all sorts of family records—accounts of births, weddings, tooth-cuttings, and various noteworthy events in the career of each member of the family. Such a book, when filled, will be a most valuable family treasure.

**SILVER THREADS OF SONG.**—By H. Millard. Gordon & Co.—A good music book, with many excellent songs, &c., suitable for schools and families. At the end of the book is a "Musical Parade," which ought to be interesting to children who can sing.

A **LITTLE BOY**, with original ideas, sends us a poem on Labor, which he says is of his "own composition." Here are two of the verses:

Even in Eden there was toil,  
And patience. Adam had to wait,  
And cultivate the fruitful soil,  
And labor for his mate.

And now there's labor in the world,  
To keep the world a-going;  
Each person has his proper share—  
Some reaping, and some sowing.

"A READER."—H. H. was mistaken, and Jack is right. The Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson, of England, wrote "Alice in Wonderland."

Stuttgart, Oct. 17.

**DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:** We were all greatly interested in "Eight Cousins." Rose's "learning bones" reminds me of one of our studies at school. A physician comes into one of the higher classes once a week, and speaks of the construction of the human body, and of its various parts. He brings bones and pictures along to make it more easy for us to understand. He has models of the heart, lungs, and brains, of gypsum, fashioned so that they can be taken apart. They have the colors of the natural organs, and I find them very interesting. Recently, he brought an eye of "papier maché," which he says is a true work of art. Of course it is much



larger than a natural eye, but all the small nerves and muscles are given. I think such models give us a better idea of ourselves than pictures do.

The school was founded in 1818, by Queen Catharine of Württemberg, and it bears her name. About nine hundred girls go in and out daily. There are eight classes, each with two or three divisions. Two years ago, a higher school for the educating of teachers was added to the Catharinenstift. Every winter an afternoon course of study is opened, in which is taught that which the eighth class learns during the whole year. Twice a week lectures are held by a professor on the history of arts. Last year we had the history of painting; this winter it will be the history of architecture. French is taught very thoroughly, and almost daily, in all the classes; English is only a secondary study. Every Thursday we have to listen to a sermon. The rector wears his chanced-gown, and preaches upon the text of the following Sunday. I don't see the use of these sermons, for the girls don't pay much attention to them. While the last rector lived, they were obliged to write compositions about the sermons; but the present rector, although very strict in some things, takes this easy.

As a general rule, Stuttgart has very good schools, although the method of teaching is exceedingly slow. One girl counted up all the holidays during the eight years she passed at the Catharinenstift, and found that two whole years had been holidays.

Hoping to see your dear magazine soon, I remain your friend,  
ANNA HELMKE.

M. E. A.—Jack will print your clever story.

MAMIE A. JOHNSON.—Please send post-office address again to Little Schoolma'am, care of ST. NICHOLAS magazine, so that she may send you a book. (See "Hoppers and Walkers," page 199.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Hiram G.—asks if there are any other of your readers who have seen live potato-bugs washed up on the beach. I live about nine miles from the Atlantic Ocean; and on Fire Island last summer I saw, you might almost say, hills of them, the greater part alive, washed up by the surf.—One of your constant readers and admirers,  
WILLARD P. REID.

Brooklyn, Oct. 29, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma says to ask you if you think it is wise for me, a boy eight years old, to begin to read the ST. NICHOLAS as soon as I rise, and during all my play-hours?

I am so fond of it, and find so much of interest in it, that I think it is the best kind of play for me—don't you?

Papa has subscribed for all of the Abbott's Histories for me, if I will not tease my little sister; but you don't know what fun it is. I tell him boys will be boys; still I think I have improved a little. Mamma says, to put a big stroke under the "little."

Please write my name down among the Bird-defenders. We have birds in large numbers in the trees in front of our house.—Yours truly,  
FRANK C. HIGGINS.

JAMES E. W. writes: "Mamma thinks the information I get from ST. NICHOLAS is a good part of my education."

It seems that Sarah B. Wilson's riddle was also published in "Our Young Folks" for December, 1872, and the answers then elicited are substantially those that have been sent to ST. NICHOLAS. We print the following as a concise statement of the two answers generally given:

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 28, 1875.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: The riddle sent by Sarah B. Wilson is not given correctly. The principal differences between it and the correct one are near the end. The tenth line should read, "The wife's ambition and the parson's dues," and in the next to the last, "By the first letters quickly will be shown." The puzzle was written by Miss Anne Seward, an English authoress, who left £50 in her will to any one who would solve it. An answer to it was published in "Our Young Folks" for March, 1873, page 190. It was as follows: Apollo Belvidere; Light; Evidence; N, the cross; Agriculture; Nuncupatory; Daystar (Venus); Redemption; Ingots; and Altarage, or altarage. The first letters of these make Alexandria. In the May number, of the same volume, page 315, was another answer, given by a lady, who said that her mother had given her this answer over sixty years ago. The words were: Laocoon; Eye (I); Time; Cornucopia; Hope; Fidelity; Idalis, or Venus; Ease; Lucre; Duty—the initials spelling Litchfield, the birthplace of Dr. Johnson, and known in the time of the Romans. I have not known whether the reward was claimed or not.  
FRANK H. BURT.

One or both of the answers given in Frank's letter have also been sent in by Emile Low, E. N. Fussell, "Comus," A. E. Johnson, Mary W. Catkins, J. D. Early, "Winfried," Samuel Williston, Daisy Gill, and "Specia." Charles Hart Payne sends similar answers, and

explains that Altarage is "an emolument of priests arising from oblations through the means of an altar," and altarage is "the fostering of a child." The following three answers are inserted in full as being new and original. The first comes from J. P. B.:

*Apollo Belvidere*, fair work of art;  
*Diamond*, bright gem that nature doth impart  
*Retainer*, needful in the lawyer's case;  
*Iris*, fair rainbow, signal is of peacc.  
A cheerful air the plowman's steps attends;  
The faithful soldier, name with honor blends;  
The lover's vow may in the very name  
A promise of a sure "remembrance" claim;  
The orb of night shines 'twixt the earth and sun;  
*Pardon* is granted, though it be not won;  
*Lucre* the miser loves, as do the Jews,  
Nor wits, nor parsons, *eulogies* refuse  
By the initials of these words is shown  
"Adrianople," city of renown.

W. T. Prescott sends this:

The noblest object in the works of art,  
The brightest gem which nature can impart,  
The point essential in the lawyer's case,  
The well-known signal in the time of peacc,  
The plowman's prompter when he drives the  
plow,  
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,  
The planet seen between the earth and sun,  
The prize which merit never yet has won,  
The miser's treasure and the badge of Jews,  
The wit's ambition and the parson's dues.

*Apollo Belvidere*,  
*Gemus*,  
*Retaining fee*,  
*Increase*,  
*Grain*,  
*Engagement*,  
*New Moon*,  
*Throne*,  
*Usury*,  
*Moncy*.

Now if your noble spirit can divine  
A corresponding word for every line,  
By the first letters quickly will be shown  
An ancient city of no small renown.

By taking the first letter of each corresponding word, we have "Agrigentum," an ancient city of Sicily.

And, finally, here is an answer giving a new authorship and interpretation to the riddle:

EDITORS ST. NICHOLAS: The riddle sent by your correspondent concerning an ancient city, was written by the Rev. Solyman Brown, formerly of your city, and a Swedenborgian, also a dentist. The riddle will be found in a volume of his poems at least as far back as 1836. The answer is "Aerosolyma," the ancient name for Jerusalem. I leave your readers the rest of the solution. WM. WARD.

[No. 1260.] South Branch, N. J., October 29, 1875.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS—DEAR FRIEND: You have printed in your valuable magazine almost everything that will amuse or instruct or benefit your many friends. Among my acquaintances there is quite a mania just now to see who can write the most words on a postal card. About the middle of this month I sent a postal card off with 600 words; I thought it was full, but since then have written one with 1055 words. I am 300 ahead of any one else that I know, and do not think it can be equalled.

Bear with me a little longer, and I will describe a plan I have followed for some years that is often of much value to me, and I think will be of interest to others. It is keeping an account of correspondence.

I commenced in 1863, when I sent ten letters and received nine; since then it has been increasing steadily, till last year (1874) I sent 279, and received 257, making a total for the twelve years of 1008 sent and 913 received. This explains the No. at the top of sheet.

During the year several letters were lost and detained by being wrongly forwarded by postmasters. By my book I have been able to furnish P. O. Department with exact date of sending the letter, receipt of word of non-receipt, and date of every letter sent in reference to the same to any postmaster on the route. Have found it very valuable, and been able to recover some of these letters which were quite valuable.

My book is six inches wide by seven and a half long; it has five spaces: first for date; second, number sent; third, name; fourth, date, and fifth, number received. See as follows:

1875.	LETTERS SENT.	RECEIVED.
Feb. 19.....	1 N. Y. Tract Society.....	Feb. 23. 1
Apr. 14.....	2 Jones, Brother & Co.....	Sept. 9. 7
Aug. 25.....	6 Biglow & Main.....	Apr. 20. 2
May 11.....	3 Gov. S. J. Tilden.....	July 14. 5
Sept. 4.....	7 Wm. C. Bryant.....	May 26. 3
June 15.....	4 Wilcox & Gibbs.....	June 28. 4
July 2.....	5 First Asst. P. M. General.....	Aug. 5. 6
1 inch wide.	½ in.	1 in. wide. ½ in.

Hoping you will receive this with favor, I remain, most respectfully yours,  
AMOS MORSE.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## A MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters. My 6, 2, 1, 2, 4, 7, was the goddess of orchards and fruit. My 1, 10, 8, 11, was the god of war. My 12, 7, 5, 3, 8, 9, was the god of time. My 1, 2, 1, 13, 14, was the god of wit and gay conversation. My 6, 10, 9, was considered as the inspirer of consternation, or panics. My whole was the favorite haunt of Pegasus. M.

## BEHEADED RHYMES.

DICK Dobbin was mightily given to—;  
His tongue ran along at a terrible—,  
And e'en all the time that his victuals he—  
He chatted away just the same.

His father would scold, and his mother would—  
And vow that their son was an ill-mannered—  
But Dick would not stop till he'd had his talk—  
And *that* time, alas! never came. A. B. C.

## ELLIPSES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second blank with the same word decapitated. 1. The ——— resulted in ———. 2. A boy made a toy ——— in our ———. 3. Did you have to ——— for the ———? 4. Can the ——— eat an ———? 5. The ——— belongs to this ———. 6. This ——— is full of ———. CYRIL DEANE.

## ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

THE birthplace of a famous conqueror; the name of another who died 323 years before the Christian Era, and whose coffin, composed of a single block of Egyptian breccia, is still preserved in the British Museum; a renowned hunter, and the founder of a noted city, whose walls were a hundred feet high, and inclosed fifteen hundred lofty towers; a Grecian city, once famous for its learning and refinement; a renowned city in the mountains of Gilead, where one king of Israel died, another was wounded, and a third anointed king; and a city of Japan, now becoming noted for its rapid growth in Western civilization. Take the first letter of each of the above, and form the name of a cheery little inmate of many of our homes, and also of a group of islands celebrated for a volcanic peak more than 12,000 feet high. F. R. F.

## SQUARE-WORD.

THIS puzzle is so good that we give it a place here, although we are not sure that it has never been printed before:

The first you do to shun a stone  
Flung at you in a passion;  
The next, for brilliant sights and sounds,  
Is sought by folks of fashion;  
The third, a friend will strive to do  
When your intent is wrong;  
But of the fourth there are but few  
Who to the fifth belong.

## EXCEPTIONS.

1. FROM the name of a tree except the middle letter, and make it masculine. 2. From a word of seven letters denoting well-known, except the middle one, and leave a tree; from this except the third letter, and make it icy cold. 3. From a heavy piece of wood, a noted river may be formed by excepting the letter "m." 4. Except the central letter from a wreath, and leave a mountain hut. 5. Drop the middle letter from a carousal, and leave

what often succeeds it. 6. Except the middle letter from a division of a poem, and you will see a noted Roman. 7. Except the middle letter from a small white cord, and leave an adjective indicating its use. 8. Except the middle letter from the Mexican cherry, and leave a species of fish. 9. By excepting the central letter from a favorite confection, a sacred mountain is left; from this except the third letter, and leave an animal which lives near it. 10. From a deep ravine except the fourth letter, and leave a law. CHARL.

## SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following definitions, and leave a complete word square. 1. Wounds. 2. Packages. 3. Encourages. CYRIL DEANE.

## DIAMOND PUZZLE.

READING downward and across alike. 1. A numeral. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A claw. 4. A number. 5. Damp. 6. A negative. 7. A consonant. C. D.

## METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am to strike a blow;  
Beheaded once, a coach I go.  
Change my new head, and I pass  
For an ensign or an ass.  
Alter head, and I'm a need;  
And again, a load indeed.  
Once more change, and I'm a frame;  
Still again, I'm a surname.  
Head anew, and I'm to hold;  
Vet again (if you're so bold),  
Make of me a bag, or wine.  
Or a garment neat and fine.  
Head anew, and I'm behind;  
Still again, a nickname find.  
Off my head and give me two,  
I'll look wise and wear a queue.  
Give others two instead of these,  
And I'm as dexterous as you please. L. W. N.

## EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A GRACEFUL bird. 2. Crockery. 3. Parts of the human body. 4. A bird's habitation. RUBY SEAL.

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. NAPOLEON thought it ——— that he should, as an exile. ———. 2. ——— procession could not well have been ———. 3. A debtor said, "Will you take ——— dollar when you have so much ———?" 4. I am ——— in dressing her hair; ——— and braid the rest. 5. She made a ——— to renounce the world long before she entered ———. 6. He has no time for ———, for he ——— with work. 7. They obey his ——— only at their ———. 8. Such ignorance of botany was not to be ———; he could not have ——— from a shrub. 9. His ——— had acquired a ——— through rust. 10. Immunity from mice was ——— by a ———. B.

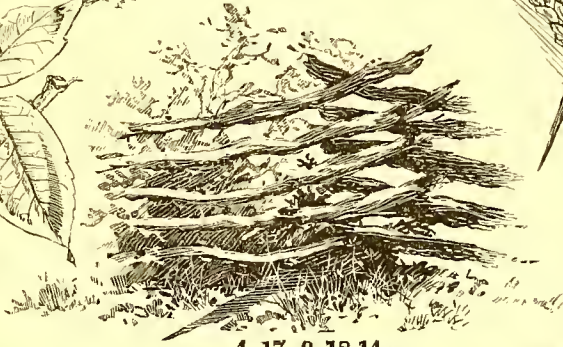
## HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. TRACKERS. 2. To divide. 3. A contemptible person. 4. In all towers. 5. To brown. 6. Part of your body. 7. Seen in cotton factories. Centrals, read downward, name an officer. CYRIL DEANE.

# ENIGMA



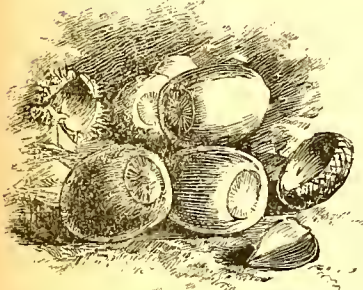
18. 9. 12. 2.



4. 17. 9. 18. 14.



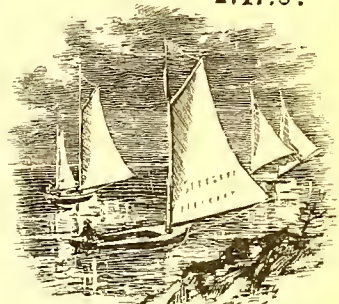
2. 17. 8.



1. 13. 10. 15.



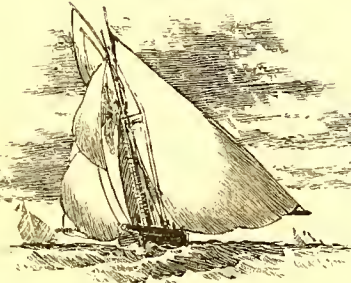
4. 9. 6. 2.



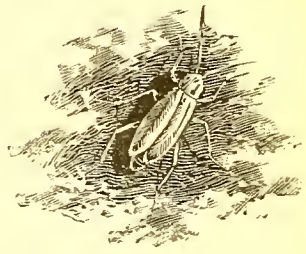
10. 17. 9. 19. 14.



7. 13. 15.



5. 13. 6. 7. 11.



3. 16. 17. 6. 7.

(The answer to above contains nineteen letters, and is to be obtained from the pictures and numbers given.)

### DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a complete diamond: 1. A beverage. 2. Thrusts from a pointed weapon. 3. Workmen on slates. 4. Encourages. 5. A time. The following letters and words form the diamond: 1. A consonant. 2. A border. 3. Afterward. 4. A wager. 5. A consonant.

CYRIL DEANE.

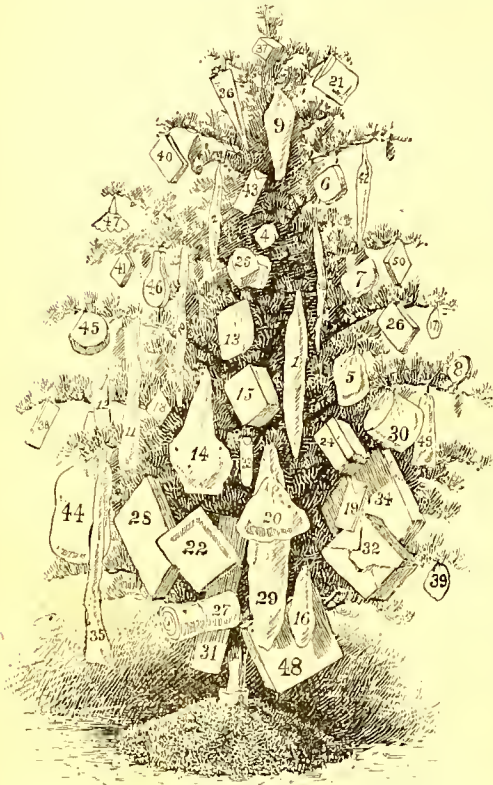
### CHARADE.

I AM a word of three syllables. My first and second united, form what we all have been, what most of us love, yet what nobody likes to be called; my third has been always an important part of the great city of London; and my whole is the name of an ancient city in which the first astronomical observations were made.

F. R. F.

CHRISTMAS-TREE PUZZLE.

(Make out the names of the articles on the tree from the hints given. Some packages contain only a ticket for the present, which would be too large for a tree. The answer to No. 1 is Umbr-ella. ST. NICHOLAS has a very pretty Christmas present on its Christmas-tree waiting to be sent to the first girl or boy who sends correct answers to this riddle.)



1. FOUR-FIFTHS of a brown pigment and a girl's name.
2. Equality, a vowel, and a planet.
3. An emblem of eternity.
4. A pair, and four-sevenths of some veal steaks.
5. A five-dollar bill and the *N. Y. Tribune*.
6. A bond, and certain amphibious animals.
7. A sentinel.
8. Part of the head, and what Saturn has.
9. Sixty-six and two-thirds cents.
10. A man mentioned in Genesis.
11. A Swiss hero, a letter of the alphabet, and to contend.
12. A command to keep to the right, followed by a pair of Cupids.
13. A crime, an adverb, a relative, sailors, and an adverb.
14. A cooked dish, notches, and a part of the hand.
15. Inhabitants of a portion of Great Britain, and the inside of a watch.
16. Skating people.
17. One penny, and a pouch.
18. A member of the human frame, a poor dog, and a commander.
19. Part of the body, and bonds of union.
20. A peripatetic receptacle.
21. A geometric figure, part of the body, and trimming.
22. One of the early inhabitants of Albion, and a pitcher.
23. Part of your body, prefixed by twice yourself.
24. L. L.
25. Passions and blows.
26. A parent and a bird.
27. What we find in the store, and in the window.
28. A gentleman, and part of a sail-boat.
29. An insect and a snare.
30. A letter and a spirit.
31. Part of the window.
32. A nickname, to avoid, and breezy.
33. Tableaux.
34. Half of an exclamation, and a tool.
35. To steal.
36. Two letters.
37. Part of the body, and a wedge.
38. A powerful instrument, part of a window, and an envelope.
39. What a printer dreads, an article, and an exclamation.
40. Something that can be easily turned into a dairy.
41. A fastening, and a pronoun.
42. Light, and darkness.
43. Four-sevenths of a longing, and a preposition.
44. Four-sixths of a flower, and a preposition.
45. A reptile, part of an oyster, and part of a domestic fowl.
46. Part of an elephant, part of a cat, and part of a fox.
47. A feature, gaudy.
48. Parts of a city.
49. Part of a stage-coach, and a nickname.
50. A shoe-string, and part of a fish-hook.

AUNT SUE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Holmes, Lowell. 1. Hill. 2. O, O. 3. Law. 4. Manœuvre. 5. Enigmatical. 6. Soul.  
EASY REBUS.—“Up in a balloon, boys, sailing round the moon.”  
LATIN WORD-PYRAMID.—“Veni, vidi, vici”

V  
I E I (1/3 of “Labor diei”)  
D O N E C  
I N D I G N I

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Leafy. 2. Eagle. 3. Agues. 4. Fleet. 5. Vesty. INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Beech, beach. 2. Phrase, frays. 3. Freeze, frieze. 4. Steak, stake.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

R  
N E T  
R E B U S  
T U N  
S

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Charles Dickens.  
EASY ENIGMA.—Merit, remit, timer, mitre.  
PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.—Fish-pond.

F —ox—tra—P  
I —ndig—O  
S—aucepa—N  
H —ea—D

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.— P A W  
M O D E S  
P A D D L E S  
H E L M S  
D E N

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix “Ex.” Export, Exceed, Excel, Exile, Extent, Expense, Export, Explain, Extract, Express.

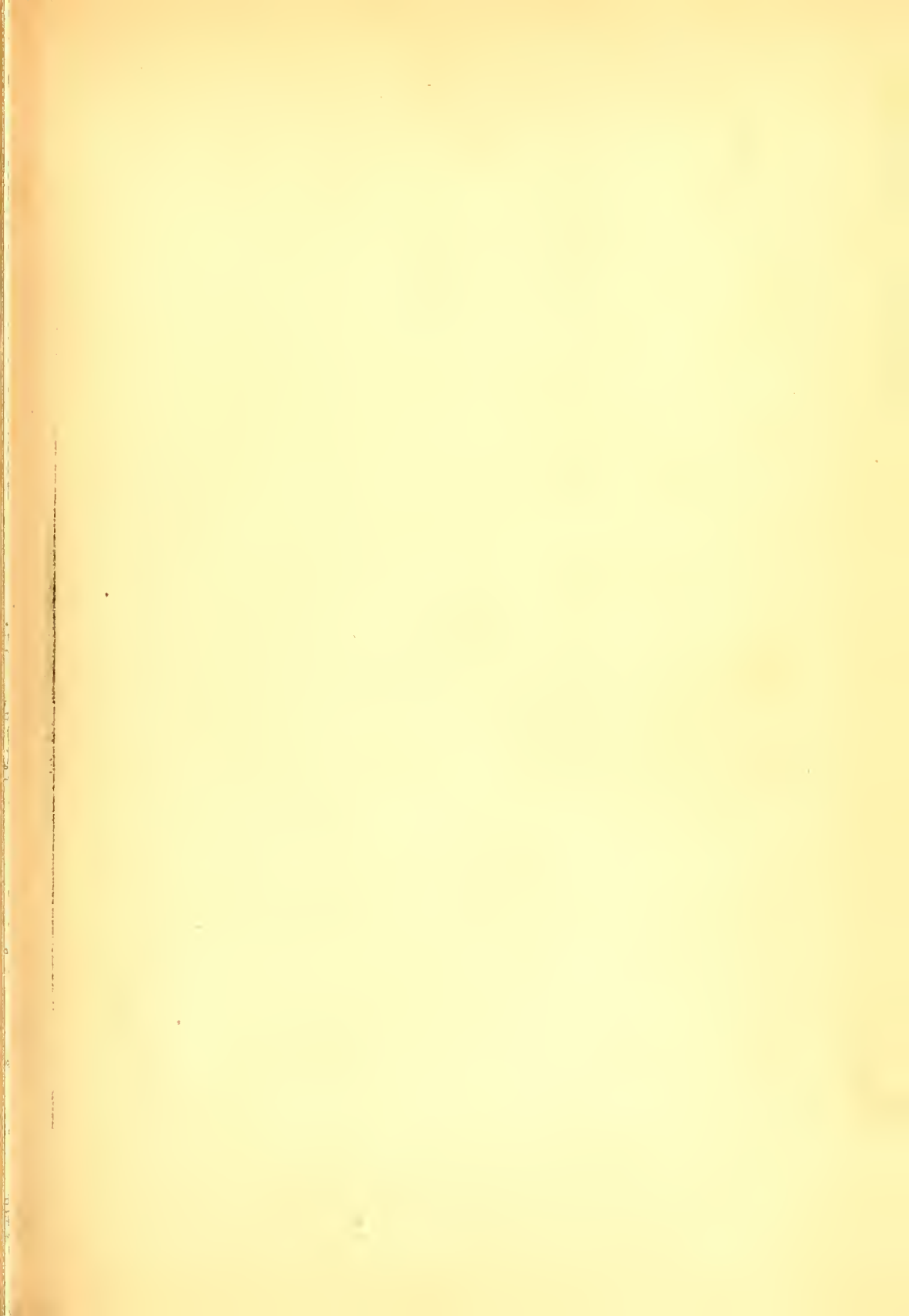
HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.—  
T H E M  
H A V E  
E V E R  
M E R E

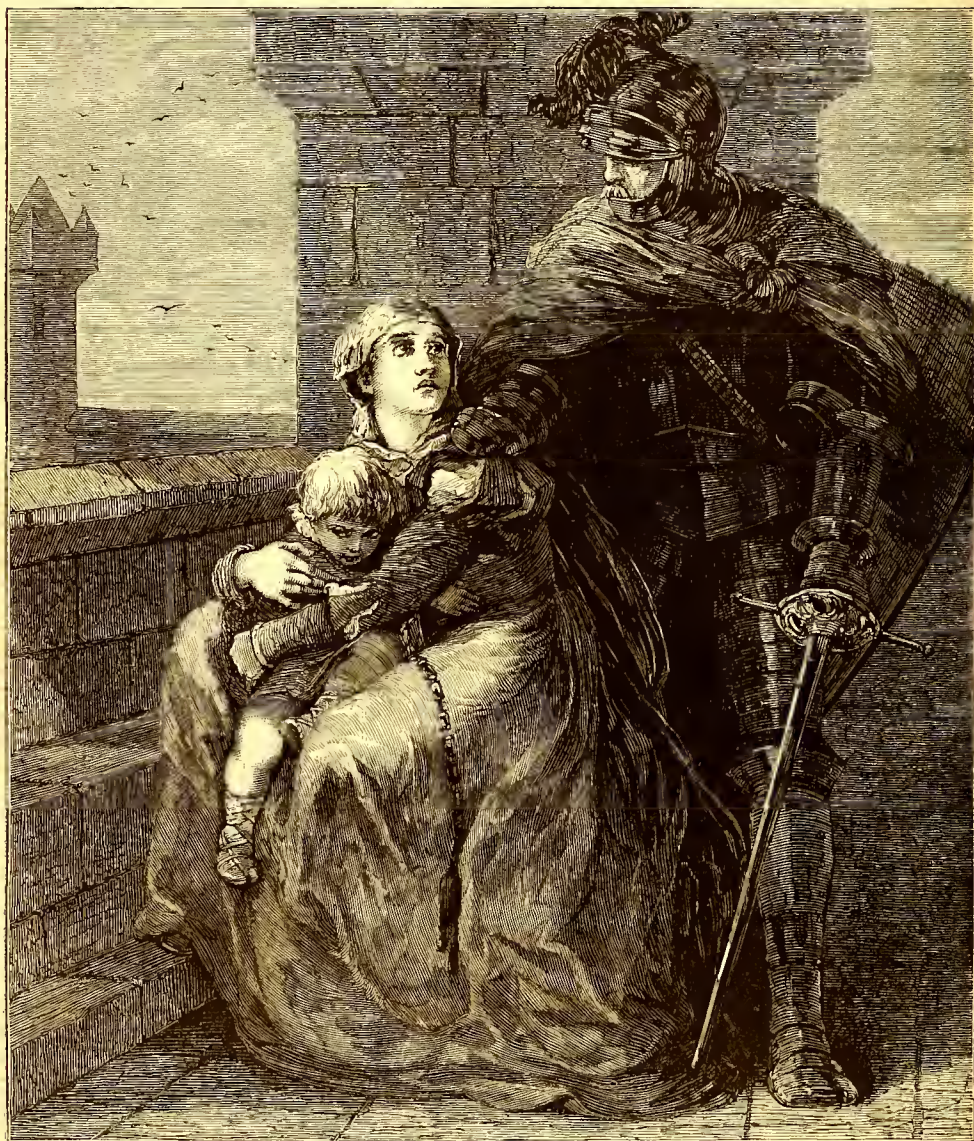
CHARADE.—Cambyses.  
ENIGMA.—Washington Irving.  
DECAPITATIONS.—1. Climax—limax. 2. Sirene—Irene. 3. Mo-  
rion—Orion. 4. Regret—Egret.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Macbeth, Othello.

M—ement—O  
A—ncien—T  
C —as— H  
B —al— E  
E —ase— L  
T —ota— L  
H —er O

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Nellie S. Colby, Katie E. Gilligan, “Bettie and Laura,” “Cora,” William C. Delaney, John Edward Hill, “Golden Eagle,” Charley W. Coleman, Florence A. Merriam, “Jamie and Lucy,” Tommy W. Fry, Fannie E. Cushing, G. A. Wells, “Sunflower and Hollyhock,” Wm. R. Brown, Annie G., Rufus Nock, “G. E. M.,” Mamie A. Johnson, William A. Crowell, Edith N. Spear, E. Parmelee Prentice, William F. Abbett, George Voorhees, Jr., and R. V. Beach





"DO NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT."

[See "The Black Douglas."]

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

No. 4.

## THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

KING EDWARD I. of England nearly conquered Scotland. They did not have photographs in those days, but had expressive and descriptive names for people of rank, which answered just as well. So Edward was known as "Longshanks." It was from no lack of spirit or energy that he did not quite complete the stubborn work, but he died a little too soon. On his death-bed he called his pretty, spiritless son to him, and made him promise to carry on the war; he then ordered that his body should be boiled in a caldron, and that his bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the army in future campaigns against the Scots. After these and some other queer requests, death relieved him of the hard politics of this world, and so he went away. Then his son, Edward II., tucked away the belligerent old King's bones among the bones of other old kings in Westminster Abbey, and spent his time in dissipation among his favorites, and allowed the resolute Scots to recover Scotland.

Good James, Lord Douglas, was a very wise man in his day. He may not have had long shanks, but he had a very long head, as you shall presently see. He was one of the hardest foes with which the two Edwards had to contend, and his long head proved quite too powerful for the second Edward, who, in his single campaign against the Scots, lost at Bannockburn nearly all that his father had gained.

The tall Scottish castle of Roxburgh stood near the border, lifting its grim turrets above the Teviot and the Tweed. When the Black Douglas, as Lord James was called, had recovered castle after castle from the English, he desired to gain this stronghold, and determined to accomplish his wish.

But he knew it could be taken only by surprise, and a very wily ruse it must be. He had outwitted the English so many times, that they were sharply on the lookout for him.

How could it be done?

'Tis an old Yule-log story, and you shall be told.

Near the castle was a gloomy old forest, called Jedburgh. Here, just as the first days of spring began to kindle in the sunrise and sunsets, and warm the frosty hills, Black Douglas concealed sixty picked men.

It was Shrove-tide, and Fasten's Eve, immediately before the great Church festival of Lent, was to be celebrated with a great gush of music and blaze of light and free offerings of wine in the great hall of the castle. The garrison was to have leave for merry-making and indulging in drunken wassail.

The sun had gone down in the red sky, and the long, deep shadow began to fall on Jedburgh woods, the river, the hills, and valleys.

An officer's wife had retired from the great hall, where all was preparation for the merry-making, to the high battlements of the castle, in order to quiet her little child and put it to rest. The sentinel, from time to time, paced near her. She began to sing:

" Hush ye,	Hush ye,
Hush ye,	Do not fret ye;
Little pet ye!	The Black Douglas
Hush ye,	Shall not get ye!"

She saw some strange objects moving across the level ground in the distance. They greatly puzzled her. They did not travel quite like animals, but they seemed to have four legs.

"What are those queer-looking things yonder?" she asked of the sentinel as he drew near.

"They are Farmer Asher's cattle," said the soldier, straining his eyes to discern the outlines of the long figures in the shadows. "The good man is making merry to-night, and has forgotten to bring in his oxen; lucky 't will be if they do not fall a prey to the Black Douglas."

So sure was he that the objects were cattle, that he ceased to watch them longer.

The woman's eye, however, followed the queer-looking cattle for some time, until they seemed to disappear under the outer works of the castle. Then, feeling quite at ease, she thought she would sing again. Spring was in the evening air; it may have made her feel like singing.

Now the name of the Black Douglas had become so terrible to the English that it proved a bugbear to the children, who, when they misbehaved, were told that the Black Douglas would get them. The little ditty I have quoted must have been very quieting to good children in those alarming times.

So the good woman sang cheerily :

' Hush ye,  
Hush ye,  
Little pet ye!  
Hush ye,

Hush ye,  
Do not fret ye;  
The Black Douglas  
Shall not get ye!"

"DO NOT BE SO SURE OF THAT!" said a husky voice close beside her, and a mail-gloved hand fell solidly upon her shoulder. She was dreadfully frightened, for she knew from the appearance of the man he must be the Black Douglas.

The Scots came leaping over the walls. The garrison was merry-making below, and, almost before the disarmed revelers had any warning, the Black Douglas was in the midst of them. The old stronghold was taken, and many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the Black Douglas spared the woman and the child, who probably never afterward felt quite so sure about the little ditty:

" Hush ye,  
Hush ye,  
Do not fret ye;  
The Black Douglas  
Shall not get ye!"

It is never well to be too sure, you know.

Douglas had caused his picked men to approach the castle by walking on their hands and knees, with long black cloaks thrown over their bodies, and their ladders and weapons concealed under their cloaks. The men thus presented very nearly the appearance of a herd of cattle in the deep shadows, and completely deceived the sentinel, who was probably thinking more of the music and dancing below than of the watchful enemy who had been haunting the gloomy woods of Jedburgh.

The Black Douglas, or "Good James, Lord

Douglas," as he was called by the Scots, fought, as I have already said, with King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. One lovely June day, in the fargone year of 1329, King Robert lay dying. He called Douglas to his bedside, and told him that it had been one of the dearest wishes of his heart to go to the Holy Land and recover Jerusalem from the Infidels; but since he could not go, he wished him to embalm his heart after his death, and carry it to the Holy City and deposit it in the Holy Sepulcher.

Douglas had the heart of Bruce embalmed and inclosed in a silver case, and wore it on a silver chain about his neck. He set out for Jerusalem, but resolved first to visit Spain and engage in the



MELROSE ABBEY.

war waged against the Moorish King of Grenada. He fell in Andalusia, in battle. Just before his death, he threw the silver casket into the thickest of the fight, exclaiming: "Heart of Bruce, I follow thee or die!"

His dead body was found beside the casket, and the heart of Bruce was brought back to Scotland and deposited in the ivy-clad Abbey of Melrose.

Douglas was a real hero, and few things more engaging than his exploits were ever told under the holly and mistletoe, or in the warm Christmas light of the old Scottish Yule-logs.



## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

THE next few days of travel were very wearisome and tedious. The road was a dull level, stretching along by the banks of the Platte River. Repeated rains had made the ground soft, and the teams moved with great difficulty, for all of the emigrants were loaded heavily. From Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City was an uninterrupted wilderness, with only here and there a little trading-post. The provisions consumed on the trip could not be replaced until the Mormon capital was reached; and even at that place only flour and meat could be bought at reasonable prices. So the supplies of groceries, clothing, and other goods needed for the journey must last from the Missouri to the Sacramento.

The weather was warm, and our young emigrants found it very uncomfortable trudging along in the heat of the day, with the sun's rays pouring down upon them. Hi grumbled a great deal at the disagreeable things he had to encounter. It was disagreeable walking, and disagreeable driving. It was particularly disagreeable to be pursued as they were by mosquitoes. At night, while they camped in the flat valley of the Platte, these pests were simply intolerable.

"Let's make a smudge, boys," said Barnard, one night, when they had in vain tried to eat their supper in comfort. Mosquitoes in clouds hovered about their heads, filling their eyes, ears and noses, and making the air shrill with their music.

"We might as well be smoked to death as stung to death," growled Hi. "I never see anything so disagreeable. It's wuss than small-pox."

So the boys collected some hazel-boughs and grass, made a fire on the ground and covered it with the green stuff, and soon had a thick cloud of stifling smoke about them. The mosquitoes seemed to cough a little among themselves, and then they gradually withdrew in disgust.

"That worries the pests," said Mont. "I think I see five or six hundred of them on that hazel brush, waiting for the thing to blow over; then they will make another rush at us."

"Yes," added Hi, "and there's one big he feller; I see him now, eavorting through the underbrush like mad. He got some smoke in his left eye, and he'll make us smart for it when he comes back. Ugh! ugh! but this smoke is wuss than git-out. I can't stand it no longer!"—and Hi,

choking with the effects of the "smudge," seized his plate of bread and bacon, and ran. The others staid as long as they could, and then left everything and retired to a little distance from the fire. The mosquitoes were ready for them, and descended upon them in millions.

The boys, finishing their supper as best they might, got inside the tent, leaving a eirele of smoking fire-heaps all about it. Sleep was impossible that night. They visited some of the neighboring camps, of which there were a great many; and everybody was fighting mosquitoes. Smoldering fires were kindled all about, and public feeling ran very high against the great nuisance of the night. One man remarked that there ought to be a mass meeting called and resolutions passed. Another suggested that the mosquitoes were the original settlers on the place, and that they had rights which even a white man was bound to respect.

During the night, too, the eattle, which were chained up as usual, were so frantie with the annoyance that they were in danger of injuring themselves. They ran to and fro with their short allowance of chain, snorted, tore the earth, and lashed themselves into a frenzy. It was decided to unyoke them and take the chances of finding them in the morning. "Tige," as soon as he was at liberty, walked deliberately up to one of the smudge fires, where he turned his tail toward it and stood contentedly chewing his eud.

"Sagacious Tige," said Mont. "I believe I will follow your example."

Tige appreciated this compliment, apparently, for he lay down, having tested the value of smoke as a shield against mosquitoes. Mont rolled himself in his blanket and lay down by another fire, and managed to sleep almost as well as Tige. The others did the same, though it was hard work to keep up the fires and find sleep also. Arthur woke up long before daybreak, with the insects buzzing and stinging about his face. He jumped up in sheer desperation and ran wildly out on the level road, half-a-mile or more, without stopping. He could hear the bodies of the mosquitoes striking on his hat as he fled. Then he turned and ran baek again, leaving a long train of the pests behind him. But they caught up with him by the time he had reached the camp. In despair, he covered his head with a blanket and sat down by a tree trunk to sleep again, having first stirred up a good

smudge for Tige, who looked on complacently at this provision for his comfort. Arthur stooped and brushed a few mosquitoes from Tige's black muzzle, and the steer looked up at him intelligently, as if to say, "Hard lines, these, my boy."

"Arouse ye! arouse ye! my merry Swiss boys!" sung Mont, bright and early next morning, while the rest of the party were yet struggling with mosquitoes in their dreams. "We have a long drive to the crossing of Loup Fork, to-day; and if we don't get there in good season, we shall have to wait a whole day to get a chance on the ferry."

The boys turned out of their various lairs with many expressions of discomfort. They had had a tiresome day's travel and almost no rest at all. The air was now moist and warm, with the promise of another hot day. They were smarting with mosquito bites, and were generally uncomfortable.

"Well, I allow this is reely disagreeable," said Hi, half sitting up, clasping his hands across his knees and looking excessively miserable.

The picture of Hi, squatted there forlornly, with his hat crumpled over his head, his face blotched with bites, and his eyes heavy with sleep, was too funny for Barnard, who laughed outright and said:

"Well, I declare, Hi, but you do look like the very last rose of summer that ever was!"

"See here, Barney Crogan!" said Hi, angrily, "I don't want none of your sass. And I jest give you notice of that."

"What are you going to do about it?" sharply replied Barnard, who felt his anger rising. "You sit there like a bump on a log, saying that things are 'disagreeable,' and I don't see that that helps it."

"Well, I don't want anybody's chin about it,—that 's what I don't want. And I allow I aint agoin' to stand no nonsense from a feller that don't take his regular spell at drivin'."

"What do you mean?" said Barnard, advancing threateningly toward Hi, who, by this time, had risen to his feet and stood with his blanket still clinging about him. "What do you mean? If you mean to say that I don't do my share of work, I'll —"

"Oh, stop! stop! boys," interposed Mont. "There's really no use of quarreling. I suppose we all feel cross and unhappy, after such a miserable night. I'm sure I do. But we need n't quarrel."

"Who's quarrelin', I'd like to know. I aint. It's that stuck-up —"

But before he had time to finish his sentence, Mont had playfully put his hand on Hi's mouth, saying:

"Well, I know I am a stuck-up Boston chap, but I'll try to get over it."

Barnard was secretly amused at this ingenious turn, but he was too angry to say anything, and he turned his attention to the cattle.

Tom and Johnny, the latter somewhat alarmed at the warlike appearance of things in camp, scoured the underbrush for dry wood for their breakfast fire.

"If Barney had sassed me like that," commented Tom, when out of earshot of his elders, "I would have punched his head for him."

"Appears to me that Hi had no cause to fire up so—Barney did n't mean anything; and I'm sure Hi did look queer-like, sitting there with his hat mussed and his head all swelled up."

"I'll swell your head for ye, yer ongrateful little weasel. You're always takin' Crogan's side"—and Tom dealt him a blow behind the ear. Johnny tumbled over a clump of brush, crying, not so much with pain as with anger and mortification. Tom only muttered, "Yer can't sass me, ye know."

Loaded with their fuel, they went back to the camp, where Arthur, with a lowering brow, was busy over the fire, making ready for breakfast.

"What's the matter with *you*?" he asked with amazement and some asperity, as he noticed the tears on Johnny's face.

"I punched his head for sass," said Tom, defiantly.

Without a word, Arthur banged Tom over the head with the sheet-iron stove-cover, which he happened to have in his hand. Tom felt the indignity, for his face was covered with soot and his eyes smarted. But, before he could get at Arthur, who stood by the stove, his eyes sparkling, and his lithe young form swelling with anger, Mont had seized Tom and drawn him away. Johnny threw himself on Arty and entreated him not to fight on his account, meanwhile protesting that it was nothing at all.

Luckily, the other late combatants were not at hand, and Mont, helping Tom to remove the soot from his face and hair, soothed his angry feelings and asked him to promise to leave off quarreling.

"You should n't have struck little Johnny; you know that, Tom. He is a little chap, much smaller than you, and it was a cowardly thing for you to knock him over."

"But that's no reason why Art should whack me over the snoot with a griddle," answered the lad.

"Certainly not, certainly not; but he did that in a moment of passion. I dare say he is sorry for it by this time. If he is not, I shall be sorry for Arty; he usually means to do what is right. It was wrong for him to strike you; there's no doubt about that. But you will forgive him, if he asks you?"

"I allow he wont ask," said Tom, with great grimness.

"But if he does?"

"All right, let him come on. I'm ready for him, anyway."

It was not a merry party which sat down to breakfast together that morning. Mont found it difficult to keep up an animated conversation. Hi had only one word, and that was "disagreeable." Perhaps they should not have eaten much breakfast, as the usual result of bad feelings is to destroy one's appetite. On the plains this rule does not

turned out at noon, yoked together, for their short rest. Molly, the skittish little cow, would occasionally "gee," or bolt out of the track, which was a great source of annoyance even to Hi, for Molly was on the "off" side, and it was sometimes necessary to run around the head of the cattle to get the mischievous animal back into the track again. But Mont got on capitably; he walked by the side of the docile and knowing Tige, who seemed able to keep all the rest of the team in good spirits. Tige was fond of potatoes, sugar, bread, and many other luxuries usually denied to cattle; and Mont kept on good terms with the queer little steer by carrying the odds and ends of his own rations in his pocket for Tige.

But even Tige's good-nature, combined with that of Mont, could not cheer up the rest of the party. Little Johnny, perched on old Jim's back, paced along beside the wagon, never galloping off on brief excursions by the roadside, as he usually did when allowed to ride the horse. Hi trudged along sulkily behind; Arthur walked on ahead to Loup Fork ferry; and Barney, contrary to rules and usage, climbed into the wagon, where, on top of the load and close against the wagon-bows, he went to sleep.

Before noon they reached the ferry, so long looked for and talked about. The Loup is one of the forks of the North Platte, and in those days it was crossed by a rope-ferry, which some enterprising man had put in there. A long scow, large enough to take on two wagons, with the usual number of cattle, slid across the stream, attached by slings and pulleys to a rope tightly stretched from shore to shore. The current was swift, and, by keeping the scow partly headed up stream, the pressure from above forced the unwieldy craft across.

Here were numerous teams waiting their chance to cross, each being numbered in turn. Some of them had waited two days for their turn to come; but to-day their number had been reduced by the departure of several who had gone to a place farther up the Fork, where it was reported that a ford had been found. Our party ascertained that they could cross by sundown; so they unhitched their cattle and waited, having first paid the ten dollars for ferrriage which the avaricious ferry-keeper demanded for each team.

The young fellows took this opportunity to rest. Barnard sat lazily on the bank, angling for catfish. Hi climbed into the wagon and went to sleep. Mont chatted with the ferry-master, who sat in the door-way of his log hut and surveyed the busy scene below him with the air of a wealthy proprietor.

"I should suppose that you would get the gold-



HIRAM.

always hold good. I am bound to say that they ate very heartily, for they had had almost no supper on the night before.

When the cattle were yoked up and the caravan was ready to move, Mont picked up the whip and said, with a cheery look at the others:

"Let me drive to-day."

"Yer can't," said Hi, stiffly, but not unkindly.

"Let me try," and Mont moved off with the team as steadily as if he had driven oxen all his life. He had watched Hi and Barnard, and had practiced some with the cattle when they were

fever, seeing so many people pressing on to the mines," said Mont.

The ferryman chuckled, and, waving his pipe toward the rude ferry, said:

"Thar's my gold mine. Ten dollars a pop."

"Yes, that's so. I suppose you are making a mint of money."

"Not so drefle much, not so dreffle much," the man replied, uneasily. "Ye see, repa'rs and w'ar and t'ar are mighty bindin' on a man, cl'ar out lyar on the plains. Why, I hev to go cl'ar to K'arney for every scrap of anything."

"But your receipts must be enormous. Let me see, you can make at least twelve trips a day; you get, say twenty dollars at each trip, sometimes more, and that is two hundred and forty dollars a day!"

"Powerful smart on figgers, you be, young feller," said the man, and he laughed with a cunning leer in his eye at Mont.

Meanwhile, Tom leaned over the slight fence with which the ferryman had inclosed his "garding," as he called it. He coveted the young onions just beginning to show their bulbs half out of the warm soil; and he meditated on the scarcity of potatoes which their appetites were making in their own stores. Arthur came up and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and looked over too.

"Looks something like home, don't it, Tom?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "I was just a-thinkin' how dad never would plant garden truck. Always wheat, wheat, wheat. Blast the wheat, when a feller has to go to the neighbors for garden sass."

"But, then, we sometimes get 'sass' without going for it," said Arty, with a smile.

Tom's face darkened at this allusion to the difficulties of the morning; but Arty continued:

"I am real sorry, Tom, that I struck you as I did. It was awful mean, and I did n't intend it."

"Yes, you did. How else could you done it?"

"Well, Tom, it's a hard case to explain. My hand just flew up before I knew what I was about. The first thing I knew I had hit you. Come now, I tell you I am sorry, and I want to make up."

"All right," grumbled Tom.

"You forgive me, honor bright? Well, give us your hand."

Tom looked around awkwardly at Arthur, for he had kept his eyes fixed on the onion-bed during this brief dialogue. He glanced into Arthur's pleasant, boyish face, and said frankly:

"Quits! we'll call it square, and there's my fist on it."

As the sun began to drop behind the horizon, the turn for our young party to cross came at last. They had waited nearly ten hours, and were right glad when they were able to see that the way across

was clear for them. The scow could not reach the farther shore, as there was a long shallow all along that side. So the clumsy craft was run across until it grounded; then a wooden flap, or apron, was let down, and the teams were driven out into the water, wading the rest of the way. It was a poor way of crossing a stream, but it was the best thing practicable then and there.

With much hallooing, shouting, and running hither and thither, the cattle were driven into the scow. The current was swift and the channel deep; the crossing looked perilous, especially when the cattle were restive. Molly was particularly troublesome, and Hi went around on that side to quiet her. She would not be quieted, and, with one vicious toss of her horns, she lifted Hi by his leather belt. In another moment he was overboard, struggling in the stream.

No one else was on that side—the upper one—of the boat; but Barney saw the accident, and exclaiming, "He can't swim! he can't swim!" rushed around to the rear of the craft, pulling off his clothes as he ran.

All was confusion, the scow being crowded with men, cattle and teams. The frail craft quivered in the tide, while the bewildered boatmen were puzzled what to do. Diving under the rear wagon, Barney reached the gunwale of the boat just in time to see Hi's hands clutching ineffectually at the edge. He made a lunge and seized one hand as it disappeared, and, falling on his knees, reached over and grabbed Hi's shoulders.

"Never mind, Barney boy, I'm on bottom," said Hi. Just then he stood on his feet, and the boat grounded on the shoal.

Barnard drew a long sigh of relief, and looked for an instant straight down into Hi's blue eyes. They were friends again.

Hi was helped on board, none the worse for his unexpected ducking. They drove off the scow, waded across the shoal, and struggled up the bank with much turmoil and bother. They camped near the river, surrounded by a cordon of smudge-fires. The mosquitoes troubled them very much; but, notwithstanding that, they passed the evening very cheerily. Tom observed, with much inward surprise, that Hi had exchanged his wet clothes for a spare suit of Barney's.

And yet Hi had clothes enough of his own!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

FOR many days after leaving Columbus, as the ferryman facetiously called his log-house, our emigrants traveled with an immense company. One train alone had nearly two hundred head of cattle,

either in yoke or loose, and fifteen wagons. It was a brave sight to see this long caravan winding along the track, with its white-covered wagons gleaming in the sun, and the animals walking along behind in the most orderly manner. Many of the men were on horseback, and they skirmished to the rear, to the front, or by the flanks of the train as it moved. Arthur declared that it looked like a traveling circus or menagerie, a comparison which was made more striking by the dress of the emigrants. They wore all sorts of queer garments, which they had picked up from abandoned camps. In those days of the gold rush, people were reckless about waste, and the trail was strewn, in many places, with valuable goods, thrown away by emigrants who were in such haste to get on that they were continually overhauling their loads to see what they could leave behind to lighten them.

These things were picked up by those who came after, only to be again thrown out for others to find and reject. One of the emigrants, attached to this long Missouri train, wore a woman's straw bonnet, of the Shaker pattern, with a large green eape. Another was decorated with a richly embroidered hunting-frock, of Pawnee make; and he wore a black silk "stove-pipe" hat, surmounted with a tall eagle-plume. Some of the women of this company rode well, and one little girl, riding a fiery Texan pony, seated astride, excited much admiration by her skillful management of her steed. A party of Pawnees, who had lodges, or "tepees," near by, grouped themselves on a little knoll and gazed on this passing show with great solemnity.

At camping-time, some of these red children of the desert came to the tent of our young emigrants begging and selling moccasins. The Pawnee moccasin is a plain, inartistic affair, shaped almost exactly like the foot of a stocking, with one seam running from the heel downward and lengthwise through the sole and up to the instep over the toe. But as these were the first of "wild Indian" manufacture that the boys had ever seen, each was eager to secure at least one pair at eighteen cents each.

These Indians were dressed in buckskin hunting-shirts and leggings, were bare-headed, and wore a coarse blanket slung about them. One of them produced from a dirty buckskin pouch a piece of paper which he impressively submitted to Mont, as the apparent leader of the party, saying as he did so, "Heap good Indian me!" The paper read as follows:

This Indian, Mekonec, otherwise known as The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, wants a recommendation. I give it with pleasure. He is a lying, thieving, vagabond Pawnee. He will steal the tires off of your wagon-wheels and the buttons from your trousers. Watch him.

(Signed) JAKE DAWSON,

And th'irteen others of the Franklin Grove Company.

"Heap good Indian me," said The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, when the boys had examined his document.

"Oh, yes," said Hi, "I allow you are the only good Indian that aint dead yet."

The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth assented with a grunt of approval, folded up his "recommendation" and put it carefully away, as a very precious thing. While he was walking softly about the camp, as if looking for something to steal, another of the tribe dived into the bosom of his hunting shirt and extracted a lump of dough. Holding it out to Arthur, who was getting ready the supper, he made signs toward the stove and said, "Cook him?"

Arthur assented, but Barnard cried, "No, no, Arthur! Don't let that rascal's dough go into our oven. He has stolen it somewhere, and has carried it about in his dirty clothes, nobody knows how long."

"I'll let him cook it on top of the stove then," said Arthur; and the Pawnee put his cake on the outside of the camp-stove, where Arthur covered it with a tin dish. The Indian, with an expression of intense satisfaction, squatted by the hot stove, and never took his eyes off of it until his dough was bread and delivered, blazing hot, into his hand.

The Indians carried bows and arrows, and one had a battered army-musket, which he declared, proudly, was "heap good—kill buffalo six mile off." This piece of brag tickled Hi so much that the Indian seized that opportunity to beg powder, shot or lead. These were not given him; and he renewed his application for "whisk" (whisky) or "sugee" (sugar), both of which the Indians particularly covet. These persistent beggars got very little for their trouble, Arthur having vainly interceded in behalf of The-Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth, who offered to give "heap moccasin" for a red silk handkerchief of Barnard's which he very much desired.

"Where you from?" asked the Indian, as if attracted by Arthur's good-natured and pleasant face.

"From Richardson, Lee County, Illinois," said Arthur. "You know, it is the land of the prairie, one of the great States that belong to your Great Father and mine. The people in that land are many; they are like the leaves on the trees, they are so many. They are going to the land of the setting sun, where the gold shines in the waters of the Sacramento. The pale-faces are covering the continent. They will leave no room for the red man, the deer and the buffalo. Are you not sorry for this?"

"Whisk," said the red man, stolidly.

"A good oration, Arty!" laughed Mont. "But

Mr. Man-that-Champs-with-his-Teeth don't understand it. He understands 'whisk' and 'sugee,' and he don't care for the pale-faces as long as he gets these. Look out! there goes the cover of your camp kettle!"

Arthur turned just in time to see the Indian who was squatted by the stove calmly fold his arms over a suspicious bunch in his blanket. Mont stalked over, pulled the blanket from the Indian's unresisting arm, and the iron cover rolled out upon the ground. The copper-colored rascal smiled cunningly, as one should say, "I missed it that time, but never mind. It's a good joke on me." After that the boys mounted guard at night, watch and watch, as they had been told long before that it would be necessary to do while passing through the Indian country.

Next to "wild" Indians, the boys longed for a sight of the buffalo on his native plain. This came in due time. They had passed up the long tongue of land which lies between Loup Fork and the Platte, and had reached a small stream making in from the north and known as Wood River. Crossing this, they bore off to the north-west, with the little river on their right.

One hot afternoon, while the party were wearily dragging themselves along, Barnard went ahead with the horse to spy out a good camping-place. Arthur walked on in advance of the team in the dusty road, half asleep, and feeling as if he would be happy if he could fall down in the dust and take a long nap. It was very tiresome, this continual tramp, tramp, tramp, with each day's journey making almost no difference in their advance. Arthur grumbled to himself, and scarcely heard the boyish talk of Johnny, who trudged along with him. Once in a while he felt himself dropping to sleep as he walked. His heavy eyes closed; he lost sight of the yellow wagon-track, the dusty grass, and the earth which seemed to reel; the blinding glare of the sun was gone for an instant, and he stumbled on as in a dream. Then he nearly fell over forward, and he knew that he had slept by the painful start of awaking. He looked dreamily at the rough soil by the side of the trail, dimly longing to lie down and sleep, sleep, sleep. Johnny said: "Oh my! Arty! what big black cattle!"

Arty looked languidly across the river, which was now only a narrow, woody creek. In an instant his sleepiness was gone.

"Buffaloes! buffaloes!" he shouted, and, very wide awake indeed, ran back to the wagon. He was in a fever of excitement, and the news he brought set his comrades into commotion. Everybody rushed for his favorite firearm, Tom extracting his long-unused revolver from the wagon, where it lay unloaded.

"Now, boys, we can't all go over the creek," said Hi. "You, Tom, stay here with the team. Mont, Arty and I will go over and see if we can knock over a brace of them buffaloes."

Tom handled his revolver with a very bad grace, but was mollified when Johnny said he would stay, and they might see the buffaloes cross over and break through the woods below. The banks of the creek were filled with a thick growth of box-elders, but through some of the gaps they could see five buffaloes quietly feeding in a V-shaped meadow formed by the junction of two small branches of Wood River.

"We must get above them," said Hi, as they were reconnoitering, "or they will make off by that open place. If we take 'em in the rear they can't mizzle so easy-like."

Mont thought it unsafe to go to the upper part of the meadow, because the wind came from that direction. "And they are very sensitive to any unusual odor in the air," added Arthur. "They can smell a man two miles off, when they are to the leeward." The boy was trembling with excitement at the sight of this large game, but he remembered his natural history for all that. Even as he spoke one of the feeding buffaloes lifted his large shaggy head and sniffed suspiciously to the windward.

The three young fellows separated, Arthur going down the creek, Hi up toward the open, and Mont crossing in the middle of the V, directly opposite where the animals were feeding. They were huge fellows, ponderously moving about and nibbling the short, tender grass. Their humped shoulders were covered with dark, shaggy hair, and their long, beard-like dewlaps nearly swept the ground as they bent their heads to graze. They were not in very good condition, apparently, and the hide of one of them was clouded with a dingy, yellowish tinge. "Just like our old sleigh-robe," secretly commented Arthur to himself, as he lay, breathless, on the further side of the creek, waiting for a signal from Hi.

Suddenly, to his amazement, a shot burst out from the brush on the farther side of the meadow, and, as the alarmed animals dashed away like cats, another report banged out from the same spot. The buffaloes, scattering in different directions, were almost immediately out of reach. Two pitched down into the creek near where they were feeding, but on the other side, and so disappeared in the woods beyond. One broke through the timber just below where Arthur was posted, scrambled across the gully, and, with incredible agility, crashed through into the road near the wagon, where Tom gallantly, but ineffectually, assaulted him with his "pepper-box" revolver as he galloped away. The fourth raced up the V-shaped meadow, receiving a

shot from Mont's musket and from Hi's rifle in his rapid flight. The fifth made as if he would plunge down into the creek at the foot of the meadow, but, baulked by something, turned and raced up the side of the triangle next the road, heading directly for Arthur, who was concealed behind a bush. "Now or never," said the boy, with his heart standing still and his eye glancing along the sights of his rifle.

The buffalo was coming directly toward him, his head down and his enormous feet pounding

Arthur looked on with heart beating and said: "I fired at him, too."

All this took place in a very few minutes. The firing in all directions was almost simultaneous. Mont and Hi came running up, chagrined at their ill luck, but excited by the sight of this first buffalo.

"Who shot him?" eagerly cried Hi, who had not seen what happened below him.

"Well, I allow that I'm the fortnit individual," said the stranger. "Leastways, thar's my mark," and he inserted his finger into a smooth round hole



ARTHUR AND THE BUFFALO.

the earth. Arthur fired, and the buffalo swerved sharply to the right; at the same instant another shot came from the opposite side of the meadow. The buffalo ambled on for a few paces, fell on his knees, dug his horns madly into the ground, rolled over on his side and was still.

As Arthur, scarcely believing his eyes, ran out into the open, a tall young fellow, carrying a double-barreled shot gun, rushed up from the other side, and, drawing his hunting-knife, cut the animal's throat. There was no need. The great creature was dead.

"My fust buffalo," said the stranger, drawing himself up proudly.

in the center of the animal's forehead, directly between and a little above the eyes.

"That's just where I aimed," said Arthur, with some excitement.

"No, little chap," said the stranger, superciliously, "I seen you shoot, and your ball must 'a gone clean over him. Mine's a slug. No ornery rifle ball's goin' to kill a critter like this," and he gave the dead monster a touch with his boot.

"Let's look at that ball," said Mont, curiously, as the emigrant handled one of the clumsy slugs, which had been fitted for the big bore of his gun. Taking it in his hand and glancing at the wound in the head of the buffalo, he stooped to put it into

the wound. The skull was pierced with a sharply defined hole. The stranger's slug rested in the edge of it like a ball in a cup.

"That ball don't go into that hole, stranger," said Mont. "The mate of it never went in there. Give me a ball, Arty." And Mont, taking one of Arty's rifle-balls, slipped it in at the wound; it dropped inside with difficulty and was gone.

"It's a clear case, Cap," said Hi. "You may as well give it up. That buffalo belongs to our camp, and Arty's the boy that fetched him—you bet ye."

"Well," said the stranger, discontentedly, "thar's no need o' jawin' about it. I allow thar's meat enough for all hands. I'll pitch in and help dress the critter, anyhow," and he stripped for work.

There was certainly no need of disputing over the dead buffalo. It was Arthur's game, however, clearly enough. He received the congratulations of his friends with natural elation, but with due modesty. He crossed the creek again for knives to help prepare the buffalo meat for immediate use. Barnard had come tearing back down the road at the sound of fire-arms, and now stood waiting with, "What luck? what luck?" as Arty waded the creek, as yet unconscious of his having been up to his waist in the stream a few minutes before.

Arty told his story with some suppressed excitement, but without any self-glorification. The water

fairly stood in Barnard's joyful eyes as he clapped his young brother on the back and said, "Good for you, my old pard." You see Barnard was beginning to catch the slang of the plains.

They camped right there and then. The buffalo was dressed and the choice parts cut off and cooled in the air, for the sun was now low and night coming on. The stranger's comrades, camped on the north side of Wood River, came over and helped the party of amateur butchers, and earned their share of fresh meat, which was all they could carry away and take care of. This was a luxury in the camp. The emigrants had had almost no fresh meat since leaving the Missouri River. Small game was scarce, and only a few birds, shot at rare intervals, had given variety to their daily fare.

The boys stood expectantly around the camp-stove as the operation of frying buffalo steaks went on under the superintendence of Mont and Arthur. Sniffing the delicious odor of the supper which had been so unexpectedly given them, Barnard said, "Obliged to you, Arty, for this fresh beef. You know I hate bacon."

"And the best of it is," added little Johnny, "there's enough of it to go round."

"Which is more than some chaps can say of their pie," said Barnard.

Arty raised his hot face from the frying-pan and laughed.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE COUNTRY BOY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"I PITY the poor little country boy,  
 Away on his lonely farm!  
 The holidays bring him no elegant toy;  
 He has no money, there is no shop;  
 Even Christmas morning his work does n't stop:  
 He has cows to milk,—he has wood to chop,  
 And to carry in on his arm."

Did you hear that, Fred, as you came through  
 the gate,  
 With your milk-pail full to the brim?  
 No envy hid under your curly brown pate,—

You were watching a star in the morning sky,  
 And a star seemed shining out of your eye;  
 Your thoughts were glad, you could n't tell why;  
 But they were not of toys, or of *him*.

Yet the city boy said what he kindly meant,  
 Walking on by his mother's side,  
 With his eyes on the toy-shop windows bent,  
 Wishing for all that his eyes could see;  
 Longing and looking and teasing went he,  
 Nor dreamed that a single pleasure could be  
 Afar in your woodlands wide.



You ate your breakfast that morning, Fred,  
 As a country boy should eat;  
 Then you jumped with your father upon the sled,  
 And were off to the hills for a load of wood;  
 Quiet and patient the oxen stood,  
 And the snowy world looked cheerful and good,  
 While you stamped to warm your feet.

Then your father told you to take a run;  
 And you started away up the hill;  
 You were all alone, but it was such fun!  
 The larch and the pine-tree seemed racing past  
 Instead of yourself, you went so fast;  
 But, rosy and out of breath, at last  
 You stood in the sunshine still.

And all of a sudden there came the thought,—  
 While a brown leaf toward you whirled.  
 And a chickadee sang, as if they brought  
 Something they meant on purpose for you,  
 As if the trees to delight you grew,  
 As if the sky for your sake was blue,—  
 "It is such a beautiful world!"

The graceful way that the spruce-trees had  
 Of holding their soft, white load,  
 You saw and admired; and your heart was glad,  
 As you laid on the trunk of a beech your hand,

And beheld the wonderful mountains stand  
 In a chain of crystal, clear and grand,  
 At the end of the widening road.

Oh, Fred! without knowing, you held a gift  
 That a mine of gold could not buy:  
 Something the soul of a man to lift  
 From the tiresome earth, and to make him see  
 How beautiful common things can be,—  
 A glimpse of heaven in a wayside tree,—  
 The gift of an artist's eye!

What need had you of money, my boy,  
 Or the presents money can bring,  
 When every breath was a breath of joy?  
 You owned the whole world, with its hills and trees,  
 The sun, and the clouds, and the bracing breeze,  
 And your hands to work with; having these;  
 You were richer than any king.

When the dusk drew on, by the warm hearth fire,  
 You needed nobody's pity;  
 But you said, as the soft flames mounted higher,  
 And the eye and cheek of your mother grew  
 bright,  
 While she smiled and talked in the lovely light—  
 A picture of pictures, to your sight,—  
 "I am sorry for boys in the city!"



## ALL FOR BIJOU.

*(A Story of German Life.)*

BY MRS. W. S. PHILLIPS.

"WHERE in the world can Bijou be?" asked Mrs. Kruger of her little maid Lisa, as she came into the room to set the tea-table. "I have not seen him this whole afternoon."

"Bijou!" said Lisa, rattling the blue china cups. "I think the little rascal must be out in the garden."

"Lisa, I have told you over and over again that I do not like to hear my dog called a rascal—a beautiful spaniel like that!—and you know he ought not to be left long out of doors in winter."

"You told me to take him there, for a little walk, Mrs. Kruger; and as I had to come in soon myself, and as he was so pleased to run about, I left him, and——"

"That was nearly two hours ago, Lisa, and the snow is on the ground. Such a delicate little creature, petted and cared for as he is, may take a violent cold; it may kill him. Oh, Lisa! do go down at once."

"I will go bring him in"—and Lisa left the room.

Mrs. Kruger shook her head at the thought of the carelessness of her usually attentive little maid.

Poor Bijou! It was a bitter cold day, and the clock in the hall had just struck five; at half-past five Dr. Kruger would return from his visits to his city patients. He was a good, kind doctor, whom everybody loved; indeed some of the children said they liked to be sick, now and then, because it was so pleasant to have Dr. Kruger come to see them. Soon after six o'clock, the Doctor's nephew, Lieutenant Sporenberg, would make his appearance, and spend the evening with them. The Doctor had brought Bijou home as a birthday present to his wife, the year before; and as there were no children in the house, the little creature had become a very great pet with them both, and the Lieutenant never came without a sugar-plum, or some other nice thing, in his pocket for Bijou.

As Lisa did not return soon, Mrs. Kruger began to be rather uneasy. She went to the window, but it was too dark to see anything in the garden. Suddenly the girl burst into the room, wringing her hands, and, throwing herself on a chair by the door, began to wipe her eyes with her apron, exclaiming through her sobs:

"Oh, it is too dreadful! it is too dreadful!"

"What is the matter, Lisa? Do tell me what is the matter?"

Lisa cried the more.

"Lisa! you must tell me what is the matter. I will know it. Is Bijou frozen to death?"

"No, no! it is not that. Oh! oh! not frozen; but those dreadful men."

"What men? What dreadful men?"

"They have stolen him!"

"But, Lisa, how could any one dare?"

"All I know is that Bijou is not there, and there are marks of men's boots in the snow on top of the wall, and on the ground, too. They have stolen him—the dear dog; and—oh! oh! oh!—I am afraid they will kill him."

"Kill my Bijou!" cried Mrs. Kruger, struck with horror at the idea; "my beautiful Bijou!" And mistress and maid sobbed in concert.

"What will the Doctor say?" asked Mrs. Kruger, as the clock struck six. "He is half an hour late; but he will soon be here. How can I tell him Bijou is gone? He always said I must never allow him to be long in the snow. Oh, if you only had staid with him, and held him by his ribbon!"

Poor Lisa could only cry the harder. "Yes," said she, at last, sobbing between almost every word, "I know it is all my fault; and misfortunes never come singly, and I suppose I shall be turned away for this, and nobody else will take me. I feel *dreadfully*, indeed I do, Mrs. Kruger. If he is not found I—I'll just go to the river and drown myself!"

Mrs. Kruger, however, soon dissuaded Lisa from these dreadful intentions, and then in came the Doctor.

How grieved and how angry he was! You would have thought Bijou was his own child. With despair in his face, he ran down to the garden to make another search for Bijou, and to examine the foot-prints in the snow, of which Lisa had spoken.

When the Lieutenant appeared, he, too, was greeted with the sad news, and though *his* heart was not quite broken, he looked sad enough as he let the lump of sugar he had in his pocket for the little dog, sink into his cup of tea.

They could scarcely eat anything; they could talk of nothing but Bijou; how pretty he had been, and how intelligent; no means must be left untried to recover him, and to punish the thief. The Lieutenant said he would send a whole company of soldiers out the next morning to search the town; the lady proposed to go herself to all the police

stations; the Doctor composed the following advertisement:

STOLEN!—Ten thalers reward, for the apprehension of the thief, or the recovery of a small spaniel dog, one year and three months old, supposed to be stolen from No. 14 — Street, answering to the name of Bijou. Long black hair, yellow breast and paws, and a yellow spot over each eye. Had on, when last seen, a red morocco collar with a silver clasp.

It is not to be supposed that either Mrs. Kruger or Lisa had any sleep that night.

## PART II.

The birthday! Nobody had forgotten poor Bijou; but time softens all sorrows, and the family were now able to talk occasionally of something else. In the evening, Dr. Kruger brought some gifts for his wife, and as she thanked him she began to shed tears.

“Do you remember,” asked she, “how, this time last year, you brought me home poor little Bijou? What a darling puppy he was then! John stood just outside the door with him in his arms, and I went out and —”

“Well,” said the Doctor, “there is no use in grieving about the past. Let us look—who knows? —perhaps John may be there now.” And, sure enough, just outside the door stood John, holding a little black dog by a red ribbon.

“Bijou!” and she ran to the dog, who, frightened, only shrank from her and whined.

“Yes, very like him, but not Bijou. Still he is nice, and I am real thankful for your kindness, dear Karl. And, Karl,” added Mrs. Kruger, “it is a little awkward, I am afraid, but come now and see the gift I have for you.” And going into another room, she re-appeared, holding in her arms a dog as much like the one on the floor as possible, and wearing a red morocco collar, to which was fastened a red ribbon.

“Bijou!” exclaimed the Doctor eagerly.

“No, I am sorry to say, not the real Bijou; but is n't he like him? You see, I wished to give you the same pleasure that you have given me, and now we have two dogs.”

“They are neither of them very young puppies, and will not be a great deal of trouble. I suppose we can keep both. I would not like to part with anything that was your gift?”

“Nor would I with yours.”

So the two little spaniels were put on the sofa, each tied to one end by his red ribbon, where, just out of each other's reach, they sat whining, and winking at the lights.

Lisa now entered. She held the end of her long apron up to her face, and seemed to be carrying something heavy. She made a sort of curtsey, and

turned to her employers, very red in the face, and somewhat confused in manner.

“Ma'am and Doctor, don't, please, be angry at me that the dear darling Bijou was stolen—the little rascal—and killed, perhaps, by the horrid men; only I ought not, I know, to call him rascal. It was all my fault, and I know what my duty is, and I try to do it, and any one would say this is my duty (here a yellow leg thrust from her apron obliged her to bring her speech to a rapid close), and I could not afford to pay three thalers, which is the price of a real spaniel, so I bought you both this dog. He is black, with yellow feet.” And she let the animal in question spring to the floor—an ugly, awkward cur, big and bony, who evidently now found himself in a parlor for the first time in his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Kruger looked at each other. Surely they did not want this ugly black dog, but how could they say so? It would be very unkind to poor Lisa, who had done what she could, if they should show any dislike to her offering. So they received it with thanks, praised the poor frightened cur's soft ears, and extremely white teeth, and tied him to one of the legs of the sofa, where he began to indulge in howls of distress, in which the aristocratic little creatures on the sofa joined from time to time.

“Another Bijou on the sofa!” exclaimed the astonished Lisa, “and another yet; that will make three.”

The Lieutenant was expected, but had not yet appeared. At last, a footstep was heard in the passage, and, the door being opened, there was his servant in uniform, leading a large dog that tried very hard to escape from the string by which he was restrained. The man presented a note from the Lieutenant, as follows:

DEAR AUNT: Having tried in vain to procure a spaniel similar to the one you have lost, I send you in its place a fine hunting-dog, which has been described to me as very intelligent. Be so good as to accept him from me as a birthday gift, and, in memory of the former pet, give him the name of Bijou. &c., &c.

“There seems to be no end to our dogs tonight,” said the lady, a little out of temper.

“And such an enormous creature, too. Far better no dogs than four dogs, in my opinion; but we cannot refuse a birthday gift.”

“No, of course not.” (Turning to the man): “Tie him to that leg of the sofa, if you please. He does not bite?”

“Indeed, ma'am, he bit me in the hand coming along.”

“There is a thaler for you. Give the Lieutenant our thanks, and tell him we are expecting him.”

“I know he will be here directly, madam. Thank you, madam.”

And now, what growling and whining there was!—four dogs longing to get at each other. Mrs. Kruger did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

A loud ring at the garden gate.

“No more dogs, I do hope,” said Mrs. Kruger. Anything in the world rather than a fifth dog. See who it is, Lisa, but take in no more dogs.”

But, suddenly changing her tone, she exclaimed, as a whine echoed from below: “It is!—it is! I know his voice.”

And, sure enough, so it was, the for-two-weeks lost Bijou, who, racing and scrambling for joy in the way little dogs do, found his way first to his master and mistress and then to Lisa, eager to give them his animated and almost breathless greetings, so happy, so overjoyed was he. The Doctor held him up high under the light, to make very sure that it was their own Bijou and no other. He still wore his red collar, and to it was tied a dirty little note, as follows:

DEAR DOCTOR: I am a poor man, and have stolen many a dog and many another thing besides; but when I took this dog, I did not

know it was yours, Doctor. You cured my wife when she was sick, and charged me nothing, and were so good and kind. I can't steal your dog, so I bring him back, dear sir. J.

“So there is honor among thieves,” said the Doctor. “Did you see who it was that brought him back?”

“The little ras—darling was tied to the door-handle,” said Lisa, “and there was no one to be seen.”

“And what can be done with the five dogs? We are likely to have a noisy night of it.”

When the Lieutenant appeared they made a joke of offering him the two little dogs as a special token of honor. He remarked that two of his friends were in search of just such dogs; and seeing that his uncle and aunt were not really in earnest, he offered to take them off their hands.

The two large dogs were placed in the garden, and intrusted respectively to the care of John and Lisa; and Bijou—the darling, the real Bijou—resumed his old place in the house, and in the affections of his master and mistress.

## TOBOGGANS AND THEIR USE.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

Now that cold weather has come, I would like to tell the boys who read ST. NICHOLAS how they may enjoy themselves more during the present winter than they ever did in their lives. You have all of you noticed the sides of a hill when they are covered with snow; and, as you have looked upon the gentle slope and the broad and level meadow beyond, you have thought: “I wish I could slide down that hill and way out over the meadow; it would be *such* fun!”

But you all know that you could not use your sleds for the purpose of sliding down a hill-side where there is no road, because the runners would soon cut through the crust of the snow. Even if you commenced to slide and went part way down such a hill, your sled might be suddenly stopped and you would go rolling over and over toward the bottom. If you should try to slide down on a board you would certainly be stopped in this way; and, after picking yourself up, you would feel as I did, when I was about six years old and tried to slide down the back stairs on a board. The board

stuck upon the edge of one of the stairs and I went on to the bottom without it. Presently the board came down on top of me. This made such a noise that some one came to see what was the matter. My statement was simply this: “I thought I would slide down the stairs.” I was warned not to try that again, and never did; and I know that if you ever try to slide down hill on a board you will never repeat the experiment.

A board is flat and will not sink into the snow so deep as the runners of a sled do; but then the end is not turned up like the runners. Now, if we could have a combination of the sled and the board, we could slide down the hills and across the meadows. I will describe such a combination of the sled and board, and will tell you how you can easily make one. Then, whenever there is a good crust on the snow, you can have more fun in sliding than you ever had before.

What I am about to describe is called a “toboggan.” You cannot find that name in the dictionary—for it is the name given to it by the Indians

of northern Canada. They load these toboggans with furs, and often travel hundreds of miles over the snow to the trading-posts. Then they sell both their furs and their toboggans, and start on their tramp homeward. A great many toboggans are also made for the Canadian gentlemen and ladies who live in Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa, and it is quite a fashionable thing to use these queer-looking sleds. There are not very many places in the United States which are as cold as the cities I have named; but we have enough cold weather to have considerable coasting in many parts of our own country—enough, at any rate, to make it worth while to have a toboggan.

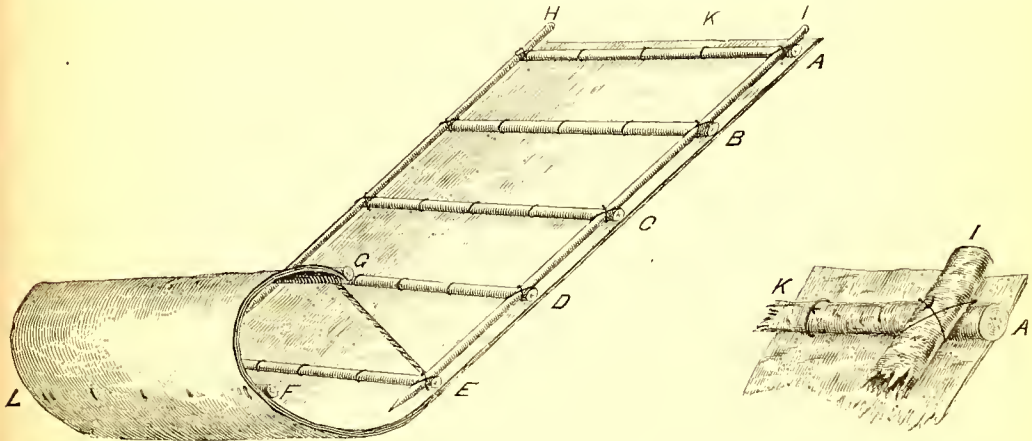
Should you wish to make one, you must take a board of bass-wood, oak, ash, or any other kind that will bend easily. Pine will not do, for it is too soft and will split. You will not be apt to find a board thin enough for your purpose; but you can have

one which was long enough to hold six or eight persons.

You will need seven pieces of hard wood, as long as your toboggan is wide; and two pieces, each a little over four feet long. Each of these nine pieces should be one inch square or round. Time will be gained and trouble will be saved if you can have them made round at a lumber-mill.

A visit to the shoemaker is next in order. You must tell him that you want four pairs of leather shoe-strings. He will probably ask you how many pairs of shoes you wear at a time; but then he does not know that you are making a toboggan, and besides that, it is none of his business at any rate—for this is a free country, and you have a right to wear as many pairs of shoes at a time as you choose.

Below is a plan of the toboggan. When you have studied it, you can begin to work. Lay six of your



PLAN OF TOBOGGAN.

it planed to a thickness of three-sixteenths to one-quarter of an inch. If the board is of hard wood the thickness may be considerably less than if it is of soft wood. A single board fifteen or sixteen inches wide is better than two boards; but if you have to buy two boards, you may as well have them so arranged as to give a width of eighteen inches. The people who use toboggans do not seem to care if the board becomes split; for they say that the cracks will keep the toboggan from sliding sideways. It is about the same thing whether the single board is split, or two boards are used in the first place; but you will find it much easier to make the toboggan out of a single board.

This board should be six feet long. You can have it as much longer as you choose—but I am now telling you about the length of a toboggan which will hold two boys. I have had a ride on

round pieces (A, B, C, D, E, F) across the board, beginning at one end. They should be one foot apart. At right angles to these, and near their ends, lay the two long pieces, H and I. Bore four holes in the corner I A (see small cut), and tie both pieces to the board with part of a shoe-string. Make two holes at K, and tie in the same manner. Let the knots always appear on the upper surface, and be sure that the leather which shows on the under side is parallel with the length of the board, as you see it arranged from F to L. The under side will be considerably smoother if you cut grooves to allow the leather strings to sink below the surface; but do not cut the grooves too deep.

In this manner fasten all the braces from A to F; and the pieces I and H as you proceed. These long pieces are to be used as handles while you ride, and they should be sharpened at the end E.

Be careful to fasten the brace, G, on the under side as the board lies flat upon the floor of your workshop. You are now ready to bend the end from E to G. If the board is not too thick you can do it

other side, and then your toboggan will be complete. At F and L you can attach a cord, and when sliding you must use a sharp stick for steering this strange craft. Here you have a picture of two boys



ON A TOBOGGAN.

at once; but if there is any trouble you can use steam or hot water. Having bent it with a graceful curve, fasten with bits of leather the points G and E, and also the corresponding points on the

on a toboggan. They have wrapped themselves up warmly and do not care for the snow. I hope that you all will have as good a time as they are having, if you should succeed in making a toboggan.


### POT AND KETTLE.

“OHO!” said the pot to the kettle;  
 “You’re dirty and ugly and black!  
 Sure no one would think you were metal,  
 Except when you’re given a crack.”

“Not so! not so!” kettle said to the pot.  
 “’T is your own dirty image you see;  
 For I am so clean—without blemish or blot—  
 That your blackness is mirrored in me.”

## HOW I KEPT THE CHINESE NEW-YEAR.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.



It is not the first day of January, nor January at all, but the sixth day of February that ushers in the Chinese New-Year. The grandest festival in all the calendar, so think the Celestials; and they celebrate it with most imposing ceremonies. Not a man, woman or child that does not take part in its festivities; neither the infant of days nor the man of a century, the millionaire nor the beggar—none may be excused from donning his best, and going out holidaying

on New-Year. From the Emperor in his gorgeous palace, surrounded with pomp and luxury, down to his humblest subject, living and rearing his family perhaps in a boat, where kitchen, laundry, nursery and bedroom all are encompassed within the narrow limits of a space about twelve feet square,—every one, according to his rank and ability, enters with heart and hand into the festivities of the season. All business is suspended, and for three days at least, mirth, jollity and feasting rule the realm, while some of the wealthy keep up, for a much longer time, the routine of gayeties. All who can possibly procure it don on New-Year's Morn an entire new suit, no article of which has ever been worn before; but even the very poor are sure to be arrayed in at least one new garment—a cheap hat, fan or handkerchief, if nothing more costly can be afforded.

Not thus to honor the day would be regarded as a national offense, and he who should venture so to violate the customs of his country would be pronounced unpatriotic as well as penurious. Many of the working class, who go bare-headed and bare-footed the year round, will, on New-Year's Day, make a grand display of fancifully ornamented caps, white stockings and shoes of many-colored silk, though, in all probability, they have been borrowed, or hired for the occasion from regular dealers in second-hand stock. Nor is this beautifying process confined to the people. Boats, houses and fences must be repaired, painted, and made to look new, an honor of the grand gala; and they are also plentifully adorned with strips of bright red paper, in which are inscribed, in black or gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations and compliments to all who enter during the festal days. These mottoes are sometimes tastefully illuminated, and, blended with quaint devices, are placed over and on the

sides of the principal entrances to keep off "bad spirits," and bring general "good luck" to the owners and their families.

On New-Year's Eve sacrifices of rice, fruits and sweetmeats are offered to the Old Year to induce him to depart in peace; gold and silver paper are burned as at an ordinary burial, to indicate his death and interment; and then in house and temple, among priests and people, who are everywhere watching for his coming, the new-born year is heralded in with shouts and rejoicings that are echoed far and wide over every nook and corner of those great, populous cities. During the entire night every street and lane is thronged with pedestrians, who, half wild with excitement, leap and shout, dance and sing, beat gongs and kettle-drums, and perform all manner of unheard-of gymnastics, each seemingly resolved to make more noise than any two of his fellows! As day breaks, every door is closed, the busy streets are suddenly deserted, a solemn quiet reigns where just before mirth and madness had seemed to rule. Each household has "taken in the New Year and shut him in, to become domiciled with the family."

But the lapse of a few hours brings another change of programme. Footmen in liveries and sedan-chairs, gayly decorated, throng the streets; gentlemen pass from house to house on visits of ceremony; elegantly clad servants bear presents and congratulatory cards from the wealthy and noble to their friends, and return laden with the like precious tokens of good-will; social parties assemble in public and private saloons; and as friends meet on the streets, each joins his hands on his breast, with body bent forward, and thus, for several minutes, they continue bowing and complimenting each other on the propitious return of this festal season. The lower class, who have been busy all the year round earning their bread, seem most of all to enjoy this annual holiday, as they sit at the door of their little cabins or in their gardens leisurely sipping tea from tiny cups no bigger than a "doll's tea-set," while Mrs. "John" and all the "Johns" junior are for the time at least permitted to indulge unrestrainedly in such pastimes as best suit their fancy, *pater-familias* stooping from his dignity, this once in a year, to unite with them. Street concerts, theatricals, and fireworks lend their aid; and so rapidly pass the three brightest days of the poor man's calendar; while for the rich, as I have hinted, sometimes as many

weeks transpire before the ordinary routine of business and social life is resumed.

One New-Year I was invited to spend the day with a Chinese tea merchant and his family; and as I was anxious to learn exactly how they observed the festal season, I begged them to make no change either in their festivities or the bill of fare, but to let me be treated just as one of themselves. I had known the old merchant and his sons for some time, but had never met the ladies of his household.

of pale blue silk, very richly embroidered,—all her own work, she told me. The skirt hung in full plaits about her slender figure, and the tight-fitting jacket showed to perfection the exquisitely rounded form, while the loose sleeve, open to the elbow, displayed an arm that might have served as a model for the sculptor. But all this loveliness was only for female eyes, for before entering the sitting-room, where her husband, father and brother-in-law were assembled, she put on the long, loose, outer



A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

There were three of them—*i.e.*, the old gentleman's wife, an unmarried daughter and the newly wedded wife of the eldest son. The last, I had heard, was beautiful, but I was not prepared for such a vision of loveliness as met my view, when the tiny-footed, gentle-spoken twelve-year-old bride was introduced by her mother-in-law. She was very fair, with eyes bright as diamonds, and her long, jet-black hair, in one heavy braid, was twined with a wreath of natural flowers about the beautifully formed head, and held in place by jeweled pins. She wore earrings, of course, with necklaces, chains, bracelets and rings enough to have constituted quite a respectable fortune in themselves. Her dress was

garment that Chinese ladies always wear when in "full dress." This came below the knee, its sleeves reaching to the tips of her fingers, whilst its loose, flowing style effectually veiled the fairy form, hiding all its symmetry. She had the tiny, pressed feet that the Chinese consider not only beautiful, but necessary to high breeding; and they were encased in the daintiest of satin slippers, embroidered in seed pearls. But finery could not hide the deformity produced by so unnatural a process, nor the awkward limp of the poor little lady as she leaned on the shoulders of her maidens in hobbling from room to room. I asked her if the feet were still painful, and she replied that for the



last two or three years a sort of numbness had succeeded the pain, but that formerly, and from her earliest recollection, her sufferings had been so intense that she would gladly have died; and that she had often, in frantic agony, torn off the bandages, and when they were replaced, shrieked and screamed till delirium, for a time, relieved the consciousness of suffering. But after the fifth year the pain gradually became less intolerable, she said, and now she did not think very much about it, except when the bandages were changed. Then the return of the blood to the foot was such torture as language could not describe. Yet in reply to my question on the subject, this gentle girl-wife said it would be cruel in a parent not to press the feet of his daughter, as he thereby shut her out from good society, and made a plebeian of her for life.

The bandages are always applied in early infancy, and before putting them on, all the toes except the first and second are doubled in beneath the soles of the feet. The length of the foot, after undergoing this painful operation, never exceeds five inches, and ordinarily is scarcely four.

The young daughter of my host was a petite maiden of ten, attired in dainty robes of rose-colored satin, embroidered in silver, and her glossy raven hair was disposed in two massive braids, hanging down almost to her tiny feet, twinkling in silver-hued slippers. Chinese maidens wear their braids down, and the "crown of wifehood" is symbolized by the coronet of hair laid for the first time on the top of the head on the marriage-day. Oriental customs always have a meaning.

When we entered the large drawing-room shortly before dinner, I could not keep my eyes from wandering, everything seemed so strange; from the stiff, upright chairs and sofas, to the huge flower-vases, looking like miniature water-casks, and the quaint, costly chandeliers, whose use I never should have guessed but for the scores of wax tapers that glittered in them even at broad daylight. One of the chandeliers was shaped like a flying dragon, and out of mouth, eyes, wings and tail burst such a volume of light as fairly to dazzle one who ventured on too near an approach to the monster. But the strangest object of all, to my eyes at least, was a very elegant coffin, placed in the most conspicuous part of the drawing-room. I

was shocked at first, and drew back, but my host said, with an amused smile:

"Oh, that was a birthday present from my son several years ago, and my daughter embroidered a beautiful silk sheet to accompany it."

This, I learned afterward, was no uncommon ease,—a handsome coffin and burial-sheet being considered by the Chinese very appropriate gifts from dutiful children to honored parents; and people just as frequently buy such articles and lay them up for their own use.

At dinner, we had all sorts of queer dishes, many of them very palatable; but alas! for me, there were only chop-sticks to eat with! And my predicament was very much that of the stork when invited to dine with the fox. All my essays were in vain; the dainty titbits I was longing to taste would not be coaxed between the ends of my delicately carved chop-sticks, and my eating was a very burlesque, which my gentlemanly host and his well-bred family vainly tried not to notice. At length he apologized by saying that he supposed I would prefer, at a Chinese table, to use the chop-sticks; and he then ordered a knife, fork and spoon to be brought for me. Tea was served in tiny silver tea-pots that held less than half a pint, and each was placed on a silver waiter with fine little porcelain cups, without saucers or spoons, sugar or cream. This is the way the Chinese always drink tea, and one of these miniature services is placed before each guest, while a servant stands by to pour the tea and replenish the tea-pot when needed.

After dinner we had some music, several games were played for my special entertainment, and my host showed me a rare collection of paintings done by the famous artist, Lang Qua. I was urged to remain for the night, but preferring to return, the sedan chairs were ordered to the door, and, attended by the son of my host, I took my departure, loaded with gifts from my hospitable entertainers. As the presents were all wrapped in tissue paper, I did not examine them till I reached my own home. Each contained the card of the donor; a pair of vases from the lady of the house, a silver eard-case from her husband, a wreath of wax flowers, only less lovely than her own fair self, from the gentle bride, and a pair of chop-sticks, with which, I have no doubt, the donor thought I needed special practice, from the waggish younger son of mine host.





"HOW MUCH DID YOU GET FOR A PENNY?"

## BASS COVE SKETCHES.—THE FATE OF THE CASTAWAYS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

BORROWING Mr. Bonwig's gun once more, Joe returned to the spot where he had shot the "old wives." They were still tossing on the surges in the inlet below. He descended the cliff, took off his clothes, plunged into the water, and brought out the birds.

Then climbing to the top of the cliff again, he held up the game, to the delight of Bonwig's hungry eyes.

"If you'll dress and cook them," said Augustus, "I will keep the signal waving."

"I ought to ketch a few fish first," said Joe, "'fore the tide is up. You can't ketch nippers so well at high water, for then they're feedin' on the barnacles and things, on the rocks."

"What's nippers?" said Augustus.

"Cunners," said Joe, amazed at such ignorance. "Don't you know? What you had for supper last night, and for breakfast agin this mornin'."

"Oh! salt water perch! Of course, I know," said Mr. Bonwig, remembering how good they were. "It *would* be fine, if we could get a few to keep the ducks company! But you've no pole nor line."

"I alluz carry lines in my pocket," said Joe, "and I don't need a pole."

"But you've no worms!"

"I can find bait enough. I'll look out for all that, if you'll keep the star-spangled sheet a-wavin'."

Joe laughed, as he looked back and saw his portly friend flourishing the white flag, as if for dear life. "That exercise will do him good," thought he. "The trouble with that 'ar feller is, he's so lazy. He was too lazy for to give the dory a little lift; and now see where we be! And don't I remember *how easy that boat rowed!*—to him a-settin' comfortable in the stern."

He went down on the rocks by the water's edge, laid down his gun,—or rather Mr. Bonwig's,—and taking a ball of line from his pocket, proceeded to unwind it. At the inside end, he found a heavy sinker, a corn-cob, and a hook sticking into it. Putting the cob back into his pocket, to be used in winding the line up again afterward, he looked about him for bait. The rocks below high-water mark were covered with barnacles, as with a gray scum, and dotted here and there with periwinkles (Joe called them cockles) clinging to the ledge. Of these he gathered a handful, and laid them down by his gun. Then, having baited his hook from one of them, he "threw in." He stood on the brink of a steep rock, and the heavy sinker carried the line down in the deep water beside it, notwithstanding the dashing waves.

All was quiet for a minute or two. Then he felt a little jerk. He gave a little jerk in return, and perceived that he had hooked something. He hauled up the line, hand over hand; and a fine large cunner fell flopping on the ledge. He baited and threw in again, and had many nips (the cunner is notorious for nipping at your bait, and getting it without getting the hook; hence the term *nipper*), and now and then drew up a fish. In half an hour, he found he had caught a handsome string.

All this time he kept a keen look-out for game. And now he saw a flock of black ducks come flying low along the waves toward the island. They passed so near to him that he might easily have brought down a pair, but as they would have fallen into the water, and as he had no dory to pick them up, he, with admirable self-denial for so young a gunner, stood, piece in hand, and saw them pass.

Arrived at the end of the island, instead of alighting, they wheeled and, rising, returned in a broad circle over it.

Augustus had seen them coming, in the first place, and dropped his signal, and himself beside it, hoping for a shot. When they passed the island, he was quite wild with excitement, and came very near firing Joe's shirt at them. The distance at which they flew, from where he lay, was probably all that saved the shirt—and the birds. Before they returned, the sportsman had time to exchange the "queen's arm," which served as a flag-staff, for the

other, which had no sleeve tied over the end of it; and to place himself in readiness.

"If they'll only come again!" thought he. "I believe there's something in the gun, after all. Those are real duck guns! They're so heavy, I believe I can hold one steadier than I can my little light thing. By George! there they come!"

They flew so directly over the summit of the island, that Mr. Bonwig, afraid to get up and show himself, rolled over on his back, pointed the "queen's arm" up into the air, and fired.

The flock veered at sight of him, even before the flash; and that was probably the reason why he did not kill a great many. He thought at first he had killed none. But the rocks below had barely had time to send back two sharp echoes of his shot (a very singular phenomenon, if Augustus had only stopped to consider it), when three ducks, one after the other, dropped down headlong out of the flock, and fell upon the island.

Bonwig ran down to them, with cries of exultation. At the same time Joe came crawling up over the ledge, with Bonwig's gun in one hand, and the string of fish in the other.

"See that? and that? and that?" cried Augustus, holding up the ducks triumphantly. "Who said 't would n't take long to eat all I kill?"

Joe stood still, fish in one hand and gun in the other, and grinned at him.

"See how fat they are. I picked for the plump-est, and then took aim. Waited till I got three in range. Never was so cool about anything in my life. If you have any more ducks to shoot, bring 'em on. What are you laughing at? I suppose you'll say I did n't kill these, wont you?" said the jubilant sportsman.

"'T was your gun that killed them, fast enough," replied Joe, chuckling over the joke.

"Of course it was!" But Mr. Bonwig meant one gun, while Joe meant another. "This is a regular old-fashioned duck-shooter!"—holding up the old "queen's arm." "I can handle it a great deal better than I can my piece. It has got so used to it, it seems almost to aim itself. It's nothing to shoot ducks with this gun! Three at a shot! what will my wife say to that? Bless my heart!" And he praised the ducks again.

Joe laughed so that his knees began to give way under him, and his body to double up, and his hands to forget their cunning; he dropped the fish, he dropped the gun, and finally dropped himself—tumbling over and rolling on the rocks in convulsions of mirth.

"Now what's the fun?" said Mr. Bonwig, annoyed.

"You've got the knack! you've got the knack!" said Joe, winking away his tears.

"What do you mean?" Augustus demanded, sternly, for he suspected that he was the subject of merriment.

"Did the birds drop the very minute you fired?"

"Why, no, not the instant; they were so astonished; they had to take time to consider it; that is, they were flying so fast, it was a second or two before they could change their course and come down."

"And did n't you hear any other gun?"

"Why,—my shot—echoed!" said Augustus.

"How many times?"

"Twice; I do believe it was a sort of double echo."

"That was the echo!" said Joe, holding up the double-barreled piece, and then immediately going into convulsions again.

Augustus seized it. He remembered that it was loaded when it last went into Joe's hands; and now, nervously shoving down the ramrod, he found the barrels empty. He still stoutly insisted, however, that he had killed the ducks; but it was with a flushed face and a greatly disturbed look.

"If you did, you beat me with your knack!" said Joe.

"How so? Explain yourself. Do stop that confounded giggling, and explain yourself!" said Bonwig.

"I can't kill ducks without any shot in my gun; and there was n't any shot in the gun you fired!"

"That's a—a—likely story!" gasped poor Mr. Bonwig.

"You see," said Joe, "I was goin' to leave the old guns with you, and I was afraid you'd be shooting at me, as you did afore; so I did n't put any shot into 'em! Try 't other one, and see!"

Augustus drew the wad from the flag-staff, and found only powder beneath it. He then sat down dejectedly on the ledge, and remained thoughtful for a long while. At last he said:

"Come, Joe, we've fooled about enough; it's time to think of getting ashore."

"It's '*nothing to shoot ducks with that gun!*'—'*thrice at a shot!*'—'*it aims itself!*' Oh, ho! ho! ho!"

"Come!" said Augustus, sharply. "How about dinner?"

"You '*picked for the plumpest, and then took aim!*'" cried Joe. "'*Waited till you got them in range!*—'*never was so cool in your life!*' Oh, ho! I shall die!" And he rolled on the rocks again.

Mr. Bonwig had suddenly once more grown extremely anxious about their situation. He stretched the shirt on the "queen's arm" again, and began to wave it with great solemnity.

Joe then sat up, stopped laughing, took a knife from his pocket, and then and there commenced dressing the fish for dinner.

"You've got a nice string there!" the hungry Augustus at last remarked, regarding the process wistfully.

Joe said it *was* a nice string. He made no further allusion to Mr. Bonwig's remarkable sportsmanship (although he would now and then be taken with a stitch in his ribs, a cramp in his stomach, or spasms in the muscles of his face, which he found it hard to overcome); and from that moment the two were good friends again.

"I must find a board somewhere; and I guess I better be startin' the fire." And Joe carried his fish and game down to the house of refuge, where he could give occasional vent to his mirth, without hurting his friend's feelings.

Leaving Mr. Bonwig to wave the signal and keep a look-out, he made preparations for dinner. "I would n't burn up this wood to make chowders, as the fellers do," thought he; "but ar' n't *we* sort of shipwrecked?" And he comforted his conscience with the reflection that the Humane Society would approve of what he was doing.

At last, he called Mr. Bonwig to dinner. That hungry gentleman made haste to prop up the standard with stones, and obeyed the joyful summons.

"Joe," said he, catching the savory odor of the cooking as he entered the hut, "I *am* surprised! Who would have thought you could get up such a dinner?"

"This bench is the table, these clam-shells are the plates; use your pocket-knife, and your fingers *are* the *fork*," said Joe, proudly. "Now taste o' the fish, and see how sweet they are, without salt nor nothin' on 'em."

"Glorious!" cried Augustus. "But what's that on the coals?"

"Pieces of *your* ducks a-brilin," said Joe.

"Now look here, Joe!" remonstrated Augustus.

"Did you re'lly think you shot 'em?" Joe asked.

"My imagination was excited; that's all I have to say—my imagination was excited." And now Augustus himself had to laugh.

Joe had seated himself astride one end of the bench, facing Mr. Bonwig; and Mr. Bonwig had seated himself astride the other end, facing Joe; and there they feasted;—Joe turning occasionally to take up a fish from the coals with a sharp stick, or to turn the broiling morsels of wild duck.

"Dinner's a good invention," said Augustus.

"And I ha'n't nothin' petickler to say ag'in a fire—arter a feller's been around and hum, in a cold north-wester, without his shirt on," said Joe.

"We sha'n't fare so badly, at this rate," observed Mr. Bonwig, resignedly.

"We shall fare well enough; all I think on now is that plaguy dory," replied Joe.

"I'll make that all right with your father, if we ever get ashore again; so don't worry about the dory."

"By sixty! Will ye, though? That improves my appetite! Guess I'll try a drumstick."

He took a duck's leg in his fingers, and put on his cap. "Finish yer dinner," said he; "and I'll go out and tend the signal."

"That's a good boy!" said Augustus, feeling easier in his mind, for he had scarcely begun his dinner yet, although he had eaten two perch to Joe's one, and game in proportion.

In half an hour Joe came running back, and found his amiable friend fast asleep on the straw; that rosy and plump gentleman having been unable to resist the drowsiness which overcame him almost before the conclusion of his repast. "I guess Joe will look after the signal," was his comfortable reflection, as he stretched himself on the straw. "For my part, I'm tired of standing on a bleak rock, in a north-west wind, waving a shirt on an old gun-barrel!" And he gave himself up to delicious slumber.

Joe regarded him with disgust; but he did not wake him. "Lazy bummer! I'll come up with him," said he; and off he went again.

Another half hour elapsed, when Mr. Bonwig awoke from a vivid dream of firing into a flock of old queen's arms, that flew over his candy-shop in town, and doing great damage to a number of innocent persons who happened to be passing in the street when the shattered barrels and butt-ends came rattling down upon them.

"Hello!" said he. "*Hel-lo!*" looking about him. "I'd quite forgotten I was cast away! I wonder if Joe has signaled anything yet."

He went out, and found the signal gone. The gun was lying on the rocks; but neither Joe, nor Joe's shirt, was anywhere to be seen.

"The rogue has found some means of getting off; he has left me his old flint-lock, and deserted me!" was Mr. Bonwig's first appalling thought.

He wandered about in great distress of mind for some minutes, calling loudly on Joe. Finally the report of a gun made answer. With gladdened heart he hastened in the direction of the sound, and saw Joe on the beach where they had first landed, picking up a brace of plover he had just shot.

"Where's the signal?" Augustus asked, wildly, conscious of culpable neglect on his own part. "I thought you said you would keep that waving."

"Did n't I?" said Joe, "for ever so long after I left you! Then I went back and found you snoozin'.

So I made up my mind if that was all you cared for gittin' ashore, I would n't trouble myself any longer."

"But—Joseph!" Bonwig remonstrated,—“this wont do! We must wave the signal.”

"Wave it then! though I little 'druther ye would n't; it scares the game."

"What have you done with the shirt?"

"Put it on, of course! I was cold, and I went to huntin' to get warm."

"Oh, now, let's have it again!" said Augustus, coaxingly.

"Nary shirt!" replied Joe, obstinately. "Use yer own,—it's your turn this time."

Bonwig coaxed, and made offers of money, and various promises of future favors, all to no purpose. He buttoned his coat all the more tightly, and declared that he would not part with his shirt again, alive.

Augustus looked all around for succor; he saw sails in the distance, but not one near; and, after some moments of sad hesitation, he began to unbutton his hunting-jacket. The winds cut him.

"I'll give you a heap of candy, if you only will, Joe!"

"Who knows you'll ever see your candy-shop again?" said Joe.

Augustus unbuttoned two more buttons.

"I'll send down a trunk-full, by express!"

Still Joe would not yield. Bonwig unbuttoned the last button. Joe began to roar with laughter again. Augustus was actually taking off his shirt, preparatory to sticking it upon the gun-barrel, when he evidently began to suspect mischief.

"Now, what's the joke?"

"Come over here, and I'll show you! Bring everything. We're going ashore now."

"Going ashore!" said the mystified Augustus.

Joe made no answer, but led him around to the point from which the dory had gone adrift, and showed it, hauled up there again as snugly as if nothing unusual had happened to it.

"Well, now! I *am* surprised! Now—then—bless my heart!" said the amazed Augustus.

"When you was asleep," said Joe, "I went in to tell you there was a sail-boat beatin' up toward us, with a dory in tow, but you was snorin'. So, I got mad, and left ye. It was *our* dory. They had picked her up at sea, and looked in the direction the wind was blowin' from, and seen our signal with a glass; and as they was out for fun, they jest beat up here to us. They picked up the loons by the way; and I give 'em the loons and two black ducks and an old wife, for bringin' her in; and first-rate, tip-top chaps they was, too; and they wanted to pay me for the ducks, but I would n't take no pay, of course! And here the dory was

tied, all the while you was trying to have me to take off my shirt agin, and then takin' off your own!"

"Well, I *am*! I don't think I was ever *quite* so *agrecably* surprised in my life!" said Mr. Bonwig. I may get back to town yet to-night. How long will it take to row ashore?"

"Oh, not long," said Joe, "*this boat rows so easy.*"

"Look here! I believe I was going to row back," said Bonwig. "You row till I finish this cigar."

water off, and said he *was* surprised! I let him try it over again, and we began to make a track like a sea-serpent's, zigzag, zigzag. But I let him work.

"'It surprises me,' says I, 'to see how easy this boat rows!' He did n't say nothin', but turned red as ever you see a biled lobster; and did n't he sweat and blow! Then we came to the breakers. They wan't more'n half so high as they was in the mornin', or I never should a' let him row on to 'em. But I thought 't would be fun. We went over the first one slick enough. With the second one, the boat



MR. BONWIG TAKES THE OARS.

When he had finished the cigar, they were within half a mile of the Cove.

"He thought he was goin' to do wonders," said Joe afterward, telling the story of their early sporting days. "He took the oars, and give a tremenjous pull, as if he was goin' to send us home with two strokes; but jest as he was strainin' with all his might, they slipped out of the rullocks, and away he went, over backward, and heels over head into the bottom of the boat, with his legs stridin' up over the thwart, and his arms spread like a thug's wings, and his head and shoulders in a puddle of water, in the bottom of the dory. It must have hurt him some; but, for the life of me, I could n't help laughin'. He got up, brushed the

began to skew; and the third one took us broadside. 'T was a wrecker, I tell you! and did n't it heave and twist us! We came within one of choppin' over! and you never see a chap so scared! He pulled first one oar, then t' other; we turned completely around, and was puttin' out to sea agin afore we knowed it!

"'Bless my heart, Joe,' says he, 'take the oars! Take 'em! I would n't row unto the breakers again for a million dollars!'

"But I ought not to say a word agin Bonwig," adds Joe, laughing, whenever he tells the story to his children—for this adventure, as I said in the beginning, happened years ago; he is no longer Young Joe, he is Old Joe now. "He was a first-rate, tip-

top feller, arter all. And his conduct to me was right down handsome, when I took him over to town in my wagon—for he was too late for the stage. ‘Joe,’ says he, jest afore we got to his house, ‘I believe, with your father, that shootin’ ducks is a knack; rowin’ a dory in the breakers requires a knack, too. I’m gettin’ too old and clumsy to learn to do either; and I believe I sha’n’t try again. And now, Joe, my boy,’ says he, ‘as I don’t expect to use my gun again, and as you seem to take such a fancy to it, and as you have been so very

kind to me, in spite of your jokes, I’ve concluded,’ says he, ‘to make you a present.’ And what did the gay old chap do but slip that beautiful double-shooter into my hand. Did n’t the salt spray come into my eyes? and war n’t I the proudest and happiest boy in thirteen counties, at that moment? And have n’t I kept that rare old stub-twist shootin’-iron all these years, to remember Bonwig by?”

And Joe takes down the piece from over the chimney corner, and shows it again to his children.

## ACTING BALLADS.

BY AMY LOVELL.

IN the long winter evenings, when lessons are all learned, supper eaten, and while bed-time is still a good way off, there comes a pause which is (or should be) “known as the children’s hour.” Everybody is a little tired. Boys and girls stretch themselves again, and wish there were something pleasant to do. If there is *not* anything pleasant to do, the yawns increase, the pause becomes first dull, then quarrelsome, and the evening ends unpleasantly, or the boys sidle toward the door and invent errands to the store or the post-office, which lays the foundation of a habit of being out, and of various mischiefs.

Now there are plenty of pleasant things which can be done to fill up this unoccupied hour. The boys and girls can play at chess, backgammon, or cards. Don’t be shocked, dear papas and mammas, at the word “cards.” Cards are not in themselves harmful, and almost all young people are likely to play them sooner or later. It is a thousand times better that they should do so at home as a permitted amusement, than away from home, with the feeling that they are indulging in a guilty pleasure which they must hide from you. There can be reading aloud from some really entertaining book. There are parlor games of all kinds, and some which tax the wits a little without tiring them. There are candy-pulling, corn-popping, roasting apples by a string, telling stories round the fire, piano kaleidoscope, acting charades. And, easier than charades, and better fun, there is acting a *ballad*, about which I particularly want to tell, because it is new to many of you, and in the long winter evenings at hand you may like to try it.

Acting a ballad does not require as much preparation as acting a charade, because the movement is all in pantomime, and is regulated by the movement of the ballad chosen. It is necessary, of course, that all who act should know the ballad, or should read it over carefully several times, so as to be prepared for what is coming, and ready to express by their gestures and faces what is supposed to be going on. Many who have not confidence to act in a charade, will find that they can do this easily, for no ready wit is needed, and it often is much easier to follow a course laid out for you than to invent one of your own.

If there is a piano in the room and any one who can sing, the ballad should be *sung*, slowly and distinctly, with an accompaniment which introduces an imitation of the sounds of wars, storms, guns, or whatever else may transpire in the ballad. If not, it must be read or recited, taking care to pronounce clearly and give due emphasis to the words. The characters must come in at the proper moment as the singing or reading progresses, and time their movements to the movement of the story. The ballad chosen should always be one in which there is little relation and as much action as possible. Campbell’s ballad of “Lord Ullin’s Daughter” is a good example of the sort of ballad to choose. “The Young Lochinvar” is another, and that pretty poem, “Old Mistletoe Bough,” which is always successful, giving as it does opportunity for quaint groups and sudden changes of scene.\* Others, which I have never seen acted, but which could not fail of effect, are Tennyson’s ballads of “The Lord of Burleigh” and “Lady Clare.”

\* This ballad, with full directions for acting it in costume, was given in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1875, page 191.

None of these are *funny* ballads, although the improvised scenery, dresses and stage properties will naturally lend a flavor of comedy to them as they are enacted. In entertainments of this sort, grace should be consulted as well as comedy, and there is a wide difference between *burlesquing* a poem and *acting* it with just that tender edge of fun which gives piquancy without marring the intention of the poet.

As an example of comical ballad-acting, let us take Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," a poem with which most of you are probably familiar. It requires four principal performers, and two or three assistants, who remain out of sight, or by the courtesy of the audience are supposed to be so.

The curtain rises revealing the ferry-man in his boat. There is no need of an actual curtain; a blanket shawl hung on two gimlets answers the purpose perfectly, or if there are two connecting rooms a door can be opened and shut. As real boats are not easily obtainable in parlors, it will be well to make a substitute out of two large clothes baskets, which will furnish convenient accommodation for three persons. There must be footstools or boxes for seats, and beneath the boat large traveling shawls or table-cloths should be spread, which the assistants at the sides of the room can shake to imitate the movement of waves,—slightly at first, but more and more impetuously as the story goes on. The boatman is naturally in shirt-sleeves or in a jacket or great-coat, while pokers or yardsticks will suffice for oars.

The other characters are the lady, her knight, and the father.

The poem begins thus:

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

During the singing of this verse the chief and lady enter. The chief shows the boatman a piece of money. He is dressed in hat and tall feather, with a plaid shawl arranged to represent the Highlander's "plaid," and is armed with a bread-knife or pistols; he also carries a valise, band-box and umbrella. The lady should be attired in a wide hat and water-proof cloak, and should carry a bird-cage, a work-basket, and a parasol.

Second verse:

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

This is all in pantomime, of course. The boatman calls attention to the stormy water, as the

waves rise, and strives with gestures to dissuade them from crossing. Third verse:

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather."

Here the lady is terrified and shudders, looking imploringly at the boatman. He goes on with much action through the next:

"His horsemen fast behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who should cheer my bonnie bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

The boatman consents to receive them, and bustles about as preparing the boat. The lady clings to her lover and looks anxiously behind. Next verse:

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready.  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady."

"And by my word! the bonnie bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

They hurry their luggage into the boat; the lady gets in, the chief and the boatman remain standing and look back for the pursuers.

But now the storm increases, the gas should be lowered, and the piano accompaniment should be a low dull roll in the bass, with occasional high wild notes, to represent the water-spirit.

With this the storm grew loud apace;  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men—  
Their tramping sounded nearer

A tramping should be made in the hall, gradually approaching; the terror of all in the boat increases.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left that stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her—  
But oh! too strong for mortal hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

The lady clings to her bird-cage, the chief puts down his umbrella wide open and feebly assists in the rowing. The waves increase, and the tramping approaches nearer.

And still they rode amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing—  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;  
His wrath was changed to wailing.



Here Lord Ullin rides in on a chair or cane, with cloak and feathered hat. He is armed with a lance, which can be improvised from a yard-stick. Seeing the fearful situation of things, the distracted parent rides frantically up and down imploring their return, his steed curvetting excitedly.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade  
His child he did discover;  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried with grief,  
Across that stormy water;  
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter! O my daughter!"

The gestures of the stern father must show how vain is his anxiety. The boat reels; one by one the things are thrown overboard, bird-cage, valise, umbrella and work-basket. Even these sacrifices are in vain. The boatman endeavors to turn the boat.

'T was vain—the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing.  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

The entire boat and its contents toss and reel, until they at last all topple over, and are supposed

to be submerged in the wild waters; the waves (shawls) rise, and finally cover them from sight. The father remains frantically riding to and fro, ringing his hands, and enacting the most intense despair. At last he rides off, while the others emerge from their watery graves, and the curtain falls, let us hope, amid "immense applause."

Ingenuity is essential in converting to use materials that some would think of no avail, but which others quickly adopt. Thus an open umbrella becomes an apple-tree with an apple stuck on each point, a shovel and poker make a fair violin, while a muff-box or a saucepan does duty as a military hat. This is much better fun than to have the real things. What is more amusing than the play in "Midsummer Night's Dream," where a lantern represents moonshine, and somebody takes the part of a wall, holding up his fingers to make a cranny for the lovers to whisper through!

Both for winter and summer evenings ballad-acting can be made an available entertainment. Even in the woods at a picnic, one could be easily arranged, the bushes serving as screen and green-room for the characters, and the stage appointments being furnished out of the lunch baskets and the wearing apparel of the audience.

## THE SHOWER OF GOLD.

BY R. R. BOWKER.



It was a bright afternoon in mid-summer, and the jeweler who lives in the sun was showering everything with gold. Did you never hear of the jeweler who lives in the sun? It is he who in the morning turns the dew-drops into sparkling diamonds, and at noonday makes rainbow bridges of the sun's precious stones, and, when sunset comes, builds castles of ruby with gates of pearl. A wonderful workman

is he, and now he was emptying great bushel-baskets full of gold dust out of his shop-windows, and the lake was all smooth gold, as far as eyes could see, and the green trees were all covered, and so were the blue mountains, and one could see it coming softly down through the air from beyond the

white clouds. One could see at the edges of the clouds, too, how it had fallen upon them, and had lodged among their fleece and there stayed. It was as if there had been a snow-storm in summer, and all the snow-flakes were pure gold.

Four men were in a boat on the lake, and one said to the others: "Look at the gold!" One was a poet, who sang to hearts of the golden age; and one was a miser, who hoarded the yellow gold so that no one but he could see it, or use it, and it could do no good; and the third was a barterer, who bought and sold it, and thought of it only; and the last was an artist, who had golden visions, and painted pictures that made folks joyful with longing.

So they all looked at the gold, and each one thought to himself: "What may I do with it?"

And the miser thought: "I will get on shore as soon as ever I can, and I will hurry and get all the

largest trunks that ever I can, and be first to gather up all the gold, and nobody shall have any of it but me." So he got to land, and found sixteen trunks, each as large as a bureau. But when he got them to the place, the gold was nowhere to be seen, and not the smallest gold-flake did the miser get.

And the barterer thought: "I will fill my pouches with the gold, and carry it to the city, and buy and sell, and make more." So he opened all his pouches as wide as he could, and the gold fell in, and he buttoned and stitched and double-stitched them up, as safe as safe could be. But when he got to the city and opened them,—it had all vanished, and there was no gold in them!

And the artist thought: "I will let it fall upon my palette, and catch it in my brush, and thus I will mix it with my colors and paint pictures that will make people joyous and me great." So he did,

and painted sea and shore and sky so wonderfully that men forgot their sorrows and were joyous, and praised the artist.

And the poet? The poet's heart was so full that he could do nothing; he could not think what was so beautiful that he might use so beautiful a thing for it. He could only open his soul to the beauty of it, and pray that he might give its beauty also to others. There it lay, till one time when he was sad and in trouble, and then it shaped itself into strange, sweet music, and by and by the poet wrote a wonderful poem, so that all the hearts of the people opened to him, and they listened when he sang to them what was happiness, and how to know and to be the good, the true, and the beautiful—that was it.

And the miser and the barterer wished: "Oh that I were the artist!" and the artist wished: "Oh that I were the poet!"

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## SALLY WATSON'S RIDE.

BY MARTHA M. THOMAS.

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"SALLY, can't you go over to Uncle Eben's this afternoon and bring home those pigs? There are seven in the litter he promised me, and they are quite large. I must finish getting the wheat in, and he does not want to feed them any longer. The pen is ready."

Sally, a bright-looking girl of about fourteen, raised herself from the tub over which she leaned, and said, as she wiped down her arms with her hands: "How, father?"

Mr. Watson had come in for his ten o'clock snack after his early breakfast. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, a bowl of coffee in one hand, and a huge piece of apple-pie in the other. He took a bite of the latter, and a drink of coffee before he answered.

"In the little light wagon. I stopped at Eben's yesterday as I came from meeting, and he said he would put them up securely in a couple of old coops that would stand in the back of the wagon. You can have Dolly; we are not using her. What do you say, mother; can you spare her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, a neat, brisk little woman, who came in, basket in hand, from hanging up the clothes; "the wash will all be out by noon, and I will clean up."

"Can't I have one of the pigs for going for them, father! You said you only wanted a half-dozen; and there are seven."

"Yes, and you can buy your Sunday suit next Fall with the money it brings." He pulled her ear as he went out again to his work.

"My!" Sally gave a little nod of her head as she began briskly rubbing her ear. "I'm sure I'll make it fat. Jane Burns got sixteen dollars for the one her father gave her last year. Mother, can't I take Lot and Polly; it is such a long, lonesome way to go by one's self?"

Mrs. Watson assented, adding: "Dolly is such a fast trotter you can stay there a while, and get home before dark. Be sure you stop at the post-office, and go to the store and get me some buttons."

There was a great deal to do; dinner was late, and the afternoon had quite set in when Sally started. Her way was through the village a half-mile off, and then nearly five miles beyond. It was the first week in October, the day was warm and soft, and the country beautiful. The road lay through the woods, steep in places, running up hills and down again in little valleys, through which many a creek babbled; it was not fenced off, and the wild grape

and the pawpaw were almost within reach, as they rode along. The trees had just begun to turn. The sugar maple swayed gently to the light breeze, scattering a crimson cloud to the earth; the Virginia creeper embraced the huge trunks, or flung out long, graceful branches of purple, and brown, and scarlet; the pawpaw was flaming in golden yellow; the haw, with its red berries, dotted the road-side, while here and there, brilliant with the hue of royalty's self, great clusters of iron-weed towered in the Autumn light, and from the branches of the butternut, hickory and walnut, the occasional sound of dropping nuts was heard.

Dolly trotted along briskly, and the children talked of the wonderful animals they had seen the Saturday before,—for a traveling menagerie had halted on some fields near the village, and the whole population for miles around had turned out to visit it. Lot, who was a boy of eight, had been most impressed by the bears, but Patty, who was younger, seemed to have been most fascinated with the big snake.

Then they fell to talking "sposens," what they should do if a bear or snake was to attack them there in the woods. Lot was extremely valiant; he thrust about with a stick, showing how he would put him to flight, and in the midst of their talk they reached their uncle's house, having met but one person on the road.

They made but a short stay, as it was getting late, and, with the pigs cooped and stowed in the back of the wagon, which had no top and was open all around, started for home.

Seated on the floor, Lot and Patty poked bits of apple through the slats of the coop to the young porkers, speculating upon their appearance and advising Sally which to take for her own. Lot would have the black one if he were she, because it was the biggest, but Patty thought the little spotted one was "so cunning."

They were about a mile from the village at the top of a long hill, when Lot, who had exhausted his supply of apple bits, and for the last fifteen minutes had been poking the pigs, delighted to hear them squeal, suddenly gave them such a thrust that Sally bade him stop the noise, and come and sit beside her on the seat.

He arose to do as he was bidden, and as he did so, stood for a moment with his back to her, still poking the pigs. Just then the wagon jolted over a large stone, he was thrown on the coop, the stick was punched violently into a pig's side, it squealed, Lot screamed, and Patty began to cry.

Considerably out of patience, Sally leaned back, and, catching him by the arm, was about to seat him rather violently beside her, when she was arrested by his exclaiming:

"See! see! Sally, look! look! what an awful bear!"

The tone of his voice more than his words—for he was a sensational child, and was constantly seeing wonderful things—caused Sally to turn her eyes in the direction indicated by his frightened gesture.

The wood was open at this spot, and there were no large trees near; but at some distance, almost alone, stood a great sycamore, the branches of which were nearly bare; between the tree and the road the ground was thickly covered with black-berry, pawpaw, and other bushes.

As she glanced quickly toward the great sycamore, a something huge, she could not tell what, leaped from the tree to the ground, and she could hear the underbrush crack beneath it. She knew there were no ferocious wild animals in Ohio, nothing in the forests to harm her, and had not been for many years, but her face blanched with fear.

"Lie down," she said in a tone which both terrified and quieted the children, as she thrust Lot to the bottom of the wagon and tore the stick from his hands, laying it quickly and forcibly on Dolly's back.

The horse sprung forward in a gallop, reaching the foot of the hill in a few moments and clattering over the few boards thrown across the creek for a bridge. Now Sally ventured to look back. The huge thing was on their track, coming along in great leaps, which would soon bring him up to them.

"Don't raise your heads," she said to the children, who were so alarmed they lay perfectly still. Then she leaned forward and with all her strength belabored the horse. There was a long level piece of road now, but the nearest house was a mile off. Poor Dolly was speeding over the ground, intensely roused and excited by this unusual treatment, and seemed to feel there was danger, for her ears stood erect.

Sally turned again to look. There was nothing now to intercept her view, and she saw the terrible animal not far behind, amid the cloud of dust their progress made, coming on—on!

Frantically she struck poor Dolly.

"Is the bear coming? Will he eat us?" came in smothered accents from the bottom of the wagon, where the children lay with their faces pressed close to the boards.

Sally did not reply. She gave another look, saw that the thing gained on them, and exerting all her strength in giving Dolly a last blow, which sent her bounding forward, she got over the seat—over the children, unheeding their questions, and seizing one of the coops threw it over the tail-board out in the road. The pigs squealed as it touched the earth, and the noise added to Dolly's terror.

which was now so intense she was entirely beyond Sally's control.

"Are we going to be eaten up?" Lot whimpered in almost a whisper.

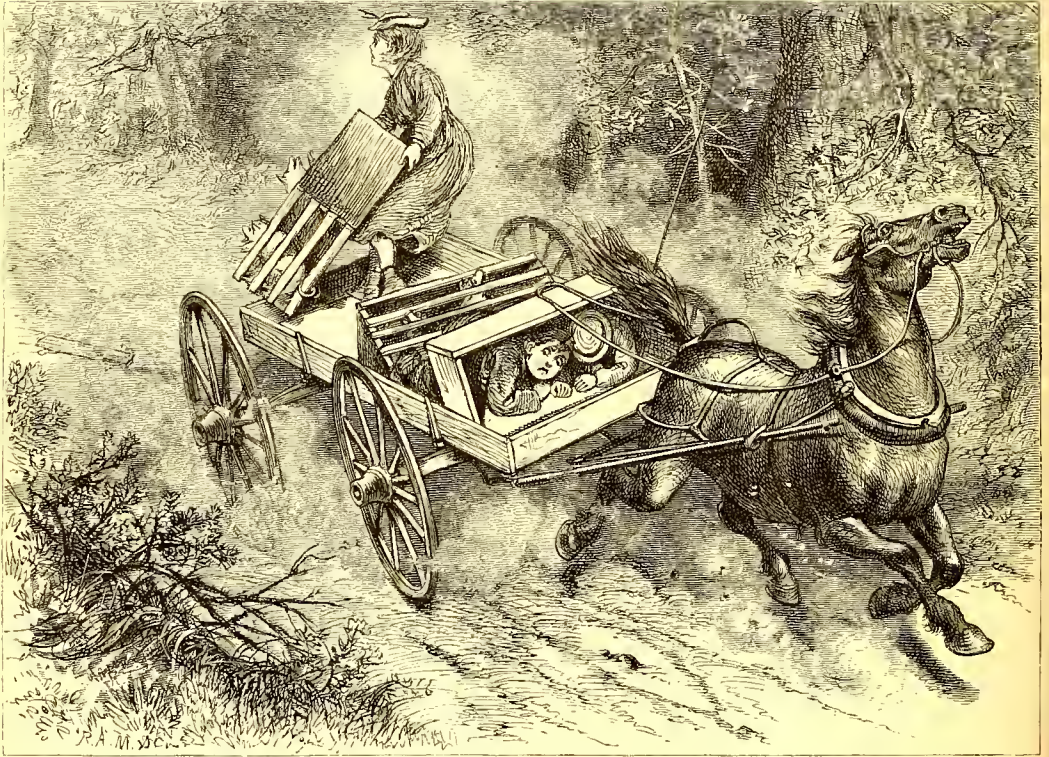
"Hush," she answered, "hush." She let the horse take its way, and placed herself on her knees between the children and the other coop.

The terrible creature had stopped. She could see it strike the coop with its paw, and see the pieces fly as he touched it. How long would it keep him, she thought; and there came a throb of re-

not see the animal coming. This was worse than watching its approach. She threw the other coop out, then stretched herself between the children, closed her eyes, and drew an arm tightly around each.

As she lay thus clasping them, she felt Dolly's pace slacken. She kept still, feeling that if she moved something would spring upon her. The horse was evidently wearying—gradually her gait became slower; they must be near the village.

With a great effort she raised herself, and saw



SALLY THROWS OUT THE COOP.

lief as she saw that meantime they were speeding further and further away.

She looked round in vain; there was no one in sight, the farm-house was still a quarter of a mile ahead, and the animal she feared was becoming only a black spot in the distance; but as she gazed with fixed eyes, she saw the dust rise again. It was moving.

They reached the farm-house gate. It was closed. She could not stop Dolly now, and, even if she could, she had not the courage to get down and open it, and drive to the house some distance up the lane. She called aloud, but no one heard. There were turns in the road—several; she could

the houses only a little distance in advance. She crawled over the children and the seat, and gathered up the reins. Dolly gave a start as she did so, but in a moment subsided—got into her usual pace, and dropped that for a walk. In a few moments she was in the street of the village, and at the store. Clambering out of the wagon, Sally tried to tell Mr. Jones her story, but burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

The children, who had followed her, now found their voices, and eagerly told of the bear, and how she had thrown them the pigs.

"Bless my soul, what is this?" asked Mr. Jones in excitement.

Then Sally recovered, and informed him of what had happened to them.

"Why—why," he stuttered in agitation, "it's the panther that escaped last night from the menagerie at W—. There is the hand-bill put up about an hour ago, offering a reward for it. You're—you're lucky he did not ma-make a meal of you instead of the pigs."

Patty shook her head, "The poor things holered so."

A crowd soon gathered in the store, eager to hear all Sally had to tell; then the men of the village armed themselves to go in search of the animal.

Sally was still trembling, and poor Dolly, wet as though she had been through the river, was shivering and panting at the same time. The half-mile of road they had to pass over to reach home after leaving the village ran for the better part through a wood. Sally was too alarmed to venture there alone, and a couple of men, who had hastily seized some weapon, accompanied her. So excited were they that every cracking noise in the trees put them on the alert; and once they exclaimed, "There he is!" throwing the poor children into new alarms.

Mr. Watson was incredulous when Lot burst out with "Oh, father, we have been chased by a bear—no, not a bear—a dreadful wild thing!" and he would have thought Sally the victim of her own fears, had they not told him a panther had escaped from the menagerie; then he was most thankful for their deliverance.

Dolly was blanketed and cared for, and they went in to supper, Lot's tongue going all the time about "the bear." Sally could not eat, she was still unnerved, and Patty could only pity the poor little pigs.

"Indeed, father," Sally said in answer to his commendation, "if it had not been for that story in my Reader, we might all have been eaten up. When Lot talked about the bears as we were going over to Uncle Eben's, and what he would do if one was to attack us, I thought about the Russian woman throwing out her children to the wolves, to save herself, and that put it into my head to throw out the pigs when I saw the panther."

For a long time Sally had an uncomfortable feeling in the woods, although the panther was caught on the next day and returned to its cage.

## A PUZZLED BOY.

BY MARY DAYTON.

WHAT is the difference if I mind or no?  
 The difference is, I mind and lose the show.  
 And if I take the show and disobey,  
 The difference is an aching back all day.  
 The thing's not fair, for if I choose the fun,  
 I get the thrashing when the sport is done;  
 And what comes last is best remembered, so  
 I'm sure to get a deal more lash than show.  
 Bobby says lie; but if I lie, why, then,  
 Perhaps I'll have to twenty times again;  
 And if I lie, the truth is lost indeed—  
 And truth's a thing you very often need.  
 Besides, these lies will only cowards use,  
 And so, you see, a fellow cannot choose.  
 Now, if a boy must never disobey,  
 'T is ten to one he'll never have his way;  
 And if he takes his way, and keeps the truth,  
 He's ten to one a most unlucky youth.  
 Now, if he keeps the law, I'd like to know  
 How can a boy his independence show;  
 And if he breaks the law, I'd like to see  
 In what respect a fellow can be free.

## HUNTING THE MOOSE.



HUNTING THE MOOSE.

THE moose, as we all know, is the very largest of the deer family, and is indeed as high as a common horse. Now, size is often a great advantage, but not in all cases; and his great size and weight sometimes prove fatal to the moose. In winter, when the snow is covered by a slight crust, over which ordinary animals can travel with ease, the poor moose, when pursued by the hunter, finds that he breaks through the crust at every step. Of course he cannot make very swift progress in this way, and the Indian hunter, on his snow-shoes, can

run much faster, and soon comes up with him. Not many years ago, moose were found in the unsettled parts of Maine and New York, but they have been hunted so much for the sake of their excellent flesh, that they are now seldom seen except in the regions north of those states. They are sometimes very unpleasant creatures to meet, for they may turn upon the hunter, even when he has not yet wounded or fired upon them. So it is often very well for the hunter that he is on snow-shoes, and that the moose breaks through the crust.

## A VALENTINE.

BY L. E. R.

OH! little loveliest lady mine,  
 What shall I send for your valentine?  
 Summer and flowers are far away;  
 Gloomy old Winter is king to-day.  
 Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;  
 What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentin, tell me here,  
 Why do you come at this time o' year?  
 Plenty of days when lilies are white,  
 Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright.  
 But now, when everything 's dark and drear,  
 Why do you come, St. Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,  
 For a bud to tell of my love so true.  
 But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,  
 And the falling snow came down on my head.  
 So, little loveliest lady mine,  
 Here is my heart for your valentine!

## THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

### CHAPTER IV.

HOW much time passed in the sleep he never could exactly learn; probably six to seven hours. He was aroused by what seemed to be icy-cold rat's feet scampering over his face, and as he started and brushed them away with his hand, his ears became alive to a terrible, roaring sound. He started up, alarmed, at first bewildered, then suddenly wide awake. The cold feet upon his face were little threads of water trickling from above; the fearful roaring came from a storm—a hurricane of mixed rain, wind, cloud, and snow. It was day, yet still darker than the Arctic summer night, so dense and black was the tempest. When Jon crept out of the crevice, he was nearly thrown down by the force of the wind. The first thing he did was to seek the two lines of stones he had arranged for his guidance. They had not been blown away, as

he feared; and the sight of the arrow-head made his heart leap with gratitude to the Providence which had led him, for without that sign he would have been bewildered, at the very start. Returning to the cleft, which gave a partial shelter, he ate the greater part of his remaining store of food, fastened his thick coat tightly around his breast and throat, and set out on the desperate homeward journey, carefully following the lighter streak of rock across the plain.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he fancied he heard a sharp, hammering sound through the roar of the tempest, and paused to listen. The sound came rapidly nearer; it was certainly the hoofs of many horses. Nothing could be seen; the noise came from the west, passed in front of Jon, and began to die away to the eastward. His blood grew chill for a moment. It was

all so sudden and strange and ghostly, that he knew not what to think; and he was about to push forward and get out of the region where such things happened, when he heard, very faintly, the cry which the Icelanders use in driving their baggage-ponies. Then he remembered the deep gorge he had seen to the eastward, before reaching the crater; the invisible travelers were riding toward it, probably lost, and unaware of their danger.

forming a semicircle in front of him; and then one of three dim, spectral riders, leaning forward, again called: "Come here!"

"I cannot!" Jon answered again.

Thereupon, another of the horsemen rode close to him, and stared down upon him. He said something which Jon understood to be: "Erik, it is a little boy!"—but he was not quite sure, for the man's way of talking was strange. He put the



JON'S MEETING WITH THE THREE HORSEMEN.

This thought passed through Jon's mind like a flash of lightning; he shouted with all the strength of his voice.

He waited, but there was no answer. Then he shouted again, while the wind seemed to tear the sound from his lips and fling it away—but on the course the hoofs had taken.

This time a cry came in return; it seemed far off, because the storm beat against the sound. Jon shouted a third time, and the answer was now more distinct. Presently he distinguished words:

"Come here to us!"

"I cannot!" he cried.

In a few minutes more he heard the hoofs returning, and then the forms of ponies became visible through the driving snow-clouds. They halted,

words in the wrong places, and pronounced them curiously.

The man who had first spoken jumped off his horse. Holding the bridle, he came forward and said, in good, plain Icelandic:

"Why could n't you come when I called you?"

"I am keeping the road back," replied Jon; "if I move, I might lose it."

"Then why did you call us?"

"I was afraid you had lost your way, and might get into the chasm; the storm is so bad you could not see it."

"What's that?" exclaimed the first who had spoken.

Jon described the situation as well as he could, and the stranger at last said, in his queer, broken



speech: "Lost way—we; can guide—you—know how?"

The storm raged so furiously that it was with great difficulty that Jon heard the words at all; but he thought he understood the meaning. So he looked the man in the face, and nodded, silently.

"Erik—pony!" cried the latter.

Erik caught one of the loose ponies, drew it forward, and said to Jon:

"Now, mount and show us the way!"

"I cannot!" Jon repeated. "I will guide you; I was on my way already, but I must walk back just as I came, so as to find the places and know the distances."

"Sir," said Erik, turning to the other traveler, "we must let him have his will. It is our only chance of safety. The boy is strong and fearless, and we can surely follow where he was willing to go alone."

"Take the lead, boy!" the other said; "more quick, more money!"

Jon walked rapidly in advance, keeping his eyes on the lighter colored streak in the plain. He saw nothing, but every little sign and landmark was fixed so clearly in his mind that he did not feel the least fear or confusion. He could hardly see, in fact, the foremost of the ponies behind him, but he caught now and then a word, as the men talked with each other. They had come from the northern shore of the island; they were lost, they were chilled, weary; their ponies were growing weak from hunger and exposure to the terrible weather; and they followed him, not so much because they trusted his guidance, as because there was really nothing else left for them to do.

In an hour and a half they reached the first landmark; and when the men saw Jon examining the line of stones he had laid, and then striking boldly off through the whirling clouds, they asked no questions, but urged their ponies after him. Thus several hours went by. Point after point was discovered, although no object could be seen until it was reached; but Jon's strength, which had been kept up by his pride and his anxiety, at last began to fail. The poor boy had been so long exposed to the wind, snow, and icy rain, that his teeth chattered in his head, and his legs trembled as he walked. About noon, fortunately, there was a lull in the storm; the rain slackened, and the clouds lifted themselves so that one might see for a mile or more. He caught sight of the rocky corner for which he was steering, stopped, and pointed toward one of the loose ponies.

Erik jumped from the saddle, and threw his arms around Jon, whose senses were fast vanishing. He felt that something was put to his lips, that he was swallowing fire, and that his icy hands were wrapped

in a soft, delicious warmth. In a minute he found that Erik had thrust them under his jacket, while the other two were bending over him with anxious faces. The stranger who spoke so curiously held a cake to his mouth, saying: "Eat—eat!" It was wonderful how his strength came back!

Very soon he was able to mount the pony and take the lead. Sometimes the clouds fell dense and dark around them; but when they lifted only for a second, it was enough for Jon. Men and beasts suffered alike, and at last Erik said:

"Unless we get out of the desert in three hours, we must all perish!"

Jon's face brightened. "In three hours," he exclaimed, "there will be pasturage, and water, and shelter."

He was already approaching the region which he knew thoroughly, and there was scarcely a chance of losing the way. They had more than one furious gust to encounter—more than one moment when the famished and exhausted ponies halted and refused to move; but toward evening the last ridge was reached, and they saw below them, under a dark roof of clouds, the green valley-basin, the gleam of the river, and the scattered white specks of the grazing sheep.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE ram Thor bleated loudly when he saw his master. Jon was almost too weary to move hand or foot, but he first visited every sheep, and examined his rough home under the rock, and his few remaining provisions, before he sat down to rest. By this time, the happy ponies were appeasing their hunger, Erik and his fellow-guide had pitched a white tent, and there was a fire kindled. The owner of the tent said something which Jon could not hear, but Erik presently shouted:

"The English gentleman asks you to come and take supper with us!"

Jon obeyed, even more from curiosity than hunger. The stranger had a bright, friendly face, and stretched out his hand as the boy entered the tent. "Good guide—eat!" was all he was able to say in Icelandic, but the tone of his voice meant a great deal more. There was a lamp hung to the tent-pole, an india-rubber blanket spread on the ground, and cups and plates, which shone like silver, in readiness for the meal. Jon was amazed to see Erik boiling three or four tin boxes in the kettle of water; but when they had been opened, and the contents poured into basins, such a fragrant steam arose as he had never smelled in his life. There was pea-soup, and Irish stew, and minced collops, and beef,—and tea, with no limit to the lumps of sugar,—and sweet biscuits, and currant jelly! Never had he sat down to such a rich, such

a wonderful banquet. He was almost afraid to take enough of the dishes, but the English traveler filled his plate as fast as it was emptied, patted him on the back, and repeated the words: "Good guide—eat!" Then he lighted a cigar, while Erik and the other Icelander pulled out their horns of snuff, threw back their heads, and each poured nearly a teaspoonful into his nostrils. They offered the snuff to Jon, but he refused both that and a cigar. He was warm and comfortable, to the ends of his toes, and his eyelids began to fall, in spite of all efforts to hold them up, after so much fatigue and exposure as he had endured.

In fact, his senses left him suddenly, although he seemed to be aware that somebody lifted and laid him down again—that something soft came under his head, and something warm over his body—that he was safe, and sheltered, and happy.

When he awoke it was bright day. He started up, striking his head against a white wet canvas, and sat a moment, bewildered, trying to recall what had happened. He could scarcely believe that he had slept all night in the tent, beside the friendly Englishman; but he heard Erik talking outside, and the crackling of a fire, and the shouting of some one at a distance. The sky was clear and blue; the sheep and ponies were nibbling sociably together, and the Englishman, standing on a rock beside the river, was calling attention to a big salmon which he had just caught. Gudridsdale, just then, seemed the brightest and liveliest place in Iceland.

Jon knew that he had probably saved the party from death; but he thought nothing of that, for he had saved himself along with them. He was simply proud and overjoyed at the chance of seeing something new—of meeting with a real Englishman, and eating (as he supposed) the foreign, English food. He felt no longer shy, since he had slept a whole night beside the traveler. The two Icelandic guides were already like old friends; even the pony he had ridden seemed to recognize him. His father had told him that Latin was the language by which all educated men were able to communicate their ideas; so as the Englishman came up, with his salmon for their breakfast, he said, in Latin:

"To-day is better than yesterday, sir."

The traveler laughed, shook hands heartily, and answered in Latin, with—to Jon's great surprise—two wrong cases in the nouns:

"Both days are better for you than for me. I have learned less at Oxford."

But the Latin and Icelandic together were a great help to conversation, and, almost before he knew what he was doing, Jon had told Mr. Lorne—so the traveler was named—all the simple story of his

life, even his claim to the little valley-basin wherein they were encamped, and the giving it his sister's name. Mr. Lorne had crossed from the little town of Akureyri, on the northern shore of Iceland, and was bound down the valley of the Thiörvá to the Geysers, thence to Hekla, and finally to Rejkiavik, where he intended to embark for England. As Jon's time of absence had expired, his provisions being nearly consumed, and as it was also necessary to rest a day for the sake of the traveler's ponies, it was arranged that all should return in company to Sigurd's farm.

That last day in Gudridsdale was the most delightful of all. They feasted sumptuously on the traveler's stores, and when night came, the dried grass from Jon's hollow under the rock was spread within the tent, making a soft and pleasant bed for the whole party.

Mounted on one of the ponies, Jon led the way up the long ravine, cheerily singing as he drove the full-fed sheep before him. They reached the level of the desert table-land, and he gave one more glance at the black, scattered mountains to the northward, where he had passed two such adventurous days. In spite of all that he had seen and learned in that time, he felt a little sad that he had not succeeded in crossing the wilderness. When they reached the point where their way descended by a long, steep slope to the valley of the Thiörvá, he turned for yet another, farewell view. Far off, between him and the nearest peak, there seemed to be a moving speck. He pointed it out to Erik, who, after gazing steadily a moment, said: "It is a man on horseback."

"Perhaps another lost traveler!" exclaimed Mr. Lorne; "let us wait for him."

It was quite safe to let the sheep and loose ponies take their way in advance; for they saw the pasture below them. In a quarter of an hour the man and horse could be clearly distinguished. The former had evidently seen them also, for he approached much more rapidly than at first.

All at once Jon cried out: "It is our pony, Heimdal! It must be my father!"

He sprang from the saddle, as he spoke, and ran toward the strange horseman. The latter presently galloped up, walked a few steps, and sat down upon a stone. But Jon's arms were around him, and as they kissed each other, the father burst into tears.

"I thought thou wert lost, my boy," was all he could say.

"But here I am, father!" Jon proudly exclaimed.

"And the sheep?"

"Fat and sound, every one of them."

Sigurd rose and mounted his horse, and as they all descended the slope together Jon and Erik told

him all that had happened. Mr. Lorne, to whom the occurrence was explained, shook hands with him, and, pointing to Jon, said in his broken way: "Good son—little man!" Whereupon they all laughed, and Jon could not help noticing the proud and happy expression of his father's face.

On the afternoon of the second day they reached Sigurd's farm-house; but the mother and Gudrid, who had kept up an anxious look-out, met them nearly a mile away. After the first joyous embrace of welcome, Sigurd whispered a few words to his wife, and she hastened back, to put the guest-room in order. Mr. Lorne found it so pleasant to get under a roof again, that he ordered another halt of two days before going on to the Geysers and Hekla. No beverage ever tasted so sweet to him as the great bowl of milk which Gudrid brought, as soon as he had taken his seat, and the radishes from the garden seemed a great deal better than the little jar of orange marmalade which he insisted on giving in exchange for them.

"Oh, is it indeed orange?" cried Gudrid. "Jon, Jon, now we shall know what the taste is!"

Their mother gave them a spoonful apiece, and Mr. Lorne smiled as he saw their wondering, delighted faces.

"Does it really grow on a tree?—and how high is the tree?—and what does it look like?—like a birch?—or a potato-plant?" Jon asked, in his eagerness, without waiting for the answers. It was very difficult for him to imagine what he had never seen, even in pictures, or anything resembling it. Mr. Lorne tried to explain how different are the productions of nature in warmer climates, and the children listened as if they could never hear enough of the wonderful story. At last Jon said, in his firm, quiet way: "Some day I'll go there!"

"You will, my boy," Mr. Lorne replied; "you have strength and courage to carry out your will."

Jon never imagined that he had more strength or courage than any other boy, but he knew that the Englishman meant to praise him, so he shook hands as he had been taught to do on receiving a gift.

The two days went by only too quickly. The guest furnished food both for himself and the family, for he shot a score of plovers and caught half a dozen fine salmon. He was so frank and cheerful that they soon became accustomed to his presence, and were heartily sorry when Erik and the other Icelandic guide went out to drive the ponies together, and load them for the journey. Mr. Lorne called Sigurd and Jon into the guest-room, untied a buckskin pouch, and counted out fifty silver rix-dollars upon the table. "For my little guide!" he said, putting his hand on Jon's thick curls. Father and son, in their astonishment, uttered a

cry at the same time, and neither knew what to say. But, brokenly as Mr. Lorne talked, they understood him when he said that Jon had probably saved his life, that he was a brave boy and would make a good, brave man, and that if the father did not need the money for his farm-expenses, he should apply it to his son's education.

The tears were running down Sigurd's cheeks. He took the Englishman's hand, gave it a powerful grip, and simply said: "It shall be used for his benefit."

Jon was so strongly moved that, without stopping to think, he did the one thing which his heart suggested. He walked up to Mr. Lorne, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him very tenderly.

"All is ready, sir!" cried Erik, at the door. The last packages were carried out and tied upon the baggage-ponies, farewells were said once more, and the little caravan took its way down the valley. The family stood in front of the house, and watched until the ponies turned around the first cape of the hills and disappeared; then they could only sit down and talk of all the unexpected things that had happened. There was no work done upon the farm that day.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE unusual warmth of the summer, which was so injurious to the pastures lying near the southern coast, wrought fortune to Sigurd's farm. The price of wool was much higher than usual, and owing to Jon's excursion into the mountains, the sheep were in the best possible condition. They had never raised such a crop of potatoes, nor such firm, thick-headed cabbages, and by great care and industry a sufficient supply of hay had been secured for the winter.

"I am afraid something will happen to us," said Sigurd one day to his wife; "the good luck comes too fast."

"Don't say that!" she exclaimed. "If we were to lose Jon——"

"Jon!" interrupted Sigurd. "Oh, no; look at his eyes, his breast, his arms and legs—there are a great many years of life in them! He ought to have a chance at the school in Reykjavik, but we can hardly do without him this year."

"Perhaps brother Magnus would take him," she said.

"Not while I live," Sigurd replied, as he left the room, while his wife turned with a sigh to her household duties. Her family, and especially her elder brother, Magnus, who was a man of wealth and influence, had bitterly opposed her marriage with Sigurd, on account of the latter's poverty, and she had seen none of them since she came to live

on the lonely farm. Through great industry and frugality, they had gradually prospered; and now she began to long for a reconciliation, chiefly for her husband's and children's sake. It would be much better for Jon if he could find a home in his uncle's house, when they were able to send him to school.

So, when they next rode over to Kyrkedal on a Sabbath day in the late autumn, she took with her a letter to Magnus, which she had written without her husband's knowledge, for she wished to save him the pain of the slight, in case her brother should refuse to answer, or should answer in an unfriendly way. It was a pleasant day for all of them, for Mr. Lorne had stopped a night at Kyrkedal, and Erik had told the people the story of Jon's piloting them through the wilderness; so the pastor, after service, came up at once to them and patted Jon on the head, saying: "*Bene fecisti, fili!*" And the other boys, forgetting their usual shyness, crowded around and said: "Tell us all about it!" Everything was as wonderful to them, as it still seemed to Jon in his memory, and when each one said: "If I had gone there I should have done the same thing!" Jon wondered that he and the boys should ever have felt so awkward and bashful when they came together. Now it was all changed; they talked and joked like old companions, and cordially promised to visit each other during the winter, if their parents were willing.

On the way home Sigurd found that he had dropped his whip, and sent Jon back to look for it, leaving his wife and Gudrid to ride onward up the valley. Jon rode at least half a mile before he found it, and then came galloping back, cracking it joyously. But Sigurd's face was graver and wearier than usual.

"Ride a little while with me," he said; "I want to ask thee something." Then, as Jon rode beside him in the narrow tracks which the ponies' hoofs had cut through the turf, he added: "The boys at Kyrkedal seemed to make much of thee; I hope thy head is not turned by what they said."

"Oh, father!" Jon cried; "they were so kind, so friendly!"

"I don't doubt it," his father answered. "Thou hast done well, my son, and I see that thou art older than thy years. But suppose there were a heavier task in store for thee,—suppose that I

should be called away,—couldst thou do a man's part, and care properly for thy mother and thy little sister?"

Jon's eyes filled with tears, and he knew not what to say.

"Answer me!" Sigurd commanded.

"I never thought of that," Jon answered, in a trembling voice; "but if I were to do my best, would not God help me?"

"He would!" Sigurd exclaimed, with energy. "All strength comes from Him, and all fortune. Enough—I can trust thee, my son; ride on to Gudrid, and tell her not to twist herself in the saddle, looking back!"

Sigurd attended to his farm for several days longer, but in a silent, dreamy way, as if his mind were busy with other thoughts. His wife was so anxiously awaiting the result of her letter to Magnus, that she paid less attention to his condition than she otherwise would have done.

But one evening, on returning from the stables, he passed by the table where their frugal supper was waiting, entered the bedroom, and sank down, saying:

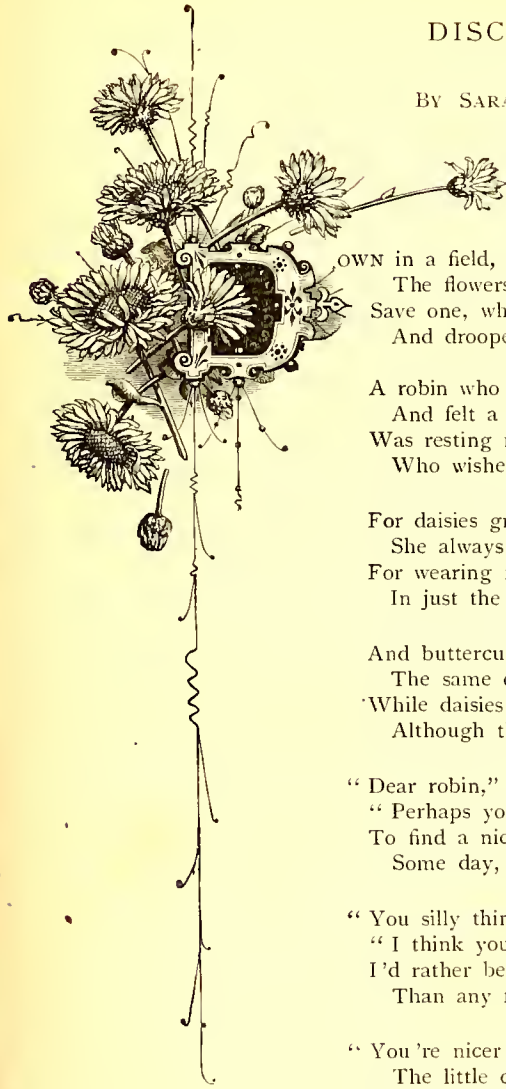
"All my strength has left me; I feel as if I should never rise again."

They then saw that he had been attacked by a dangerous fever, for his head was hot, his eyes glassy, and he began to talk in a wild, incoherent way. They could only do what the neighbors were accustomed to do, in similar cases,—which really was worse than doing nothing at all would have been. Jon was dispatched next morning, on the best pony, to summon the physician from Skalholt; but, even with the best luck, three days must elapse before the latter could arrive. The good pastor of Kyrkedal came the next day and bled Sigurd, which gave him a little temporary quiet, while it reduced his vital force. The physician was absent, visiting some farms far to the eastward,—in fact, it was a full week before he made his appearance. During this time Sigurd wasted away, his fits of delirium became more frequent, and the chances of his recovery grew less and less. Jon recalled, now, his father's last conversation, and it gave him both fear and comfort. He prayed, with all the fervor of his boyish nature, that his father's life might be spared; yet he determined to do his whole duty, if the prayer should not be granted.

(To be continued.)

## DISCONTENT.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.



OWN in a field, one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Save one, who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had soared too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near a buttercup  
Who wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall;  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills about her neck  
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome color,  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,  
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To find a nice white frill for me,  
Some day, when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said;  
"I think you must be crazy!  
I'd rather be my honest self  
Than any made-up daisy.

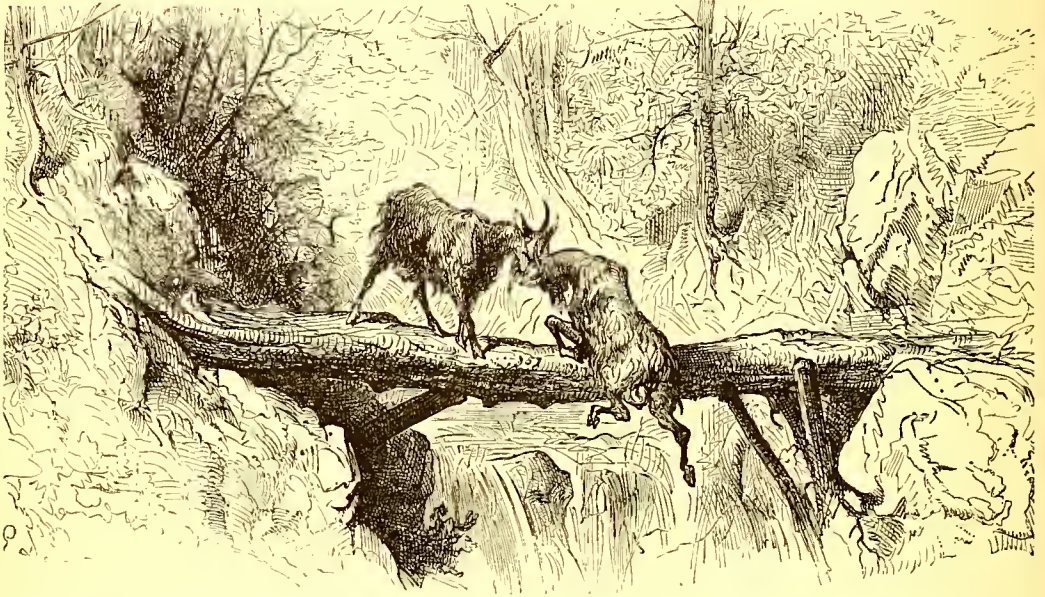
"You're nicer in your own bright gown,  
The little children love you;  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,  
We'd better keep our places;  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup,  
Just here where you are growing."

## THE TWO GOATS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



[Two youthful] goats, belonging to families of high degree among the goat tribes, once encountered each other upon a narrow tree-trunk which spanned a mountain torrent. Said the goat from the East to the goat from the West: "Go back and make way. I am an important goat, a goat of degree. It is but proper that common goats should stand aside when I pass by." "Common, indeed! Pray what do you mean by common?" replied the one from the West. "I would have you to know that I am a full-blooded Merino! Merinoes make way for nobody. Go back yourself!" The dispute raged. Neither would yield an inch. At last, in heat of argument, their horns locked, and a desperate struggle began, in the midst of which both goats lost footing, and, still fighting, fell from the bridge into the water, which speedily cooled their anger and brought them to their senses.]

THE day of Miss Alicia Belden's annual picnic was the most exciting day of the year in Lanark village. Excitements were not frequent in pretty Lanark, nor holidays many. There were Sundays, to be sure—Sunday goes everywhere; Christmas, observed in simple country fashion; Lady-day, when rents came due and servants changed places; Shrove Tuesday, conspicuous for pancakes; and Good Friday, when all the world went to church except the Independent Baptists, who (there being nothing else doing) sat at home and found the day long and dull. But none of these, the children thought, compared in interest with Miss Alicia's picnic. It was *their* day, and grown people, except Miss Alicia, had nothing whatever to do with it.

Miss Alicia Belden was a retired sugar-baker. The taste for gingerbread is universal as that for freedom. Miss Alicia's gingerbread came as near to being good as British gingerbread can be. It

looked like bar-soap, but it did not taste like that; and the youth of Lanark, having never known the delicious American article made of molasses, voted it prime and consumed it in enormous quantities. Buns and turnovers also did Miss Alicia make; cheese-cakes, which melted in the mouth; tea-cakes, with currant eyes; and toffy, which won praise even from London visitors. No wonder, then, that her trade prospered, and that by the time she was fifty, and her earliest customers staid men and women with gingerbread-eating boys and girls of their own, she was able, as the newspapers say, to "retire on a competence." This competence was not a large one, but it left a margin for what Miss Alicia called "pleasures," chief among which was the annual picnic she gave all the children of the village. Every one was included, even the little Independent Baptists. Some of Miss Alicia's friends thought that this was going too far. But she would listen to no remonstrances.

“What!” she said, “go and leave any of the poor dears behind to cry their eyes out at home! I could n’t enjoy the day a bit if I did—not one bit.” So all the children went.

Helm Island, six miles off at sea, being the picnicking place, the day always began with a sail in a wheezy little steam-tug chartered by Miss Alicia. It left Lanark according to the tide. On this day which I am going to tell about, the tide scrued at half-past nine in the morning, and there was great hurry and confusion in the village households to get the little ones dressed and ready in time. Some of the children had been up at daybreak to see what sort of day it was going to be. These thought the older folks unusually late and slow. They danced about, impatiently begging everybody to make haste, to hurry, or they should certainly be left behind; in which case—but here they stopped; imagination could go no farther than that frightful possibility!

“Put on your blue frock, Nancy,” said Mrs. Sarkie; “not the pink-sprigged. That lass of the Spences ’ll likely wear her sprigged, and I’d not wish to have you look as if you dressed alike, or was any way connected, and the families not speaking as they do.”

“Yes, indeed, mother,” responded Nancy, with a little toss of her head, “I’d be sorry at that too. Nancy Spence is always getting things like mine. I wish she would n’t. It’s just as if she did it a-purpose.”

“Not that I wish to say aught against the lass,” went on Mrs. Sarkie. “She’s well enough, and so was her mother afore her; a good-natured lass her mother was at school, years back. Nobody denies that. But after the way Farmer Spence has behaved and all, no one would wish to liken you together in any sort; it is n’t natural, and I’m sure your father would n’t want it.”

On the farther side of the village, toward the east, in another big, substantial red-brick farmhouse, set about with thick orchards and waving fields of grain, Mrs. Spence was fastening *her* Nancy’s frock, blue also.

“The pink sprig is the freshest,” she said, “but it’s just like that one of Nancy Sarkie’s, which she’ll be sure to wear, so I’d rather have you in this. ’T aint worth while to be imitating neighbors that is n’t neighborly—that’s my opinion.”

“Nancy Sarkie is a cross, stuck-up thing!” said Nancy Spence. “What do you think she said one day at school, mother?—that her father’s folks in London ’d have nothing to do with low people like us Spences! Ought she to have said that? Is n’t father as good as the Sarkies?”

“Set her up, indeed!” cried Mrs. Spence, flushing. “As good? I should think so. I never yet

heard tell of a Sarkie as could hold his head higher than a Spence. Why, Nancy, your father’s uncle in Bristol, as died so rich, kept his own carriage—carriage *and* horses!”

“Did he?” said Nancy, eagerly. “I’ll tell Nancy Sarkie that next time she boasts. You can’t think how rude she is sometimes, mother. Last picnic she gave me a great shove and most pushed me down. What makes her act so?”

“Some of the father’s blood in her, I guess,” replied Mrs. Spence. “Her mother was a good girl enough before she wedded him. Ah! your father could tell tales. He’s had cause to know what Sarkie is, if ever man had. But never mind that now, Nancy; we wont rake up trouble this day of all days in the year.”

She tied Nancy’s hat ribbons firmly as she spoke, and gave her hair a last smooth.

“Good-by, mother. Oh! you’re putting on your bonnet. Are you going to walk down with me?”

“To be sure I am. I want to see you safe off.”

The dock was crowded when they reached it. Far below in the basin floated the tug, and the sailors were placing a plank with hand-rails for the children to pass over. Presently, a stream of little figures began to pour across it to the deck.

“I declare,” pouted Nancy Sarkie, “there’s that Spence girl in blue after all. Is n’t it too bad, mother?”

“Yes. I wish now you’d worn the sprigs,” said Mrs. Sarkie. “But never let it matter; you can enjoy yourself all the same if she is in blue.”

“No, I can’t. I don’t like to have her setting herself up to dress like me,” said Nancy.

Her face was quite clouded as she walked slowly down the plank.

“Ts, ts, ts!” clicked Mrs. Spence between her teeth. “That Sarkie lass has on the blue frock like yours. Well, well! If there was time, Nancy, you should run home and change.”

“There is n’t,” replied Nancy with a little scowl. “I don’t care, mother. She can’t *be* me, even if we have both got on blue frocks. Nobody’ll mistake us for each other.”

With a laugh she ran down the plank. The tug gave three screeching whistles as a signal to belated comers. At the sound, a woman who was walking along the shore with two boys began to run.

“Just in time,” said the captain, as she handed the little fellows down to him.

Then the whistle sounded once more, the paddles revolved, the children raised their voices in a shrill cheer, and the boat moved away. The day of pleasure was begun.

Seated on either side the deck, the two Nancys

glared gloomily across. Why did they dislike each other so much? I don't think either could have told. The ill-feeling between the families had begun years ago, when the girls were babies, and nobody now recollected exactly how it began. There was something about a bit of land and right of way, something about a trespassing pig, somebody had called somebody else hard names—who or what did n't matter; it was a good thorough quarrel, one of the sort which the ill-natured imps delight in, and the children, as children will, threw themselves into the warfare with a zeal surpassing that of their elders. Pride and ill-humor are not pleasant things to carry to a picnic, and it might be predicted in advance that the two Nancys were not likely to have a perfectly agreeable day.

The first trouble came soon after landing, when Nancy Spence by mistake lifted the wrong basket.

"Put that down!" said Nancy Sarkie, sharply. "Miss Alicia told *me* to carry that. You've no business to touch it."

Nancy Spence was a year older than the other Nancy, and a good deal taller; but she was also gentler and more easily cowed. She dropped the basket quickly, and said confusedly:

"I did n't know—I did n't mean to——"

"O yes!" replied Nancy Sarkie, tauntingly—"did n't know! did n't mean to! That's the way you always go on, Nancy Spence—meddling, always meddling! Everybody knows that."

"No such thing," said the larger Nancy; "I don't meddle. You've no call to talk to me like that."

So the dispute proceeded, Nancy Sarkie repeating that Nancy Spence was a meddler, and she retorting that Nancy Sarkie was a spitfire.

"Girls, what is the matter?" said Miss Alicia, overhearing them. "Let Nancy alone, Nancy Sarkie. You began it, I know; you always do. What does ail you to provoke each other always? Come with me one of you. I shall keep you separate if there is n't an end to this barking and biting and calling of names." Saying which she marched Nancy Spence away.

Nancy Sarkie was left behind. The pretty island lay before her with its plummy trees and stretches of yellow beach. Behind was the sea, dimpled and shining; overhead, the blue sky and the sun; but she looked at none of these fair things. Her heart was sullen and heavy; the bright did not seem bright just then—the blue sky might as well have been gray. She did not care for the woods and beaches, or for the shells which she had looked forward to gathering. We can never enjoy anything unless the enjoyment is inside ourselves, ready to come out when called; though, when that is the case, we enjoy almost everything. Nancy

found this true that morning. She set her basket on the ground, and stood as in a dream, with eyes cast down, and a dull, miserable feeling all over her.

By and by she heard sounds of singing. Up there at the top of the tree-covered bank, the children, she knew, were playing games and having a merry time together. She lifted her basket and climbed the path. Miss Alicia was sitting under the trees with two or three of the older girls. Some of the big boys were lighting a fire. The other children, linked in a great ring, were playing "Here we go round the barberry-bush." It looked gay and cheerful, and everybody seemed to be finding it pleasant except poor sulky Nancy, who was not in mood to like anything, whatever it might be.

"Oats, Peas, Beans" succeeded to "Barberry-bush," and "Ruth and Jacob" followed that. Did any of you ever hear of the game of "Ruth and Jacob?" This is the way it was played in Lanark village: All the children made a circle with clasped hands, except one boy and one girl, who stood in the middle. The boy was blindfolded, the girl not. The blindfolded boy groped about, demanding, "Where is my Ruth?" And the girl had to answer, "Here," but the instant she spoke she glided away to the other side of the circle, so that the boy, following her voice, should not find her. As soon as the girl was caught, she put on the bandage, and a fresh boy took his place in the circle, of whom she demanded, "Where is my Jacob?" The Lanark children were fond of this game, because it gave opportunity for good hearty romping, in which they delighted.

Nancy Sarkie joined in "Ruth and Jacob," but, for the first time, the play seemed to her dull and tiresome. Nancy Spence, too, was out of sorts. Miss Alicia had read her a lecture on quarreling, and feeling as she did that she was all in the right, and Nancy Sarkie all in the wrong, the lecture made her very cross. Neither she nor Nancy Sarkie spoke during the game, and when they looked at each other it was not in a pleasant way at all.

Meantime, Miss Alicia, aided by the older girls, was unpacking great baskets of bread and meat, and arranging veal-pies, tartlets, sweet-cakes, and ginger-beer bottles on four big white table-cloths laid on the ground in the shade. All these good things were provided by Miss Alicia, who liked to do everything herself at *her* picnic, and never allowed anybody else to contribute.

By the time the feast was ready, the children were ready for it. What with "Ruth and Jacob" and the fresh sea air, they were hungry as wolves and crowded round the tables. Such a demolishing of veal-pies and devouring of bread-and-butter



was never seen before. It took some time to settle who should sit here and who there, to distribute the food and make sure that no one was left out; but Miss Alicia was experienced in picnics, and before long all was nicely arranged, and the fifty little jaws were wagging in happy concert. The meal passed off with entire success until cake-time came. There was one loaf with pink icing, on which all the party had fixed admiring eyes. When this loaf was cut and distributed, it chanced that Nancy Spence got a bit, but before it reached Nancy Sarkie the last morsel was gone.

"Never mind," said Miss Alicia, cutting another loaf. "This is the same cake exactly, only with white sugar instead of pink. Here's a piece for you, Nancy Sarkie."

"I don't want any," replied Nancy, crossly.

"It's velly good," remarked little Polly Darton, with her mouth full. "Do take some, Nancy."

"No," muttered Nancy; "I can get white cake at home. I wanted some of the pink, but there was n't enough. There was plenty for Nancy Spence though. Miss Alicia made sure of that, 'cause *she's* a favorite."

"Nonsense," said Miss Alicia, who caught the words. "It's nothing of the sort. Take some cake, Nancy; don't be foolish. You want? You're as obstinate as a goat, I declare. I tell you what, Nancy Sarkie,—if you can't be pleasant and good-humored, you'd better not come on *my* picnics. I shall just leave you out next time."

The children gazed at Nancy with round eyes full of horror when Miss Alicia said this. How very bad she must be, they thought, to be shut out from the picnics. Nancy herself was frightened. She choked and strangled. A lump came into her throat. Presently a big tear, hopping down her nose, splashed into her plate; and vexed that the other girls should see her crying, she jumped up and fled down the bank and on to the beach.

It was afternoon now, and the yellow sun on the water shone dazzling and bright. The tide was coming in, fast but noiselessly, each wave running a little higher on the sand than the last, tracing its soft wet mark, and slipping back again into the lap of the sea with a tiny splash like a baby's laugh. Here and there lay beautiful little shells, pink and yellow, or striped in faint lines of red and brown. Helm Island was famous for these shells; the children looked forward to picking them up as one of the chief pleasures of the picnic. But Nancy plodded past the shells and over them, and did not stoop to lift one from the sand. On and on she went to the very end of the beach, then over a little rocky point to a second and longer one. The sun lay hot on the sand, and the breeze seemed to have died away, but still she marched forward till

the second beach also was passed. She was on the north side of the island now. It was bolder than the other side, with rocks and cliffs, but few trees grew near the shore, and Nancy, who was getting tired, saw no shady place in which to rest. At last she spied a point of land on which grew several pine-trees. The point jutted into the water for quite a distance, and the sea had eaten away the sand on either side and behind, so that at high tide the point was a little island and quite cut off from the shore. The tide was not more than half high now, however; besides, one of the pine-trees had fallen across the passage, making a narrow bridge over which it was easy to walk.

Nancy's head was steady, and she trod the bridge without fear, looking down at the sand five or six feet below without turning giddy in the least. The pine-tree shade was delightful after her hot walk. She sat down on the ground, which was carpeted with fine brown needles, warm and soft. Here the breeze blew strong and cool, the waves lapped and rippled with a soothing sound. By and by Nancy's head sank on her arm, she curled herself comfortably on the pine-needles, and before she knew it she was asleep. The wind rocked, the sea sang its lullaby, and both took care that she should not waken again in a hurry.

How long she slept she did not know. She roused suddenly and with a start, to wonder where she was and how she came to be there. I fear the angels who watched her slumbers were not of the right sort, for instead of waking pleasantly she was thoroughly out of humor. Her neck and shoulder ached from lying on the ground, and she felt stiff. The first thing that popped into her mind as she roused was Miss Alicia's reproof.

"It was Nancy Spence's fault," she said half aloud. "She's always doing provoking things, and then people think it's me. Miss Alicia *does* have favorites, and I shall just tell mother what she said to me. Mother'll be real vexed, I know she will. Mother'll take my part against the Spences."

These amiable reflections were interrupted by the sight of a figure on the beach, so far away as to seem like a mere dot against the sand. As it drew near it grew larger. Nancy made out, first that it was a girl, next that the girl was picking up shells (for the figure stooped and rose, and stooped again as it walked), then that the girl had on a blue dress, and lastly (her eyes dilated as she looked), that it was the girl she disliked most! Nancy Spence, the rival Nancy, was coming along the shore!

The moment she made this discovery, Nancy Sarkie slipped behind a pine-tree and hid herself. From this covert she watched the approaching foe.

Nancy Spence drew nearer. She had a basket on her arm, in which she placed the shells as fast as she picked them up. As she walked she hummed a tune. This somehow struck the hidden Nancy as a wrong and insult to herself. Why should Nancy Spence be having such a good time when she had not? It seemed too much to bear!

Before long, Nancy spied the piny islet and the fallen tree. She was as much delighted as the other Nancy had been earlier in the afternoon.

"What a pretty little island," she said out loud, "with a bridge and all! I mean to call it mine. Nobody has found it out but me, because nobody else has come so far along the beach."

She set her foot on the pine-trunk to cross over. The water was curling below now. It was not deep, but it seemed so, and gurgled and splashed in a noisy and suggestive manner. Nancy looked down a second, hesitating. When she raised her eyes she gave a great jump, for there, at the other end of the bridge, stood Nancy Sarkie, flushed and wrathful.

"Go back!" she cried. "How dare you call this your island? It's mine. I found it first, and you sha'n't come on it at all."

"Yes, I will," said Nancy, flushing up also. "I've just as much right as you have. I found it too, and I did n't know you were here at all. I'm just as good as you are, Nancy Sarkie."

"No, you're not. My father said once that your father was a boor. I heard him. And my uncle in London lives in a big house, with *beau-tiful* things all over it; and he'd not have anything to do with such people as you Spences are. So there now!"

"My father's uncle kept a carriage and the most splendid horses as was ever seen. He was a great deal better than your uncle is. And my father's not a boor. He's good old stock, father is; there is n't any Sarkie can hold a candle to us Spences. I've heard people say so. So there now, Nancy Sarkie!"

"Anyhow, you sha'n't come on *my* island. I wont let you."

"You wont let me! *You*, indeed! I tell you I will come."

Both girls ran forward. They met in the middle of the bridge. "Go back!" "I wont!" There was a push—a struggle. Nancy Spence's foot slipped. She recovered herself. It slipped again. She staggered—fell—dragging Nancy Sarkie with her, and the foolish children rolled together off the log and into the sea!

The shock and the wetting cooled their anger and brought them to their senses. The water where they fell was about two feet deep, and they scrambled out without much difficulty; but both

were thoroughly soaked, both felt cold and miserable, and both began to cry.

"It's all your fault," spluttered Nancy Sarkie, spitting out a mouthful of salt water.

"That is n't true; you pushed me, or we should n't either of us have fallen," sobbed Nancy Spence.

"Ow! ow! I'm all wet and nasty, and so freezing cold," blubbered the lesser Nancy. "I did n't push you—you pushed me."

"O dear, my frock!" sighed Nancy Spence, deplorably, trying to wring it out. "Why don't you squeeze your clothes, Nancy Sarkie, and get out all the water you can? You'll take a cold else."

"I don't know how," said Nancy Sarkie, touching the wet gown helplessly with the points of her fingers. "If I do take cold it'll be all your fault. I shall tell Miss Alicia so."

Nancy Spence was on the point of offering to help wring the wet dress, but at this speech she forbore.

"I shall tell Miss Alicia, too," she said, shutting her lips tight together.

Then she seized her basket, out of which all the shells were fallen, and began to walk away. Nancy Sarkie, dripping like a fountain, followed.

What a long, dismal walk that was! It seemed twice as far as it had seemed in the morning. The girls' clothes felt heavy, their shoes stuck to the sand and dragged them down. The sun was hot still, and though the exercise gradually warmed their chilly limbs, it was all hard work, and only pride prevented either Nancy from flinging herself down and declaring that she could go no farther and must rest. Side by side they toiled over the point of rocks which shut off the second beach, and from which they looked to see the tug, and the children playing on the sand. They reached the top and stood aghast. *No tug was there!* It had gone from the shore, and presently, far off at sea they spied a tiny curl of rising smoke. Then they knew all,—Miss Alicia had forgotten them, or miscounted, and had sailed, leaving them behind. They were alone upon the island—all alone! What *should* they do?

Nancy Sarkie flung herself down on the ground in a paroxysm of despair. The other Nancy stood upright and looked about her. A tear rolled down her face. She wiped it away with the back of her hand. For a time no sound was heard but the lapping of the water and the muffled sobs of Nancy Sarkie. At last, Nancy Spence glanced down at the wretched little crumpled heap beside her, and trying to make her voice sound brave, said:

"There's no use crying. Don't lie there, Nancy. You'll catch an awful cold. Let us run on and see

if the fire the boys lit has gone out. If it has n't, we can dry ourselves."

"Oh, mother, mother! We shall die—I know we shall die!" moaned Nancy Sarkie, who, for all her perversity and fierce speeches, was helpless as a baby the moment trouble came. Nancy Spence was of more courageous stuff.

"Oh, no," she said, "we sha'n't die. They'll find out as soon as they land that we're left behind, and send somebody for us. Come, Nancy—come with me and see about the fire."

Nancy Sarkie suffered herself to be coaxed from her crouching position at last, and they went on down the beach. The boys had pulled apart the brands the last thing before they sailed, but the fire smoldered still. Judiciously fanned and fed with dry twigs, it soon flamed up brightly. Searching for fuel, the girls lighted on other treasures—a hard egg, a piece of thick bread and butter, and a scrap of cake, to which still clung a fragment of rosy icing.

"That's the pink cake I did n't have any of," said Nancy Sarkie.

"Well, you shall have all of this; I don't want any," replied Nancy Spence, good-naturedly.

She felt sorry for the other Nancy, and did not find it hard to speak pleasantly now.

"What's that dark thing under the bush?" she cried. "Oh, Nancy, Nancy! is n't this good? Here's that old blanket that Miss Alicia had round the hamper. They've forgotten and left it behind. Now we shall hardly be cold a bit."

Their dresses were more than half dry by this time, which was fortunate, for the sun was setting and the evening growing chill. Side by side the two cuddled under the blanket close to the fire. It was not *very* warm, it must be confessed, for while the heat scorched their faces, their backs were always conscious of a creeping chill. Desert islands, I rather think, are not comfortable places except now and then in a story-book. The girls lay without speaking for a long time; then Nancy Spence heard a tiny sob close to her ear, which made her turn over in surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" cried she, forgetting all cause of quarrel, and speaking as kindly as if Nancy Sarkie had been any other girl.

"Oh, it's so miserable! I keep thinking about wolves and robbers, and wishing my mother were here."

The wretched, tearful face rolled over on to Nancy's shoulder. Nancy put her arms out to the sobbing child, and the other Nancy clung tight.

"Don't cry—don't," said Nancy Spence, soothingly. "There are n't any wolves or robbers on Helm Island, I'm sure; and we'll see our mothers again to-morrow. Don't cry."

"How kind you are!" said the little Nancy, wondering. "I did n't know you ever could be so good. I used to be real hateful to you, Nancy. But I'm sorry now."

"I was hateful, too, and I'm sorry."

"I'll not be so any more," murmured Nancy Sarkie. "I like you now, ever so much. But you'll never like me, because I acted so."

"O yes, I will. I like you a great deal better already. I like you very much indeed."

The two Nancys kissed one another.

"I'm getting sleepy," whispered Nancy Sarkie.

Meanwhile, on the dock at Lanark, six miles away, a heart-rending scene was taking place. No sooner had Miss Alicia landed and marshalled her flock than she discovered that two were missing. Mrs. Sarkie and Mrs. Spence were in great distress, but scarcely greater than poor Miss Alicia, who tearfully protested that she could n't think how it happened, such a thing never did before. Farmer Spence and Farmer Sarkie hurried to and fro, questioning, consulting, discussing; the smaller children cried, and all the town was in a ferment.

It was finally decided that a sail-boat should at once set out for Helm Island.

"I shall go, of course," said Mr. Sarkie.

"And I shall go," asserted Mr. Spence.

He spoke like one who expects contradiction; but no one disputed him, and the boat pushed out, the two fathers seated side by side in the stern. The wind was a fair one and blew them swiftly along.

"What could keep the lasses from starting with the rest?" said Mr. Sarkie.

He was too anxious to observe the fact that he had included his enemy's daughter with his own under the general term of "the lasses."

"God send we find 'em safe," groaned Farmer Spence.

The sail seemed a long one to the anxious men, but was in fact short, for they reached Helm Island in less than two hours. No sooner had the keel of the boat grazed the sand than the two fathers sprang out and hurried up the beach.

"We'll search this side before we try the other," said Farmer Spence. "The cliffs are all over that way. There are none here."

"What's that?" cried Farmer Sarkie.

It was the glimmer of the fire which had caught his eye. They hurried forward. There, close to the flickering embers, was a dark heap, which rustled and stirred. Farmer Spence stooped and lifted a corner of the blanket. There lay the two children, clasped tight in each other's arms, and fast asleep.

"Merciful Lord! Here they are!" he said, huskily.

The sound roused the Nancys. They moved—started—sat up.

"Oh, oh! what is it? Who are you? Father! It's my father, Nancy!"

"And mine, too!" And the Nancys, lifted each into the arms of her own special parent, kissed and clung and cried.

"Oh, it's been dreadful," sobbed Nancy Sarkie, "but Nancy Spence was so brave—a great deal braver than me, father. She wrapped me up and dried my clothes, and was *so* kind."

"We're going to be friends now, father," broke in Nancy Spence. "I never knew what a nice girl Nancy Sarkie was before. We may be friends, may n't we? You don't mind, do you, father?" And she and Nancy Sarkie took hold of each other's hands.

The two farmers regarded each other by the light of the moon. Farmer Sarkie cleared his throat once or twice. Then:

"Neighbor," he said, "we've been at loggerheads now these twelve years or more. I won't say who was right in the matter, or who was wrong, but only this: If you're so minded, we'll strike hands here and end the matter. These girls of ours set us an example."

"You're in the right of it, neighbor," replied Farmer Spence. "There's my hand, and it sha'n't be my fault if we fall out again."

The Nancys hugged each other.

So ended the famous Spence and Sarkie quarrel, and, in spite of fright and wetting, four light hearts sailed back across the dark sea that night to Lanark village.

## HOW TO MAKE AND STOCK AN AQUARIUM.

BY ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS.



ALMOST all of you—I am addressing the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS—know what an aquarium is, and many of you have, no doubt, wished to own one; but the tanks made of French plate-glass and iron, for sale in the shops, are so expensive, that few can afford to buy them; for those who cannot, I will tell how we—that is my nephew Frank and myself—made ours for less than two dollars; and it answers every purpose.

Of course you must wait until spring before you can stock an aquarium, but it should be made in the winter; and it is also well to learn now what to do when spring comes.

First, we took a piece of planed pine board, two feet two inches long, and one foot two inches wide, for the bottom of the tank; this was just about an inch thick. Then four pieces of hard wood or pine, one foot in length each, and about an inch square. These corner posts now had to be grooved so as to admit the glass at right angles. The posts were then fitted into a shallow place at the angles formed by a groove which we had made in the

bottom board, and a screw driven into each through from the under side. The frame was now ready for the glass, the posts being set so as to leave about an inch of the bottom board projecting all around.

We then bought our glass, the side pieces measuring two feet long and a foot wide, the end pieces a foot square. We had the grooves in the corner sticks wide enough for the glass to slip in easily; it might have broken while we were trying to get it in, had we not taken that precaution. Then we nailed a slat of wood, an inch wide, all around the board on the outside of the glass. For the top, we made four grooved sticks to bind the glass, and secured them to the corner pieces; but as the corner pieces and glass sides were of the same height, we were careful to have the grooved part of the top pieces deeper than where they were secured at the corners.

Carpenters use a kind of cement that they call "rubber cement." For a few cents, we bought enough to cover the bottom and the corners of our tank neatly. Then all around the bottom, on the wood outside the glass, we arranged shells in putty; then, having painted black the wood-work yet visible, our tank was done. We knew better than to use white-lead in the putty, or paint of any kind on the inside.

By the time we had finished the tank, it was too late to think of stocking it; so we put it away till spring should come; then we were delighted to find that the cement had dried as hard as marble, though had we examined it months before we should have found it just as hard. This cement requires only a short time for drying.

We washed the tank out nicely, and made a place for it on a window-seat, where we could open the window back of it, to keep the water cool; for the cooler the water in an aquarium is kept, the better. In hot weather, it is sometimes necessary to place ice around the tank, or put a few pieces in the water.

#### STOCKING AN AQUARIUM.

Stocking an aquarium is a great deal pleasanter than making the tank. Having procured a long-handled net, a tin pail, a long, stout fishing-line, with several large hooks firmly secured at one end, and something that will hold water enough to fill your tank, you set out for specimens. Ours is a salt-water aquarium; and as I am drawing only from our personal experience, I will say nothing of any other kind.

First seek some place where you know the water is very deep, or deep enough for a large vessel to sail in; then take out your line, and throw it overboard; let the hooks go as far down as they will; never mind baiting them; what you want to catch will come up without it.

Your hooks have caught in something: a hard pull, and up comes a sponge. Sponges soon die in aquariums, and are injurious to the water; so, although your prize is handsome and curious, you will throw it overboard.

What have you caught this time? Nothing but a bunch of mussels, all matted together; yes, and half an old clam-shell attached to them; on the shell is something as large as a hen's egg, that looks like a piece of shrunken leather, only it is soft, like jelly. It does not look like a flower now, but it is one. Wait till you see it in your aquarium, after it has had a little time to recover from its alarm! It is an *animated* flower, called the sea-anemone. You will take great pleasure in feeding it, as it will eat meat as fast as you will, in comparison to its size. Put it, just as it is, into your pail, then throw out your line again; for you must have some more of them, of different colors.

Up come two on one shell! That is capital! Now you have a dark-red one, a yellow one, and a delicate pink-and-white one. Those will be all the anemones you will want.

There is something attached to the little stone that came up with the last anemone. It looks like a diminutive bush, with very delicate creamy pink

branches, and on the end of each is a dark pink, jelly-like knob,—that is another live animal; and as it is a small one of its kind, you can put it, stone and all, into the pail. Never mind if you have knocked off two or three of its heads; they will grow again.

Now we will go to yonder creek, and see what we can get with our net. Scoop it along the bank, and let some mud come, too. Now, what is in it? Some shrimp, and some little fishes. You will want a dozen shrimp, at least; and of the fishes—small minnows, and sticklebacks—choose three or four of each. Now, from the salt grass at your feet, pick a dozen or more snails: they are not very handsome, or interesting, but are indispensable in an aquarium, as they keep the glass clean, and eat all the decaying vegetable matter.

Now a few plants, to supply oxygen to the water, will be all that is necessary. Choose two or three stones as large as hens' eggs, with a generous crop of *green* sea-weed upon them. The brown and red sea-weeds usually do more harm than good; but that little stone of brown rock-weed you can take, as I see a pink bunch upon it, which I will tell you all about, when you get it in your aquarium.

There is a small stone full of barnacles; take that, too; for the barnacles are very interesting—to the sticklebacks. Now you can start for home with your collection.

Your tank is all ready, in the north window of the sitting-room, where the sun never comes. Arrange your plants in it carefully, without detaching them from the stones they are on; then place the anemones in front, where they will have room to expand, and where they can be seen easily; then put in the fishes, shrimps, snails, etc., and fill up the tank with the clear, pure salt water you brought.

Now look at the animated bush, attached to the stone! Every one of the jelly-like knobs, at the extremity of every branchlet, has expanded, and you have no less than twenty beautiful flowers, resembling the cyclamen, with pearly white petals, and centers deeper-colored than peach-blossoms; only the petals in this case are called *tentacles*, and are thrown out to catch whatever comes in their way in the shape of food.

The little pink bunch attached to the sea-weed has opened, also, and you see what resembles a dozen, or more, star-like flowers, on stems a quarter of an inch long: every one of them is a separate animal, as that foolish shrimp just proved to you; for, as he was swimming lazily by, he allowed his fan-like tail to come within their reach, and these zoophytes immediately closed around it; but the shrimp was fortunate enough to get away.

Wait a minute, till I tell you what that big word means! Zoophytes means "animal plants" (from two Greek words: *zoon*, an animal, and *phuton*, a plant), and is applied to sponges, corals, sea-anemones, and all those numerous beings that were at first supposed to hold a middle position between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but whose natures have since been ascertained to be strictly animal.

Now look at your anemones! The yellow one has spread out like a great sun-flower, on a stem as large around as a tea-cup, and three inches long. That stem is its body. The flat bottom of the stem has to answer for feet, and it will soon walk out of the shell it is on, if it becomes dissatisfied with its new dwelling-place. One of ours became discontented, and was two days walking over the glass. At last he attached himself to the cemented bottom of the tank, where he now appears to be perfectly contented. They move by suction, after the manner of snails.

Every one of their numerous tentacles has power to sting and paralyze whatever small prey comes within its reach, so they are able to catch and devour fish nearly as large as themselves. The little fishes in our aquarium seem to know all about them, and it is seldom one will approach them; but yesterday, as I was trying to remove with a small stick a piece of meat that I had dropped on an anemone, a minin, that had been watching me, offered to assist me, and approached the anemone near enough to touch one of its tentacles; then away it darted, shaking its head.

I had the curiosity to insert my finger in among the tentacles, and immediately experienced a sensation in it like a slight galvanic shock, and from my finger to my wrist was quite numb for several hours afterward.

You did not know how barnacles worked before, did you? Each one of them is now throwing out a full dozen of delicately constructed feelers, that look like diminutive ostrich plumes; on these they catch their food, which is too small to be seen by the naked eye. It is amusing to watch them as they work. One would imagine they had clocks inside their shells to time themselves by, so regular are their movements.

Here is a stickleback admiring them, too. It is poised motionless in the water above them, with the three sharp horns upon its back sticking up threateningly; now he darts down, and, taking all of one barnacle's feelers in his mouth, he bites them off, shaking his head savagely because they do not come easily.

What is the shrimp about to do that is climbing up the stone, running the risk of getting his delicate feet caught in the barnacle-shells as they

close? He pauses before the barnacle the stickleback has just left, and, thrusting his two-fingered hand into the partly opened shell, pulls off a piece of the poor body, and conveys it to his mouth, watching you all the while with his great goggle eyes, and looking for all the world like "Jacky Horner," who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum."\* You may be sure he will not leave that shell till it is as clean inside as it is out.

A pair of our sticklebacks have just built a nest of sea-weed in one corner of our aquarium, and are guarding it all the time. Woe to the minnow who should be so unfortunate as to approach it! We are watching every day for the little fish to make their appearance. Papa Stickleback attends to the nest now, but soon the old mother-fish will have all she can do to keep her children at home and out of danger; for, as there are two doors to her nest, they will dart out of one door nearly as fast as she can put them in at the other. Her way of carrying them cannot be agreeable to the little ones, for she takes them in her mouth, and often swallows them; but when she re-deposits them in the nest, they are well, and lively.

You will want to feed your anemones every day, with small, pieces of dried meat. You will be astonished to see how many different shapes they will take; for, besides looking like different flowers, they will at times contract their bodies and resemble vases full of flowers; then they will droop their tentacles, and resemble the weeping willow-tree; then they will turn all their tentacles inside their bodies, and look like long thimbles; and when you touch them with a stick, down they will drop as flat as fried eggs.

Your greatest trouble will be to keep the water pure, unless you should be so fortunate as to, just balance the vegetable and animal life; in that case, everything will thrive.

It is better to have a few good healthy animals than many; and if one dies, it should be removed at once.

The green dulce, or sea-cabbage, is the best for the vegetable element of the aquarium; and it should be washed before being placed within. A good way to send air into the tank is to dip up the water carefully, and let it fall in such a manner as to make bubbles.

Those who live near the salt water can easily renew the water in their aquariums, if it becomes impure; but those who live at a distance from the coast can restore the water to its original purity by filtering it through a sponge. The trouble will be nothing in comparison to the joy you will experience on beholding the gratitude expressed by the animated beings in your aquarium.

As there has been so much done lately in the

business of making aquariums, it is quite possible to purchase cheap iron ones; and better still, we often see second-hand ones of all sizes for sale very cheap. In the city, the bird-dealers and "Old Curiosity" men have them, and in nearly all large towns there are naturalists and taxidermists who either have them, or will kindly give all information about them. So if our home-made aquarium is not just what our readers care to have, they can with very little cost secure a better. We have seen aquaria made very strongly and durably of stone and iron. A flat piece of slate or freestone, or marble, is easily grooved, and then a blacksmith can easily make iron standards or

corner posts with grooves; these can be fitted into holes at the corners, and secured firmly by screws from beneath. We think that it is better to have the tank of stone or iron, if practicable, as the wood almost always swells to such an extent that it soon becomes troublesome.

A very pleasant aquarium, and a very handsome one, is soon made by taking one of the large cake-bells of the confectioner, and setting it on a wooden stand to support it. You can easily do it by boring a hole in a stout piece of pine to admit the handle. You have then a beautiful tank, and one that will not leak. This is also very easily cleaned, which is an important point.

## THE LITTLE MERMAID.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



A NICE little mermaid lived under the sea,  
And always a-combing her hair was she.

She did it high up, and she did it low down,  
She twisted it in with a sca-shell crown:

She braided and curled it for hours and hours,  
And spangled it over with coral flowers.

But once she grew tired of combing her hair,  
And fell to wondering what was where.

She climbed on a rock to talk with the gales,  
And made great eyes at the sharks and whales.

Some white-winged gulls flew over her head:  
"Now where can those things live?" she said.

She wondered and wondered, but could n't guess where,  
For she thought the whole world was water and air.

"And so many great ships sail over the sea:  
Where they are going is what puzzles me!

"They will get to the edge of the sea some day,  
And tumble off in a terrible way.

"There'll be nowhere to catch them, I'm afraid—  
So they'll tumble forever!" said the little mermaid.

## WHO BEGAN IT?

BY OLIVE THORNE.



HERE'S one thing we know positively, that St. Valentine did n't begin this fourteenth of February excitement; but who *did* is a question not so easy to answer. I don't think any one would have begun it if he could have known what the simple customs of his day would have grown into, or could even have imagined the frightful valentines that disgrace our shops to-day.

It began, for us, with our English ancestors, who used to assemble on the eve of St. Valentine's day, put the names

of all the young maidens promiscuously in a box, and let each bachelor draw one out. The damsel whose name fell to his lot became his valentine for the year. He wore her name in his bosom, or on his sleeve, and it was his duty to attend her and protect her. As late as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this custom was very popular, even among the upper classes.

But the wisecracs have traced the custom farther back. Some of them think it was begun by the ancient Romans, who had on the fourteenth or fifteenth of February a festival in honor of Luperus, "the destroyer of wolves"—a wolf-destroyer being quite worthy of honor in those wild days, let me tell you. At this festival it was the custom, among other curious things, to pair off the young men and maidens in the same chance way, and with the same result of a year's attentions.

Even this is not wholly satisfactory. Who began it among the Romans? becomes the next interesting question. One old writer says it was brought to Rome from Arcadia sixty years before the Trojan war (which Homer wrote about, you know). I'm sure that's far enough back to satisfy anybody. The same writer also says that the Pope tried to abolish it in the fifth century, but he succeeded

only in sending it down to us in the name of St. Valentine instead of Luperus.

Our own ancestry in England and Scotland have observed some very funny customs within the last three centuries. At one time valentines were fashionable among the nobility, and, while still selected by lot, it became the duty of a gentleman to give to the lady who fell to his lot a handsome present. Pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars were not unusual, though smaller things, as gloves, were more common.

A gossippy old gentleman named Pepys, whose private diary has come to afford great interest and amusement to our times, tells how he sent his wife silk stockings and garters for her valentine. And one year, he says, his own wife chanced to be his valentine, and grumbles that it will cost him five pounds.

There was a tradition among the country people that every bird chose its mate on Valentine's day; and at one time it was the custom for young folks to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch an owl and two sparrows in a net. If they succeeded, it was a good omen, and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. Another fashion among them was to write the valentine, tie it to an apple or orange, and steal up to the house of the chosen one in the evening, open the door quietly, and throw it in.

The drollest valentine I ever heard of belongs to those old times in England, and consisted of the rib of a small animal wrapped in white satin ribbon, which was tied in true lover's knots in several places. This elegant and suggestive gift was sent to a bachelor, and accompanied with verses:

"Go contemplate this lovely sign!  
Haste thee away to Reason's shrine,  
And listen to her voice;  
No more illusive shades pursue,  
To happiness this gives the clue,  
Make but a prudent choice."

So far, it is uncertain whether or not the lines refer to the pleasures of eating, suggested (to modern minds) by a rib. But they go on to explain:

"Till Adam had a partner given,  
Much as fair Eden bloomed like heaven,  
His bliss was incomplete;  
No social friend these joys to share,  
Gave the gay scene a vacant air;  
She came—'t was all replete!"

which leaves nothing to be desired, I'm sure.



Those were the days of charms, and of course the rural maidens had a sure and infallible charm foretelling the future husband. On the eve of St. Valentine's day, the anxious damsel prepared for sleep by pinning to her pillow five bay leaves, one at each corner and one in the middle (which must have been delightful to sleep on, by the way). If she dreamed of her sweetheart, she was sure to marry him before the end of the year.

But to make it a "dead sure" thing, the candidate for matrimony must boil an egg hard, take out the yolk, and fill its place with salt. Just before going to bed, she must eat egg, salt, shell and all, and neither speak nor drink after it. If that

To be sure, a dreamy artist may have designed it, but a lithographer, with inky fingers, printed the picture part of it; a die-cutter, with sleeves rolled up, made a pattern in steel of the lace-work on the edge; and a dingy-looking pressman, with a paper hat on, stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbed the back of the stamped lace with sand-paper till it came in holes and looked like lace, and not merely like stamped paper; and a row of girls at a common long table—talking about their own narrow lives, the hard times, and so forth—put on the colors with stencils, gummed on the hearts and darts and cupids and flowers and mirrors and doors



ST. VALENTINE'S LETTER-CARRIERS.

would n't insure her a vivid dream, there surely could be no virtue in charms.

Modern valentines, aside from the valuable presents often contained in them, are very pretty things, and they are growing prettier every year, since large business houses spare neither skill nor money in getting them up. The most interesting thing about them, to "grown-ups," is the way they are made; and perhaps even you youngsters, who watch eagerly for the postman, "sinking beneath the load of delicate embarrassments not his own." would like to know how satin and lace and flowers and other dainty things grew into a valentine.

It was no fairy's handiwork. It went through the hands of grimy-looking workmen and dowdy-looking girls; it made familiar acquaintance with sand-paper and glue-pots, and steel stamps and inky presses, and paint-brushes and all sorts of unpleasant things, before it reached your hands.

and curtains, and stuck in the sachet-powder and tied up the bows, and sewed on the fringes, and tucked in the handkerchief or other gift, and otherwise finished the thing exactly like the pattern before them.

You see, the sentiment about a valentine does n't begin yet. To all these workmen it is merely their daily work, and to them means only bread-and-butter and a home. It is not until Tom, Dick, or Harry takes it from the stationer, and writes your name on it, that it acquires, in some mysterious way, the sentiment that makes it such a nice thing to get.

The hideous abomination called a "comic valentine," which is merely a cruel or a low-minded insult to the receiver, is beneath the notice of any gentleman, whether he's five or fifty years old, and I'm sure no ST. NICHOLAS boy cares to know just how it is made.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE ice-pond by the School-house is in splendid skating order, and it's all a-bloom with boys and girls. Such fun as they have! Such shouting, laughing and darting this way and that, like birds or tulips, or what you will, blown about by the breeze. This is all very well. The deacon says it makes him young again to see it. For that matter, he is often in among them, skates and all—the swiftest among the swift.

"It's glorious sport," says the deacon sometimes when he's on the way home with the youngsters, skates in hand,—“glorious sport! But there's one thing I never do, and I advise you against it too—that is, to kneel upon the ice. It seems a natural thing to do, just for a minute, when you wish to tighten your straps; but don't you try it. It's dangerous. It may lame you for life, and it is pretty sure to give you cold or injure you in one way or another.”

He says more, but they walk by so fast that Jack cannot catch the rest.

## A CHANCE FOR THE CHICKS.

## TWELVE PRIZES!

Southport, Conn.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We all laughed over the story which your pretty schoolma'am spelled so funnily in October ST. NICHOLAS, and I now send you another, which I have written in the same style. May be you will show it to your boys and girls. Every word in it is *correctly spelled*, only, like the little schoolma'am, I have in most instances given the wrong word.—Yours, with respect, M. E. A.

## A SHORT TAIL.

Won dey last weak, eye set fourth to Rome oar the planes and threw the veils. The Skye was fare and blew, and the lo son through his pail raise ore the scen. Dear, yews, and hairs were gambling on won sight, while on my write rows long strait rose of maze, ate feat hie or sew, and as fresh as reins and dues could make them.

“Owe,” said eye, razing one of the suite colonels to my knows, “surely this plant has know pier among the serials! Sea the rich hew of its waiving hef—its flour like a Jock of silken hare—its golden cede, in rose of colonels, which, maid into flower and then into doe or bred, charm hour pallets. It feeds knot man alone, but the foul of the heir and fish of the seize.”

I might have continued in this stile an our, but I saw the son had

set and the knight was coming fast, and it began to reign. My weigh tay threw a loan would of furs, ewes, and beaches. The clouds rows hie, the lightening shown, and the thundr peeled allowed, till my hole sole was feint with fear. Eye flue on my coarse, though my feat hardly could bare my wait, till my tow was caught buy a decade limn, and I was throne down, striking my heal on a roc, which was the caws of a grate pane. I had no cents left. I herd something in my head like the wringing of a Nell, or like the thrill of the beir after a helle is told. It took sum thymic two clime back too the rode, butt then the reign was dun, and the stars shown fourth. I gnu the weigh, and soon reached home. My ant was at the gat, weighting, and she hide too meat me. She led me inn, took off my wet raps, gave me hot tease, and eh supper of fried souls, with knew wry bred, so suite that it knaced know preys. I soon retired to my palate, glad two lye down in picce and wrast.

Good news, my chicks! This time the little schoolma'am wishes me to say that she offers twelve prizes for the best twelve “corrected stories” sent in by girls and boys of thirteen years of age and under, before March 12th. Address “Little Schoolma'am, in care of ST. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, New York,” and give your full name and your age. By corrected story, the little schoolma'am means, you will understand, this short “tail,” all written out properly, giving the right words in place of the wrong ones, and not changing the sound. She says “accuracy, neatness, good penmanship, and promptness all shall be taken into account.” To each of the twelve prize-winners shall be sent two very large envelopes containing twelve beautiful colored pictures, with twelve stories by Aunt Fanny, author of “Night-cap Stories.”

Hurrah! There's fun for you, my youngsters!

## FLOWERS IN NEW COLORS.

WELL, well! What will your Jack hear next? The birds tell him that a Professor Gobba has succeeded in changing the colors of cut flowers to suit his own fancy. Rather an unnecessary piece of work, one would say, since flowers generally choose their own colors pretty wisely. Still you may like to hear about it:

The Professor simply pours a small quantity of common aqua ammonia into a dish. Over this he places a funnel (big end down), in the tube of which are inserted the flowers he wishes to change.

What happens then?

Ah, my chicks, that's just what your Jack wishes to know! Wonderful changes take place, I am told. The first time you have a flower to spare, just buy ten cents' worth of aqua ammonia at the nearest druggist's, try Professor Gobba's experiment, and report to Jack.

## WHICH IS IT?



SOMEBODY has sent me this bright little picture. What is it, my dears? Is it a fox or a wolf? and what is the difference between foxes and wolves—in their looks, their habits and dispositions?

Would n't it be fine if one of you were to answer these questions well enough not only to satisfy your Jack, but to make something worth going into the deacon's “Young Contributors' Department?”

## AN ANCIENT PRESENT.

A VERY learned man came once to one of the dear little schoolma'am's picnics, and what do you think he said in the course of conversation?

I give his remark entire.

"We all know," said he, raising his eyebrows, "that rivers in time will carry land from one place and deposit it in another. Perhaps the best illustration of this fact is lower Egypt, which Herodotus said the Egyptian priests considered to be a *present* from the river Nile."

The little schoolmistress was busily dealing out sandwiches at the time, but she nodded her head. So I suppose the learned man was right.

## CALABASH TREE.

ONE of my birds has just been telling me about a tree that, he said, "grew dishes."

In his native islands—of the West Indies—he has seen a tree, in height and size resembling an apple tree, called a calabash-tree. It has wedge-shaped leaves, large whitish, fleshy blossoms, that grow—where do you think?—not like those of most other fruits, on the smaller and outermost branches, but on the trunk and big branches. The fruit that succeeds the flower is much like a common gourd, only a good deal stronger, and it often measures twelve inches in diameter. The hard shell of this fruit is cut into various shapes by the natives, and is sometimes handsomely carved. It is made into drinking-cups, dishes, pails, and even pots. Yes, they say that these calabashes actually can be used over the fire for boiling water, just as you would use a pot. But the calabash pot gives out after a few such trials, and is unfit for further service.

## A FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR CAT.

"YES, sirs,—a five-hundred-dollar cat," said Deacon Green yesterday to three little chaps who were walking with him. "Lately, at the Sydenham Palace, near London, was held a Cat Show, where over four hundred were exhibited. The prize cat won a premium of £5—twenty-five dollars. He's a splendid fellow, named 'Tommy Dodd'—nine years old, and considered worth £100, or five hundred dollars. The heaviest specimen in the show weighed a few ounces over eighteen pounds. There's a cat for you, young gentlemen!"

## ILLUSTRATING PROVERBS.

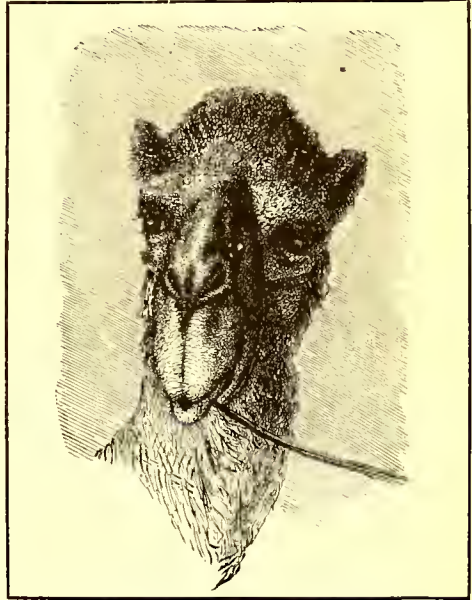
ONE day, the little schoolma'am asked the children to select a proverb among themselves for illustration. They did not quite understand this, but, nevertheless, they settled upon one and handed it in:

"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

"Good!" said she. "Now I should like to have you each bring on Friday a composition or a quotation, or an object of some kind, or whatever you please, illustrating this proverb."

Well, they did so. Some, I am told, brought little stories; others brought compositions; one little girl brought a warm but faded shawl; and one homely, clever little chap audaciously brought his own photograph! One and all came off with

honors, but the crowning illustration of all was Tom McClintock's; he simply brought a picture of a camel's head, looking as if it had just been saying "prunes" and "prism," and knew quite well of its own excellent qualities. Not a word did Tom McClintock write, beyond the proverb. He knew his camel could speak for itself.



"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

"AS MUCH ALIKE AS ANTS IN A HILL."

I DON'T know what the lady was talking about. I merely heard the above remark as she was passing through my wood. Ha! ha! thought I to myself, why, there is as much difference between ants as between people! I'll tell you how I know it: The little schoolma'am has a turn for experiments, and I've seen her make one or two on this very point. One day she picked up several ants from one ant-hill and carried them to another ant-hill, where there appeared to be thousands of inhabitants all looking just like the new-comers. But it seems the ants could see the difference, for the unfortunate strangers were recognized as intruders, and were instantly set upon and killed.

Another time the little lady took some ants from a large hill, and shut them up in a bottle with some very ill-smelling stuff called asafetida. The next day she returned, bringing the bottle with the imprisoned ants. Of course the poor things smelled very strongly of the asafetida, and their nearest relations could hardly be blamed for refusing to know them. So I felt quite frightened for their sakes when the schoolma'am returned them to their home. But no. Though they were at first threatened by their fellows, they were soon recognized and allowed to pass. "Blood" was stronger than asafetida.

## MOTHER GOOSE PANTOMIME.—THE RATS AND THE MICE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

*The Bachelor.* Swallow-tailed coat, checked pantaloons, red vest, high collar, red cravat, ruffled shirt, white hat.

*The Widow.* Chintz skirt, white kerchief, very high cap.

*The Bride.* White dress, very scant, with leg-of-mutton sleeves; old-fashioned white bonnet, gayly trimmed; parasol.

*The Four Sisters.* Very gay chintz dresses, of quaint style, with high pointed hats. One sister should be very tall and one very short.

*Properties:* Wheelbarrow, three handboxes, bundle, bird-cage, chair, table, five rats and three mice (made of dark gray flannel, with long tails, with beads for eyes), two loaves of bread, a piece of cheese, umbrella, eye-glass, and handkerchiefs.

## SCENE I.

Table, with bread and cheese, and rats and mice. Bachelor enters, and strikes an attitude of horror. Seizes the umbrella, creeps up to the table, and hits a rat, which he holds up by the tail. He then lifts a loaf and discovers a mouse; throws down the

fault. But when the bride is brought in, he seems enraptured and approaches her shyly, and, taking her hand, kneels before her, and both at last kneel before the widow. The same verse is sung as in Scene I., and the same tune is played slowly.

## SCENE III.

All the sisters stand in a row, with the mother at the end. The bachelor enters, wheeling the barrow, which he places in the middle of the room. The bride enters. They shake hands. He points to the barrow. She embraces each one of the sisters, and, last of all, the widow, who, with a great show of feeling, escorts her to the barrow and places her in it, after putting on her bonnet. Each sister runs out and returns with handbox, bundle, or



bread, and with great haste sets off for London. During this scene these words are sung by a concealed singer, to the tune of "Zip Coon":

"When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon the shelf.  
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,  
I had to go to London to get me a wife."

## SCENE II.

The bachelor enters and knocks on the floor with his umbrella. The widow enters, and they bow very low to each other. He places his hand on his heart, and then points to the door. She smiles and bows and goes out and leads in the shortest sister, who looks very sentimental, with her finger up to her mouth. He walks around her several times, looking through his eye-glass, and motions that she is too short; and the sister goes out very angry, followed by the widow, who leads in the tall one, who appears very haughty and scornful. He also walks around her, takes a chair and tries to reach to the top of her hat, and dismisses her as being too tall. The widow introduces the two others in turn, with each of whom the bachelor finds some

bird-cage, all of which are piled upon her, and the parasol is placed in her hand, and she is wheeled around the room and out by the bachelor, who stops often to rest, and finds his load very heavy. Meanwhile these lines are sung to the music:

"The streets were so wide and the lanes were so narrow,  
I had to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow."

## SCENE IV.

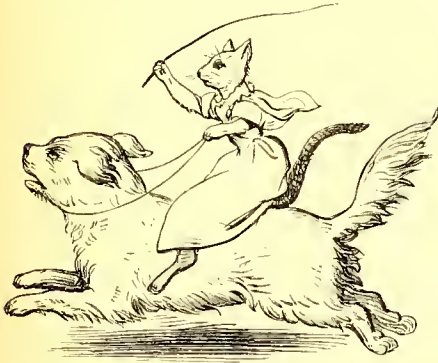
The bride sits upon the ground, leaning upon the barrow, which has broken down. The boxes and bundles are scattered over the floor. The bachelor bends over her in an attitude of comic despair, with a red handkerchief up to his eyes. The sisters and mother enter in the order of their heights; each draws out in turn a handkerchief of graduated size, the first being very small and the last very large, and all cry together in concert. These lines are sung:

"The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,  
Down came wheelbarrow, wife and all."

In the third and fourth scenes it is necessary to repeat the two lines to complete the tune, and the melody is continued upon the piano.

## VICTOR'S WONDERFUL ANIMALS, AND WHAT THEY ALMOST DID.

VICTOR ROYL was eight years old. He had a little dog and a kitten. His Uncle John gave him the dog, and his Aunt Jane gave him the kitten. Now Uncle John and Aunt Jane called them "sweet little things," but Victor knew more than that. He saw at once that they were very bright and very brave. He had been to a circus show, and he knew what wonderful things animals could do. He made up his mind that his dog and cat should soon astonish the world. The first thing he did was to give them



the Wild Mazeppa, after a famous horse; and he called his cat Mademoiselle Planchette, after a pretty lady in spangled skirts at the circus who stood on the Wild Mazeppa's back, and waved a flag while Mazeppa galloped round the ring.

Then Victor sat down to make his plans: Mazeppa should first learn to gallop and leap over bars. Mademoiselle Planchette should learn to ride, to stand up on Mazeppa and wave flags, to jump through rings, to stand on one foot on Mazeppa's back while he was going at full speed; to spin, to hop, to dance—in fact, to almost

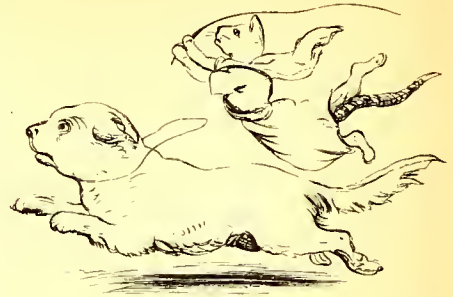


fly in the air after Mazeppa as he tore round the ring. Wonderful Mademoiselle Planchette! She and Mazeppa should give a grand performance in aid of the Sunday-school. Victor decided to charge five cents a ticket. Three thousand and twenty-seven people would come, and that, as Victor said, would make a hundred thousand million



dollars. Then if the Sunday-school teacher would give him back some of the money, he would buy another dog and a cat. Oh! what times he could have then! He would name the new dog Professor Macfoozelem, and the new cat the Fairy Queen of the Wire, and all four of his animals could then perform.

It would take a long while, perhaps, for him to teach them to act as wonderfully as Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, but he knew he could do it in time. Then, when everything

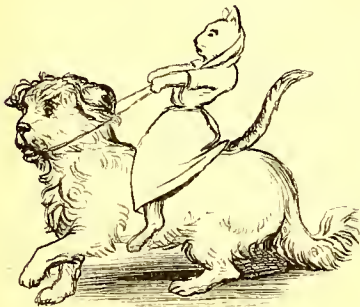


was ready, he would give another grand exhibition, that should raise twenty hundred thousand dollars, to buy shoes for every poor little boy and girl in the world. He thought; but he was not quite sure, that he would make a speech to the spectators on the occasion. If so, this is what he thought he would say:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I appear before you with my four celebrated dogs and cats. Their names is

the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette, and Professor Macfoozelem and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Wild Mazeppa and Planchette came first; they are a present from my Aunt Jane and my Uncle John. They scratched and snapped a little when they was first getting to be wonderful, but now they don't



do it at all. They are very glad to earn some money for the Sunday-school, and Mademoiselle aint afraid of tumbling off any more, and Wild Mazeppa knows she wont scratch his eyes. They play they was tearing



through a forest with soldiers, and mighty giants coming after them. The others are newer. I

taught 'em all my own self. Professor Macfoozelem is splendid. He growls all the time he is performing. The Fairy Queen of the Wire is the wonderfulest cat that ever lived except Planchette. When I get big I am going to take my show all over the world—to Asia and Brooklyn and Albany and Atlantic Ocean and to Scotland and Egypt and other cities.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will sit still and wait a minute, you can see the show.

This speech Victor said so often to himself, with Aunt Jane sitting by, that he knew

it quite by heart. He was sure all the people would clap, and then the grand performance should begin :

First, Professor Macfoozelem would stand on his fore paws and hold a lady on each foot—that is, Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire. Then the next thing should be this : The music should play “ tumpy-tee, tumpy-te-tee,” and in should rush the Professor, galloping like a horse, with Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire standing on his ears or doing anything they chose. Then they'd all rush out ; the music would strike up again “ tumpy-tee, hump-it-y, tumpy-tee-tee ;” and then Professor Macfoozelem would walk in on his hands, with his feet high up in the air. On top of his feet would

be Mazeppa, with *his* feet up in the air, and high on Mazeppa's feet

would stand Mademoiselle Planchette and the Fairy Queen of the Wire, hand in hand, smiling sweetly. This would be so wonderful that all the people would jump up and cheer and wave their hats. Drums would beat,

trumpets would sound, and—and — Well, the fact is, Victor could not say exactly what would happen next, because just then his Aunt Jane told



him to give Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette some supper, for the poor little creatures seemed hungry.

Should you like to see these two wonderful animals—the Wild Mazeppa and Mademoiselle Planchette—just as they looked when Victor Royle made all these grand plans, for you know this story tells only what he *thought* they would do in time? Here they are:



THE WILD MAZEPPA.



MADEMOISELLE PLANCHETTE.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

### A SCOTCH GIRL'S IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK.

It is now three months since our arrival in this country. After being battered by storm, and detained by fog, we were well prepared when we entered New York to appreciate fully the beauty of this magnificent city. The approach from the sea is very grand. Entering the dangerous narrow between Sandy Hook and Long Island, a great expanse of inland sea is reached, which gradually narrows as we near Staten Island. Here, at Quarantine Bay, the view is exquisite, and all the way up, among countless yachts and ships of all sizes—rising grounds on the left, covered with the richest verdure; and every description of seaside residence on the sandy shores on the right. The eye is dazzled and the imagination stirred. Our matchless Clyde, with its island-begemmed frith, makes it impossible to leave "Bonnie Scotland" without lingering visions of beauty we never hope to see equalled; but the outskirts of New York rouse an admiration of a totally different nature, which leads us to remember that "The earth is the Lord's," and that the New World, though differing in feature, is as perfectly beautiful as the Old.

As where we landed was perhaps the oldest and least interesting part of the city, we were not immediately prepossessed in its favor; but when driving to our temporary home along renowned Broadway, and through Union and Madison Squares, the splendid buildings and crowded streets excited our highest admiration. Though New York is built on an island, you experience no feeling of insulation, there are so many ferry-boats ready to take you where you will. These steamers are not unlike the boat intended for the shallow Chinese rivers which we saw trying its engines on the Clyde. The greater portion of the streets are arranged with mathematical precision, the avenues running north and south, and the streets east and west. They are generally numbered instead of named, as every one knows, for who has not heard of Fifth Avenue? This use of the number is very serviceable to strangers. The streets are equidistant, and twenty blocks make one mile, so you can tell at once how far you have to go by doing a small arithmetical sum. The streets are beyond any I have ever seen for regularity. Their length, the great height of the houses, and the purity of the atmosphere, give a very imposing idea of this city. There is little of the picturesqueness which makes Edinburgh stand alone "Queen of Cities;" and although Glasgow has many streets quite as fine, the jealous smoke, which will veil her beauty, makes me think that New York stands before them all. As there are upwards of three million inhabitants in London, the dwellings are so numerous, and many of the streets so narrow, that I always think of it as a wilderness of houses.

The churches here are magnificent, especially the inside of some of them. There are some splendid marble buildings, such as the private residence of Mr. Stewart, the great warehouseman, and a new

Roman Catholic cathedral, which will, I hear, rival some of the European ones. But we miss the abbeys, cathedrals, castles, and palaces of the old country, just as we almost cry to see the dear clinging ivy dragging out a pinched existence in a flower-pot instead of festooning the walls and hiding the rents of a crumbling ruin, or hugging in its too close embrace a withered tree.

There are no underground railways here as in London. There is one that runs above the streets, but I like the London way best. However, the system of tram-ways, or street-cars as they are called here, is the most perfect in the world.

The Central Park is well worthy of notice, and I can hardly say whether it is more beautiful when the trees are glowing with their autumnal tints, and the lakes flashing in the sunlight, as we saw it when we first came, or as it is now, the keen air alive with the soft tinkle of the bells of the gliding sleighs and the ponds covered with graceful skaters.

The people have a frank, pleasant manner, which I like much better than our cold reserve. The ladies dress with great taste—some what French, perhaps, but I think that rather an improvement than otherwise.

An universal uncertainty seems to pervade the whole city, for if any one intends to do anything, be it ever so simple, he will only venture to *guess* he will do so.

MAUD.

### FIDO AND I.

Fido and I went out one day,  
Fido to watch and I to play.  
We wandered to the little brook,  
Where silver wavelets gently took  
Their course o'er shining sands of gold,  
The moss-grown bank, in freshest hue  
Of new spring moss, and fern-leaves too,  
Down to the water gently rolled.  
The great big branches overhead  
Their green leaf curtains round us spread;  
While music issued from their folds,  
Where daily concert robin holds.  
I built a dam across the stream;  
I made a water-wheel to run,  
And toss the gold-drops in the sun  
That shone through leaves in tiny gleam  
At last I was tired out with play;  
I sought the place where Fido lay,  
And laid my head against his neck,  
And watched a little passing speck



Of withered fern-leaf float away.  
 But soon I fell asleep to dream.  
 I dreamed a ladder, large and high,  
 Was lifted far up in the sky,  
 Where stars forever brightly beam.  
 I climbed the ladder round by round,  
 And reached the top, at which I found  
 Another world of awful kind.  
 The men were black, with tails behind;  
 The rocks were black, the trees were black,  
 The clouds and air itself were black.  
 I grasped the ladder to go back,  
 But one great hairy-looking man  
 Pulled me away, while others ran  
 And quickly threw the ladder down.  
 And then they took me to their town,  
 And it was all as black as night,  
 Cut out of rocks away from light.  
 The king lived in a dark, deep cave.  
 I cried, and begged that he would save  
 Me from his cruel, ugly men,  
 And take me to my home again.  
 He was a giant, and his eyes  
 Were white and like big eggs in size.  
 He laughed, and roared, and laughed aloud,  
 And shouted to his black-faced crowd,  
 And shaking, held his lazy sides  
 As if they'd burst their tawny hides  
 With crazy laughter. Then he turned  
 And called to feed the fire that burned  
 Within the cave. He then began:  
 "I've got you now, my little man!  
 A dainty meal you'll make for me,  
 My wife, and blackbird children three."  
 In frenzy now I cried and prayed;  
 "Oh, do not kill me, please!" I said.  
 He only sneered and rolled his eyes,  
 And wound his tail around his thighs,  
 And shook his ugly fist at me.  
 I fancied I could almost see  
 The dark thoughts in his savage face,  
 Blacker than any in the place.  
 And now a silent servant came  
 And thrust a rod into the flame.  
 I watched the man in wondering fright,  
 Then screamed, and tried with all my might  
 To run away. They held me fast.  
 The black king took the rod at last,  
 Which was red hot with sparkling heat,  
 And came toward me. His heavy feet  
 Trod on my toes. I knew he'd drive  
 The iron through me still alive.  
 He put his hand around my head.  
 I yelled enough to wake the dead.  
 A cold chill through my body spread,  
 And woke me. Fido's dear old paw  
 Was round my neck. And now I saw  
 His peaceful eyes look down in mine.  
 He licked my hand, and with a whine  
 Seemed asking what was all my fear.  
 In happiness I shed a tear.  
 "Oh, dear old trusty, faithful pet,  
 You've saved me from an awful death.  
 I'll cherish you, I'll love you yet  
 Until my very latest breath  
 I'll build a house where you shall dwell;  
 I'll treat you like a king, I will;  
 I'll never harm you, never sell,  
 Not for a miser's heavy till;  
 And never shall you be away  
 When on a quiet summer's day  
 I while away the hours in play."

J. G. H. P.

## CHARLES MELROSE'S PROVERB.

Is the large library sat Charles Melrose; and though there was no school on that day, he was studying his grammar. It was evidently dull work, for he fidgeted and yawned every few minutes, and now and then he would cast a look out of the window. There was Willie Winters and his brother Eddie playing ball, and Louis Foster playing marbles. How he wished he was with them, instead of studying those tiresome grammar lessons! And there—yes, there was Oscar Taylor going chestnutting. That was too great a temptation. With one bound he reached the door, and, opening it, he rushed down the stairs and said to Oscar:

"Going chestnutting?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Come with me?"

Charley thought to himself: "Why can't I go? There is no reason why I should n't, for I can do my grammar to-morrow morning." So thinking, he said to Oscar:

"Wait a few minutes, and I'll go with you."

So saying, he ran upstairs to his mother, and said: "Mother, I am going chestnutting with Oscar Taylor."

"Very well, my dear," she replied.

This was the manner in which Mrs. Melrose usually answered Charley. She thought a sensible boy of twelve ought to know whether he had the time to go chestnutting, when he had a lesson to study, or not. When his mother looked toward him he felt uneasy. He knew his mother felt troubled when she knew he had something to do and did not do it; and while hunting after chestnuts, this uneasiness threw a shadow upon the bright day and clouded the happiness of the hunt. But the hunt was successful. Charley had never brought home as many chestnuts before. His mother was very well pleased with them, and asked him in which direction he had been.

"We went all the way to Spile Woods, mother," was the reply.

"Well, now you had better eat your supper and go to bed. You must be tired."

Charley followed this advice, for he knew he must have that grammar finished before school in the morning.

"Harry," he said to his brother when he went to bed, "wake me at six o'clock, will you?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but it won't be so easy for you to mind, for I have tried to wake you before—you know that."

It seemed hardly an hour to Charley when Harry called out: "Get up, Charley. It is six o'clock, and you remember you wanted me to wake you."

"Yes," was the reply; "I hear you, and I am going to get up right away,"—which he certainly meant to do, but it was so long until nine o'clock that he would be a moment longer; and that was the last he thought about it until a violent shaking broke up his morning dream.

"Why, Charley, are n't you ever goin' to get up? It is near breakfast-time, and Harry said he woke you hours ago. And I want you to see my new ball I bought of Tom Wilson yesterday."

"Do go away, Will. I can't attend to your ball now; I am in a hurry."

"Oh, as for that, you are always in a hurry."

Charley had n't time to reply, for he banged the door and was soon half way down the avenue. But it was n't the saying that occupied Charley's mind; it was the doing. He had now six pages of grammar to correct, and he was never quick at any of his studies. He was beginning on the fourth page when the quarter to nine bell rang. "O dear!" he sighed; "if I get another tardy mark, or an imperfect one, Miss Barrows will change my seat."

Poor Charley! He got both—the tardy mark and the imperfect one too.

"What is the matter with you, Charley?" asked Miss Barrows, as Miss King reported him, angrily.

"He is not attentive," said Miss King.

"I am afraid that that is it, Charley," said Miss Barrows.

When Charley came home, his eyes were red from weeping. His mother asked what had happened. At this, Charley burst into tears and told his mother how he had failed in his lessons and suffered the dreadful punishment, losing his seat, by Oscar Taylor. His mother listened quietly. She thought that he had now learned whether he should go chestnutting when it was time to study, or not.

From that time on, Charley took his lessons in a back room, where he could neither see nor hear the boys at play; and he found that he got on a great deal better.

One day, he heard his mother reading. He went down-stairs and overheard her reading to his little sister Lilly. After she had finished he took up the book, and, looking over it, came upon a proverb that read thus: "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"Mother," he said, "I now see into this proverb, and I shall always try to remember it."

C. J. R.

## A TRUE BIRD STORY.

A FEW summers ago, a little yellow warbler began to build a nest in a little bush in the front yard. All the family were much distressed, for it was within easy reach of puss (you see they were cat-defenders, too). At last, the Doctor moved the straws and sticks which the birds were weaving together, to a syringa-bush near by, where it would be out of Kitty's way. The birds were not as slow to take a hint as some people are, and they went on and finished the nest and hatched out a little brood.

One Sunday, a violent storm came up, and the poor little home was rocking to and fro, sometimes almost upside down; but the mother bird managed to cling to it, with her wings outspread, keeping the little nestlings from falling out. But the wind blew harder every moment, and the rain was beating down. The Doctor was the only one of the family at home, and he saw that, unless something was done at once, the nest must soon be overturned and the occupants thrown out. So, trusting to the good sense of the little mother, he opened the window, reached out, and with a firm hand took hold of the branch to which the nest was fastened, and held it still. The little bird was confiding enough to sit quietly brooding her babies. The Doctor sat and held the nest until the rest of his family returned from church, and then they put a stake into the ground and tied the bush securely to it, so that the nest could not be disturbed in the next storm; and there the little family of warblers lived until they were old enough to fly.

S. A. B.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

JAMIE LOWE writes a funny little letter asking "what sort of thing" a "conger-eel" is, and probably expecting to find that it is a queer mechanical contrivance. At any rate, our first thought on seeing Jamie's strangely-written word was to conjure up all the reels of which we ever heard, in the hope of finding one among the list that bore this unfamiliar name. It was not, indeed, until we had given up in despair that we discovered Jamie's orthography and our mistake. We can answer his question now. It is quite easy and simple.

Know then, Jamie, that a *conger-eel* is very much the same "sort of thing" as a common eel, excepting in size, in which respect it differs greatly, being sometimes ten feet long and weighing 100 pounds. It lives almost entirely in the sea, and is rarely seen in winter.

(But, Jamie, for our sakes, please remember that a little thing no bigger than a hyphen is sometimes worth a great deal.)

New York, Nov. 30th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found a curious explanation lately of the custom of hand-shaking, bowing, &c.

In the days of chivalry, when men went around clad in armor, and no one could trust any he met, when two knights came together they clasped right hands. This, of course, was a sign of peace, as putting your battle-hand in your enemy's rendered you helpless.

Again, when a knight met a lady, his taking his helmet off was a sign of friendly intentions as well as respect, as it rendered him entirely defenseless. It is easy to see how, on the dropping of the custom of armor-wearing, that these customs were perpetuated.—Yours,  
FRANCIS DE GREY.

PILOT-PUZZLERS.—You shall hear from ST. NICHOLAS next month concerning the answers to our Prize Puzzle—THE RACE OF THE PILOTS—in December number.

J. L. D.—"Heligoland" is not a fabulous country, as you imagine, but an island in the North Sea, belonging to Great Britain. It is very small and bare—little more, indeed, than a single rock rising 200 feet above the sea, and capped by a light-house and a small village. Its inhabitants are almost all either fishermen or pilots. It is an important post in war-time, and has of late been frequented as a watering-place, the sea having created large sand-banks around it.

JUDY JONES.—We must respectfully decline your poem commencing:

"There was once a little boy,  
And his heart was full of joy,  
For he had a little pail,  
And he did n't like to wail  
When he broke his little pail,  
But his mother heard him cry,  
And she ran unto her boy,  
And said, 'What's the matter, child?  
'Oh, ma!' says he, 'I'm wild,  
For I've broke my little pail,  
And I did n't like to wail.'"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May we tell the girls of a simple but useful discovery we children have made? The other night we accidentally spattered some ink on papa's library-table. We were awfully frightened at first, for the blots made ugly spots on the green cloth; but Lizzie, quick as a flash, took a sheet of blotting-paper and soaked up the ink. Then, just because we were desperate and had n't any water handy, we kept rubbing and rubbing the wet places with the blotting-paper till it all lay on the cloth in little black or lead-colored rolls—and the spots were all gone! Yes, you could n't even see a trace of them. Then we ran and told papa, feeling just as proud as could be. Since then we tried the experiment of spattering a little ink on the drugget (away back under the sofa, you know), and the blotting-paper rubbed every smitch of it out. Don't you think this is the wrong knowing? We used the ordinary thick white blotting-paper.—Yours affectionately,  
MAY AND KITTY H.—

JOHN S. C.—See "Edwin and Paulinus," in Palgrave's "Children's Treasury of English Song." It is a good "speaking piece"—short, and capable of fine action and expression. If you wish to learn a simple piece, dealing with every-day life, you'll find "The Harper," in the same volume, just the thing. It is by Thomas Campbell, author of "Pleasures of Hope," and may be styled the classic "Old Dog Tray."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please send me a definition for the word "Iliad?" The story which goes through your third volume just suits me. I like adventurous stories so much. I like Mr. Trowbridge's "Bass Cove Stories" very much. If you please, is there any other pronunciation for "quay" beside *ke z*?—I remain, as ever, your affectionate reader,  
META GAGE.

The "Iliad" is a poem by Homer, describing the destruction of Ilium, or ancient Troy. "Quay" is always pronounced *ke*.

HELEN M.—"The Vale of Tempe" is a valley in European Turkey, between the two chief mountains of North-eastern Thessaly—Olympus and Ossa. It was noted in olden times for its natural beauty, which was celebrated and described by many ancient writers. So frequent, indeed, are their allusions to it, that the name is often used as a symbol of beautiful scenery, just as that of "Arcadia" is applied to a peaceful and prosperous hamlet.

Hot Springs, N. M., Oct., 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have subscribed to your magazine two years, and think it the best magazine published for children. I live on a ranche twenty-five miles from any place. I am very lonesome, there being no children here except myself. I do not know what I would do without the ST. NICHOLAS. There being no one here, I cannot get you any subscribers. My brother takes the SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, and likes it very much. Of all the stories I ever read, I like the "Eight Cousins" the best; it is instructive and pretty. This is the first letter I have written to a magazine, and hope to see it published. I am thirteen years old. There are a great many birds around here; there is nobody to disturb them, so I cannot be a Bird-defender.—From your ever true and faithful friend,  
EMMA L. LYONS.

Peoria, Ill., Nov. 28th.

DEAR EDITOR: I take ST. NICHOLAS and think it is splendid. I read them and then send them to my cousins, and they think they are just jolly. They are two boys. I am eleven years old, and live in Peoria. I have seen the sea-horses that Jack speaks of in the December number; my aunt had two presented to her. I have a little brother at home, about six years old. He is too young to read them, but he enjoys looking at the pictures, and sometimes I read to him. Good-bye.—Yours truly,  
EMMA GREGORY.

ROBBY TERRELL.—Your accident with stilts was indeed unfortunate, but a snow-drift is not the best place in the world to practice this singular locomotion. You need not, at least, berate the stilts as you do, for they are often very valuable. It is true that an American boy uses them chiefly for amusement, but they may serve even him a good purpose in keeping him out of the mud—provided that he knows well how to manage them. But in portions of France, where the ground is low, marshy, and often abounding in treacherous little holes covered with sand, the people constantly use stilts to avoid the dangers and discomfort of walking upon such a soil. They are, of course, very expert with them, and can travel at a good speed—moving at a gait and in a way that make a stilt-walker of ordinary stature seem, at a distance, like a giant eight or ten feet high.

We don't urge you to persevere in practicing with stilts, but only wish you to remember that they may have an important use, and are not to be despised.

## MALEBRANCHE'S LEG OF MUTTON.

A SUBSCRIBER sends the Letter-Box the following anecdote, which she has lately translated from the French of the *Courier des Etats Unis*:

Malebranche was a French Jesuit, distinguished principally for his original philosophical ideas, which he demonstrated with great force and brilliancy. For a long time he was possessed of a singular idea. He imagined incessantly that he had an enormous leg of mutton on the extremity of his nose. If one said on meeting him, "How do you do, Malebranche?" he would reply: "Very well, monsieur, but this leg of mutton is becoming intolerable to me, on account of its weight and odor."

"How! Leg of mutton?"  
"Yes, don't you see it hanging there?" responded he, showing his nose. If one laughed at him, or if one denied seeing it, Malebranche was angry with him ever after. An intimate friend, a man of intelligence, conceived the idea, when visiting him, of asking first the

news of his leg of mutton. Malebranche embraced his friend with warmth, was full of gratitude, but immediately said, "I have hurt you, perhaps?"

"Certainly, your leg of mutton has wounded my eye; but I cannot comprehend why you have not endeavored to rid yourself, ere this, of this troublesome parasite. If you will permit me——" (Here his friend displays a razor.) "It is an operation without the least danger."

"My friend, my friend," cried Malebranche, "I owe you more than my life. Oh, if you can but relieve me!"

In the twinkling of an eye the friend made a light incision on the extremity of his nose, and drawing from his large sleeve a fine leg of mutton, he showed it victoriously to Malbranche.

"Ah! what do I see!" cried the other. "I breathe once more! I am saved! My head is heavy no more! I breathe freely! But! what is this? My leg of mutton was raw, this is cooked!"

"Faith, I can believe it, for you have been sitting before the fire nearly an hour."

From that time Malebranche was cured of his monomania.

THE army of Bird-defenders is steadily increasing in numbers. We shall soon publish the names of all the recruits received since October 1st, 1875.

HERE is an account of how a little American girl, who lives in Erzurum, Turkey, spent a day. Most of her week-days are spent in this way. She does not go to school, but studies at home.

"At half-past eight she gathered together her books and placed them on the dining-table, hung a small outline map of North America on the wall, and then drew her chair up to the table and prepared her reading-lesson. She read three pages about Obstinate and Pliable. You may think she has a very funny reading-book. Perhaps you can find out the name of it. Then this loquacious little girl was told that her geography lesson for to-day she would find on the 127th page of the December ST. NICHOLAS, or "Sincas," as the baby calls it. Perhaps you have forgotten what there is pertaining to geography in that number which you read a year ago. It is the puzzle called "The Day in the Grove." Not being very skillful either in geography or botany, the little girl hit upon the "green tree" for the first answer. She was laughed at so much (which perhaps was n't very fair since there are almost no trees here), that she soon began to pick up her wits, and in the end had found out all but two of her map questions. Then writing was in order, and she set to work on a letter to her friend Freddie. This gives her also an exercise in spelling. Then she took up her arithmetic. The government of her school is not absolute, and we sometimes set the ordinary arithmetics aside—courteously, of course. This day the little girl counted all the words in an article of ten pages written by her father. When she finished a page she wrote down the number of words. Afterward she added the several numbers and set down the result. In this way she was learning the first rule in arithmetic, besides aiding her father. Then she played on the cabinet organ some of Richardson's exercises. When this was over she put on her 'nollans' (wooden shoes

and his whip in the other,—I cannot realize that it is really finished, and find myself looking forward for the next number, to follow him in his adventures.

I will now close. Congratulating you on your success,—may you ever prosper,—I remain your true friend,  
"GENEVRA."

WE regret to say that, by an oversight, the original of the beautiful frontispiece to our January number was attributed, in the table of contents, to Tintoretto, instead of to his master, Titian. This fresco of St. Christopher is on the roof of a stair-way in the Doge's palace in Venice, and is not commonly seen by strangers. It is one of the very few frescoes left by Titian. Indeed, some writers claim that it is the only one; other and better authorities say that of the many frescoes in the Scuola of Padua, three are by Titian himself, while the rest are by his pupils.

CHARLEY B— says he has an uncle who delights to test his knowledge now and then, and who has lately thrown him into a state of troublesome curiosity by a vague allusion to some remarkable structure called "The Tower of the Thundering Winds." His uncle tells him that such a tower actually exists, but wishes him to find out all about it for himself; and Charley, though he has thus far failed, yet does not like to give up, and secretly appeals to ST. NICHOLAS. Unfortunately for him, the Saint approves of his uncle's method of instruction, and can only compromise matters a little by putting the problem to its scores of other young heads, and asking Charley's equals in years to come to his aid.

If they fail, Charley, ST. NICHOLAS will solve the mystery, and, at the risk of offending your uncle, will even now say to you—don't look too near home. Take a bird's-eye view of the Globe, if you can, and you may be able to see this noted tower.

ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you how to preserve autumn leaves. Mother took a paraffine candle; any other wot do. Then she melted some of the candle, and dipped the leaves in it, then in cold water. It is not much to do it.—Yours truly,  
MARY DEWEY.

1 University Place, New York City, Nov. 4th, 1875.  
DEAR EDITOR OF OUR ST. NICHOLAS: YOUR "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" has given us some information on matters and things which have been great help to the young folks, and caused us to think much of the little magazine.

Now will you be so kind as to give us some information we very much desire concerning a nice song. It is a song which our mother sings so nicely, but she knows only two verses of it, and we feel we would give most anything to get the remaining two or three verses. She says she has known it for more than twelve years. We inquired at two or three music-stores, but cannot find it.

The name of the song is "The White Pilgrim," and the first line runs thus: "I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay." We do not know the author of the words or music; but if you can just give us the words (mother knows the music to which they are set), you will confer a great favor.—Yours anxiously,  
FRED.

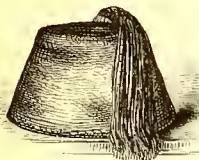
Who can inform Fred?

MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—The following communication from Mrs. Fannie Roper Feudge will, we trust, satisfactorily cover numerous recent inquiries in regard to postage-stamps:

Among the stamps no longer in use, it is difficult to say which is the rarest. That of the Rocky Mountain Pony Express, Wells, Fargo & Co., was, at one time, considered the rarest of all; but the great demand for it by collectors brought a supply into the English market, so that, at a later day, specimens could be purchased in London at a very small advance on the face value. Some very rare postage-stamps belonging to Denmark, but without date, were sold in London about ten years ago, for twelve and fifteen shillings each, though the time of their issue could not be ascertained. It is just possible that they were not more genuine than one circulated by a wag, with the rumor that Iceland had issued a stamp of her own, in lieu of the Danish. The device of the new stamp was a bear and the word *vulvura*. An enthusiastic collector shortly after noticed a stamp of this sort on a pomatum pot, and on inquiry found that the bear stamp, instead of belonging to Iceland, was the copyright of a barber!

In regard to *sicæ*, stamps vary but little. Of the few "overgrown" ones, as they have been called, the 600 reis of Brazil, and the 6d. and 1s. of New South Wales (the first issued, bear off the palm; and the smallest known is the quarter schilling, of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

For beauty, the stamp of Nova Scotia has been called the "queen of stamps;" while of the English stamp, which invariably bears the head of Queen Victoria, some one has said: "Never, in so small a space, has the engraver's art created anything more perfect; and it is



THE FEZ.



THE NOLLANS.

with leather straps) over her buttoned boots, and went on the roof to play. Our roofs are all flat, and, at this season of the year, muddy. It is not necessary for her to adopt the native style of overshoes, but this little girl affects Oriental fashions. Probably if you were to come to see her she would persuade you to wear the 'nollans,' and also to leave your hat in the house and put on a red 'fez' with a long black tassel, or tie your head up in a green or yellow or scarlet handkerchief."

J. P.

Washington, D. C., at home, Oct. 9th, 1875.

TO MY FRIEND AND COMPANION, ST. NICHOLAS: I have for some time been wanting to write to you, but could not find an opportunity to gratify my desire; but this bright, beautiful morning I am determined to write. I have read the "Eight Cousins," and am delighted with it, and would like very much to follow Rose in her daily joys and trials, and also watch Miss Phebe's progress as she mounts the ladder step by step, gaining knowledge with each, until at last she stands at the top, a true, noble, and intellectual woman.

As to "The Young Surveyor,"—or "Jack Hazard," for to me it is the same story, although the hero be quite a different person from the little canal driver, with a piece of bread and 'lasses in one hand

only to be regretted that this little masterpiece of art must ever be outraged by the canceling mark." Italy had a variety of stamps, some of them very artistic, but they have mostly been replaced by an embossed head of Victor Emmanuel, and very few of the former can now be obtained. The rudest and most coarsely executed stamps are those of Moldavia and Moldo Wallachia, which are struck off on any kind of paper by a hand stamp.

In point of value, the largest is that of the Rocky Mountain Pony Express, of four dollars; and the least, the centime (one-fourth of a cent), of France and Belgium. The next smallest in value of foreign stamps, are the half-penny stamps of Ceylon and Malta. Those in use at Singapore and the other Straits settlements under British rule, are somewhat below the usual size in this country, though scarcely smaller than the English (dome) stamp. The Straits stamp, as indeed are all the British Colonial stamps, are manufactured in London. Stamps have rarely been printed in more than one color. Those, however, that were first issued for British India were of two colors, red and blue intermingled. So, also, are the South Australian register stamps, and those used in some of the Swiss Cantons.

Polish stamps were printed in three colors, and the Russian stamp also shows three. France has a stamp divided into two portions by perforation, which allows the lower half to be torn off in canceling, leaving the letter to reach its destination with only the upper half adhering.

India is indebted to the late Earl of Dalhousie for the establishment of a cheap and uniform rate of postage in that wide-spread country. Formerly postage to most places in the interior was so very expensive as almost to preclude correspondence by mail—it being cheaper, ordinarily, to send a native courier with the dispatch. Now a letter may be conveyed from Peshawer, on the borders of Afghanistan, to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin, fifteen hundred miles in a straight line, for a half *anna*, less than two cents of our money. Other distances, between all points of this great peninsula, are of proportionately cheap rates; and, as in England, the revenue of the postal department has been increased an hundred fold

since the system of cheap postage has been adopted. Since 1858, when the rule of the East India Company ceased to exist, a new postage-stamp, more nearly resembling that of England, has been adopted for India.

We have received from the composer, T. Booth, the following music: "I'm Weary with Rowing," "Waiting for You, Jock," "Here's a Health to King Charles," "Wishing," "Dormi, Jesu!" "The Sailor's Wife," and "Lady Moon." The latter is from "Our Young Folks' Little Songs," which is a series of very pretty and very easy songs for children.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONG. Selected and arranged with notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. New York: Macmillan & Co.—We heartily commend this book to our boys and girls as one of the choicest collections of English poetry we have yet seen. Nothing has been admitted which is not true and fine, and many of the poems are made doubly inviting by Mr. Palgrave's explanatory notes. That despairing cry, "Where shall I find a good piece to speak in school?" will be stilled when once this dainty volume becomes part of a home.

THE INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP ALBUM, by J. Walter Scott (J. W. Scott & Co., N. Y.), is a large and handsome book, containing spaces for the insertion of all the varieties of postage-stamps that have been issued in various parts of the world, with a great deal of useful information about the stamps, rulers, flags, arms, &c., of the different nations. Our young stamp-collectors will find this a valuable album.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 22, 23, 12, 7, 31, 10, 30 is a dissenter. My 6, 1, 24, 26, 14 is reason. My 2, 3, 13, 21 is a channel. My 18, 17, 19, 20 is to lay in order. My 11, 5, 29 is a grain. My 15, 25, 4, 14 is a relation. My 9, 27, 16, 28, 8, 1, 5 is part of every house. My whole is a short sermon. A. S.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE silent monk, with gloomy —  
Stood muffled in his heavy —  
As solemn as the wisest —  
That ever sat on nest.

The while the gallant knight, St. —  
Arose and left his lonely —  
"I'll go," said he, "and take the —  
Upon yon mountain's crest."

But as he climbed, he felt a —  
"If I should stay upon this —  
I'm sure," said he, "I should be —  
To go back will be best."

'T was then the gloomy monk did —  
"Be satisfied with what's in —  
Remember this, my hearers —  
And put it to the test." A. M.

### PYRAMID.

LEFT incline is a kind of writing censuring vice and folly. Centrals, winding like the thread of a screw. Right incline, horses for state or war.

1. A consonant. 2. Appropriate. 3. Worn out. 4. An ungrateful wretch. 5. Turned to one side. 6. The state of being uniform in all parts. HYPERION.

### EASY HIDDEN CITIES.

1. I HAVE a new portfolio. 2. See that ox fording the stream. 3. Get up, I say. 4. Glad, O very glad am I! 5. It is in the attic or kitchen. 6. Rain and wind; sorry prospect for the farmers. 7. If you do not hasten to supper, the cakes will be cold. 8. He is either playing with the cat or on top of the shed. 9. Mr. Hilmott awakened to find his house in flames. S. K.

### WORD-SQUARE.

THE cry of a wolf. A monster. A small bird. A fast. M.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

#### INITIALS.

A CELEBRATED poet's name.

#### FINALS.

Contemporary of the same.

#### CROSS-WORDS.

Ye little folks, all hide your gold;  
Here comes a robber fierce and bold.  
A traitor follows in his wake;  
'Gainst him who can precaution take?  
From earth to heaven your eyes now raise;  
A constellation claims your gaze.  
A water-fowl next calls to you:  
"What is my name?—come, tell it true."  
"And what is mine?" from o'er the sea  
A country calls. What can it be?  
A lovely flow'ret wants to know  
If you can tell her how to grow.  
A vengeful tyrant waits to hear  
His name and nation, plain and clear.  
A gallant ship now shouts, "Ahoy!  
Come board me, ev'ry girl and boy!"

JENNY DARE.

**PICTORIAL ENIGMA.**

(The central picture indicates the whole word, from the letters of which the names of the other pictures may be formed.)



**CHARADE.**

MY first is a circle quite full of emotion;  
 My second, a famous town close by the ocean  
 My third is my first with a small annexation;  
 My whole is a beautiful, bright constellation.

ANON.

**DIAGONAL PUZZLE.**

My first indicates generosity. My second is used by astronomers. My third is a bright saying. My fourth, another word for immediately. My fifth is a coming together. My sixth, holders of a military rank. My seventh denotes pleasing or praiseworthy. My eighth was the scene of a world-renowned battle. My ninth is heretical. My whole, read diagonally, reveals the name of a department in ST. NICHOLAS.

E. D.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. A TEMPEST. 2. A number. 3. A kind of window.  
 4. An ancient English officer of justice. 5. A confused scuffle.

HYPERION.

**DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A CONSONANT. 2. Guided. 3. Pointed stakes or pieces of wood. 4. Concise in style. 5. Another name for the quince. 6. Indicated. 7. Desirable situations for building purposes. 8. A fish. 9. A consonant.

HYPERION.

**CLASSICAL CHARADE.**

I AM a word of four syllables, of which my first and second united denote opposition; my third and fourth, a famous island that gives name to a beautiful marble; and my whole is the name of another island, noted for its wonderful grotto, eighty yards high and one hundred broad, containing a superb marble pyramid and a variety of figures of a lustrous and transparent whiteness.

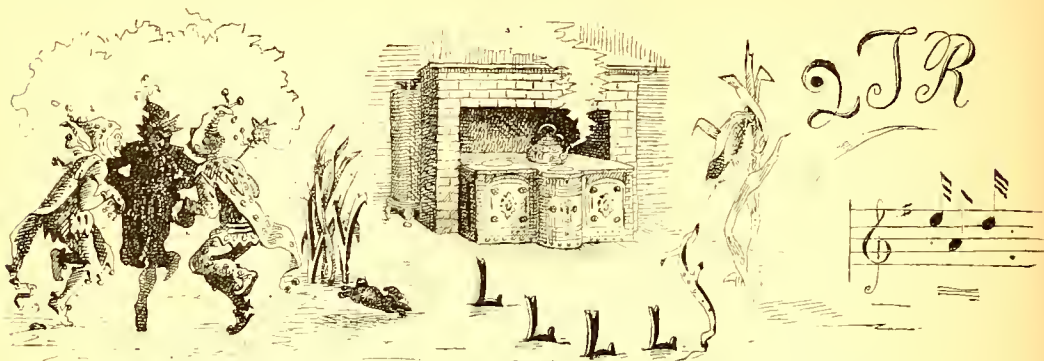
F. R. F.

**DECAPITATIONS.**

WHOLE, I am to contract; behead twice. I am a place of amusement; behead again, and get something used by authors.

I. P.

REBUS.



ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters. My 14, 15, 19, 20 is to incline. My 17, 7, 22, 9 is a vessel. My 1, 10, 5 is a domestic animal. My 11, 2, 4, 12 is shape. My 3, 16 is a personal pronoun. My 13, 21, 19 is a girl's name. My 24, 8, 18 is to strike. My 23, 10, 8, 14 is to make dirty. My 5, 10, 3, 4 is a journey. My whole is the name of a celebrated poem.

FUN SEE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Frank, but not in Joe;  
My second is in deer, but not in doe;  
My third is in infant, but not in child;  
My fourth is in gentle, but not in mild;  
My fifth is in cat, but not in dog;  
My sixth is in hole, but not in bog;  
My whole is a country in Europe.

A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Mount Parnassus.  
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Prate, rate, ate. Flout, lout, out.  
ELLIPSES.—1. Speculation, pecculation. 2. Galley, alley. 3. Grope, rope. 4. Goat, oat. 5. Strap, trap. 6. Sink, ink.  
ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Canary.  
C—orsica  
A—lexander the Great  
N—imrod, the founder of Nineveh  
A—thens  
R—amoth, where Ahab died, Joram was wounded,  
V—okohama. [and Jehu anointed]

SQUARE-WORD.—  
D O D G E  
O P E R A  
D E T E R  
G R E A T  
E A R T H

EXCEPTIONS.—1. Maple, male. 2. Popular, poplar, polar. 3. Timber, Tiber. 4. Chaplet, chalet. 5. Revel, reel. 6. Canto, Cato. 7. Marine, marine. 8. Capulin, caplin. 9. Caramel, Carmel, camel. 10. Canyon, canon.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—S T A B E S  
E A L E S  
A B E T S

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—  
M  
T I M  
F A L O N  
M I L L I O N  
M O I S T  
N O T  
N

METAGRAM.—Whack, hack, Jack, lack, pack, rack, Mack, tack, sack, back, Zack, quack, knack.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.—  
S W A N  
W A R E  
A R M S  
N E S T

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Insufferable—suffer in Elba. 2. A grander—arranged. 3. My one—money. 4. Particular—I curl a part. 5.

Covenant—a convent. 6. Diversion—is so driven. 7. Directions—discretion. 8. Tolerated—told a tree. 9. Trident—red tint. 10. Imparted—dime trap.

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—

T R A C E R S  
S H A R E  
S P Y  
T  
T A N  
S P I N E  
S P I N N E R

ENIGMA.—Merry Christmas to all

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A L E  
S T A B S  
S L A T E R S  
A B E T S  
E E R A

CHARADE.—Babylon.

CHRISTMAS-TREE PUZZLE.—1. Umbrella (umber—Ella). 2. Parasol. 3. Ring (it has no end). 4. Bracelets (cut—lets). 5. Note-paper. 6. Chain and seals. 7. Watch. 8. Ear-rings. 9. Doll (four-sixths of a dollar). 10. Cane. 11. Telescope (Tell—S—cope). 12. Gloves (Gee and loves). 13. Robinson Crusoe. 14. Student's lamp (stew—dents—palm). 15. Scott's works. 16. Slippers. 17. Scent-bag (cent). 18. Handkerchief (hand—cur—chief). 19. Neckties. 20. Traveling-bag. 21. Diamond necklace. 22. Picture (Pict—ewer). 23. Whip (hip and double you). 24. Tools (two, or too l, s). 25. Collars (cholers) and cuffs. 26. Mother Goose. 27. Counterpane. 28. Mantilla (tiller). 29. Mosquito-net. 30. Drum (d and rum). 31. Sash. 32. Dictionary (Dick—shun airy). 33. Spectacles. 34. Shawl (ush—awl). 35. Rifle. 36. Candy (c—and—y). 37. Breast-pin. 38. Pencil-case. 39. Piano. 40. Diary. 41. Locket (lock it). 42. Sunshade. 43. Cravat (craving). 44. Violin. 45. Tortoiseshell comb. 46. Ivory hair-brush. 47. Nosegay. 48. Block. 49. Boot-jack. 50. Lace barb. (There was a mistake in No. 14 of this puzzle. It should have read: "—and a part of the hand, transposed.")

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to December 18, from G. A. Wells, Kittie Roe, Willie Dibblee, "Gussie," Willie McKibbin, Clement March, "Polly," Arthur D. Smith, Alfred T. Barnes, "Little Sealskin Cap" and "Gugeorguge," Lottie E. Little and Nellie E. Manchester, Minnie Markham, Katie L. Offett, Frankie E. Mary C. Foster, John P. Tucker, "N'importe," Mabel C. Chester, D. C. Robertson, Stella Archer, Alfred Mestre, Florence Osgood, William C. Delaney, Sophie C. Johnson, Willie E. Furber, "A Bird defender," "Georgie," Harry C. Wiles, Susie De Forest Day, Tommy W. Fry, Evelyn S., Frank French, John R. Eldridge, Marcia Lamphire, May Holmes, Millie Wilson Stockwell, Nessie E. Stevens, Willie A. Lewis, C. W. Hornor, Jr., C. F. Pernell, W. L. Young, Clive Ferris Wheffen, Lucy A. P., L. D. Schäffer, Norman Barbour, Mammie A. Johnson, Harry Forde, and Carrie L. Hastings.





FILIPPO COLOMBO AND HIS MASTER



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1876.

NO. 5.

## RUBENS.

BY EMMA BURT.

LONG, long ago, toward the close of the sixteenth century, a boy sat all alone, in an alcove of a queer old studio in the beautiful Art-city of Antwerp.

The ill-tempered master had dismissed his pupils and had gone away. The boy still loitered, restless and distraught. What had troubled this tranquil young spirit? He said dreamily to himself:

"Perhaps, after all, I am mistaken. If I possessed power would this wonderfully able master misuse me every lesson? *Could* he fling the brushes and palette, and stools at my head? It may be I mistake, and that I *should* have adopted the profession of law, or even should have continued as the Countess de Lalaing's page. With her all was lovely and stately and magnificent; here all is ugly, uncouth, and unkind—except—

"Except, indeed! Nay, nay, Peter Paul Rubens, you *know* that nothing besides is so dear to you as beautiful, beloved art; and, right or wrong, we will push ahead and see what will come of it!"

Having finished this little speech to himself, the lad roused from his reverie and laid away the moist, unhappy sketch on which his master had been giving him instruction. He then found him a fresh canvas, and retreating to this lonely corner, placed it upon a chair and seated himself before it upon an old wooden box.

He sat for a time quite thoughtful. All the morning's trouble passed out of his mind. In its place flitted a glorious train of visions—thoughts of gods and goddesses, gnomes and satyrs, forests and beasts, splendid courts with princely men and women, lofty cathedrals, and innumerable saints. At last he thought of Mary, the mother of Christ. He lifted his downcast eyes and eagerly seized

a pencil, and sketched a strong outline of a woman's head. "Ah! that is a little like my thought," he said.

He then boldly mixed his colors and laid them on the canvas. Stroke upon stroke he painted, ardently, yet with care. He forgot he was wearied with the morning's task, forgot he had not dined, even forgot that he had been disturbed and doubting. Very happy was he in this close and anxious task of creating a picture out of a beautiful thought.

So absorbed he was that the door opened and he never heard, and the master entered and gazed silently over his shoulder, and he did not know it.

The master was a true painter by nature; but intemperance had dulled his powers, and made him irritable and brutal toward his pupils. Yet enough of the artist remained to cause him to now lift his hands in surprise and wonder at the bold and powerful sketch this boy had dared to execute in his absence; and he involuntarily cried out:

"The boy's ardor, and courage, and industry will make him great!"

Long ago both master and pupil passed away. The master is remembered only from his great pupil. The pupil is known, the world over, as one of its remarkable men and masters.

In the "Pilot-race" of the December ST. NICHOLAS, you will find Rubens sailing along beside Shakespeare. He was born in that same glorious age when there were giants among men. Men with minds so strong, unfettered and wide, that they took in all human nature, and mythology and fairydom besides. Those were royal times in the history of mind!

Rubens was born in the year 1577, just thirteen

years after the birth of Shakespeare, and he has been called "The Shakespeare of Art;" but this is hardly true, for there has never been a Shakespeare in art. Shakespeare was too universal. Rubens comes the nearest to him, doubtless.

Rubens' life was one long brilliant stream of prosperity and happiness. It was as if a host of fairies had conspired to see how much they could do for a mortal. Ruin was all about him; but he rose above it, superb in his greatness and success. It was a troublous time of cruel civil war in his own country, and disturbance abroad. His parents fled for safety from Antwerp to Cologne, and thence to the village of Siegen, just out of Cologne, where, on the 29th of June, Rubens was born. This was the festival day of St. Peter and St. Paul, so they named the boy Peter Paul Rubens. Shortly after his birth they returned to Cologne, and dwelt in the modest house on the Sternen Gasse, with its low-roofed rooms and its small garden of pot-herbs. On the front of this house there is an inscription, calling it the birthplace of Rubens, and the place where Marie de Medicis died. But Rubens was *not* born in this house; he spent his childhood there.

On his father's side his remote ancestor was a tanner by trade; but his father was a doctor of laws, a magistrate, a frequenter of courts, and a friend of kings. His mother was of noble lineage. The parents had great hopes for this fifth child, Peter Paul. They would make him a doctor of laws, and he should be even more distinguished than his father. They placed him at the College of the Jesuits in Cologne. Here he showed that eager relish and facility for learning that went with him through life. Soon there came a change. The father died; the country became more tranquil; the mother removed to Antwerp, for its better advantages for the education of her children. This was in his tenth year. At the age of thirteen, he had made such progress in Latin, and several modern languages, and in knowledge of common law, that his mother placed him as page to the Countess de Lalaing, thinking this might prove a stepping-stone to distinction in his profession. For in those days the patronage of the great was highly regarded.

His good sense, docility, and natural grace made conformity to the ceremony of this princely house an easy task for Rubens. But he soon wearied of this empty leisure and splendor. His spirit was too noble, and his mind too active, for him to wait in content upon the favors of the great. Besides, he had become inflamed with a love for the fine arts, and his secret wish was to be a painter.

So one day he laid all his discontent, his hopes, and his desires before his good mother. He told

her all his reasons, and begged her to permit him to choose his life.

His mother was a woman of high ability. Tenderly sagacious and vigilant was she over her children's interest. Now she was disappointed in her child's wishes. She felt that the life of an artist was unworthy of his birth, station, and superior education.

But she listened to his plea, and consented to his wish. With characteristic promptness, she took him from the palace of the Countess, and placed him for instruction with one Van Haegt, a painter, and a friend of the family. This man had little ability; so Rubens was soon after placed in charge of Adam Van Oort, an historical painter of some note in that day. With this intemperate and violent man, Rubens spent four years in close, if not happy, study.

At length the mild and courteous youth could no longer bear this violence of manner, and he was forced to leave Van Oort.

He now placed himself under the instruction of Otto Venius, painter to the Archduke Albert, Governor of the Netherlands.

This was a happy change. The way to his cherished ambition was no longer a thorny one—it was now an enchanting pathway.

Venius was a high-bred, generous, and learned man; a painter of some reputation, a courtier, and an excessive lover of art and letters. He saw his pupil's genius, and became at once his companion and friend.

Rubens was soon elected a member of the old established painters' club, called the "Guild of St. Luke," and in various ways was recognized as the equal of his master and of his guild.

At the end of four years, this excellent master told him frankly he could teach him no more, and advised his going to Italy in order to study the older masters.

Eight years had this youth been toiling to learn the "technicalities" of art, and to acquire unerring perception of form and color, and mastery of touch. A long apprenticeship, do you think? Not too long.

Let me tell you what it did for him. All life was glorious to him. His imagination was teeming with the things that knowledge had brought him. History, mythology, Christian religion, and the strong life about him, peopled his mind with countless pictures. He was filled with the fire of hope and daring. Now he had reached his strong, young manhood—the age of twenty-three years. His master had pronounced him no longer an apprentice, but a master also. He was thoroughly equipped with a well-learned profession, and was now ready to put forth his energies and work.

And this was the way he chose: He dared be

true to his own thoughts, without fear of school or critic. What he could gather from others was well; but his *work* and his *way* must be his own.

His subjects were dramatic. His force of thought, and skilled mastery of hand, enabled him with rapid stroke upon stroke, in a marvelously short time, to lay upon the canvas one glorious, glowing, living scene. So living were his pictures that the great Guido Reni (whose thorn-crowned Christ you have everywhere seen), when he first saw Rubens' work, cried out: "Does this master mix blood with his colors?" This is Rubens. This is the master who became the founder of a new school in art.

Then in the year 1600, the good Venius presented Rubens to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella.

These patrons of the fine arts were delighted with the young painter. There was a charm about him always, as a boy and as a man, that drew to him friends wherever he went. He had a certain elegance and fitness of behavior, ready wit, tact, wide culture, most engaging humor, and grace of expression. Withal he had manly independence, that commands respect always and everywhere.

He is said to have looked like this: "Tall; well-made; fine florid complexion; noble in his manners—both mild and proud; strong constitution; distinguished in his dress; and he generally wore a gold chain about his neck."

So, with the favor of the Archduke, Rubens went to Italy. Here he became the friend of the Duke of Mantua, who, too, was delighted with the young painter and his amazing work.

Observing Rubens' quick intelligence and noble presence, the Duke drew him from his study of Titian and other old painters, in whom he was absorbed, and sent him on a secret mission to the Court of Spain, with a present to King Philip III. of seven superb horses. Here again he won distinction. The King liked him much, and gave him orders for pictures, and loaded him with gifts and honors. His life in Spain would make a fairytale in itself. His triumphant return to Italy, and the honors there heaped upon him—the way princes and nobles vied with each other in gaining possession of the works of his hand at any price—would make another story in itself. So would his life in Paris, and in London, and again in Antwerp. But, dear girls and boys, that would be too many stories in one. I can give only glimpses as we go along.

Eight years had passed since he left the good Otto Venius. He was still young, he had been flattered beyond measure, yet was unspoiled. He had not lost sight of the one purpose of his life, for which he had left the palace of the Countess de Lalain when a boy.

In the midst of all changes and excitements here and elsewhere, he continued the diligent study and practice of painting, and proudly upheld the honor of his profession.

Once, while in England, an eminent personage said to him: "The ambassador of his Catholic Majesty, I see, amuses himself by painting."

Rubens replied: "I amuse myself by playing ambassador sometimes."

These years had been full of profit and pleasure to him, yet he now looked longingly homeward.

He wrote to his mother: "How is it possible I have lived so long away from you! It is too long. Henceforth I will devote myself to your happiness. Antwerp shall be my future residence. I have acquired a taste for horticulture, and our little garden shall be enlarged and cultivated, and our home will be a paradise."

Word came of his mother's declining health. He hastened home, but alas! too late. Before he arrived she had died. He was so stricken with grief that, for four months, he withdrew from the world into the Abbey of St. Michael, where his mother was buried.

He now thought of returning to Italy. But the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, as the story goes, "bound him to them with a chain of gold." He yielded to their wishes on condition that he might be allowed to dwell apart from the gay Court at Brussels. To this they consented, and he accordingly built him a beautiful home in Antwerp. It included a splendid studio and a great museum, which contained gems, pictures, cameos, statues, and innumerable other rare antique objects. In after years the Duke of Buckingham induced Rubens to part with this collection for the sum of £10,000.

Connected with this fine home were gardens, conservatories, stables of valuable horses, and a collection of wild beasts. These wild creatures he always delighted to paint. Here, doubtless, he painted all the scenes in which they occur; but it is said that his famous picture of the Lion Hunt was from a real adventure of his in Africa.

Thus he could arrange everything to his taste and convenience,—he had become so extremely rich.

At this time Rubens married Isabella Brandt, a senator's daughter, and settled to a happy domestic life, and to a systematic plan of work. His method of life was this: To rise at four o'clock in the morning; to eat a simple breakfast; to ride on horseback, and at an early hour set himself diligently at work in his studio, where he painted all day.

He seldom made visits; but his friends were always welcome, and conversed with him while at work. It was his habit to have some person read

to him, while painting, from Livy, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, or other classic authors. This is one secret of his inexhaustible resources of mind. He was severely temperate in his habits—refusing to cloud his intellect, impair his perceptions, to weaken the power of his arm, or unsteady the firmness of his

he had no need to use the “rest-stick” in painting. And he preferred to keep his strength.

Yet he was none the less a gay and genial man. At evening when he dined, the table was surrounded with eminent and gifted people, whose discussions one can fancy were like other table-talk across the

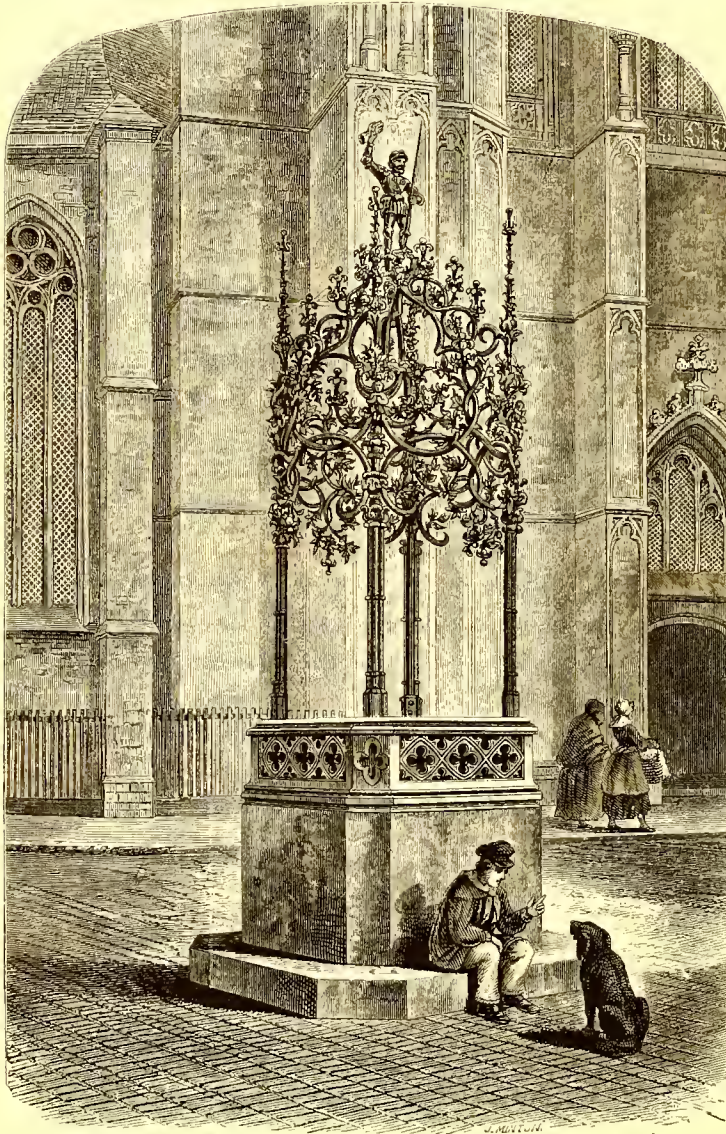
Channel, where “rare Ben Jonson,” Shakespeare, Garrick, and others said their brilliant say. Those were the days of mental giants.

These years Rubens had become so madly the fashion that he could not fill the orders sent him. So he adopted this method: he made small distinct sketches in oil (which he seldom changed) and had his pupils transfer them to large canvas, and carry them forward to the last stages, when he took them in hand again, and bestowed the finishing master-touches.

For Marie de Medicis, the Queen of France, he executed twenty-four immense paintings for the Luxembourg Palace, which are now to be seen in the Louvre. I cannot give you the names even of the pictures he painted. They far exceeded a thousand during his life.

Indeed his pictures are to be found in nearly every great gallery in the world.

Munich has an almost countless number. Antwerp now possesses very many of his best works. In its Museum are twenty-three,—among them, the “Crucifixion of Christ between the two thieves” is wonderful, and the “Incredulity of St. Thomas” is most expressive. In the Church of St. Paul’s is his “Scourging of Christ.” In



QUENTIN MATSYS' WELL.

touch, by the use of strong drinks, or excess of any kind.

A powerful man he was—with the nerve, muscle, endurance of a Hercules. So firm was his arm that

the churches of St. Jacques and of St. Augustine other of his works are to be seen.

There are few places in Europe so rich in magnificent churches, and in remarkable works of art,

as is Antwerp. The great Cathedral of Nôtre Dame is especially interesting. The object of greatest interest within is the famous work of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross." In front of the west door of this cathedral is Quentin Matsys' well, a remarkable work in iron, executed by Quentin Matsys, the celebrated Antwerp blacksmith, who, some say, through love of a painter's daughter, became himself a painter. Just opposite the cathedral, in the Place Verte, is a fine statue of Rubens.

But to return to the story:

A gentle and painstaking master was Rubens. He watched the least indication of genius, and strove to impart to others who were worthy all that he had learned at so great cost. Thus, at length, his school of pupils became a school of master painters of undying fame.

Such prosperity could not go unmolested. Malicious and envious artists tried to injure him. But his gay humor and gentle charity disarmed them, and the slanders fell to the ground.

To me, the most beautiful thing in his life was the way he found employment for his needy enemies; and the way he sought out and bestowed richly upon poor and suffering, but gifted artists, and set them in a way to help themselves.

Some person tried to sell to Rubens a share in the "philosopher's stone," which he claimed to have found. Rubens gayly pointed to his brushes, and said, "I have found the philosopher's stone." Truly, it could not have been placed in better hands—this mighty gift—for the gold that came from it blessed all about him.

He once visited a certain nobleman in prison, and found there a stranger in whom he became interested. He discovered the man to be one Brower, a painter, whose merit he had before observed. He at once procured his release and took him to his own home. The man, though well endowed by nature, had too dissolute tastes to be content in this elegant and refined home, so he escaped to his own element and soon after died.

Rubens' life was now exceedingly rich,—there was his beloved wife, whom he so often painted, and his two beautiful sons, and his princely home, and his countless friends and patrons.

Yet he was at this time sadly afflicted by the state of his country, and he carefully considered political affairs.

The Archduke Albert felt so great confidence in Rubens, that at his death he enjoined upon his wife, Isabella, to choose Rubens as her adviser, as he knew him to be an "upright, wise, clear-headed man."

She selected him, therefore, to be her ambassador to Holland. This difficult position he filled with such success, that upon his return she sent him to

the Court of Spain upon another delicate political mission. Here his wide knowledge and diplomatic skill enabled him to accomplish that for which he was sent. The King held him in so high regard that he was made Secretary of the Privy Council.



STATUE OF RUBENS IN ANTWERP.

After long delay, in which great and many honors were paid him, he returned to Brussels. Here he was not long permitted to remain—his country still needed his service. He must go to England to negotiate peace between England and Spain. This mission also, after long delay, he accomplished with singular success.

King Charles I.,—that gentle, melancholy and doomed monarch, that passionate lover of the fine arts,—grew very fond of this artist-ambassador, and "delighted to honor" him.

His career had now reached its utmost splendor. He was lodged at Black Friars at the royal charge; he was given the work of painting the ceilings at Whitehall with scenes from the life of James I.; he had countless orders; he was given an annuity for life, and the King gave him besides, as a mark of favor, a hat-loop of diamonds worth ten thousand crowns.

And one day, in that same Whitehall, beneath his own paintings, he knelt before the King, who presented him with the royal sword, and, attaching the regal portrait to a rich gold chain, suspended it about his neck; and so the artist Rubens was knighted—Sir Peter Paul Rubens. Alas! the poor

King was himself nearly bankrupt. Do you know that not long after this, the gentle-hearted King Charles laid his head down upon the block and was beheaded?

And yet Rubens' prosperity went on. And I will tell you another singular thing: Marie de Medicis, ex-Queen of France, the former friend and patron of Rubens, died in her 76th year a most pitiable death. Deserted and exiled, she died so sadly in the very little house, the childhood home of Rubens. Was it not curious?

But Rubens' prosperity went on to the very end. True, he was not without sorrow. During these years his wife died. This was a great grief.

After this delay in England, he gladly returned to his native land. He became Director of the School of Art. He married Helena Forman, and settled to his old life in Antwerp. Very soon, though, he was called again to public duty. This time it was an embassy to Holland, by which he

succeeded in causing the States to enter into a treaty of peace with Spain.

Once more he was at home, ready to enjoy a well-earned repose. But now disease attacked him, and he could no longer work as he had done. Then death came to him, in his 63d year, 1640.

After this came the honors which he could never know. Such a procession of utmost splendor was perhaps never seen in the old Art-city of Antwerp. People of all nations, stations, and professions followed him to the tomb; and before his bier was carried a crown of gold—for was not this man a prince among painters?

Well might the city of Antwerp do honor to him by whom it had been so nobly enriched.

He was buried in the Collegiate Church of St. Jacques, an imposing edifice which contains many precious and rare works. To this day pilgrims of art visit this church that they may see the tomb of the great painter.

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## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### A MISADVENTURE.

THE next few days of the journey were toilsome and uncomfortable. The nights were hot, and the emigrants were greatly annoyed with mosquitoes, so much so that Hi gave notice that he should go crazy if they did not "let up" on him. Long rains had swollen the streams; the Platte overflowed its banks in some places, and the bottom lands opposite Fort Kearny were deluged. The boys had depended on crossing the river for the sake of visiting the fort, which was on the south side, but they were prevented by the high water. They had no special errand at the fort, but as they had now been a month on the road, they thought it would be pleasant to go over and "see where folks lived," as Barney expressed it. He and Mont made the attempt but gave it up, after wading a long distance through the overflow without reaching deep water. This was a disappointment, and they pushed on with a slight feeling of loneliness. They all wanted to see what a frontier fort was like, though they knew that it was only a collection of substantial buildings—barracks and storehouses—surrounded

by a stockade. There was something romantic and adventurous about a military post in the Indian country, which, to Arthur at least, was very attractive. The next fort on their route was Fort Laramie, and to this stage on their journey they now passed on, still keeping by the north bank of the Platte.

There was no occasion for loneliness, however, as the road was now all alive with teams. It was the custom for emigrant companies to combine in trains of several companies each. These "laid" by sometimes, for a day or two at a time, in order to rest, repair the wear and tear of teams, and get ready for a fresh start. On such occasions the camp was busy, though our young fellows enjoyed the rest when it came. It was tedious work marching all day, camping at night, packing up and beginning another march next day. They knew they must be three or four months crossing the continent, and a "lay-by" of two or three days was always welcome; and nobody thought such a stoppage was a serious delay. After a few weeks, everybody got over all feverish eagerness to be the first at the mines. Now and then some small party of horsemen, lightly equipped and traveling rap-

idly, pushed by the body of emigrants, their faces eagerly set toward the land of gold, and scarcely taking time to sleep.

From such rapid travelers as these our boys ascertained who was behind, and they soon learned the names, origin and character of most of the companies between the Sierra Nevada and the Missouri. While they were camped for a day's rest—Sunday's rest—near Dry Creek, Bush came up with his little cow and cart. He had been traveling with a Wisconsin company, but had left them behind when near Fort Kearny and had pushed on by himself. Bush was full of news. He had passed several parties of whom our boys had heard; and he had been passed by several others, some of whom were ahead, and others of whom were again behind. In this way the intelligence on the trail went back and forth. Emigrants thus learned all about the fords, the grass, wood and water, and the condition of the road before them. Somehow, the gossip of the great moving population of the plains flowed to and fro, just as it does in a small village. Men sat around their camp-fires at night, or lounged in the sun of a leisure day, and retailed to each other all the information they picked up as they traveled. Every man was like a newspaper to the next man he met. There were no tidings from far countries, none from home, and only a very little from the land to which they were bound. The long column of emigration that stretched across the continent had its own world of news. It was all compressed in the space that lay between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. Thousands of camp-fires sparkled at night along the winding trail that ran on and on across the heart of the continent. Thousands of wagons moved slowly on to the westward, an almost unbroken procession through an unknown land; by each fire was a community of wanderers; each wagon was a moving mansion carrying its own family with its worldly possessions, and laden with the beginnings of a new State beyond the mountains.

Just now, camped on a level greensward, with a bright June sun lighting up the landscape, our boy emigrants enjoyed their day of rest very much. They were grouped under the shelter of the tent, which was caught up at the sides to let in the air, for the weather was growing hot.

"Pears to me," said Bush, "this tent is mighty fine, but it lets the sun in. It's too all-fired white inside."

"Bush likes to camp under his go-cart," laughed Hi. "But I allow a tent is uncommonly handy when it comes on to rain."

"As for the sun shining in through the cloth," said Mont, "I think I see a way to help that." So he caught up one or two of the blankets which were

opened out on the grass to air, and flung them over the ridge-pole.

"You are a powerful knowin' creeter, Mont," said Bush, admiringly. "A feller'd suppose you had been on the plains all your life. And you a counter-jumper at that."

Barney remonstrated that Mont was not a counter-jumper. "Besides," he added, "it don't follow that a young fellow don't know anything beyond his counter because he has spent some of his days behind one."

"Jess so, jess so," said Bush. "Mont is on hand here to prove that. There's fellers as takes to rough work, and plains tricks and doin's, as a cat does to cream. Then, ag'in, there's fellers as aint no more use around a team than a cow would be in a parlor."

Mont listened with some amusement to this conversation, as he lay on the ground looking up at the shaded roof of the tent. He explained: "You see, Bush, I like teaming, roughing it, and living out in the open air. Would you like to tend store, lay bricks, or work in a factory?"

"Nary time," rejoined Bush.

"I don't believe you would take to any such business, nor do well in it, if you were put to it. Do you?"

"No. If I was to be sot to work,—at regular work, you know,—why, I should go right straight down to where flour's fifteen dollars a bar'l, and no money to buy with at that. Oh, no! I'm gay and chipper at lumberin', gettin' out rock, teamin', or any of them light chores; but come to put me to work,—regular work,—I'm just miserable."

"Then there's Arty," put in Barney. "He's all for live animals. Just see that steer follow him round after sugar."

Tige had been loitering about the camp instead of keeping with the cattle that grazed near by, and Arty, having allowed him to smell of a little sugar which he carried in his hand, was enticing him about the camping-ground.

"Dreffle waste of sugar," commented Tom.

"Never you mind about the sugar," said Hiram, reprovingly. "That's the knowin'gest critter on the plains; and if Arty has a mind to give him a spoonful, now and then, it's all right. We've got enough to carry us through."

Hearing the debate, Arty approached the tent, holding out his hand toward the docile Tige, who still followed him, snuffing the coveted sugar.

"Take care! take care! don't come in here!" yelled Hi. But Arty kept on, laughing at Tige, who seemed also to be much amused. Arty stepped over the body of Barney, who lounged by the door, the steer immediately following him.

"He'll wallop your tent over," shouted Bush;

but Tige, still stepping after his master as lightly as a full-grown steer could step, kept on with his nose close to the boy's open hand, and drawing long breaths as he smelled the sugar. Arty circled about the interior of the little tent, and over the prostrate forms of his comrades, who hugged the ground in terror lest the unwieldy beast should trample on them. They were too much surprised to move, and Tige marched after Arty, turning around inside the canvas house as gingerly as if he had always lived in one.

"Why, he is as graceful as a kitten, and he steps over you as if he were treading among eggshells," said Arty, shaking with fun. "See how carefully he misses Hi's big feet. Why, Tige is almost as spry as you are, Hi."

"If Tige knocks down that pole, I'll wallop you with it," said Hi, who did not relish the common camp joke about his large feet. But the wise little steer passed safely out by the front of the tent, having gone in at one side of the pole and out at the other, without doing any damage. He was rewarded with the sugar which he had pursued into the presence of so much danger, and he lay down at a distance, contemplating the group which he had just visited.

"I think you said something about a cow in a parlor, Bush," said Arty. "What do you think of a steer in a tent?"

"Well, youngster, between you and me and the post, I think the best place for me, as I said afore, is out of doors. It's close, this living in a tent; and when it comes to makin' cattle to hum in one of 'em, I aint there."

Tige's friendship for his young master was put to the test the very next day. It was a bright Monday morning when they reached Dry Creek. But the creek was by no means dry. Its steep banks were slippery with moisture, and four or five feet of water flowed through its bed. A large number of teams had been passing over, and when our young emigrants came up, there were several companies laboriously making their way across, or waiting an opportunity to strike into the trail. Except at one place, a crossing was almost impossible. The wagons were "blocked up," as the water was deep enough in places to flow into the wagon-boxes. "Blocking up" was done by driving wide blocks of wood under the box or body of the wagon, said box being loosely fitted into the bed or frame-work. Thus raised on the blocks, the body of the wagon is kept in place by the uprights at the sides, and is set up high enough to be drawn over an ordinary stream without wetting its contents.

The descent into the creek was no steeper than the way out on the other side. It was hard enough

to get down to the stream without damage. It would be still more difficult to get out. Those who were then crossing made a prodigious racket shouting to their animals, at each other, and generally relieving their excited feelings with noise as they worked through the difficulty.

"We shall have to double up, and there's nobody to double up with us," said Barnard, ruefully.

The boys had resorted to the expedient of "doubling up," or uniting their team with that of some passing acquaintance, before this. The spirit of good-fellowship prevailed, and two or more parties would combine and pull each other's wagons through by putting on each the horses or the cattle of the whole, until the hardest place was safely passed. Here, however, all the other travelers were busy with their own affairs. There was nobody ready to "double up" with others.

"Howdy, youngsters?" said a languid, discouraged-looking man, coming around from behind a red-covered wagon. "Powerful bad crossing this yere."

"Yes," said Arthur, who immediately recognized him as the man who could not make his fire burn when they were camped near "Pape's." Just then the sallow woman put her head out of the wagon, and said: "Glad to see you. Me baby's wuss."

"She takes yer for a doctor, Arty," whispered Hi, who remembered that Arthur had tended the sick baby while the mother was cooking supper.

"We 'uns is havin' a rough time, ye bet yer life, but I allow we'll pull through. Want to double up, you 'uns?"

"Yes," replied Mont. "This is a pretty bad crossing; and as you have a strong team, we should be glad to join forces and go across together."

"June? Oh, yes, we'll hitch up with ye. Things is cutting up rough, and my old woman, she allows we aint goin' through."

"Not going through?"

"Oh, you keep shut, will ye, ole man," said the woman from the wagon. "If you had a sick baby to nuss, you would n't be so peart."

"I aint so peart," said the husband, grimly. "But I allow we'll double up, seein' it's you. I war agoin' to wait for Si Beetles, but we'll just snake your wagon over; then we'll come back for mine."

The blocks were got out, and put under the wagon-bed, and the stranger's cattle were hitched on ahead of those of our boys. The wheels were chained together, front and rear, so that they could not revolve and hurry the wagon down the steep bank.

"Ye'll have to wade for it, boys; you'd better strip," advised Messer, for that was the stranger's name.



"Oh, it's only a short distance," said Mont, measuring the width of the creek with his eye, and observing the depth to which the men then in the water were wading. "Roll up your trousers, boys, and we'll try it that way."

The party, except Hi, who sat in the fore part of the wagon and drove, stripped their legs bare by rolling up their trousers; and the chained wagon, drawn by four pair of cattle, pitched down the muddy bank, attended on either side by the young emigrants, and Bush and Messer. Slipping and

chains taken from the wheels. The cattle went into the stream with some reluctance, and Hi, who was driving, yelled, "Haw, there, haw!" with great anxiety. But the beasts would not "haw." Little Tige held in now with sullen courage; the rest of the team persisted in pushing up stream. Arty and Barnard were on the "off" or upper side of the team, but they could not keep it from running wildly away from the opposite bank. The animals were panic-stricken and angry; turning short around, they were likely to overturn the wagon.



"EVERYBODY RUSHED TO THE WRECK."

sliding, they reached the bed of the stream in safety, unlocked the wheels and plunged boldly in, though the cattle were bewildered by the cries of the owners and the confusion of the crowd crossing the creek.

By dint of much urging and some punching from behind, the wagon was "snaked" up the opposite bank, and our boys drew breath a few minutes before taking hold of Messer's wagon.

"Laws-a-massy me!" cried the poor woman, as the team slid down the bank. "This is wuss than get-out. I'd sooner wade the branch myself." But, before she could utter any more complaints, the wagon was at the bottom of the slope and the

Arty rushed out to the leading yoke and tried to head it off. Tige was in the second yoke, resolutely pulling back his mate, Molly. It was in vain. Bally, the ox just behind Tige, made a vicious lunge at Arty, who, in dodging to escape the horns of the creature, slipped and fell headlong into the water, then about up to his waist. Immediately he was struggling among the cattle, where he could not swim, and was in danger of being trampled by the excited beasts. Hi shouted with alarm, and, all clothed as he was, leaped out of the wagon. There was no need. Before any of the party could reach him, Arty had scrambled out and had laid hold of Tige's head, that sagacious

brute having stood perfectly still and stooping as his young master floundered under his belly.

Dripping with muddy water, and breathless, Arty struggled to his feet just as Hi, similarly drenched, waded up to him. This all took place in an instant, and the cattle, left for a moment to themselves, sharply turned toward the bank down which they had come, still heading up the stream. The wagon toppled on the two "off" wheels, quivered, and went over with a tremendous splash.

Everybody rushed to the wreck and dragged out the woman and her sick baby. Both were wet through and through. The cattle now stood still. The water gurgled merrily through the overturned wagon, on which the owner looked silently for a moment, and then said:

"Just my ornery luck!"

"Luck, man!" said Mont, impatiently. "Why don't you bear a hand and right up your wagon before your stuff is all spoiled?"

"Thar's whar yer right, stranner," replied the poor fellow. "But this is the wust streak yit. It sorter stalls me."

Help came from the various companies on both sides of the creek, and Messer's wagon was soon set up on its wheels again, though nearly all of its load was well soaked. The woman and her baby were taken out on to dry land and comforted by some women who were with the wagons already on the further side of the creek. When the party finally struggled up and out of this unfortunate pit, they found that Messer's wife had been taken in and cared for at a wagon which, covered with striped ticking, stood apart from the others, with the cattle unyoked near by.

"Why, there's Nance!" said Johnny; and, as he spoke, that young woman descended from the wagon and approached.

"Ye're wet, young feller," she remarked to Arty.

"Yes," he responded, wringing out his trousers-legs as well as he could. "We were with the team that upset, and I was upset first."

"Jest like ye. Always in somebody's mess. I'd lend ye a gound, but have n't got but one."

"Thank you kindly. I don't think your gowns would fit me. But that yeast of yours did first-rate." Arthur thought lightly of his own troubles.

"I knowed it would. Have you kept your risin' right along?"

"O yes, we have saved leaven from day to day, and so we have 'riz bread,' as you call it, every time we bake."

"Glad of it. We'll have to divide with these Missouri folks. I reckon they've lost all their little fixin's; but then they use salt risin'. Them ornery critters from Pike always do."

The Missourians were in bad plight. Whatever was liable to damage by water was spoiled, and our party of emigrants felt obliged to stop and help the poor man unload his wagon, spread out his stuff to dry, and get himself together again for a fresh start. The sun shone brightly, and the weather was favorable to the unhappy emigrant, who sat around among his wet goods, bewailing his hard luck, while his chance acquaintances repaired damages and saved what they could of his effects.

His wife, loosely clad in a dress belonging to Nance's mother,—a large and jolly woman,—fished out from the crushed wagon-bows, where it had been suspended in a cotton bag, the wreck of an extraordinary bonnet. It was made of pink and yellow stuff, and had been a gorgeous affair. She regarded it sadly, and said: "It was the gayest bunnit I ever had."

Nance contemplated the parti-colored relic with some admiration, and said:

"Just you hang that there up in the sun alongside of that feller, and they'll both on 'em come out all right. Fact is," she said, condescending to



NANCE APPEARS

approve Arty, "he's all right, anyhow; and if that big chap had n't jumped out of the wagon and left the cattle to take care of themselves, the wagon would n't have gone over. So now!"

"But Hi thought Arty was getting killed," remonstrated Johnny. "So he jumped out into the water, head over heels, when he saw Arty fall."

"Don't care for all that," retorted Nance, with severity. "Yer altogether too chipper. If yer Hi had n't upset that wagon, I might have seen this yere bunnet before it was washed."

"Never mind," said Arty. "Perhaps Mont will show you how to straighten out that bonnet, when he has finished mending Messer's wagon-bows. Mont knows almost everything."

"Who is that yere Mont, as you call him, anyhow?" asked Nance.

"He's from Boston, is real smart, and just about knows everything, as I told you."

"Oho! and that's why you are called 'The Boston Boys,' is it?"

"But they call us 'The Lee County Boys.' We came from Lee County, Illinois."

"Lee County, Illinoy!" repeated the girl, with a knowing air. "Folks on the prairie calls you 'The Boston Boys.' So now!"

## CHAPTER X.

### AMONG THE BUFFALOES.

WHILE the wagon was yet heavily loaded, the boys spared the oxen, and so, seldom rode. At first, the member of the party who drove the team was permitted to sit in the wagon part of the time. But the roads were now very hard for the cattle, and so all hands walked. Old Jim's back was sore; he could not be saddled, and he was left to follow the team, which he did with great docility. The boys hardened the muscles of their legs, but they complained bitterly of sore feet. Much walking and poorly made boots had lamed them. The moccasins which they wore at times were more comfortable than the cow-hide boots they had brought from home.

"Confounded Indians!" complained Tom,— "they don't put no heels to their moccasins; they tire a feller's feet awful."

"Sprinkle some whisky in your boots; that's all the use the stuff can be to us; and whisky is good to toughen your feet." This was Mont's advice.

"But why don't the Indians put heels on their moccasins? That's what I'd like to know."

"Why, Tom, it is n't natural. Those Sioux that we saw down at Buffalo Creek can 'out-run and out-jump any white man you ever knew. They could n't do it if they had been brought up with heels on their moccasins."

"But for all that, them moccasins are powerful weak in the sole," grumbled Hi. "'Pears to me, sometimes, as if my feet was all of a blister, after

traveling all day in the dod-rotted things. Hang Indian shoe-makers, anyhow!"—and Hiram contemplated his chafed feet with great discontent.

"Then there's old Bally," chimed in Arty. "He's gone and got lame. He don't wear moccasins, though."

"But," said Mont, "we may be obliged to put moccasins on him—or, at least, on his sore foot."

"What for?"

"Well, we've fixed his foot now two or three times, and he gets no better of his lameness. We might put a leather shoe, like a moccasin, filled with tar, on his foot. That's good for the foot-rot, or whatever it is."

"Gosh!" said Hi. "How much that feller does know!"

"Well," laughed Mont, "I picked that up the other day. Those Adair County men said that if Bally did n't get better, tar would be healing; and they said to bind it on with a shoe made from an old boot-leg."

"Lucky I picked up those boot-legs you thought were of no use, Barney Crogan," said Arthur. "They'll be just the things for Bally's moccasins."

The boys had put up with many discomforts. Sometimes they had no water for drinking or cooking except what they found in sloughs and swampy places by the track. Often even this poor supply was so mixed with dead grass and weeds that it was necessary to strain it before using it. Then, again, in the long stretch which they were now traveling between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie, fuel was scarce. Not a tree nor shrub was in sight; buffalo chips were seldom to be found, and the only stuff from which a fire could be made was the dry grass and grease-weed found in sterile spots among the bluffs above the road. They were having hard times. Along the valley of the Platte heavy rain-storms are frequent in the summer-time; and, more than once, all hands were obliged to get up in the night and stand by the tent, in a pelting rain, to keep it from blowing away. One night, indeed, after bracing the tent all around outside with extra lines, they were forced to stand on bundles and boxes inside and hold up the ridge-pole, which bent in the force of the gale and threatened to snap in twain. And then the mosquitoes!

But here was a serious trouble. Bally was a surly animal, but he was a powerful fellow and the best traveler in the team. He had gone lame these four days, and was getting worse instead of better. The boys had passed many cattle, left behind on account of their lameness by those who had gone before. They did not like to think of turning out old Bally to die by the roadside. Matters were not so serious as that. But Mont had said, almost

under his breath: "If we should have to leave Bally ——"

Serious remedies were now to be tried. The tar-bucket was taken out from under the wagon, and a shoe made from one of provident Arty's boot-



MRS. MESSER'S BONNET.

legs. With the assistance of Bush, Messer, and one or two neighbors at the camp, poor Bally was cast by suddenly pulling on ropes attached to one hind-foot and one fore-foot. The big beast fell over on his side with a thump that made Arty's heart jump. Then each person held that part of the animal to which he had previously been assigned. Nance, whose father was now with them for a time, looked on with profound interest.

The struggling animal subsided, after awhile, into an angry quiet, his eyes rolling wildly at Arty and Johnny, who sat on his head to keep him down.

"Set onto him heavy, boys," said Bush. "'S long's he can't lift you, he can't lift his head; and 's long's he can't lift his head, he's got to lay still."

But he did not lie still. When the shoe, full of soft tar, was fairly on, but not tied, Bally wiggled his tail very animatedly, cuffed Bush on the side of his head with the lame foot, which he suddenly jerked out of the hands of the operators, and, with one mighty effort, threw up his head, angrily

brandishing his horns the while. Arthur and Johnny flew into the air, one to the right and one to the left, as Bally's head swung in either direction. Struggling to his feet, the worried beast shuffled off a few paces, his shoe half-sticking to his foot in slip-shod fashion; then he stopped and regarded the whole party with profound disfavor.

"Wal, I allow you are a nice creeter, you are!" said Hi, with disgust. "Don't know yer best friends, you don't, when they're tryin' to cure ye up."

"Why, he's as spry as a cat and as strong as an ox," cried Bush. "But them boys is spryer. See 'em go? Tore yer shirt, did n't it, Arty?"

"My belt saved me," said the boy, bravely, exhibiting a huge rent in his flannel shirt, and a long red streak on the white skin of his chest, where Bally's sharp horn had plunged under his belt and sharply along his "hide," as Bush called it. Johnny had turned a somersault, lighting on his shoulders, but without serious damage.

"Well, we've got it all to do over again," was Mont's philosophic comment; and, under his leadership, Bally was once more thrown and held down until the shoe was firmly fixed on his foot. He walked off, with a limp, evidently very much puzzled with his first experiment in wearing leather shoes.

"Looks like a bear in moccasins," said Hi, grimly. "Leastways, he looks as I allow a bear would look in moccasins, or with one of 'em onto him. Next time you are sot on a steer's head, Arty, you git where he can't h'ist you higher 'n a kite when he tries to git up."

"I sat where I was told, Hi; but I did n't weigh enough. That's what was the matter."

The lame ox did not keep his shoe on more than a day or two at a time, and the boys soon had the disagreeable task of replacing it quite often. It was a troublesome affair; but they were now obliged to face the more troublesome question of supplying his place, in case it became necessary to leave him behind. Bally's mate was like him—a large and powerful ox; Tige and Molly, the leaders, were lighter. With these three and their horse, Old Jim, they might go on; but the prospect was gloomy.

"Pity we can't hitch up some of these buffaloes that are running around loose," said Barnard, with a personal sense of the wastefulness of so many cattle going wild, while they needed only one draught animal. "Could we catch one of these critters and put him into the yoke, I wonder?"

"You catch one, and I will agree to yoke him," laughed Mont.

It was not surprising that Barney grumbled at the waste of animal power, and that a wild notion

that some of it ought to be made useful crossed his mind. The country was now covered with vast herds of buffaloes, moving to the north. One day, Mont and Arty ascended a steep bluff, to the right of the road, while the wagon-train kept slowly on below them. As far as the eye could reach northward, the undulating country was literally black with the slow-moving herds. Here and there, on some conspicuous eminence, a solitary, shaggy old fellow stood relieved against the sky—a sentinel over the flowing streams of dark brown animals below. They moved in battalions, in single files, by platoons, and in disorderly masses, stretching out in vast dark patches and covering the green earth. Before them was grass and herbage; behind them was a trampled, earthy paste.

Occasionally, these migratory herds, coming to a stream, rushed in thirstily, each rank crowding hard upon another. When the foremost struck the water, galloping along with thundering tread, the fury of their charge sent the spray high in the air, like a fountain. In an instant, the crystal current was yellow and turbid with the disturbed soil; then a dense mass of black heads, with snorting muzzles, crowded the surface from bank to bank.

"See! see!" cried Arthur. "How those big fellows run on ahead, lie down and roll, and then jump up and dash on again. Why, they're spryer than old Bally was, the other day, when he pitched me sky-high."

"Yes, and if you watch, you will see that all the buffaloes on the side of that bluff drop in the same place, roll and skip on again, almost like a lot of cats."

"Why do they do that, Mont?"

"Well, you know that most hairy animals like to roll; I suppose it answers for a scratching-post. If you ever come to a tree in this part of the country, you will find it all worn smooth and tufted with loose hair, where the buffaloes have rubbed themselves against it."

"But, somehow, these chaps all seem to drop in the same place and then canter on again. I should think each buffalo would want a clean spot."

"O no! that place is worn to the soil now, and is a better one to rub the hide of the creature in than a grassy place would be. For years after this, if we were to come along here, we should find a big patch right there where the buffaloes are rolling as they trot along. The grass wont grow there again for a great while. That is what the plains men call a buffalo-wallow,—though a 'waller,' I believe, is the correct plains expression."

"I like you, Mont," said Arty, looking frankly into Morse's brown face, "because you know everything."

"O no, Arty, not everything. You are a partial

friend. I'm only a greenhorn. But look at that! My! But is n't that a sight?"

As he spoke, a vast crowd of animals, moving from the eastward, came surging up over a swale in the undulating surface. There seemed to be hundreds of thousands. The ground disappeared from sight, and in its place, as if it had swallowed it, was a flood of dark animal life. There was no longer any individuality; it was a sea. It did n't gallop; it moved onward in one slow-flowing stream. There was no noise; but a confused murmur, like the rote of the distant sea before a storm, floated on the air. There was no confusion; in one mighty torrent the countless creatures drifted on, up the hills and down the horizon.

"Jingo!" exclaimed Arty. "I don't wonder Barney grumbles because there is so much cattle-power running to waste. Don't I wish we could hitch up four or five yoke of those old chaps! We'd go to California, just 'flucking,' as Bush would say."

"If I had my way about it, my boy, I'd have some of that good, nice, buffalo-beef that is running about loose here, cut up and sent to poor folks in Boston."

"Well, there are poor folks in other cities besides Boston, Monty, you know."

"To be sure; only I think of them first, because I know them. And wherever they are, some of those same poor folks don't get fresh meat very often. And here's millions and millions of pounds going to waste. It seems to me that there's a serew loose somewhere that this should be so."

Arthur regarded this wonderful cattle show with great soberness and with new interest.

"Why can't some rich man have these buffaloes killed and the fresh meat sent to the poor who starve in cities?"

"Perhaps a more sensible plan would be to bring the poor out here."

"Sure enough," responded the lad, "I never thought of that. But if next year's emigrants kill the buffaloes like they do now, there will be none left when the settlers come. Why, I counted twenty-seven dead ones on the cut-off, yesterday, when Johnny and I took that trail back of Ash Hollow."

"And even the animals that are cut into are not used much for food," added Mont. "We have all the buffalo meat we want; and while you were off, yesterday, I passed a place where some party had camped, and I saw where they had kindled a fire from an old, used-up wagon, and had heaped up two or three carcasses of buffaloes to burn. Great waste of fuel and meat too, I call that. But I greased my boots by the marrow frying out of the bones."

Mont and Arty descended the bluff, and, reaching the rolling plain behind it, moved to the north and west, keeping the general course of the road, but leaving the bluff between it and them.

"We have nothing but our pistols to shoot with," said Mont, "and I would n't shoot one if I could. But we may as well see how near we can get to them."

They walked rapidly toward the moving mass of buffaloes. Here and there were grazing herds, but most of them seemed to be slowly traveling without stopping to eat. Mont advised that they should creep up a bushy ravine which led into a gap in the hills, and was blackened on its edges with buffaloes. Cautiously moving up this depression, they emerged at the further end and found themselves in a throng of animals, just out of gunshot range. Some were standing still, others were moving away, but all regarded the strangers with mild curiosity.

"Why, I thought I should be afraid," confessed Arthur.

"No," whispered Mont. "As long as they are not maddened by a long chase, or driven into a corner, they are as harmless as so many cows."

Passing out between the hills, the young fellows found themselves on a nearly level plain. Here, too, was a dense throng of buffaloes, stretching off to the undulating horizon. As the two explorers walked on, a wide lane seemed to open in the mighty herds before them. Insensibly, and without any hurry, the creatures drifted away to the right and left, browsing or staring, but continually moving. Looking back, they saw that the buffaloes had closed up their ranks on the trail which they had just pursued; while before, and on either hand, was a wall of animals.

"We are surrounded!" almost whispered Arthur, with some alarm.

"Never mind, my boy. We can walk out, just as the children of Israel did from the Red Sea. Only we have waves of buffaloes, instead of water, to close behind and open before and be a wall on each side. See!"

And, as they kept on, the mass before them melted away in some mysterious fashion, always at the same distance from them.

"See! We move in a vacant space that travels with us wherever we go, Arty."

"Yes," said the lad. "It seems just as if we were a candle in the dark. The open ground around us is the light we shed; the buffaloes are the darkness outside."

"A good figure of speech, that, my laddie. I must remember it. But we are getting out of the wilderness."

They had now come to a sharp rise of ground,

broken by a rocky ledge, which turned the herds more to the northward. Ascending this, they were out of the buffaloes for the time, but beyond them were thousands more. Turning southward, they struck across the country for the wagon-track, quite well satisfied with their explorations.

Between two long divides, or ridges, they came upon a single wagon, canvas-covered, in which were two little children. Two boys—one about seven and the other eleven years old—were playing near by, and four oxen were grazing by a spring.

In reply to Mont's surprised question as to how they came off the trail, and why they were here



MONT

alone, they said that their father and uncle had come up after buffaloes, and were out with their guns. Their mother was over on the bluff—pointing to a little rocky mass which rose like an island in the middle of the valley. She had gone to hunt for "sarvice-berries." They were left to mind the cattle and the children.

"Pretty careless business, I should say," murmured Mont. "Well, youngsters," he added, "keep by the wagon; if your cattle stray off, they may get carried away by the buffaloes. Mind that!"

They went on down the valley, looking behind them at the helpless little family alone in the wilderness.

"A man ought to be licked for leaving his young ones here in such a lonely place," said Mont.

Suddenly, over the southern wall of the valley, like a thunder-cloud, rose a vast and fleeing herd of buffaloes. They were not only running, they were rushing like a mighty flood.

"A stampede! a stampede!" cried Mont; and, flying back to the unconscious group of children, followed by Arthur, he said: "Run for your lives, youngsters! Make for the bluff!"

Seizing one of the little ones, and bidding Arthur take the other, he started the boys ahead for the island-bluff, which was some way down the valley. There was not a moment to lose. Behind them, like a rising tide, flowed the buffaloes in surges. A confused murmur filled the air; the ground resounded with the hurried beat of countless hoofs, and the earth seemed to be disappearing in the advancing torrent. Close behind the flying fugitives the angry, panic-stricken herd tumbled and tossed. Its labored breathing sighed like a breeze, and the warmth of its pulsations seemed to stifle the air.

"To the left! to the left!" screamed Arthur, seeing the bewildered boys, who fled like deer, making directly for the steepest part of the bluff. Thus warned, the lads bounded up the little island, grasping the underbrush as they climbed. Hard behind them came Arty, pale, his features drawn and rigid, and bearing in his arms a little girl. Mont brought up the rear with a stout boy on his shoulder, and breathless with excitement and the laborious run.

Up the steep side they scrambled, falling and recovering themselves, but up at last. Secure on a bare rock, they saw a heaving tide of wild creatures pour tumultuously over the edge and fill the valley. It leaped from ledge to ledge, tumbled and broke, rallied again and swept on, black and silent save for the rumbling thunder of many hoofs and the panting breath of the innumerable multitude. On it rolled over every obstacle. The wagon disappeared in a twinkling, its white cover going down in the black tide like a sinking ship at

sea. Past the island-like bluff, where a little group stood spell-bound, the herd swept, the rushing tide separating at the rocky point, against which it beat and parted to the right and left. Looking down, they saw the stream flow by, on and up the valley. It was gone, and the green turf was brown where it had been. The spring was choked, and the wagon was trampled in a flat ruin.

Fascinated by the sight, Mont and Arthur never took their eyes from it until it was over. Then returning to their young charges, they saw a tall, gaunt woman, with a horror-stricken face, gathering the whole group in her arms. It was the mother.

"I don't know who you be, young men, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said. "Yes, I thank you from the bottom of my heart—and, oh! I thank God, too!" And she burst into tears.

Arthur, at loss what else to say, remarked: "Your wagon is all smashed."

"I don't care—don't care," said the woman, hysterically rocking herself to and fro where she sat with her children clasped to her bosom. "So's the young ones are safe, the rest may go to wrack."

As she spoke, a couple of horsemen, carrying rifles, came madly galloping down the valley, far in the wake of the flying herd. They paused, thunderstruck, at the fragments of their wagon trampled in the torn soil. Then, seeing the group on the rock, they hastened on, dismounted, and climbed the little eminence.

"Great powers above, Jemmy! we stampeded the buffaloes!" said the elder of the pair of hunters.

Arty expected to hear her say that she was thankful so long as they were all alive.

"Yes, and a nice mess you've made of it." This was all her comment.

"Whar's the cattle, Zeph?" asked the father of this flock.

"Gone off with the buffaloes. I reckon, dad," was the response of his son Zephaniah.

The man looked up and down the valley with a bewildered air. His wagon had been mashed and crushed into the ground. His cattle were swept out into space by the resistless flood, and were nowhere in sight. He found words at last:

"Well, this is perfectly rediclus."

(To be continued.)

## THE RARE OLD KING AND HIS DAUGHTERS THREE.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

A RARE old king and daughters three,  
Beside their castle by the sea,  
Were eating peaches from a tree  
That grew in the castle garden.

There came a gleaming, golden sail,  
Through azure mists like a lady's veil,  
And silver trumpets blew "All hail  
The king and his lovely daughters!"

The eldest princess blushing rose,  
And lifting high her pretty nose  
Above all earthly joys and woes,  
She raised her eyes to heaven,

And smiling, told them what she saw,  
Named lovely visions softly o'er.  
Entranced, half-kneeling to adore,  
The prince stood list'ning near her.



A gallant prince from far away,  
In scarlet plume and brave array,—  
But, traveling by night and day,  
His shoes were scarcely dainty,—

A-wooing came. This monarch grand  
He kissed each lady's snowy hand,  
And courteous made one fair demand—  
A bud from the castle garden.

Alas! alas! with head so high,  
She scarce could see him standing by;  
Her chin well nigh put out his eye,  
And she tripped and fell before him.

The second princess, tall and fair,  
With downcast eyes and modest air,  
Stole gently toward the garden where  
The roses were a-blooming.



She saw such toads and newts and flies,  
 She walked with tears and groans and sighs.  
 Her shining hair and drooping eyes,  
 The prince was pleased to approve them.

But when this princess nearer came,  
 She saw no plume like scarlet flame;  
 She shuddered when he spoke her name.  
 "Your shoes!" she cried, a-swooning.

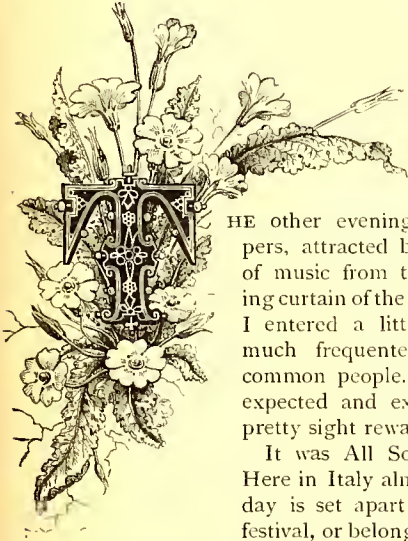
The youngest sister, smiling free,  
 Along the path tripped merrily.  
 Her eyes were sparkling like the sea,  
 As it glittered far before them.

And sang she then a roundelay:  
 "Your posies gather on the way;

An' if you do not, there they lay,  
 And you'll wander on without them!"

She frankly smiled into his eyes;  
 She met his words with fair replies.  
 "I find this princess fair and wise."  
 He said, and fell a-wooing.

Within his castle grand and old,  
 On fairy blue, in fairy gold,  
 A dainty maxim there is told,  
 Above his lady's chamber:  
 "Who wishes for the moon alone,  
 To many tumbles she is prone;  
 Who walks abroad with lowered eyes,  
 She sees but toads and newts and flies;  
 Who looks not low, nor yet too high,  
 May pluck the flowers and see the sky."



## THE FESTIVAL OF TAPERS.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE other evening at Vespers, attracted by a burst of music from the swinging curtain of the door-way, I entered a little church much frequented by the common people. An unexpected and exceedingly pretty sight rewarded me.

It was All Souls' Day. Here in Italy almost every day is set apart for some saint or another, and I suppose

that when leap-year brings round the extra day, there is a saint ready to claim the 29th of February. Whatever the day was to the elders, the evening was devoted to the children. The first thing I noticed was that the quaint old church was lighted up with innumerable wax tapers,—an unusual sight, for the darkness of a Catholic church in the evening is usually relieved only by a candle here and there, and by a blazing pyramid of them on the high altar. The use of gas is held to be a vulgar thing all over Europe, and specially unfit for a church or an aristocratic palace.

Then I saw that each taper belonged to a little boy or girl, and that groups of children were scattered all about the church. There was a group by every side altar and chapel, all the benches were occupied by knots of them, and there were so many circles of them seated on the pavement that I could with difficulty make my way among them. There were hundreds of children in the church, all dressed in their holiday apparel, and all intent upon the illumination, which seemed to be a private affair to each one of them.

And not much effect had their tapers upon the darkness of the vast vaults above them. The tapers were little spiral coils of wax, which the children unrolled as fast as they burned, and when they were tired of holding them, they rested them on the ground and watched the burning. I stood some time by a group of a dozen seated in a corner of the church. They had massed all the tapers in the center and formed a ring about the spectacle, sitting with their legs straight out before them and their toes turned up. The light shone full in their happy faces, and made the group, enveloped otherwise in darkness, like one of Correggio's pictures of children or angels. Correggio was a famous Italian artist of the sixteenth century, who painted

cherubs like children who were just going to heaven, and children like cherubs who had just come out of it. But, then, he had the Italian children for models, and they get the knack of being lovely very young. An Italian child finds it as easy to be pretty as an American child does to be good.

One could not but be struck with the patience these little people exhibited in their occupation, and the enjoyment they got out of it. There was no noise; all conversed in subdued whispers, and behaved in the most gentle manner to each other,

There is nothing that a baby likes more than a lighted candle, and the church has understood this longing in human nature, and found means to gratify it by this festival of tapers.

The groups do not all remain long in place, you may imagine; there is a good deal of shifting about, and I see little stragglers wandering over the church, like fairies lighted by fire-flies. Occasionally they form a little procession and march from one altar to another, their lights twinkling as they go.

But all this time there is music pouring out of



THE CHILDREN WITH THEIR TAPERS.

especially to the smallest, and there were many of them so small that they could only toddle about by the most judicious exercise of their equilibrium. I do not say this by way of reproof to any other kind of children.

These little groups, as I have said, were scattered all about the church; and they made with their tapers little spots of light, which looked in the distance very much like Correggio's picture which is at Dresden,—the Holy Family at night, and the light from the Divine Child blazing in the faces of all the attendants. Some of the children were infants in the nurse's arms, but no one was too small to have a taper, and to run the risk of burning its fingers.

the organ-loft at the end of the church, and flooding all its spaces with its volume. In front of the organ is a choir of boys, led by a round-faced and jolly monk, who rolls about as he sings, and lets the deep bass noise rumble about a long time in his stomach before he pours it out of his mouth. I can see the faces of all of them quite well, for each singer has a candle to light his music-book.

And next to the monk stands THE BOY—the handsomest boy in the whole world probably at this moment. I can see now his great, liquid, dark eyes, and his exquisite face, and the way he tossed back his long, waving hair when he struck into his part. He resembled the portraits of Raphael,

when that artist was a boy; only I think he looked better than Raphael, and without trying, for he seemed to be a spontaneous sort of boy. And how that boy did sing! He was the soprano of the choir, and he had a voice of heavenly sweetness. When he opened his mouth and tossed back his head, he filled the church with exquisite melody.

He sang like a lark, or like an angel. As we never heard an angel sing, that comparison is not worth much. I have seen pictures of angels singing—there is one by Jan and Hubert Van Eyck in the Gallery at Berlin—and they open their mouths like this boy, but I can't say as much for their singing. The lark, which you very likely never heard either—for larks are as scarce in America as angels—is a bird that springs up from the meadow and begins to sing as he rises in a spiral flight, and the higher he mounts the sweeter he sings, until you think the notes are dropping out of heaven itself, and you hear him when he is gone from sight, and you think you hear him long after all sound has ceased.

And yet this boy sang better than a lark, because he had more notes and a greater compass, and more volume, although he shook out his voice in the same gleesome abundance.

I am sorry that I cannot add that this ravishingly beautiful boy was a good boy. He was probably one of the most mischievous boys that was ever in an organ-loft. All the time that he was singing the Vespers, he was skylarking like an imp. While he was pouring out the most divine melody he would take the opportunity of kicking the shins of

the boy next to him, and while he was waiting for his part he would kick out behind at any one who was incautious enough to approach him. There never was such a vicious boy; he kept the whole loft in a ferment. When the monk rumbled his bass in his stomach, the boy cut up monkey-shines that set every other boy into a laugh, or he stirred up a row that set them all at fisticuffs.

And yet this boy was a great favorite. The jolly monk loved him best of all, and bore with his wildest pranks. When he was wanted to sing his part and was skylarking in the rear, the fat monk took him by the ear and brought him forward, and when he gave the boy's ear a twist, the boy opened his lovely mouth and poured forth such a flood of melody as you never heard. And he did n't mind his notes; he seemed to know his notes by heart, and could sing and look off, like a nightingale on a bough. He knew his power, that boy, and he stepped forward to his stand when he pleased, certain that he would be forgiven as soon as he began to sing. And such spirit and life as he threw into the performance, rollicking through the Vespers with a perfect abandon of carriage, as if he could sing himself out of his skin if he liked.

While the little angels down below were pattering about with their wax tapers, keeping the holy fire burning, suddenly the organ stopped, the monk shut his book with a bang, the boys blew out the candles, and I heard them all tumbling down stairs in a gale of noise and laughter. And the Beautiful Boy I saw no more.

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## HOW DROLL!

By M. E.

FOURTEEN little *thin* bugs, caught out in a shower,  
Scrambled quick as lightning into the nearest flower.  
“Dew and honey!” said they all. “Dear me! this is sweet!  
Looks as though it really might be good enough to cat.”  
They smelled it, they tasted it,—“Yes, indeed! it's nice!”  
Leaflet after leaflet vanished in a trice.

By the time the sun came, to chase away the shower,  
There were all the fourteen bugs, but who could find the flower?  
Into it the creatures went; now *it* was in *them*—  
Fourteen little *fat* bugs, sitting on a stem!

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

WINDSOR CASTLE is the chief State residence of the Sovereigns of England. This is a fact, to begin with, which the American boys and girls—for whom I have been asked to write something about Windsor—know as well as I do. So here is a little bit of standing-ground on which we can meet, and, as it were, introduce ourselves to each other. You on the other side of the big Atlantic have probably never seen anything like this great old mediæval castle turned into a palace, and I hope that I, who live under its shadow, may be able to find something to tell you about it not quite so well known as the broad fact with which we have begun. I see this great, beautiful building every day of my life, in the sunshine and in the mists—sometimes standing up proudly over all the summer foliage like a majestic guardian of the peaceful country; sometimes rising gray against the clouds like a dream-castle. I could show you the very window in the Round Tower where the last ray of the sunset lingers longest, and where I think the enchanted princess must surely be sleeping, waiting for her true knight. And when we glide down the river of a summer's evening, you should see how all the towers rise above us, and the pinnacles of St. George's Chapel, and the long line of palace-front, and the rugged strength of the Norman donjon! King Edward Plantagenet built one portion—nay, two Edward Plantagenets had a hand in it, and two Henry Tudors, and Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Anne, and Queen Victoria, not to speak of the Charleses and the Georges. It is as beautiful as the dream of a poet—the noblest royal dwelling-place in Europe; and besides this, it is a long and splendid history done into stone.

Now, this is a thing I should like you to notice in passing, for it is full of interest. The modern houses which are being built nowadays, are built once for all and are done with. But in the old ages an architectural foundation was like a seed, taking root and growing, in soil fruitful or sterile, as the case might be. To go over a castle, a cathedral, a palace, or even a homely little parish church, in England or France or Germany, is often like making a visionary journey through several centuries. Every new prince or bishop, and even every homely squire or rude mediæval baron, made

it his pride and delight to add something new—some durable token that he too, and his generation, had lived there—to the building he loved. If you study the noble art of Architecture, you will soon learn by what changes of form and developments of ornament you can distinguish the handiwork of one century from another; and when you have learned this, you will understand the pleasure of being able to see at a glance where the Norman began his heavy, solid work, and how the next heir threw up a loftier arch and poised a nobler roof upon his hereditary home, and how his grandsons worked the stone into loveliest fret-work of decoration, and all the ages contributed something, till Gothic beauty and variety gave way to Greek



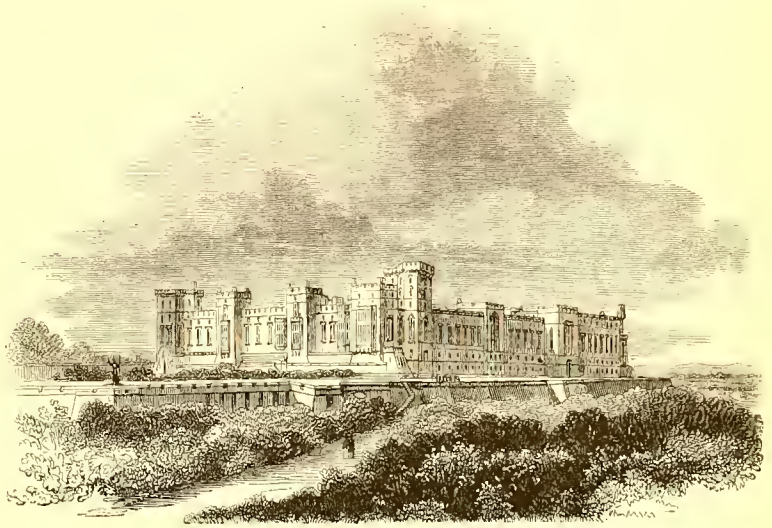
WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

or Italian straight lines and modern comfort. This is one of the great charms of Windsor Castle, as of every other similar building. The Round Tower, which you will see in the picture like the crown of the whole edifice, is in reality its very heart and beginning—the “keep” or “donjon,” for strength and defense, which was the first necessity of primitive times. No one can exactly tell how many old kings, from holy Edward the Confessor, planned, and how many ancient workmen labored at, the lower stories of those massive walls; but the final builder was Edward III., who built them as they stand (though not quite so lofty) six hundred years ago. St. George's Chapel, to the left of the Keep,

was built on that Edward's foundation by Edward IV. and his successor, Henry VII., Henry of Richmond, the first Tudor king. I have not space enough to tell you who built the other towers one by one, the cloisters, and the great square of the Queen's palace on the other side of the Keep. One gate-way is called that of Henry VIII., another of George IV.; neither of these, alas! being very delightful specimens of the *genus* monarch. The old Curfew tower, round and vast and solid, which rises up like a rock out of the hill-side, with the picturesque street of Windsor winding round its base, is perhaps the oldest of all. Hundreds of our flimsy modern houses will disappear, and generations perish, before one corner of that stone-work crumbles. It is as strong and perfect now as the day it was made. The town that clusters about it with red roofs, clinging picturesquely to the skirts of the gray Castle, is as lively now, if not so quaint, as when Sir John Falstaff played naughty pranks there, which Shakespeare betrayed to the world; and as the Queen drives in at the peaceful gates, which now there is no occasion to shut in defense of her, the flag of England goes up upon the Round Tower, fluttering its rich quarterings over the old Keep which Edward Plantagenet built. This flag (you will see it in the picture) makes a beautiful termination and crown to the combination of woods and water—the winding Thames, the leafy slopes, the gray noble walls, pinnacles, battlements, and towers which make up Windsor Castle. It is the sign by which we always know when the Queen is there.

Now the first story I will tell you of Windsor is one which goes back to the first royal builder, whose work is still remaining, and upon whose plans and foundation the whole after edifice has risen. This was King Edward III., who was a great king and soldier, of whom you must have read in your histories, and who fought great battles and made great conquests in France. Do you remember how the burghers of Calais came out to him with halters round their necks, and how his good Queen Philippa interceded for them and saved their lives? But I have not room enough to tell

you anything about King Edward except what is associated with Windsor. Would you like to know who his architect was for those great works he made for us? It was a certain priest called William

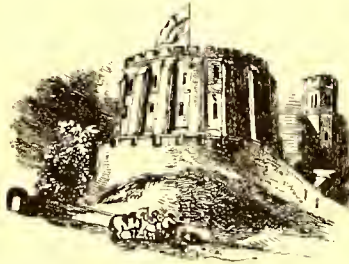


WINDSOR CASTLE—THE GARDEN FRONT.

of Wykeham, of whom some of you must have heard, who was afterward bishop, and founded the great public school at Winchester, and the college called New College at Oxford, now a very old college, but beautiful in architecture, like all he did. This will show you what a great life a priest might have, as well as a king, in those old times—greater still in useful work than in honors and fame. "Wykeham made me," he carved on the door of the great Keep when he had finished it, which Edward was not altogether pleased with, thinking the credit was his rather than his architect's; and the boys at Winchester and the students at "New" still call themselves Wykehamists, and keep their founder's day with affectionate pride in him. This, I think, is true fame.

It must have been a curious scene on the green hill of Windsor ("Wyndleshora" in the Saxon: "winding shore" the antiquaries suppose it means) when architect Wykeham was going about with his plans and his compasses; very likely teased and worried, as architects often are, by the King's perpetual visits, and very generally in want of money, which is an evil shared alike by architects and kings. While King Edward disturbed him by tournaments and revelings, Wykeham built the banquetting hall, and the lodging, such as it was, for the Queen and her ladies, and King Edward's princely but simple chambers, as well as the Round Tower. No doubt he was deeply tried by the war-

like gatherings which the King insisted upon holding continually in the half-inclosed grounds, filling the place with a splendid rabble of knights and squires, and stopping the works perpetually, however the architect might fume. Wykeham, no doubt, had already his great school in his head,



ROUND TOWER, AS BUILT BY EDWARD III.

and was planning it while he measured and calculated and tried to keep his workmen from the tilting-field, where there was so much to be seen and so many passages at arms going on. Probably some of the great-great-great- (add as many greats as you please) grandfathers of you young Americans were spurring in the lists, or looking on outside the barriers, very good subjects of King Edward, and altogether unconscious of the great continent hidden in the mists of the far West; and probably some of them thought with Wykeham that the tournaments were a nuisance, though they were a fine sight to see, stopping work and tempting workmen and apprentices, not to say wives and daughters, away from the workshop and the house. But all the same, they were a very fine sight. Knights out of foreign parts, even from countries at war with England, carrying the safe conducts which King Edward in his chivalrous hospitality had offered; and all that England possessed of gallant and splendid; and brave Scots from over the border, poorer but not less noble, came together in glittering crowds. And the Queen and her ladies sat in balconies, with their beautiful Old World dresses stiff with fine needle-work and precious stones, looking on. We never see a tournament nowadays, except in the theater. A great many years ago a Scotch nobleman made an attempt at one, which you may have heard of—the Eglington Tournament, at which everybody laughed. But no one laughed at them in 1348. They were the finest spectacle and the most splendid meeting-ground of society which those ages knew—"as good as a play," or indeed better, as being all real, sometimes the fighting and all. And in the evening, after baths and grand toilettes, the armor and buff coats all put aside in favor of silken hose and velvet doublets, what stately balls there were in the

new grand St. George's Hall! But if you think all this was mere splendor and amusement, and meant nothing more serious, you are mistaken. King Edward, like his architect, had a great project maturing in his mind through it all.

I have no doubt that you have all heard of the orders of knighthood, which were one of the most characteristic institutions of the middle ages. They have fallen out of use and out of fashion now, except in the limited class of great personages, who still receive the distinction of the Garter, or the Saint Esprit, or the Golden Fleece,—men who are not at all likely to set out through the world in search of adventure, like knights of romance. But even now orders are found to have their use, and a British officer is more deeply gratified by a K. C. B. than he would be by a much more tangible reward; while to Frenchmen, in the early days of the Legion of Honor, its cross was the most sublime recompense that imagination could conceive. If even now these signs of honor are so much prized, you may imagine what they were in the days when the symbol meant much more, and when the order was a true brotherhood in arms, bound by a vow which still had real meaning. And a very noble meaning it was at bottom, though seldom, perhaps, carried out as it ought to have been. Probably a great many of you have heard of King Arthur and his Round Table, one of the oldest and finest fables of Christendom, which Mr. Tennyson has lately revived and made more real to us than ever in his *Idyls of the King*. No nobler moral purpose than that which held this imaginary brotherhood together could be conceived. Their object was to succor the weak, to redress wrong, to punish oppressors, and to defend the injured; and in search of adventure in this sense of the word they were supposed to be continually riding about the world, seeking not whom to devour, but whom to deliver. This, which we have got to consider only as a beautiful vision of poetry, was devoutly believed in during the fourteenth century, and it seemed to King Edward very terrible that in the country of Arthur, the very home of the Round Table, there should be no brotherhood of knights whose badge and society should be sought by the greatest of the sons of men. Other orders, less visionary than that of Arthur, were already existing, religious orders chiefly, with great possessions and wielding immense power, like that of the Knights Templars. King Edward was a wise politician and a great soldier, and no doubt he thought of this order in no romantic point of view as we do, but as a solid support to his throne and advantage to his kingdom. His mind was full of it when he gathered all that fine company about him for the tournaments, which he did not merely for pleasure or

show, but because this promised to be a real advantage and source of strength to his country and throne. It is one peculiarity of the very hard and difficult trade of king, that sometimes its most serious undertakings are carried through under the semblance of pleasure-making and festivities. You may read in the papers to-day how the grim old Emperor of Germany pays visits to other monarchs, and goes to balls, though he is not far from eighty years old. You don't suppose that is for pleasure, do you? or that it is the dancing he is thinking of when he stands by and talks to other kings or prime ministers? In the old days this was still more the case than now. Great banquets, and tournaments, and dances were part of the State business, and King Edward, while he planned out the idea of his Order, and dreamed of the important work it might do for England, knew very well that all his anxious thinkings were not enough to set it bravely going and make it popular, but that he must wait and look out for some happy accident, some chance adventure, that would charm the people, some scene or story which would please their imaginations, and make his elaborate plan look like a fine sudden impulse. You know by your own experience, though you are only boys and girls, that a thing which begins with a story always seems more real than that which is founded on mere dry facts. The people are always more or less of the same mind; and in those distant days, you know, there was very little of what we call education. A great number of the splendid gentlemen who fought in the tournaments could not read, neither could those lovely ladies in the galleries, though some of them were renowned all over Europe; so that something that the minstrels could make songs about, something that could be put into a story, was much more striking and attractive to them than all the State projects and serious patriotic undertakings in the world.

Now King Edward knew this, being a wise man; and instead of taking all these people into his great new hall and making long speeches to them at which they would have yawned, and probably fallen asleep in the midst, he said nothing about his great idea, but prepared all his plans in his mind and waited till something should happen to give him a picturesque beginning. And now I will tell you how this happy occasion came. Some of you, I have no doubt, have heard the story before.

You must not think that King Edward was old, or stiff, or too serious to enjoy everything that was going on, because he had a great many serious things in his mind. On the contrary, he tilted with the best, and danced when the tilting was over, being still in the full force of manhood. There is an

account of his appearance at one of the tournaments, with a white swan on his shield, and his coat worked over with a motto which sounds somewhat profane to our ears, though there was no such intention in it. We should think it also written in the style of a braggart, did any man adopt it now; but that was not the opinion of the time. Some of you, perhaps, could put it into Gothic letters, in which it looks best:

Hay! hay! the White Swan;  
By God's soul I am thy man.

This was a universal challenge to the field, and I don't doubt King Edward got and gave some hard knocks. And perhaps it might be on the evening of this very day when the King had been galloping about the lists, defying all his guests to the friendly but rough encounter, which was all for love, and not in anger, that the occasion he had been looking for arose.

The great banqueting hall of Windsor Castle is still called St. George's Hall, but no doubt it looks very different now from King Edward's hall, which occupied the same position and bore the same name. Many ancient halls, however, still exist in England, so that we can tell how it must have looked. The walls loftier and nobler than any ball-room nowadays, but sterner in decoration as well as much more really beautiful; great stately windows with decorated tracery and painted glass, which shone



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

like jewels; tapestries of wonderful workmanship, upon which many patient women had worked out their lives; no gaudy mirrors, or commonplace glitter of gilding, but plenty of color everywhere, in mural paintings, in pennon and banner and heraldic shield, and in the dresses, above all, which were marvelous combinations of splendid stuffs and priceless embroideries; and the whole lit up

by candles stuck in brass sconces and circles suspended from the roof, the flames waving about a little, no doubt, for the winds got in freely under the lofty vault, and through the great doors. At one end would be the gallery for the musicians, with delicate railings and canopy worked in stone, and the floors were all strewn with fresh green rushes, the luxury of carpets not having yet reached England. Let us hope, however, that there were no rushes where the dancing was, but only about the dais where their Majesties sat and received all their noble guests. But you may be sure King Edward did not sit there long. He was among the dancers as he had been among the knights, ready to say "I am thy man" to whosoever was fairest and sweetest of the three hundred beautiful ladies who were in Queen Philippa's train. There were no waltzes in those days, nor light dresses of tulle or tarletan to be torn in the scuffle, but stately measures, beautifully danced to much less rapid music than ours, in which the ladies and gentlemen had room to show themselves, and were obliged to keep perfect time, and move with courtly grace as ladies and gentlemen ought. In most of these dances one pair "trod their measure" at a time, while the others looked on, no doubt making their criticisms. And when it came to the King's turn to perform with his beautiful partner, you may imagine how all the courtiers crowded to look on.

When—but at this one holds one's breath—as they went through their dance with stately bows and curtsies, she probably very proud of her position as partner to the King, he courteous and gracious, but thinking all the time of Arthur's Round Table, and his own order of knighthood, what should happen but that the lady's garter got loose somehow, and dropped, in the midst of all the fine people, at the King's feet! Here was a business! Cannot you imagine the shock, the stir, the pause, the general titter, people staring over each other's shoulders, pointing and whispering, while the unmannerly laughed aloud? There is no harm in a garter, which is a very necessary little article indeed; but one can understand how these unkind people made it look like harm, by their mocking looks, and how the poor lady, abashed and blushing at the moment of her triumph, stood overcome with shame, surrounded by all those fine courtiers tittering at her. When King Edward perceived it, he gave them, however, a practical proof that he was by far the finest gentleman there. He stooped and lifted up the poor little blue band from the floor. "Shame be to him who thinks evil!" he cried, with the honest indignation of a manly soul. This he said as Edward Plantagenet, a knight and gentleman, bound to shield and succor every lady who wanted his help, in small things or great.

But then as he stood in the center of the group, holding the little ribbon, and shaming the mockers, there came to him that happy instinct of kings which so often does more for them than the weightiest counsel. Here was the very accident he wanted, and he seized upon it with royal readiness. "Sirs," he said, "you who laugh at this garter: there is such honor destined for it that whosoever wears it shall think himself happy." And from that day the Order of the Garter was as good as established, being named and settled in the public imagination and in King Edward's mind.

Now many people have laughed at this story, and many have supposed it to bear a less innocent meaning, for in our day, as in King Edward's day, a great number of persons everywhere are ready to think evil. But *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; the shame be to him, everywhere and always, who puts an evil interpretation upon an innocent accident. "Ill-doers are ill-dreaders," one of our Scotch proverbs says; and I think Edward III. gave the world and his courtiers such a lesson that day as became a gentleman and a king,—for of these two, gentleman is the higher title, and in all English speech we write it first, as in duty bound.

Thus the greatest order of chivalry in England, and one of the most famous in Christendom, got its name, a fit name in so far as it embodies that highest grace of courtesy which, like every other noble sentiment, is in the very breath of Christianity, part of the fragrance that ought always to surround the purest of religions. There was no more laughing after that, you may suppose, at the garter, which the noblest there was proud to buckle round his knee, with that pungent motto embroidered on it in the old Norman French, which was the court language in those days—"Honi soit qui mal y pense." For centuries afterward I should not like to have been the man who thought evil of that badge of honor, or dared to whisper a word against it. He would have had short shrift in those fighting days.

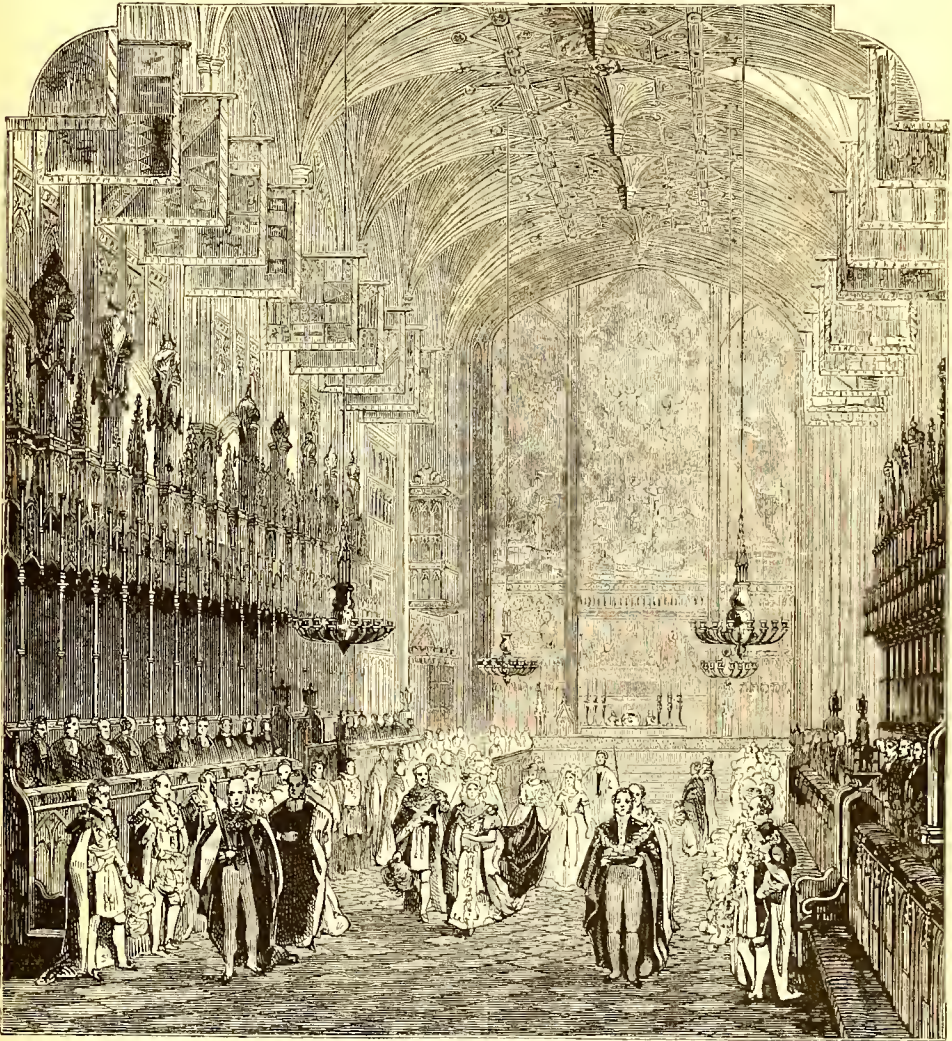
There was more than this, however, to do before the order was fairly founded. First of all there was a chapel wanted in which they might worship God, who, according to tradition, is the founder of all chivalry—and hold their high festivals on St. George's day, and give solemn investiture to each newly chosen knight. And the chapel required a staff of priests and choristers, with lodgings for each learned canon, and school and living for each singing boy. And that poor men might not be left out, while greater men came to honor, the King instituted another Order of Poor Knights, in order to furnish an asylum for old soldiers who had not made their fortunes by their swords. Accordingly the Chapel of St. George's was founded, which now stands perfect, in a later architectural style



than that of Edward III.'s reign,—the richer, if not so graceful, "perpendicular," which came to full maturity in the days of Henry VII., and which is the latest development of purely Gothic architecture in England. Behind are the cloisters and canons' houses; in front of it the curious bright

and over each stall hangs the banner and the sword of the owner. So it has been for nearly six centuries, and so it will be, according to all human probability, for centuries more.

And I wish I could take you into this lovely old chapel when the summer afternoon sunshine has



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

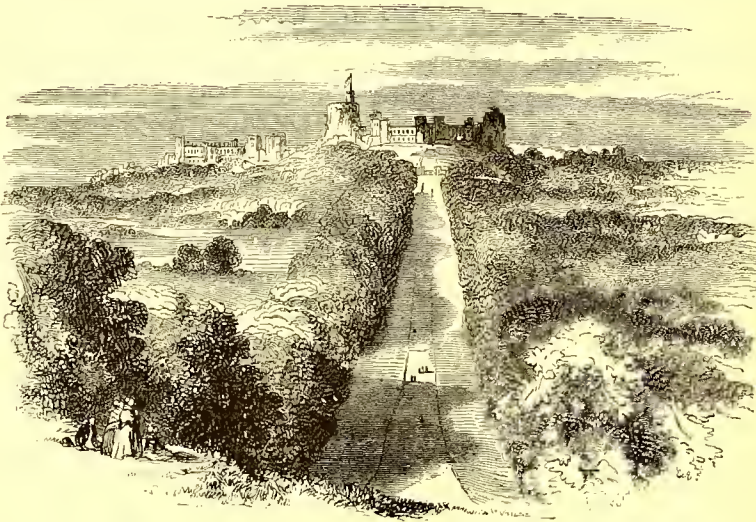
little houses of the Poor Knights. Everything exists still as it was founded then. The canons are church dignitaries, however, nowadays, and the Poor Knights retired officers; and the Chapel of the Order of the Garter is the state chapel of the royal family, where all great ceremonials, marriages, and christenings take place. The choir is fitted up with stalls of beautiful carved work for the knights,

got in—as it does by a trick of its own, through the corner of a big window in the side aisle, high over our heads—and lighted upon the banners hanging there, fluttering them with sudden touches of gold. The chorister boys in their white surplices down below, with fresh little faces that might be the faces of angels (though they are no better boys than the rest of us), stand up and sing the psalms and canticles,

to glorious music of Handel and Mozart, as if their whole hearts were in it; and when the service is just over, the officiating clergyman reads a prayer peculiar to the place. "God bless our most gracious Sovereign the Queen, and all the Companions of the most noble Order of the Garter," is what he says daily, morning and evening, as his predeces-

sors have said it for these last six hundred years. This is how our old England carries unconsciously, naturally as the air she breaths, the old into the new.

In the next chapter I will try to tell you how a young captive prince, out of his prison window, fell in love with a beautiful lady in her garden, and what became of this young pair and their race.



THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR.

## THE CHOICE.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

I WOULD not be a leaf, oh no,  
 To wait for April winds to blow  
 Before I should have power to grow;  
 I would not be a leaf, to lose  
 The red and gold of autumn hues,  
 And drop when giddy winds should choose;  
 I would not be a brook that strays  
 Through pastures and sweet hidden ways,  
 And nowhere loiters or delays,—  
 A brook that hurries here and there,  
 Whether the day be dark or fair,  
 Till caught within the frost's white snare;  
 I would not be a bird that weaves  
 Her dainty nest beneath the eaves,

And has no peace for fear of thieves;  
 I would not be a bird to trill,  
 And teach my fledglings with a will,  
 And find one day the nest quite still;  
 I would not be a bee to roam,  
 Seeking the sweetness far from home  
 With which to fill my honey-comb;  
 Nor would I be a red rose, born  
 With many a hidden cruel thorn,  
 Where children's fingers might be torn.  
 But I would simply choose to be  
 A little child at mother's knee,  
 Of years that number one, two, three,—  
 O that is far the best for me!

## THE PETERKINS DECIDE TO KEEP A COW.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

NOT that they were fond of drinking milk, nor that they drank very much. But for that reason Mr. Peterkin thought it would be well to have a cow, to encourage the family to drink more, as he felt it would be so healthy.

Mrs. Peterkin recalled the troubles of the last cold winter, and how near they came to starving, when they were shut up in a severe snow-storm, and the water-pipes burst, and the milk was frozen. If the cow-shed could open out of the wood-shed, such trouble might be prevented.

Tony Larkin was to come over and milk the cow every morning, and Agamemnon and Solomon John agreed to learn how to milk, in case Tony should be "snowed up" or have the whooping-cough in the course of the winter. The little boys thought they knew how already.

But if they were to have three or four pails full of milk every day, it was important to know where to keep it.

"One way will be," said Mrs. Peterkin, "to use a great deal every day. We will make butter."

"That will be admirable," thought Mr. Peterkin.

"And custards," suggested Solomon John.

"And syllabub," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And cocoanut cakes," exclaimed the little boys.

"We don't need the milk for cocoanut cakes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought they might have a cocoanut tree instead of a cow. You could have the milk from the cocoanuts, and it would be pleasant climbing the tree, and you would not have to feed it.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "we shall have to feed the cow."

"Where shall we pasture her?" asked Agamemnon.

"Up on the hills, up on the hills," exclaimed the little boys, "where there are a great many bars to take down, and huckleberry-bushes!"

Mr. Peterkin had been thinking of their own little lot behind the house.

"But I don't know," he said, "but the cow might eat off all the grass in one day, and there would not be any left for to-morrow, unless the grass grew fast enough every night."

Agamemnon said it would depend upon the season. In a rainy season the grass would come up very fast, in a drought it might not grow at all.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that is the worst of having a cow, there might be a drought."

Mr. Peterkin thought they might make some calculation from the quantity of grass in the lot.

Solomon John suggested that measurements might be made by seeing how much grass the Bromwicks' cow, opposite them, eat up in a day.

The little boys agreed to go over and spend the day on the Bromwicks' fence, and take an observation.

"The trouble would be," said Elizabeth Eliza, "that cows walk about so, and the Bromwicks' yard is very large. Now she would be eating in one place, and then she would walk to another. She would not be eating all the time, a part of the time she would be chewing."

The little boys thought they should like nothing better than to have some sticks, and keep the cow in one corner of the yard till the calculations were made.

But Elizabeth Eliza was afraid the Bromwicks would not like it.

"Of course, it would bring all the boys in the school about the place, and very likely they would make the cow angry."

Agamemnon recalled that Mr. Bromwick once wanted to hire Mr. Peterkin's lot for his cow.

Mr. Peterkin started up.

"That is true; and of course Mr. Bromwick must have known there was feed enough for one cow."

"And the reason you did n't let him have it," said Solomon John, "was that Elizabeth Eliza was afraid of cows."

"I did not like the idea," said Elizabeth Eliza, "of their cow's looking at me over the top of the fence, perhaps, when I should be planting the sweet-peas in the garden. I hope our cow would be a quiet one. I should not like her jumping over the fence into the flower-beds."

Mr. Peterkin declared that he should buy a cow of the quietest kind.

"I should think something might be done about covering her horns," said Mrs. Peterkin; "that seems the most dangerous part. Perhaps they might be padded with cotton."

Elizabeth Eliza said cows were built so large and clumsy, that if they came at you they could not help knocking you over.

The little boys would prefer having the pasture a great way off. Half the fun of having a cow would be going up on the hills after her.

Agamemnon thought the feed was not so good on the hills.

"The cow would like it ever so much better," the little boys declared, "on account of the variety. If she did not like the rocks and the bushes, she could walk round and find the grassy places."

"I am not sure," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but it would be less dangerous to keep the cow in the lot behind the house, because she would not be coming and going, morning and night, in that jerky way the Larkins' cows come home. They don't mind which gate they rush in at. I should hate to have our cow dash into our front yard just as I was coming home of an afternoon."

"That is true," said Mr. Peterkin; "we can have the door of the cow-house open directly into the pasture, and save the coming and going."

The little boys were quite disappointed. The cow would miss the exercise, and they would lose a great pleasure.

Solomon John suggested that they might sit on the fence and watch the cow.

It was decided to keep the cow in their own pasture; and as they were to put on an end kitchen, it would be perfectly easy to build a dairy.

The cow proved a quiet one. She was a little excited when all the family stood round at the first milking, and watched her slowly walking into the shed.

Elizabeth Eliza had her scarlet sack dyed brown a fortnight before. It was the one she did her gardening in, and it might have infuriated the cow. And she kept out of the garden the first day or two.

Mrs. Peterkin and Elizabeth Eliza bought the best kind of milk-pans of every size.

But there was a little disappointment about the taste of the milk.

The little boys liked it and drank large mugs of it. Elizabeth Eliza said she never could learn to love

milk warm from the cow, though she would like to do her best to patronize the cow.

Mrs. Peterkin was afraid Amanda did not understand about taking care of the milk; yet she had been down to overlook her, and she was sure the pans and the closet were all clean.

"Suppose we send a pitcher of cream over to the lady from Philadelphia to try," said Elizabeth Eliza; "it will be a pretty attention before she goes."

"It might be awkward if she did n't like it," said Solomon John. "Perhaps something is the matter with the grass."

"I gave the cow an apple to eat yesterday," said one of the little boys, remorsefully.

Elizabeth Eliza went over, and Mrs. Peterkin too, and explained all to the lady from Philadelphia, asking her to taste the milk.

The lady from Philadelphia tasted, and said the truth was that the milk was sour!

"I was afraid it was so," said Mrs. Peterkin; "but I did n't know what to expect from these new kinds of cows."

The lady from Philadelphia asked where the milk was kept.

"In the new dairy," answered Elizabeth Eliza.

"Is that in a cool place?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Eliza explained it was close by the new kitchen.

"Is it near the chimney?" inquired the lady from Philadelphia.

"It is directly back of the chimney and the new kitchen-range," replied Elizabeth Eliza. "I suppose it is too hot!"

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Peterkin, "that is it! Last winter the milk froze, and now we have gone to the other extreme! Where shall we put our dairy?"

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## THE FLOSCULE.

BY MARY TREAT.

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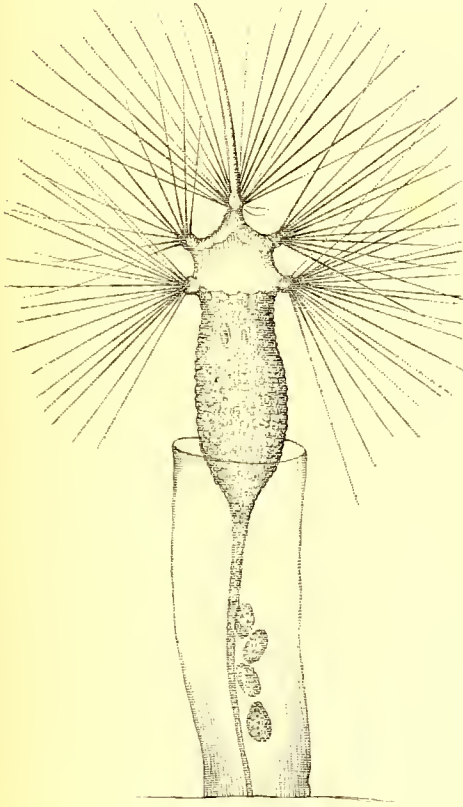
ON the following page you see a curious animal which the microscope reveals. It is called a Floscule. There are several species of Floscule, but the one here represented is, perhaps, as odd and novel as any that we have seen. The creature lives in a transparent, glass-like house that, when magnified, looks very much like the candy-jars that we see in the confectioners' shops. The house is securely

fastened to some leaf or stem that grows under water. It seems to be a good housekeeper; how it manages to keep its house so neat and clean, with the door always open, is a mystery. Perhaps there is a transparent door that we have not yet discovered, that prevents the particles of dirt from entering the house.

We frequently find as many as seven or eight

eggs in the Floscule's house, and there it moves about to suit its convenience; sometimes they are scattered about, at other times we find them in a nice little pile.

The Floscule does not always show off to good advantage; it settles down in a heap in the bottom



THE FLOSCULE, MAGNIFIED.

of its house, and then it does not look much like anything alive, but if we watch it awhile we will soon see it move. It has a voracious appetite, and has to depend upon its own exertions for a livelihood. When it wants its dinner it rises up and stands on a long foot-stalk; the foot is securely fastened to the bottom of the house, and the most tempting dinner will not induce it to leave its house;

so we always find our Floscule at home. The foot-stalk is about as long as the house; so the whole body can be outside of the house, while the foot is firmly planted within.

The Floscule is a good deal like some people that I know; when it is within its house it is a very plain-looking body indeed, but as it rises to go out, it dons its holiday attire, and very fascinating and brilliant it looks. It reminds me of the story of Cinderella, when the fairy godmother waves the wand that transforms the plain Cinderella into the beautiful princess; so the Floscule when it comes to the door of its house waves a wand, and now its beauties begin to unfold. The wand is attached to the creature, and while it is waving it about, five lobes appear, from which radiate numerous gossamer-like filaments which glisten in the light, making it a marvel of beauty. We wonder if all this beauty is simply for a trap to capture prey for the Floscule's dinner?

If we watch it awhile, I fear we shall be obliged to come to this conclusion. A tiny animal becomes entangled among the gossamer filaments, and now the wand is moved over it and forces it into the wide opening, where there is room for the little creature to swim about; but if it attempts to escape, the opening contracts, and this sudden movement forces the little victim into the jaws of the Floscule.

The Floscule is a very sensitive creature—quick to take alarm; a slight tap on the microscope, or on the table on which the microscope stands, will send it quickly into its house. It does not seem to be aware that it lives in a glass house, where all its movements can be plainly seen; but the house, no doubt, is a protection against marauding animals, or it would not drop down so quickly when alarmed.

The mother Floscule takes very good care of her eggs, but as soon as the tiny Floscules are hatched she sends them adrift. She will not have her house turned topsy-turvy by a lot of young ones—she is too good a housekeeper for that; so the poor little things go drifting about for a while, as if they did not know what to do. Part of them are pretty sure to fall a prey to some voracious animal, while the remainder become attached to some water-plant, where they soon grow to respectable-sized Floscules, and have houses of their own, and settle down to staid housekeepers, like their parents before them.

## THE ANGELS' LADDER.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.



“ If there were a ladder, mother,  
 Between the earth and sky,  
 As in the days of the Bible,  
 I would bid you all good-bye,  
 And go through every country,  
 And search from town to town,  
 Till I had found the ladder,  
 With angels coming down.

“ Then I would wait, quite softly,  
 Beside the lowest round,  
 Till the sweetest-looking angel  
 Had stepped upon the ground ;  
 I would pull his dazzling garment,  
 And speak out very plain :  
 ‘ Will you take me, please, to heaven,  
 When you go back again ? ’ ”

“ Ah, darling,” said the mother,  
 “ You need not wander so  
 To find the golden ladder  
 Where angels come and go.  
 Wherever gentle kindness  
 Or pitying love abounds,  
 There is the wondrous ladder,  
 With angels on the rounds.”

## THE LITTLE HOUSES ON THE TELEGRAPH-POLES.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.



FASTENED to the telegraph-poles in New York City there are five hundred and forty-eight little houses, in each of which dwells an invisible spirit with greater powers than the fairy godmother who made a carriage for Cinderella out of pumpkins and horses out of mice. They are built of iron and painted green, and look for all the world like post-office boxes. Indeed, I have been told that honest country folks visiting the city sometimes almost wrench them to pieces with their umbrellas in trying to get their letters in.

Under the eaves of these little houses there is a bit of a glass window, behind which is a blind with some printing on it, and the printing says that a key to the door may be found at the baker's or the tailor's or the shoemaker's over the way. But the possessor is forbidden to loan it, unless there happens to be a fire in the neighborhood and the spirit is wanted to go on an errand. So, in order that we may have a peep within, we will enlist the services of a friend of mine who is a city fireman, and who carries a duplicate key in his pocket.

When the door is opened, we look into the front room; let us call it the parlor, and, like many other parlors, it is cold and bare. The only furniture is a little knob projecting from one of the walls. The back room, which the fireman opens with another key, is much more interesting, however; and it is here that the wonderful spirit is imprisoned in a curious-looking little machine, with brass cog-wheels, levers and springs, which is set in motion by that simple knob in front.

He is on duty all the year round. Pull the knob, and he will fly like a flash of lightning over the wire that enters the house from behind, telling the firemen throughout the city that they are wanted, and where. His name is Electricity, and his house is called a fire-alarm telegraph-box. So you will see that I am writing something more real than a fairy-story, although the facts I have to relate are about a kind of giants and dwarfs.

The Fire Department of New York City, which electricity controls, is the finest and most extensive in the world. Great big London and brilliant Paris have nothing to compare with it. It costs us a good deal of money to keep it going, but we are proud of it, and no one who has seen it at work can fail to admire it. The engines and horses are the best that can be obtained, and the men are skillful and brave. Perhaps you have stood in some street when an alarm of fire has been sent out from one of the boxes. A minute or two afterward a fireman has dashed around the corner, clearing the way for his engine, which has followed along behind at race-horse speed, with bells ringing and a trail of smoke pouring from the chimney,—the wheels a bright scarlet, and every bit of brass-work throwing back the sunshine in blinding rays. Then the hose carriage has come,—a drum on wheels, with hundreds of yards of leather tubing wrapped around it, and half a dozen men clinging to their seats for their lives, and slipping on their coats as they were whirled onward. It seemed like a cavalry charge in a battle, and has stirred your blood with excitement. The busiest man on the thronged street has paused to watch the heroes galloping to their work. The vehicles in the roadway, that were all wedged in together, have drawn aside and left a clear passage in the center.

So, within a few minutes of the time of the alarm, the gallant firemen have reached the burning building, and have scaled the walls and poured torrents of water on the flames, perhaps putting them out in less than half an hour, and perhaps fighting them for the greater part of a day.

The moment the knob in the little house is pulled, all the cog-wheels revolve with a noise like clock-work, and Electricity leaps out of the roof and along the wires with a warning to the engine-houses. Away he goes over the highest buildings in the city, up this street, down that street, now along a narrow cornice seventy feet high, then around a church steeple, stopping for the millionth part of a second on a fifth story, then down to the ground, never pausing until he alights at his destination with a crash like the sound of a bad boy tumbling through the roof of a glass house.

And when he arrives there? What then? Well, I will tell exactly what happens then; but before doing that, I must ask you to swallow a few nice, dry, important facts.

You understand, of course, that no great business attends to itself, and in the Fire Department each man has a particular place and some particular duties assigned to him. The whole city, from the Battery Park at one end to Fordham at the other, is divided into districts, each of which has a certain number of alarm-boxes and station-houses in it. The station-houses are occupied by companies of firemen, and are built of brick, three stories high, with wide green gates in front. The first floor is level with the street, and contains the engine, in the rear of which are stalls for the horses. On the

of whiteness that would do a tidy woman's heart good. The kalsomine on the walls is spotless, and a great big brass gong shines like a miniature sun. The engine, standing in the center, is as bright as though it had just come from the builder's hands. Its wheels are painted a flaming scarlet, and every bit of brass-work is a looking-glass. Yet it was at a fire only last night, and was drenched with water and clouded with smoke. The furnace is filled with fuel, and a brand of cotton soaked in kerosene lies near by, ready to be lighted the moment it is wanted. Perhaps you have not observed



GOING TO A FIRE.

second story there is a sitting-room, nicely carpeted and papered, containing a small library and pictures of celebrated firemen on the walls. Above this are the dormitories, with long rows of narrow iron beds, and a wash-room. Altogether, these station-houses look very comfortable, and many boys will, perhaps, consider a fireman's a very desirable life.

Suppose that you and I drop into one quite by chance some afternoon or evening; it matters little what the hour is, for the firemen have no respite, and are on duty all day and all night.

As we enter the house from the street, we are at first impressed with the marvelous neatness of everything. The floors are scrubbed to a degree

the pipe that comes up through the floor. But if you look at the little dial over the furnace, you will see that twenty-five pounds of pressure are registered, which amount of steam is constantly maintained in the boiler by means of this pipe, which is attached to another boiler in the cellar beneath; so that when the engine is called out, and her own fire is lighted, she is immediately ready for use.

In the stalls behind the front apartment three plump, well-groomed horses are securely haltered, with the pet name of each written in golden letters over his bed. Some of the firemen, who are mostly young, wiry, and muscular, are in the parlor overhead, reading or playing dominoes. Others are chatting in the rear yard.



Although the station is on a noisy thoroughfare, it is as quiet as a church within, and an overfed kitten is coiled up in tranquil sleep on the doormat. But a surprise is in store for us, and when it comes it shakes our nerves.

Crash! The roof seems to be falling in. Crash! crash! crash! again and again. The three horses come galloping out of the stable one after the other, and stop short in front of the engine and hose-carriage. The men leap about like bounding Arabs. There is a rattle of harness; the drivers spring to their seats, and the wide doors fly open. Ready!

And the captain of the station, who has been standing quietly in a corner with his watch in his hand, comes toward us, who are dumbfounded, and smilingly says to us: "Exactly thirteen seconds, gentlemen!" What on earth does he mean? Simply that, in order to show us what his men could do, he gave a false alarm, and that a little more than a quarter of a minute after Master Electricity had sounded the gong, every man was at his

place, horses were harnessed, and all things were ready for a fight with the flames.

Whenever the knob in the little houses on the telegraph-poles is pulled, the same things occur in at least four engine-houses. The moment the hammer of the gong falls, which it does when touched by that marvelous fellow Electricity, it disengages the horses from their halters by a connecting iron rod, and they, trained to their duties, spring to their places with as much eagerness as the men. The same signal tells exactly where the fire is, and within ten minutes four engines are on the spot, sucking water from the mains and throwing it eighty or ninety feet high.

If the knob is pulled a second time, four more engines are called; and if again, four more; and by repeating the call, all the engines in the city may be brought to the ground.

Does n't all this recall the story of Jack the Giant-killer to your mind? Electricity is Jack, who, although such a bit of a fellow, has the power to command this great giant of the Fire Department.

## THE STORY OF JON OF ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

### CHAPTER VII.

AT the end of two weeks, Sigurd's wife received a letter from her brother, and it was better than she had dared to hope. Magnus wrote that his wife was dead, his son was a student in Copenhagen, and he was all alone in the big house at Rejkiavik. He was ready to give Jon a home, even to take herself and her husband, provided the latter could sell his farm to good advantage and find some employment which would add to his means. "He must neither live an idle life, nor depend on my help," Magnus said; and his sister felt that he was right, although he told the truth in rather a hard, unfriendly way.

She read the letter to Sigurd next morning, as he was lying very weak and quiet, but in his right mind. His eyes slowly brightened, and he murmured, at last, with difficulty:

"Sell the farm to Thorsten, for his eldest son, and go to Magnus. Jon will take my place."

Jon, who had entered the room in time to hear these words, sat down on the bed and held his father's hand in both his own. The latter smiled

faintly, opened his lips to speak again, and then a sudden quivering passed over his face, and he lay strangely still. It was a long time before the widow and children could believe that he was dead. They said to each other, over and over again, amid their tears: "He was happy; the trouble for our sakes was taken away from his heart;"—and Jon thought to himself: "If I do my best, as I promised, he will be still happier in heaven."

When Sigurd's death was known, the neighbors came and helped them until the funeral was over, and the sad little household resumed, as far as possible, its former way of life. Thorsten, a rich farmer of Kyrkedal, whose son was to be married in the spring, came, a few weeks later, to make an offer for the farm. No doubt he hoped to get it at a low price; for money has a greater value in Iceland, where there is so little of it. But the widow said at once: "I shall make no bargain unless Jon agrees with me;" and then Jon spoke up, looking a great deal more like a full-grown, honest man, than he supposed:

"We only want the fair value of the farm, neigh-

bor Thorsten. We want it because we need it, and everybody will say it is just and right that we should have it. If we cannot get that, I shall try to go on, and do my father's work. I am only a boy now, but I shall get bigger and stronger every year."

"Thy father could not have spoken better words," said Thorsten.

He made what he considered a fair offer, and it was very nearly as much as Jon and his mother had reckoned upon; the latter, however, insisted on waiting until she had consulted with her brother Magnus.

Not many days after that, Magnus himself arrived at the farm. He was a tall man, with dark hair, large gray eyes, a thin, hard mouth, and an important, commanding air. It was a little hard for Jon to say "uncle" to this man, whom he had never seen, and of whom he had heard so little. Magnus, although stern, was not unfriendly, and when he had heard of all that had been said and done, he nodded his head and said:

"Very prudent; very well, so far!"

It was, perhaps, as well that the final settlement of affairs was left to Uncle Magnus, for he not only obtained an honest price for the farm, but sold the ponies, cows, and sheep to much better advantage than the family could have done. He had them driven to Kyrkedal, and sent messengers to Skalholt and Myrdal, and even to Thingvalla, so that quite a number of farmers came together, and they had dinner in the church. Some of the women and children also came, to say "good-bye" to the family; but when the former whispered to Jon: "You 'll come back to us some day, as a pastor or a *skald*" (author), Magnus frowned and shook his head.

"The boy is in a fair way to make an honest, sensible man," he said. "Don't you spoil him with your nonsense!"

When they all set out together for Reykiavik, Jon reproached himself for feeling so light-hearted, while his mother and Gudrid wept for miles of the way. He was going to see a real town, to enter school, to begin a new and wonderful life; and just beyond Kyrkedal there came the first strange sight. They rode over the grassy plain toward the Geysers, the white steam of which they had often seen in the distance; but now, as they drew near a gray cone, which rose at the foot of the hill on the west, a violent thumping began in the earth under their feet. "He is going to spout!" cried the guide, and he had hardly spoken when the basin in the top of the cone boiled over furiously, throwing huge volumes of steam into the air. Then there was a sudden, terrible jar, and a pillar of water, six feet in diameter, shot up to the height of nearly a

hundred feet, sparkling like liquid gold in the low, pale sunshine. It rose again and again, until the subterranean force was exhausted; then the water fell back into the basin with a dull sound, and all was over.

They could think or talk of nothing else for a time, and when they once more looked about them the landscape had changed. All was new to the children, and only dimly remembered by their mother. The days were very short and dark, for winter was fast coming on; it was often difficult to make the distance from one farm-house to another, and they twice slept in the little churches, which are always hospitably opened for travelers, because there are no inns in Iceland. After leaving the valley, they had a bitterly cold and stormy journey over a high field of lava, where little piles of stones, a few yards apart, are erected to guide the traveler. Beyond this, they crossed the Raven's Cleft, a deep, narrow chasm, with a natural bridge in one place, where the rocks have fallen together from either side; then, at the bottom of the last slope of the lava-plains, they entered the Thingvalla Forest.

Jon was a little disappointed; still, he had never seen anything like it. There were willow and birch bushes, three or four feet high, growing here and there out of the cracks among the rocks. He could look over the tops of them from his pony, as he rode along, and the largest trunk was only big enough to make a club. But there is no other "forest" in Iceland; and the people must have something to represent a forest, or they would have no use for the word!

It was fast growing dark when they reached Thingvalla, and the great shattered walls of rock which inclose the valley appeared much loftier than by day. On the right, a glimmering water-fall plunged from the top of the cliff, and its roar filled the air. Magnus pointed out, on the left, the famous "Hill of the Law," where, for nearly nine hundred years, the people of Iceland had assembled together to discuss their political matters. Jon knew all about the spot, from the many historical legends and poems he had read, and there was scarcely another place in the whole world which he could have had greater interest in seeing. The next morning, when it was barely light enough to travel, they rode up a kind of rocky ladder, through a great fissure called the *Allmannagjá*, or "People's Chasm," and then pushed on more rapidly across the barren table-land. It was still forty miles to Reykiavik,—a good two days' journey at that season,—and the snows, which already covered the mountains, were beginning to fall on the lower country.

On the afternoon of the second day, after they had crossed the Salmon River, Magnus said:

"In an hour we shall see the town!"

But the first thing that came in sight was only a stone tower, or beacon, which the students had built upon a hill.

"Is that a town?" asked Gudrid; whereupon the others laughed heartily.

Jon discreetly kept silent, and waited until they had reached the foot of the beacon, when—all at once—Rejkiavik lay below them. Its two or three hundred houses stretched for half a mile over a belt of land between the sea and a large lake. There was the prison, built all of cut stone; the old wooden cathedral, with its square spire; the large, snow-white governor's house, and the long row of stores and warehouses, fronting the harbor—all visible at once! To a boy who had never before seen a comfortable dwelling, nor more than five houses near together, the little town was a grand, magnificent capital. Each house they passed was a new surprise to him; the doors, windows, chimneys and roofs were all so different, so large and fine. And there were more people in the streets than he had ever before seen together.

At last, Magnus stopped before one of the handsomest dwellings, and helped his sister down from her pony. The door opened, and an old servant came forth. Jon and Gudrid, hand in hand, followed them into a room which seemed to them larger and handsomer than the church at Kyrkedal, with still other rooms opening out of it, with wonderful chairs, and pictures, and carpets upon which they were afraid to walk. This was their new home.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

EVEN before their arrival, Jon discovered that his Uncle Magnus was a man who said little, but took good notice of what others did. The way to gain his favor, therefore, was to accept and discharge the duties of the new life as they should arise. Having adopted the resolution to do this, it was surprising how soon these duties became familiar and easy. He entered the school, where he was by no means the lowest or least promising scholar, assisted his mother and Gudrid wherever it was possible, and was so careful a messenger that Magnus by degrees intrusted him with matters of some importance. The household, in a little while, became well-ordered and harmonious, and although it lacked the freedom and home-like feeling of the lonely farm on the Thiörvá, all were contented and happy.

Jon had a great deal to learn, but his eagerness helped him. His memory was naturally excellent, and he had been obliged to exercise it so constantly—having so few books, and those mostly his own written copies—that he was able to repeat, cor-

rectly, large portions of the native *sagas*, or poetical histories. He was so well advanced in Latin that the continuance of the study became simply a delight; he learned Danish, almost without an effort, from his uncle's commercial partner and the Danish clerk in the warehouse; and he took up the study of English with a zeal which was heightened by his memories of Mr. Lorne.

We cannot follow him, step by step, during this period, although many things in his life might instruct and encourage other earnest, struggling boys. It is enough to say that he was always patient and cheerful, always grateful for his opportunity of education, and never neglectful of his proper duties to his uncle, mother, and sister. Sometimes, it is true, he was called upon to give up hours of sport, days of recreation, desires which were right in themselves but could not be gratified,—and it might have gone harder with him to do so, if he had not constantly thought: "How would my father have acted in such a case?" And had he not promised to take the place of his father?

So three years passed away. Jon was eighteen, and had his full stature. He was strong and healthy, and almost handsome; and he had seen so much of the many strangers who every summer come to Rejkiavik,—French fishermen, Spanish and German sailors, English travelers, and Danish traders,—that all his old shyness had disappeared. He was able to look any man in the eyes, and ask or answer a question.

It was the beginning of summer, and the school had just closed. Jon had been assisting the Danish clerk in the warehouse; but toward noon, when they had an idle hour, a sailor announced that there was a new arrival in the harbor; so he walked down the beach of sharp lava-sand to the wooden jetty where strangers landed. A little distance off shore a yacht was moored; the English flag was flying at the stern, and a boat was already pulling toward the landing-place. Jon rubbed his eyes, to be sure that he saw clearly; but no! the figure remained the same; and now, as the stranger leaped ashore, he could no longer contain himself. He rushed across the beach, threw his arms around the man, and cried out: "Lorne! Lorne!"

The latter was too astonished to recognize him immediately.

"Don't you know me?" Jon asked; and then, half laughing, half crying, said in Latin: "To-day is better than yesterday."

"Why, can this be my little guide?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "But to be sure it is! There are no such wise eyes in so young a head anywhere else in the world."

Before night the traveler was installed in the

guest-room in Uncle Magnus's house; and then they truly found that he had not forgotten them. After supper he opened a box, and out there came a silver watch for Jon; a necklace, that could not be told from real pearls, for Gudrid; and what a shawl for the mother! Even Uncle Magnus was touched, for he brought up a very old, dusty bottle of Portugal wine, which he had never been known to do before, except one day when the Governor came to see him.

"And now," said Mr. Lorne, when he was a little tired of being thanked so much. "I want

fields sparkled in the blue of the air. They saw many a wild and desolate landscape, but also many a soft green plain and hay-meadow along the inlets of the northern shore; and in the little town of Akureyri Jon at last found a tree—the only tree in Iceland! It is a mountain-ash, about twenty feet high, and the people are so proud of it that every autumn they wrap the trunk and boughs, and even the smallest twigs, in woolen cloth, lest the severity of the winter should kill it.

They visited the *Myvatn* (Mosquito Lake) in the north-eastern part of the island, saw the volcanoes



A HALT ON THE JOURNEY.

something in return. I am going, by way of the Broad Fiord, to the northern shore of Iceland, and back through the desert; and I shall not feel safe unless Jon goes with me."

"Oh!" cried Jon.

"I am not afraid this time," said Gudrid.

Magnus looked at his sister, and then nodded. "Take the boy!" he said. "He can get back before school begins again; and we are as ready to trust him with you, as you are to trust yourself with him."

What a journey that was! They had plenty of ponies, and a tent, and provisions in tin cans. Sometimes it rained or snowed, and they were wet and chilly enough at the end of the day, but then the sun shone again, and the black mountains became purple and violet, and their snows and ice-

which last year occasioned such terrible devastation, and then crossed the great central desert to the valley of the Thiörvá. So it happened that Jon saw Gudridsdale again, but under pleasanter aspects than before, for it was a calm, sunny day when they reached the edge of the table-land and descended into the lovely green valley. It gave him a feeling of pain to find strangers in his father's house, and perhaps Mr. Lorne suspected this, for he did not stop at the farm, but pushed on to Kyrkedal, where the good old pastor entertained them both as welcome guests. At the end of six weeks they were back in Reykiavik, hale and ruddy after their rough journey, and closer friends than ever.

Each brought back his own gain—Mr. Lorne was able to speak Icelandic tolerably well, and Jon was

quite proficient in English. The former had made the trip to Iceland especially to collect old historical legends and acquire new information concerning them. To his great surprise, he found Jon so familiar with the subject, that, during the journey, he conceived the idea of taking him to Scotland for a year, as an assistant in his studies; but he said nothing of this until after their return. Then, first, he proposed the plan to Magnus and Jon's mother, and prudently gave them time to consider it. It was hard for both to consent, but the advantages were too evident to be rejected. To Jon, when he heard it, it seemed simply impossible; yet the preparations went on,—his mother and Gudrid wept as they helped, Uncle Magnus looked grave,—and at last the morning came when he had to say farewell.

The yacht had favorable winds at first. They ran along the southern shore to Ingolf's Head, saw the high, inaccessible summits of the Skaptar Jökull fade behind them, and then Iceland dropped below the sea. A misty gale began to blow from the south-west, forcing them to pass the Faroe Islands on the east, and afterward the Shetland Isles; but, after nearly coming in sight of Norway, the wind changed to the opposite quarter, and the yacht spread her sails directly for Leith. One night, when Jon awoke in his berth, he missed the usual sound of waves against the vessel's side and the cries of the sailors on deck—everything seemed strangely quiet; but he was too good a sleeper to puzzle his head about it, so merely turned over on his pillow. When he arose the quiet was still there. He dressed in haste and went on deck. The yacht lay at anchor in front of buildings larger than a hundred Rejkiaviks put together.

"This is Leith," said Mr. Lorne, coming up to him.

"Leith?" Jon exclaimed; "it seems like Rome or Jerusalem! Those must be the king's palaces."

"No, my boy," Mr. Lorne answered, "they are only warehouses."

"But what are those queer green hills behind the houses? They are so steep and round that I don't see how anybody could climb up."

"Hills?" exclaimed Mr. Lorne. "Oh, I see now! Why, Jon, those are trees."

Jon was silent. He dared not doubt his friend's word, but he could not yet wholly believe it. When they had landed, and he saw the great trunks, the spreading boughs, and the millions of green leaves, such a feeling of awe and admiration came over him that he began to tremble. A wind was blowing, and the long, flexible boughs of the elms swayed up and down.

"Oh, Mr. Lorne!" he cried. "See! they are praying! Let us wait awhile; they are saying

something—I hear their voices. Is it English?—can you understand it?"

Mr. Lorne took him by the hand, and said: "It is praise, not prayer. They speak the same language all over the world, but no one can understand all they say."

There is one rough little cart in Rejkiavik, and that is the only vehicle in Iceland. What, then, must have been Jon's feelings when he saw hundreds of elegant carriages dashing to and fro, and great wagons drawn by giant horses? When they got into a cab, it seemed to him like sitting on a moving throne. He had read and heard of all these things, and thought he had a clear idea of what they were; but he was not prepared for the reality. He was so excited, as they drove up the long street to Edinburgh, that Mr. Lorne, sitting beside him, could feel the beating of his heart. The new wonders never ceased: there was an apple-tree, with fruit; rose-bushes in bloom; whole beds of geraniums in the little gardens; windows filled with fruit, or brilliant silks, or silver-ware; towers that seemed to touch the clouds, and endless multitudes of people! As they reached the hotel, all he could say, in a faltering voice, was: "Poor old Iceland!"

The next day they took the train for Lanark in the neighborhood of which Mr. Lorne had an estate. When Jon saw the bare, heather-covered mountains, and the swift brooks that came leaping down their glens, he laughed and said:

"Oh, you have a little of Iceland even here! If there were trees along the Thiörvá, it would look like yonder valléy."

"I have some moorland of my own," Mr. Lorne remarked; "and if you ever get to be homesick, I'll send you out upon it, to recover."

But when Jon reached the house, and was so cordially welcomed by Mrs. Lorne, and saw the park and gardens where he hoped to become familiar with trees and flowers, he thought there would be as much likelihood of being homesick in heaven as in such a place.

Everything he saw tempted him to visit and examine it. During the first few days he could scarcely sit still in the library and take part in Mr. Lorne's studies. But his strong sense of duty, his long habits of patience and self-denial, soon made the task easy, and even enabled him to take a few more hours daily for his own improvement. His delight in all strange and beautiful natural objects was greatly prolonged by this course. He enjoyed everything far more than if he had rapidly exhausted its novelty. Mr. Lorne saw this quality of Jon's nature with great satisfaction, and was very ready to give advice and information which he knew would be earnestly heeded.

It was a very happy year ; but I do not believe that it was the happiest of Jon's life. Having learned to overcome the restlessness and impatience which are natural to boyhood, he laid the basis for greater content in life as a man. When he returned to Rejkiavik, in his twentieth year, with a hundred pounds in his pocket and a rich store of knowledge in his head, all other tasks seemed easy. It was a great triumph for his mother, and especially for Gudrid, now a bright, blooming maiden of sixteen. Uncle Magnus brought up another dusty bottle to welcome him, although there were only six more left ; and all the neighbors came around in the evening. Even the Governor stopped and shook

hands, the next day, when Jon met him in the street. His mother, who was with him, said, after the Governor had passed : " I hope thy father sees thee now." The same thought was in Jon's heart.

And now, as he is no longer a boy, we must say good-bye to him. We have no fears for his future life ; he will always be brave, and manly, and truthful. But, if some of my readers are still curious to know more of him, I may add that he is a very successful teacher in the school at Rejkiavik ; that he hopes to visit Mr. Lorne, in Scotland, next summer ; and I should not be in the least surprised if he were to join good old Dr. Hjaltalin, and come to our Centennial.

THE END.

## SNOW-SHOES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

PERHAPS not many boys who read this magazine ever see enough snow to make it worth while to have a pair of snow-shoes ; but I would like to tell



AN INDIAN TRAPPER ON SNOW-SHOES.

all the boys, and girls too, something about them, and then I will describe a very simple method of making a pair which will answer every purpose.

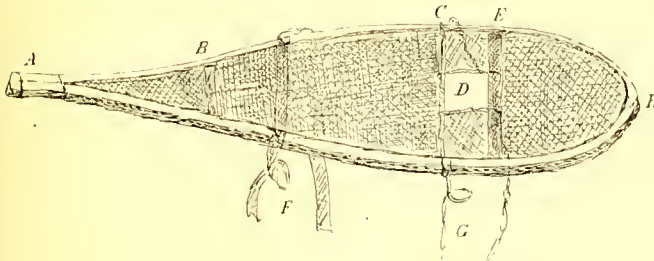
You all know that the Canadian winters are very severe, and that the ground is covered with snow for almost half of the year. The roads are covered up and all the paths in the woods are hidden, and the trappers only know their way by marks on the trees. Now, if they should try to walk with only boots upon their feet, they would sink into the snow, for the same reason that the runners of a sled would sink. But if the area or surface of the runners or of the boots can be increased, the sled or the man may avoid sinking. We have seen, in the February *ST. NICHOLAS*, how a sled can be made which overcomes this difficulty, and which is called a toboggan. Now that we have satisfactorily settled the question of riding upon the snow, we will turn to another and more important one, and ask : " How can a man walk on the snow ? " The remedy is found by using snow-shoes, which are very light, and which give such a large surface that one who uses them cannot sink down into the snow even if he tries to do so.

In Quebec one may see a great variety of snow-shoes. Many trappers used to go there with their furs. In the summer, when they were not hunting, they would make snow-shoes, which the white people used. The white people still use these shoes, and it is considered a very fashionable thing to go on a " snow-shoe tramp," as it is called. There are clubs of gentlemen in Canada, formed for this purpose ; and when distinguished strangers

go over there, they are often invited, not much to their satisfaction, to tramp over the snow with the Canadians, who have been used to such things all their lives. The custom originated with the In-

the braces should fit into the long strip, and should be fastened with nails.

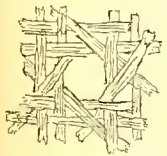
Now comes the hardest part of the work,—to weave a strong, light covering which will fill up the whole of the frame-work. You can use either small strips of sheep-skin, or you can cut a small hide into lengths no larger round than a shoe-string. If you can find any rattan, you can split it and use the splinters just as the men do who make cane-seated chairs. In fact, that is just what you want; and the nearer you weave your work like the bottom of a chair the better it will be. I have drawn a picture of the way in which the seat of a chair



A SNOW-SHOE.

dians, as I have said. On the preceding page is a picture of a trapper who has on his snow-shoes. He is out on a solitary hunt, and is looking for some animal whose fur he wants far more than he wants his flesh.

Some of the boys who read this live in the northern part of the United States, and they have all



HOPELESS CONFUSION.

the snow they want, and perhaps they have the snow-shoes too. But I know that there are a great many boys who live where there is enough snow in the year to pay them for having snow-shoes, and many of these have never seen such articles, and so I will tell how they can be made. You first need to take a long strip of oak or ash, about one inch broad and one-third or one-half of an inch thick. The length should be about six feet, but for a large boy it would be well to have the length eight feet. Your first move will be to bend this long strip in the shape of the shoe, as shown in the cut below. This can easily be done by steaming the strip at the middle point, H. It would be well to insert the braces at B and E, before fastening the two ends at A. The ends of

is woven, and have called it "hopeless confusion," because I do not think you can copy it in your work. It would be easier for you to try the way which I have shown in the opposite cut, and weave your strips as closely together as possible. You must bore or burn holes all about your frame-work, for the purpose of receiving and fastening the ends of your thongs or splinters, as the case may be. Do not have all of these holes in line with the grain of the wood, or else you may split the frame-work.

At C you must have a very strong cord or thong, with two others at right angles to the brace E. The object is to leave a hole at D for the heel. A is the toe of the shoe, and it is fastened to your boot by leather straps or cords at F and G.



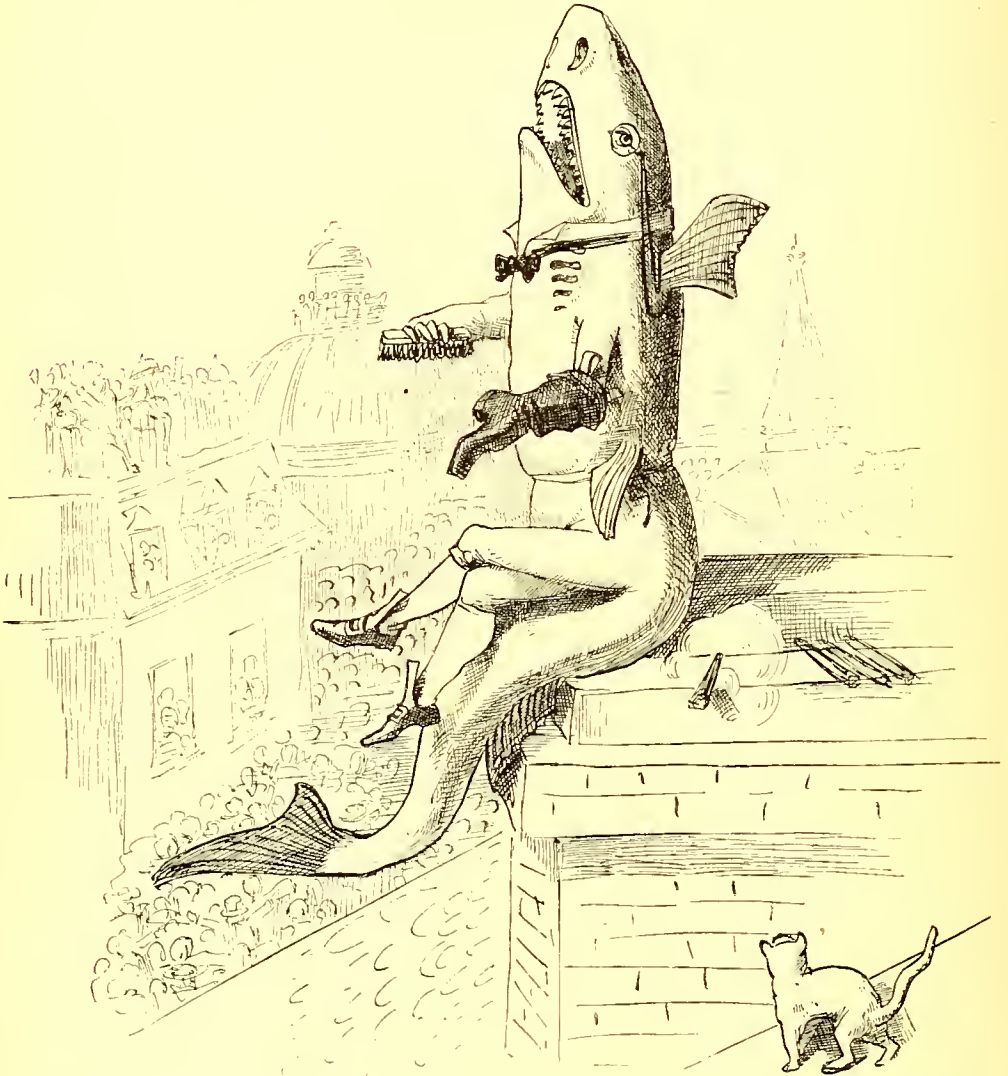
UNDER AND OVER.

You will find that it will be an easy matter to make two such shoes; and then, whenever a heavy snow comes, you can walk over it wherever you please. But you must be careful to behave yourselves while you are out on a tramp, because everybody can tell by the tracks just where you have been; and if anything wrong happens on your line of march, it may be charged to you.



## THE SHARK.

BY L. E. R.



OH, blithe and merrily sang the shark,  
 As he sat on the house-top high,  
 A-cleaning his boots, and smoking cheroots,  
 With a single glass in his eye.

With Martin and Day he polished away,  
 And a smile on his face did glow,  
 While merry and bold the chorus he trolled  
 Of "Gobble-em-upsky ho!"

He sang so loud he astonished the crowd  
 Which gathered from far and near,  
 For they said, "Such a sound in the country round  
 We never, no never did hear."

He sang of the ships he'd eaten like chips,  
 In the palmy days of his youth;  
 And he added, "If you don't believe it is true,  
 Pray examine my wisdom tooth!"



He sang of the whales who'd have given their tails  
 For a glance of his raven eye;  
 And the swordfish too, who their weapons drew,  
 And vowed for his sake they'd die.

But blithe as a lark the merry old shark  
 Sat on the sloping roof;  
 Though he said, "It is queer that no one draws near  
 To examine my wisdom tooth!"

He sang about wrecks, and hurricane decks,  
 And the mariner's perils and pains,  
 Till every man's blood up on end it stood,  
 And their hair ran cold in their veins.

He carolled away by night and by day,  
 Until he made every one ill;  
 And I'll wager a crown that unless he's come down  
 He is probably carolling still.

## HELPING ALONG.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Now she has got a moral fit, and is trying to be dreadful good. She always does so after being naughty," said a little friend of mine, glancing at a younger sister with the superior air of one who was never naughty.

The meek, repentant expression of the other child changed at once to a half-sullen, half-defiant look, and she turned away grieved and angered by the very voice that should have been full of kindly encouragement in the well-doing so hard to most of us.

We often witness little scenes like this, and very naturally wonder why children are sometimes so unsympathetic, why trying to be good should excite ridicule instead of respect, and why, when we all know by experience how hard it is to do right, we are not more ready with the helping hand, the hearty "Cheer up and try again," which is so sweet and comforting.

This is work that "we girls" are eminently fitted for by nature and by grace, if we choose to see and make the duty ours. The gift of sympathy is a very lovely one,—more lasting than beauty, more useful than many an accomplishment, more magical than any art a woman can possess, for it is the key that opens hearts, a passport to the hidden world of romance that lies behind our every-day life, the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Not the sentimental sympathy ready to gush into tears at the loss of a pet bird, and to exhale in sighs when the test of real trouble comes. But the power of reading in the faces of those about us something of the hopes, the doubts and needs that live in all of us; the skill to answer a wistful

look with a cordial Can-I-help-you? glance, and put into the grasp of a hand the subtle warmth that telegraphs without a word the glad message, "Here's a friend."

It must be genuine, simple and sincere, with no thought of reward, though wonderful returns are made from most unexpected sources, as in the dear old fairy tales the beggar whom the good girl feeds gives her a gift that smooths her way through life.

I think we cannot begin too early to cherish this winsome grace both in ourselves and others. Fathers and mothers, set a good example, which brothers and sisters should follow, glad and proud to stand loyally by one another through both defeats and victories.

I well remember how helpful was this sort of sympathy in my own tempestuous girlhood, when every day was a struggle with the trials that beset a strong-willed, hot-tempered child. A look, a word, a warning gesture; and often going to my little journal to record with tragic brevity, "A bad day," I found a line or two waiting for me full of the tender disappointment that goes deeper than reproach, the never-failing belief in the possibility of success, the sweet assurance that "Mother never forgets to ask God to help the little daughter trying to be good."

Next to mothers come sisters, and to them I earnestly recommend the subject, for I cherish a cheerful belief that the girls of the present are going to profit by the work of the girls of the past so well that the girls of the future will have a splendid start.

"Boys are so horrid nobody *can* be patient with them," says many a sister, driven to her wit's end by

the manifold transgressions of the brothers, whom she too often regards as inflictions to be lamented over and got rid of as soon as possible. The boy's rude enjoyments, droll mishaps and soaring aspirations have no interest for the girl, busy with her gentle pleasures, little duties, and romantic dreams. So they grow apart, and years later, when the man has done something to be proud of, the woman wants to share the glory; or if he fails and troubles come, the sister, taught by her own experience, longs to comfort him; but now it is a hard task, for the hearts are shut, and it is almost impossible to establish in a day the affectionate confidence which should have grown with their growth, and too late they learn how much they might have been to one another if they had only begun in time.

Girls are quick to see and feel many things that escape other eyes, and how can they use this power better than in watching over the more adventurous and willful spirits of the boys? Bear and forbear, help them to shun temptation, be ready for the first sign of repentance, and try to make it easy for the proud or stubborn to say the hard words, "I am sorry." No matter how absurd or inconvenient a form the penitence may take, never laugh at it or put it by as of no value. A repulse just at the tender moment may lock up a confidence that never will come back. No matter how often the solemn resolutions are broken, believe that amendment is *always* possible, and be to those brothers what I heard a sister once called, with looks that were blessings, "Our Conscience."

As young people like stories better than sermons, and have great skill in finding the moral, if there is any, I will sugar-coat my little pill with an incident which illustrates this point exactly.

A certain scapegrace—Johnny by name—tormented his sister's kitten, and being discovered, excused his cruelty by saying coolly:

"Well, a cat's got nine lives, and I don't see any harm in hanging her a little, 'cause if she does lose one she's got eight more to fall back on."

The anguish of Sue over the injured darling was great, and a day of solitary confinement on bread and water did not seem too severe a punishment for the hard-hearted boy who could even think of harming a downy white kit like Puff.

But as night came on, Sue began to relent, for Pussy was so lively that partial suffocation really did seem to agree with her, and the vision of poor lonely Johnny, with his three slices of bread and three mugs of water, rose before her in the most pathetic manner.

Getting a free pardon from the higher powers, she went to bear the glad tidings, but peeped through the key-hole first to see how it was likely to be received. A somewhat limited view of the

cell revealed the prisoner's head lying on his arm, and a candle in dangerous proximity to his curly pate.

"Poor Johnny!" breathed tender Sue, and, unlocking the door, she entered, beaming with peace and good-will.

But brief as had been her delay in getting the key to turn, an entire change had come over the captive, and no sign of "poor Johnny" could be discovered in the unrepentant-looking boy who sat with his boots on the table, hands in his pockets, and an expression of the utmost unconcern upon his youthful countenance.

"I thought you might like to know that Puff is quite comfortable again," began Sue, rather daunted by this sudden change.

"Course she is! can't kill a cat so easy as all that," with a contemptuous shrug.

"Would n't you like to come down now?"

"Don't care particularly about it."

"Please do care, Johnny, for I'm lonely if you are n't. No one shall say a word about it, and we'll all be glad to see you back."

Johnny put his feet down and moved uneasily in his chair, for Sue had smoothed the way to freedom so sweetly, his bottled up remorse began to work within him.

"Did *you* ask father?"

"Yes; I knew you would n't do it again, and must be very tired of staying here so long."

"Oh, I've been busy, and had lots of fun making that."

Lifting the light, Johnny proudly displayed upon the wall the motto, "Do as you would be done by," made of what at first looked like a series of queer, black blots.

"That is a very good one for you to have," began Sue, then started back with an irrepressible "Ow!" for on going nearer to admire, she discovered that the blots were beetles of some sort.

"Oh, Johnny, how horrid! What are they? How could you do so to those poor things?"

"Cockroaches; and you need n't howl, for they were all as dead as Julius Cæsar before I put a pin into 'em."

Then, as if some explanation were necessary, and this a good opportunity to make the *amende honorable*, he added, soberly:

"You see, when I came up, I was so mad I planned to put all the bugs and things I'd caught in my trap into your bed and pockets, and down your back, first chance I got. But I had to wait, and somehow my mad all went off, and then I thought I'd have a motto, something like those you've got. The one in your room has leaves and ferns around it, and I had n't a thing but these old chaps lying around. Don't you know, in that Dick-

ens' book, one of the fellows makes a picture of dried skeets? I thought I'd try the cockies, and it was great fun putting 'em up. Neat thing, is'n't it?"

The utter absurdity of the golden rule being framed in starved cockroaches never struck Johnny, but it did Sue, and she was on the brink of a laugh, when a glance at the boy's face, as he surveyed his work with pensive satisfaction, made her smother her merriment, by a great effort, and try to answer gravely.

"I never saw anything so curious; and I do hope you will remember not to be cruel, for papa says really brave people never are, and I know you are n't a coward, for you never hit a boy smaller than yourself," gently moralized Sue.

"I'd be a mean sneek if I did!" exclaimed Johnny with scorn.

"Then I should n't think you'd hurt a poor little cat, who cannot fight one bit," added Sue, feeling that she had got him now.

No answer from Mr. John, who suddenly affected to be absorbed with a refractory roach, who would twirl round on his pin instead of pointing gracefully upward in the last letter of the word "You." But Sue saw a slight pucker round his mouth, and knew that it was all right, for that peculiar pucker was a sure sign that emotions of the tender sort were getting under weigh. So she put her hand on his arm, whispering, with a gentle pat:

"You need n't *szj* you are sorry, for Puff and I forgive and forget. Wont you please come down, dear; I can't enjoy myself a bit if you don't."

"You go along, I'll come in a minute," from Johnny in the gruff tone that Sue knew by experience was the last growl of the storm.

But she had barely time to get to the dark corner of the hall when there was a rush from the rear, a rough arm came round her neck, a kiss went off like a pistol shot, and a voice that was no longer gruff, said, all in one hearty, incoherent burst:

"I *am* sorry, I never will again, you're a first-class girl, and I'll keep the old cockies up there forever 'n' ever, to make me remember to be as good to cats and things as you are to me!"

Sue had many a laugh afterward to pay her for the one so wisely smothered at that critical moment, and Johnny's repentance, though it took a droll form, was sincere, for he laid the words of the cockroach motto to heart, and tried to be worthy the love and respect of a "first-class sister."

School-mates and bosom friends can do a great deal for one another in this direction, not by constant fault-finding, but by patiently trying to cure the faults in the kindest way. There are plenty of little reforms in manners and habits, as well as in thoughts and feeling, to be undertaken, and the

best test of friendship is this mutual help and confidence.

I once heard about a set of girls who felt it their duty to tell one another their faults with entire frankness; in fact they quite exerted themselves to drag forth the hidden weaknesses of their young souls, all with the best intentions in life. Of course a general explosion soon followed, and the eternal friendships lasted about a week.

A wise observer interested in these attempts at "culture," as the girls called it, suggested that, instead of looking for faults, they should try to discover and strengthen the virtues in one another, remembering that only those without sin may throw stones at their neighbors.

The damsels tried the plan, and it is pleasant to know that it succeeded admirably, and many lasting friendships rose from the ruins of the Candor Club and the Palace of Truth.

Here is another little story in which some younger girls learned the same lesson in another way:

Two sisters were at school together, one a general favorite, the other almost universally disliked, owing to an unfortunate temper which was always giving and taking offense. Being as proud as passionate, the poor child felt keenly the prejudice against her, and tried to conquer it; but her efforts took such odd or inconvenient shapes that they were received with laughter, incredulity, or coldness.

Even her sister, annoyed by her freaks and wearied by her short-lived repentances, seemed to shut her out from the happy world in which the others lived amicably together, and little Jane, after hotly resenting this banishment, retired into herself to mourn over her own iniquities with all the helpless anguish of a sensitive, unhappy child.

No one guessed the little tragedy going on in Janey's heart, but left her to herself till accident betrayed how much she suffered and how severely she was punishing herself for the faults all condemned, yet no one helped her to cure.

A teacher, going her rounds one night to see if all was safe in the dove-cot, found Johnny lying on the floor beside the bed in which her sister lay, snugly tucked up and fast asleep. Thinking that the restless child had fallen out, the teacher stooped to waken her, but saw that this chilly couch had been purposely chosen, for a corner of the bed-side carpet was folded over Janey's feet, and under her cheek lay a little handkerchief, still wet with secret tears.

Surprised and touched, the lady stood a moment, feeling that this was some self-inflicted penance of the odd child's, which must be stopped, yet might be turned to good account if rightly treated.

Lifting the little icicle, she carried her away to a

warm room, and Janey waked up with an arm about her, a kind face bending over her, and a motherly voice saying, "Tell me all about it, dear."

Taken off her guard, Janey's reserve melted like mist before the sun, and the full heart involuntarily overflowed at the first gentle touch.

"No, I did n't fall out, I went on purpose when Fan was asleep," began Janey, unable to resist questions that were accompanied by caresses.

"But why?"

"I heard the big girls reading about some good folks who did such things to make them better. I'm so bad nobody *can* love me, not even Fan, and so I tried this way, though I can't ever be a saint, I know."

"This is not the first time, then? and this is how you get such colds and chilblains?" exclaimed the teacher, wondering what revelation would come next.

"Oh, I want to have them, for if I ache and sneeze it makes me remember better than black marks or scoldings. Those good people had prickly belts and whips, and things that I can't have; but colds do very well, and chilblains are first-rate," answered the young martyr for conscience' sake, chafing the poor feet, which were nearly as red as the flannel nightgown she wore.

"But, Janey, dear, there is no need of punishing yourself like this. You will get sick, and that would grieve us all," began the teacher, touched to the heart by these innocent confessions.

"No, I don't think anybody would care *much*. P'r'aps if I died the girls might cry a little, and be sorry they were n't kinder to me when I was alive. I'd like them to know I tried to be pleasanter, though they did n't believe me when I said so. Do you think they would then?" asked the child, with a sob, as if her morbid imagination already pictured the pathetic scene and rather enjoyed it.

Feeling that something must be done at once, the teacher promised to speak to the girls, and assure them of Janey's sincerity in her efforts at reformation. But Janey stood in such dread of their ridicule she was terror-stricken at the idea, and would only consent to Fan's being told in strict secrecy; and after much comfortable counsel, was about to depart to bed in a happier frame of mind, when another sprite appeared.

It was Fanny, who had waked to find her sister gone, and, being rather conscience-pricked for her late neglect, had come to "kiss and make up."

Seizing the propitious moment, the teacher told the story of Janey's private penances so well, that long before the tale was done there were two red nightgowns cuddling on the rug, two faces cheek to cheek, two little sisters promising to love, and trust, and help one another truly, truly all their lives.

I hope they did, for in this troublous world of ours there is no braver, better work, for young or old, than that of patiently, kindly lending a hand and helping along.



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

## THE FIGHTING FLEET.

BY MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

"WILL," said Lulu Ashley, as she was helping her brother "clear up" their play-room, "what can it be that rattles so in this box? I must look and see,"—and suiting the action to the word, she opened the box. "Oh, Will!" she exclaimed, "if here is n't our old game of guns!"

"Well, what of that?" asked Will.

"Why, don't you remember what fun we had with them last fall?"

"Yes, of course; but our soldiers are all gone."

"Well, let's make some forts and ships, and have a naval battle."

"I declare we might. That is n't a bad idea for a girl," said Will, condescendingly.

Lulu did not mind the slight. She helped Will shove the kindling-box and basket into the closet, and then they sat down on the sofa, little Alice looking on in admiration, and crowding her head between theirs while they examined the contents of the box. There were three little black pop-guns and an abundance of ammunition in the shape of dried peas.

"What fun we did have with those guns!" said Lulu, "and how nicely brother Herbert made them!"

"Pooh!" said Will, "they are easy enough to make."

"Yes," assented Lulu, "like the egg Columbus stood on end—easy enough if you once know how."

That our boys and girls may know how to make them, I will describe these guns that Lulu's older brother, Herbert, had made. He took strips of soft pine wood, five and a half inches long and about an inch thick, and bored them out

with a number-five auger. These formed the bodies of the guns, and were painted black. The ramrods he made of red cedar. These were left nearly square at the top, a little place being hollowed out, as at A, Fig. 2; the rest was whittled down to about the size of a common pencil, and rubbed with sand-

paper. The ram-

rods were then

fitted into the guns. They slipped easily in and out. Next Herbert cut strips of India-rubber about six inches long, and put one on each gun, as at B, Fig. 1, carrying it along one side, over the top (where it fitted as at C, Fig. 1, into the hollow or groove) and down on the other side, securing it on both sides with a piece of string, as at D, Fig. 1.

The ramrod can be drawn out at the top, the shot put into the end of the gun, and the ramrod let go with a snap. The spring is very powerful and the gun very strong.

The children already had three of these, so they did not have to make any more; but Lulu's idea of forts and ships found favor with Will, and he began drawing some models. After several attempts, he decided upon the following plan, made on cardboard.

Fig. 4, on the next page, represents one side of the vessel; the other side is like it, but is reversed. The places marked X are the port-holes for the guns, and are to be cut out. The bows (A, Fig. 4) of both sides are pasted together, and little strips of paper should be pasted on, overlapping both sides, to help hold them in place. Then the deck (Fig. 9) must be pasted along the edges and set in, just above the port-holes. Fig. 5 represents the lower part of the

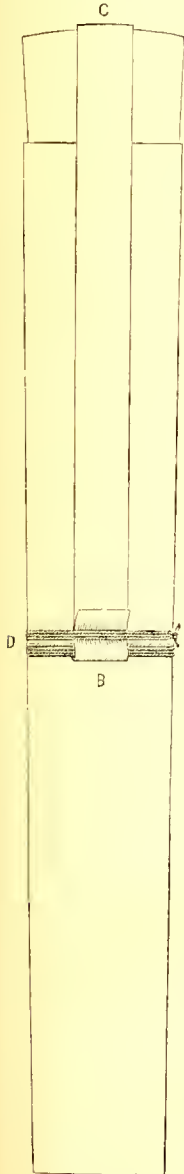


FIG. 1.—THE POPGUN.

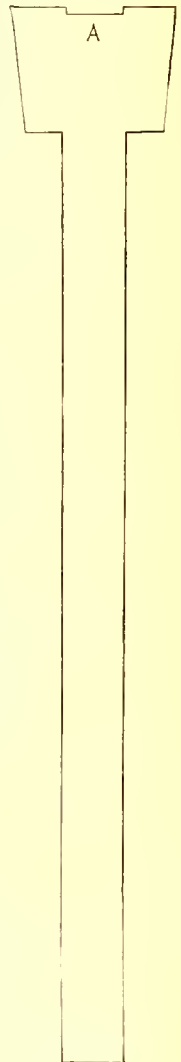


FIG. 2.—THE RAMROD.

stern. A piece of paper, of the same width and about an inch long, should be pasted upon the

the bow they are short, and must be made gradually longer to "amidships," decreasing in length



FIG. 4.—SIDE OF THE MAN-OF-WAR.

under side of each end (F and G), and should overlap about half an inch. The stern should then be bent to the right curve and fastened, by the overlapping strips, to the under side of the end of Fig. 4 at B. Care should be taken that the lines match. The upper part of the stern, represented by Fig. 6,

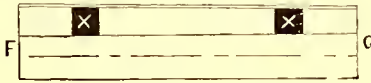


FIG. 5.—LOWER PART OF STERN.

is put on in the same way; being longer than the lower part, this projects beyond it in the curve.

The smoke-stack (Fig. 7) is made of soft pine, whittled in shape and painted black, and is glued to the deck at I, Fig. 9. Three little holes should be made in the deck at the places marked H, a little square of card-board should be pasted under them, and the holes continued through these squares. The holes may be made with a large-sized darning-needle or shawl-pin. The masts are then made, of soft pine, of the same size and shape as Fig. 8. The masts are each of two pieces (C and D), and are lashed together at E with black thread. The top of the mainmast must be longer than the two others. The rigging is illustrated by Fig. 10. The cross-bars (J and K) are made of pins, with their points inserted in the wood; L and M are threads which twist around the mast where the two parts join, and pass at N and O through needle-holes on the sides of the vessel, where they are neatly tied; these help to support the mast and keep it in place.

Fig. 11 represents a cannon; this is made of soft

from there to the stern. They are passed through opposite port-holes, under the deck, so that each piece represents two guns, except the two at the stern. These may rest on the last side gun. All



FIG. 6.—UPPER PART OF STERN.

should project a little beyond the body of the vessel, and they all should be pasted to the edges of the port-holes to keep them in place. With a little flag rigged to the mizzen-mast—of any size, shape, or design approved by the young builder—the little man-of-war is complete; and if the card-board is strong and the paste or glue of good quality, it will turn out a trim and stout little ship, capable of standing under considerable fire.

Will made two of these, one for his cousin Fred, who was to visit them the next day, and one for himself. Lulu made the fort. She did very well, with some help from papa. Her model is given in Fig. 12. The places marked X are to be cut out. The back and the two sides are like this front (Fig. 12), except that they have no door. The portcullis, D or iron door, is given in Fig. 13. This must be set into the door-way and pasted in place with a thin strip of paper put upon the under side, and set half upon the door and half upon the body of the building, to act like a hinge. When this is dry the door may be opened and shut. The front and sides are pasted together at the edges, and wooden cleats are set into the corners and glued there to assist in



FIG. 7. SMOKE-STACK.



FIG. 8 MAST.

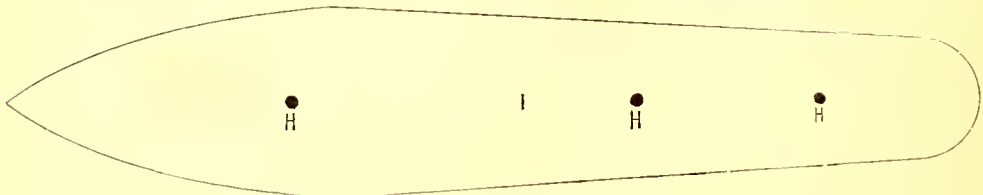


FIG. 9.—DECK.

pine and painted black. The man-of-war in our illustration carries sixteen guns. These are of different length, owing to the shape of the vessel; at

holding the posts firmly together. The back is put on in the same way. Care should be taken to fit the edges of the card-board neatly together.

Lulu did not consider her fort finished until a bright little flag floated above it. Will drew the flags for both vessels and the fort, and Lulu cut them out and painted them.

Before bed-time they were all complete, and the tired children stood looking at their work with intense satisfaction.

"Let's clear away all the scraps now, Will," said Lulu, as Will started for the door.

"Oh, no," said he; "wait till morning."

"No," said Lulu firmly; "I made a resolve this afternoon to keep this room tidy, and I'm going to do it. Only

think how much nicer it will be in the morning to find it in order; and it wont take us three minutes, Will."

"Oh, well!" said Will, yawning and stretching his arms; "hurry up then, for I am so sleepy."

Lulu whisked off the scraps and chips on the table, put away the glue, the pencils, scissors, ruler and knife, while Will brushed up the floor and emptied the dust-pan into the wood-box.

"Now," said Lulu, triumphantly, "how much better that looks, and how much nicer it is!"

The next day their cousin Fred came to see them. The children had a holiday, and as the morning

The guns and shot were brought out; the boys each took a ship, and Lulu the fort, from which the first shot was fired. Lulu said the fort belonged to the United States, and the vessels were foreign men-of-war trying to run by. They quickly returned the fire from the fort, and then rattle, rattle, rattle went the shot; snap, snap went the guns, and peal after peal of merry laughter rang from the happy boys and girls. Little Alice looked on in delight, clapping her hands and scrambling after peas on the floor, all of which with great partiality she gave to Lulu, who in the end came off victorious, as she was constantly supplied with ammunition and that of the boys became exhausted.

After the battle, it was found that the Powhatan, Will's vessel, had lost her flag, one mast and two guns. The Empire, Fred's ship, was more fortunate. The Powhatan was quickly repaired, however; and while Will was playing ship's carpenter, Fred proposed to make another fort and a fleet of vessels.

Will hailed the idea with delight. Lulu was eager to begin at once, and said when they were done she would ask Bessie and Harry Newton to come and help in the battle.

So to work they went, and ships—big, little, and middle-sized—were turned out from under their skillful hands with a rapidity that would have astonished a government contractor. The fighting fleet was a great achievement in the eyes of the neighboring boys and girls. Two or three envious ones, however, told Lu she was a "Tom-boy."

"I'm not," said Lulu. "Mamma and papa like

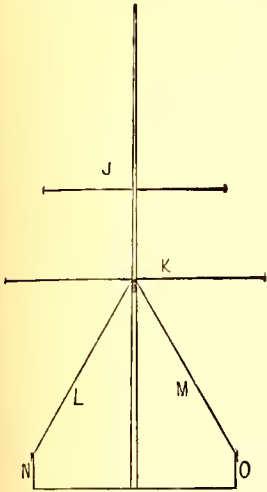


FIG. 10.—RIGGING.



FIG. 13.—THE FORT-CULLIS.



FIG. 14.—THE FLAG.

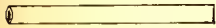


FIG. 11.—A CANNON.

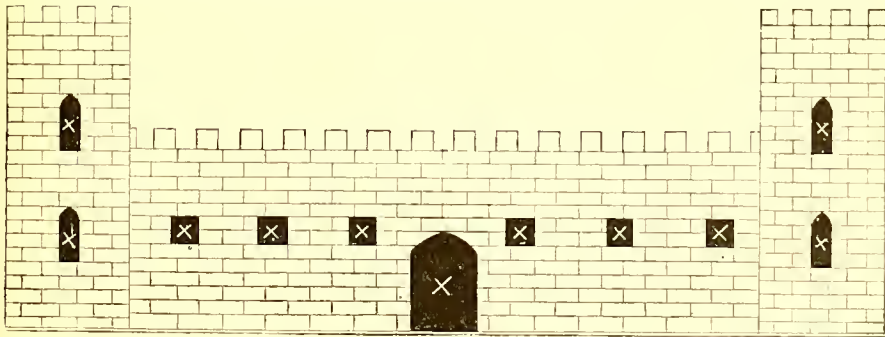


FIG. 12.—THE FORT.

was bright and pleasant they played out of doors; but in the afternoon it rained hard, and then they came in and hurried up to the play-room.

to have me play with my brother and cousins. Papa says good play is the best medicine for children, and keeps nonsense out of their heads."

## THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THE time of gifts has come again,  
 And, on my northern window-pane,  
 Outlined against the day's brief light,  
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.  
 The wayside travelers, as they pass,  
 Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;  
 And the dull blankness seems, perchance,  
 Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see  
 The perfect grace it hath for me;  
 For there the flower, whose fringes through  
 The frosty breath of autumn blew,  
 Turns from without its face of bloom  
 To the warm tropic of my room,  
 As fair as when beside its brook  
 The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,  
 Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,  
 And offer to the careless glance  
 The clouding gray of circumstance.  
 They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,  
 To loving eyes alone they turn  
 The flowers of inward grace, that hide  
 Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,  
 My half-immortal flower, from thee!  
 Man judges from a partial view,  
 None ever yet his brother knew;  
 The Eternal Eye that sees the whole,  
 May better read the darkened soul,  
 And find, to outward sense denied,  
 The flower upon its inmost side!



## HEROD.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"LOOK-A yeah now. Let dat ar dog alone now! Dat ar a dang'ous dog, I tell you! He goes mad mos' every summer."

One always knew when Primus and King Herod were coming down street. The boys from the levees found no better fun than to tease them, while the old slave and the dog, who prided themselves on their aristocracy, both treated the "wharf-rats" with a fine scorn.

"Bring dat rubbish to de Sunday-school?" said Primus to the superintendent. "Fus' thing you know, sah, dey'll be tryin' to get into heaben! Dey've got jess dat much brass!"

Primus looked upon heaven as a retreat reserved for certain good "Virginya famblys," with their house-servants. For himself, he scorned colored churches, and was the most prominent member of the little Sunday-school, and King Herod the only dog allowed to cross its threshold. The old fellow sat just under the stained window, with the hound at his feet, in a class of little boys, spelling over his thumbed, dog-eared Bible. Besides his lesson, he had taken on himself to stir the fire and help carry round the books, and to keep a sharp eye on the boys outside. When service began, Herod took a nap in the vestibule, while Primus devoutly joined in the hymns and slept through the sermon. In short, we children looked upon him as so strong a pillar of the church that, when the Sunday-school had contributed enough money to choose a life member of the Missionary Society, Primus was at once elected. A few weeks after, a gorgeous parchment entitling him to this dignity, engrossed in German text, and with colored seals affixed, arrived, and was framed and hung up in his shanty; and I should like to have heard anybody question his right of way into "heaben" after that!

His little cabin stood on the sunny side of the hill just out of town; the walls were literally half windows, as Primus, who was a tolerable carpenter, had a habit of begging odd sashes out of torn-down houses, and of cutting a place for them in his own. His cot-bed was in front of a square window, the table beside a triangular one, and the dog's carpet under a round one from the old church.

Over the mantel-shelf hung the missionary parchment, and beneath stood a row of tomato-cans with the red labels turned out; in the little shed outside were heaps of wood, coal, a corner cupboard of provisions, and the barrels of vinegar which

Primus called his "manufactory,"—to be sold only, however, to certain "famblys."

The children of these famblys were always making journeys up the hill to see "how comf'ble me and Hérod keeps house togedder." If we were "bores," and "nuisances," and "little pitchers" elsewhere, in Primus's shanty we were guests worthy of high honor. The old man's eyes began to twinkle as he saw us coming up through the paw-paw bushes, and King Herod dashed wildly to and fro (if ever a dog laughed, he laughed then); the fire was piled up, johnny-cake put on the ashes, and delicious sausages set on to sizzle in the pan, while Primus was coaxed out of some of his hunting stories, in which Herod's father and uncles bore a thrilling part.

"Old Mars' Charles he kept none but de best blood of dogs; look at de muzzle now ob dis pup's, and de ears, fine as any lady's. Hi! you He-rod! you laughin' at dat? You 's nuffin' to compar' wid yer fader," winking aside to us, and whispering, "Mus' take he's spirit down. He's awful vain pup."

The pup was older than any of us, except Primus, who might have been born with Methuselah, for all we knew. His woolly hair was white, and hung about his neck; his leather-colored skin crinkled in countless wrinkles, and the half-worn clothes which we carried to him, as soon as he put them on, suddenly took on a look of immeasurable age. Primus, coming like a shadow down the sunny street, knock-kneed and gray, with his big demijohns of vinegar, one in each hand, always seemed to us children to have just walked out of that far-away time of his fairy stories, that "Once upon a time, when turkeys drank wine, and swallows built their nests in old men's beards."

Herod, Primus, and the demijohns made weekly rounds of the "famblys;" they had the freedom of every kitchen and pantry, and there was always a pie, or loaf, or plate of "turkey 'n' fixin's" set away for them to carry back to the corner cupboard. The old man, too, took the keenest interest in all the affairs of the house, from the new wash-tubs to "Miss Embly's furrin' lover from New York." He would trot down by daylight on a winter's morning to know if letters had come from Master Joe, who was ill at college; or protesting that he "could n't sleep all night for thinkin' of dat ar debble of a chimbly, an' had made out a way to make it draw," while Herod stood by as anxious as he. In

fact, Primus talked to him so constantly of such things that the dog, I am confident to this day, understood all about them.

One of the stories Primus told us oftenest was of how he came to own Herod, who was a pure-blooded hound of the best English breed.

"Dis war de on'y mis'able pup ob his mother,—um weak, good-for-not'in' chap; an' Mars' Cha'les

clean blind,' I say. 'I mos' hab make up my mind to drown dat pup, sah.' Well, one day dah was a hunt. Mars' Cha'les he start a buck up de Norf Mountain, an' I had de dogs; an', shore 's you lib, I tuk Herod in my pocket! 'Ef dah 's any life in him,' I say, 'it's got to come out now. Now or nebber!' So I puts him down whah you could see de buck a-tearin' down de gohge, de dogs af'er, pell



HEROD JOINS THE HUNT.

he say, 'Primus, drown dat un; he disparage de pack.' Howseveh, I takes um, an' feeds um, an' nusses um foh two or t'ree months; but 'twant no use. He war allus a-winkin', an' his legs a-shakin' under him. So, Mars' Cha'les he say, 'What foh you keep dat onfortnit creatshure? It's onhuman, forcin' sech a skelington to lib,' he say. But I say, 'He got de blood, sah. De blood ob his fader 's in de skelington.' Howseveh, he gets leaner an' leaner, and winks wus each day. He done gone

mell! high-sky! Ef you'll beleeb me, sah, dat blind pup he staggers up an' he gibs a yow-how, an' he goes off at a swingin' trot! Course he tumbles in de fus' ditch; but de blood hed kum out, sah! Af'er dat, dat pup see as well as any dog, an' he kum in fus' at de death of many a buck. But Mars' Cha'les he say, 'He's your pup, Primus. It wor you dat find de blood in him!'"

The rheumatism laying siege to Primus one winter, he announced his intention of going off to find

this same Master Charles, who, he told us, had "married a rich wife in Missouri. He hab n't seen me dese six year. But he 's 'sponsible fur my keep an' Herod's. Nebber had no free papers."

How the old man and the dog found their way to Missouri nobody ever knew. We were all afraid that "Mars' Cha'les" would have a cool welcome for the helpless pair.

Early one morning in spring we saw a faint smoke curling from the shanty, and there was a rush from the school-house up.

Primus and Herod came out to meet us, and there was a general jollification.

"Mars' Cha'les treated me like a brudder, but I could n't stan' his new wife or her niggers," he said. "It mout suit him to put up wid such an or'nary lot. But I hab n't no necessity to do it. So I jes' turned an' kum back."

The next winter the rheumatism came back also, and the road to town being almost impassable in deep snows, Primus had to give up his weekly journeys to his customers. Master Charles had supplied him with plenty of money, and he had no lack of provisions. Herod, too, came trotting into one kitchen or another, every day or two, with an empty basket tied about his neck, which was filled with some nice little mess for the old man; and there was not a "wharf-rat" in the town depraved enough to touch it on its way back.

One day in December, just before the river closed, a colored man, body-servant to a passenger on a steamboat, met Herod with his basket, coming at his usual loping pace down the street. The man saw the delicate muzzle, the fine ears, the noble build of the dog, and he knew the signs of "blood" as well as Primus. He showed him some lumps of sugar—which no hound can withstand—and in ten minutes had him on board the boat and going at full head of steam to Louisville. The next day the river closed.

Now it happened that in the basket Primus had placed a paper, on which was scrawled, "Vitels out," his usual warning when he wanted somebody to come up to buy a fresh supply of provisions for him. The paper, of course, was never received. There was a heavy fall of snow that night, which made our Saturday's journey to the cabin impossible, and, although day after day passed, and Herod did not appear in any of the houses which he frequented, he was not missed, each family supposing that Primus had sent him elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the old man, as night approached, watched from one or another of his many windows for the dog.

"He 's bin in a fight!" he muttered again and again. Nothing but a fight, he was sure, would tempt Herod to stay away from him so long. Night

came on so dark with falling snow that he could not see ten feet down the hill; he dragged himself to the door, and whistled and called incessantly. He could see far off the dull glow of light where the town lay, and hear the church-clocks striking the hour; now and then the shrill whistle of a steamboat would cut the silence, or a calliope far down the river, with its coarse, ghostly music. He could hear everything but the joyous bark and the soft crunch of snow under the bounding feet.

The next day Primus found himself absolutely without fuel or provisions, except a bag of corn-meal. But the fear of hunger did not dismay him so much as the possible fate of the dog. He tried to work himself into a passion.

"He 's runnin' with some ob dem young pups in de woods af'er rabbits! Time he 'd sowed he's wild oats! I 'll gib him de debble when he comes back, he's tail between his legs!"

Then his conscience wrenched him, and he sat down and cried—the tears of old age, that has lost its one friend this side of the grave.

I don't want to bring tears to any little child's eyes, so we will pass over the days that followed while old Primus lay alone on the hill, as he thought, dying. The corn-meal lasted for nearly a week, and he burned such sticks and boards as he could drag in from under the snow. He had lost all anxiety to live. He was sure now the dog was dead, and talked of him constantly to himself.

"Him an' me was kimpanions many a year, an' I 'll not stay ahint him long. But I thort we 'd hev kep' togedder to the las'."

On Friday the last grain of meal was gone, and the old man's hunger was very great; on Saturday he was weaker and sinking fast. He remembered what day it was and thought some of the children might come up, deep as the snow was. But there was some birthday party going on that day, and Primus was forgotten. Sunday was Christmas, and there were little presents and dishes of dainties set aside in many houses to be sent up to him in the morning, while the old man lay literally slowly starving to death.

Just before nightfall the bay of a hound was heard outside of the house to which Herod had been sent ten days before—a weak, low sound, but we all knew it was Herod. When the door was opened there he stood, a very ghost of a dog. He wagged his tail feebly, and looked at us with eyes that told a dreadful story of hunger and abuse. Of course he was hurried in to the warm fire, and the whole household gathered about him. But he would not be quiet—running like a half-mad creature to the door and back. We then saw the cord about his neck and the broken handle of the basket.

"Primus is ill, and has sent him, and he has

been in a fight on the way," we said, little thinking how long a fight it had been, and that it was with death itself.

The horse was soon harnessed to the buggy, a store of provisions put in, with the dog in front, as he seemed scarce able to drag his weight along. As we drove up the hill-side, we saw there was no smoke from the chimney nor light from the windows. All was still and dark and cold; and when we opened the door and groped about, we put our hands on the bed and felt something stiller and colder than all beside.

But Primus was not dead. As he said afterward, "Seemed as if I could n't go ober Jordan 'n' leave dat pup alive."

In a few minutes a roaring fire made the little shanty glow, and loving hands were busy chafing the old man back to life.

When he opened his eyes they wandered wildly about until they rested on the dog, who stood beside an untasted platter of meat, watching his master. Primus put out his hand to him.

"De Lohd be praised!" he said, the tears creeping down his face.

Months afterward we learned that the dog had been carried down the river as far as Cincinnati, and there escaped and made his way home on foot. How he did it through a country which he had never traveled before, across hills covered with snow and frozen rivers, was always a mystery to Primus and to us; he was desperately wounded in two places, and had evidently gone through hard fights. But the remembrance of his forgotten errand had been with him all the time, for as soon as he had reached the town he came straight to the house to which he had been sent.

"He was a skelington, shure nuff," Primus said, "but de blood was dar."

When I last saw Primus, he and King Herod actually seemed to have renewed their youth; they were both growing fat, and moved leisurely on their journey. But the apple vinegar was yet as choice in flavor, the delicious sausages yet sizzled in the pan, and a party of children sat about the fire and listened to the story of Herod's journey, while the light shone through the many windows of the little cabin, and made it glow like a beacon on the lonely hill.

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## THE WOOD-WITCH.

BY EMMA BURT.

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IN Deutchland the people do not wish the cold to enter their dwellings. Not that they have aught against it, for they often go out and meet it in the most friendly manner, and enjoy their gardens even unto mid-winter.

But they do not wish the cold to come in. So, in the early winter, double windows are put into their homes. Between the window within and the one without is quite a little garden of space. This is nearly filled with mosses; evergreens often run also up at each side, with an artificial flower fastened here and there to make one think it is summer.

One day when these were to be adorned for winter, Emil and Gretchen, two small children, begged of the good Frau, their mother, to permit them to go out and gather the mosses for the windows. To this she readily consented. Then one put on his cap and the other her hood, and they went, hand in hand, up a lonely and crooked lane into the forest.

Winter had already come. Only a few leaves trembled in the wind on the naked boughs of

the tall trees. Almost all of the little plants were ragged and forlorn, and the flowers on the ground were dead. Mats of brown leaves were beaten into the ground, just as the fall rains had left them.

These two very small folks felt most lonesome when they stepped into this great forest. The sky and the trees seemed so far above them, and the rough ground hurt their young feet, and there was nowhere a fire to make them warm.

By and by they forgot the cold and loneliness, for they found wonderful things hidden away. Long vines covered with red berries lay under the leaves; bits of fir and balsam abounded; and upon and about an old decaying log was *such* a bunch of moss as made them clap their hands and shout till the woods laughed too,—moss so deep and rich that they fairly lost their little cold red hands in it; and oh! so green and bright it was that they laughed over and over again to think how glad the good Frau would be, and what two wonderful children she would think them for having found so great treasure. So the deep mosses,



"THE OLD WOMAN STOOD STILL BEFORE THEM, LEANING ON HER STAFF."

softer than Persian wool, went into young Gretchen's apron along with the fir and balsam and berries. Besides, on the very same log, was a whole army of gray-coated lichens, with red caps on their heads—the funniest little soldiers you ever saw, and not an inch long were they.

These, too, were going into the apron after the mosses, close up against a happy heart, with a face up above it that had cheeks as round and red as

apples, and eyes as bright as cups of water in the sun. Then right by were two other cheeks, and two other eyes as bright as they.

Just as the little lichen soldiers were going in by the moss, the children heard a breaking of twigs, as if some one were walking in the wood. They looked up and saw a dreary old crone coming right toward them.

The same chill crept over them from head to

foot that they felt when first they came into the lonesome woods, and looked up at the tall, knotty old trees, so gaunt and bare, that were swaying in the wind.

"Dear Gretchen, are you afraid?"

"Just a little bit, Emil."

And Emil crept close to his sister, and she stood quite still, and trembled very hard.

"And will she kill us, Gretchen, with her stick?"

"They say good children never need to fear."

"And is she a witch, Gretchen?"

"Oh, Emil, I am very much afraid!"

"What will you say?"

"I will speak very gently."

"And if she lifts her stick?"

"Then I will say, 'You are a witch! We are God's kleine kindern, and you dare not touch us!'"

The dismal old crone drew nearer and nearer, and the little children grew meeker, and trembled more and more. They wished the earth would open and let them down out of sight; but the earth did no such thing. The old woman drew nearer and nearer, and then stood still before them, leaning upon her staff.

She looked just like the trees, gnarled and knotty, and without life. She opened her thin lips and spoke; and her voice moaned and whistled like the north wind.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Gathering greens for the winter."

"Why do you gather greens?"

"To make the windows like the summer."

"Then you are fond of summer?"

"Yes."

"And you hate the winter?"

"A little."

"And you think these trees hateful old things?" she asked.

The children shivered "Yes."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Perhaps you are a very old Frau!" answered Gretchen, for she dared not call her "witch."

"I am the spirit of the trees. When the winds wail you hear my voice. Do not hate me, young children! I am not a witch, as you thought, neither am I a very old Frau as you said. Listen! I am the spirit of the trees. Nothing is ever old. The winter is young as the summer. The heart of the oak is young as the greens in your apron. The heart of the winter trees holds sap to feed young leaves, and the ugly knot in the fire burns a great red coal to make you warm.

"Nothing is ever old. What you call age comes just before the bright to-morrow that never grows dark or cold, and where all deformity passes away. What seems, is not. At the heart of all, is good. Adieu! Fear me not."

And she lifted her staff and hobbled away, sighing softly as the south wind at the breaking of winter: "Nothing grows old! nothing grows old!"

Then the little children ran swiftly home. And when they entered the house, all the red apples had gone out of their cheeks; and their eyes were indeed like cups of water, for the tears spilled out of them down their cheeks. When the good Frau had taken them both into her arms and comforted them, they told her the whole story.

"Oh," said she, laughing heartily, "that was the harmless old body who lives in the small house away upon the mountain-top. She was a great lady once, but now she is poor, and has gone wrong *here*," she said, tapping her forehead with her finger. "Wrong *here*!" she repeated, saying just what all the world says of those who say things they cannot understand.

"Just a little crazy, dears, but quite harmless, and as good as she can be. Some day we will go and take her a seed-cake and a mug of beer. Poor old lady!"

Then the good Frau and the children fixed the mosses into the windows, and made them most beautiful to look upon. While all the time something sang in young Gretchen's heart: "Nothing is ever old!"



## LATIFA.

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

"I HAVE IT!" cried the girl, scrambling out of a half-excavated ruin, unnoticed by the group of Arabs who were searching eagerly for "antiques." The afternoon sunlight glared redly in her face as she turned from the vast heap of *débris* and hurried away, her little brown hand clasping tightly the small object she had found; and when at last she looked at her treasure, "Yes," she whispered, "this is what she wanted—the pure, beautiful maiden. 'Oh!' she said, 'if I could only have a *scarabeus* that I knew was genuine; but, alas! I cannot go down into these wonderful ruins!' Poor thing!" added the girl a moment after, "she is so white and frail—like a beautiful lily! How she has loved the flowers I have carried her! I will take this to her now; I can get home before sundown. When I tell her how I found it, how her blue eyes will shine! She will believe me. What can she want of it, this little dirty-looking beetle? Why do those foreigners rave so over the things we dig up out of the ground?"

Musing thus, her bare feet hurried over the sandy road toward Alexandria.

She was a dark-eyed Arab girl of about twelve years, though in appearance much older. Her hair, black and glossy, contrasting well with her richly tinted skin, hung in long braids, tied at the ends with a bright gilt cord; and her teeth gleamed white and even. There was a bright, intelligent look in her face; an utter absence of the languid expression which characterizes so many of the Arab women. Her name was Latifa, the signification of which in Arabic is "favored of fortune."

Soon she reached the busy square, and, hurrying up to the Hotel d'Europe, she passed in to the kitchen, where a boy sat peeling vegetables.

"Mahomet, brother," she whispered in Arabic, "can I see her?"

"Who?" said Mahomet, indifferently.

"The beautiful lady who is ill."

"O, Miss Lulu?" queried the boy.

"Yes, yes," replied Latifa, impatiently. "May I go up to her room? I have brought her something."

"What is it?" said Mahomet, with awakening interest. "Will she pay you?—will you get back-sheesh?"

"No, no," she answered sharply; "it is nothing—nothing, only you know I like to go there; she gives me bright ribbons, and ——"

"Yes, yes," said Mahomet, yawning. "Well,

go along, if you want to. Don't forget to knock." Latifa hurried upstairs, along the wide passages, and reached the door of the stranger's room. Her breath came quickly, as she paused a moment before entering.

"I would not tell Mahomet; he would want me to sell it. Ah, beautiful lady! it is not your ribbons that I care for—no, no."

She had knocked. "Come in," said a sweet voice. Latifa entered. On a divan by the window a young girl of fifteen years reclined. She looked up eagerly.

"Ah, my little Arab friend!" she said, putting out her hand. "I am so glad to see you. Papa has gone out for half-an-hour. I begged him to go for a little walk. Nurse is all tired out, too, and is lying down. I had a bad night, coughing. We are going to Cairo to-morrow."

Latifa could not speak English very correctly, but she had picked up a great deal of the language in her intercourse with the many strangers and English residents in Alexandria, and understood it better than she could express herself.

"Me bring you something," she said, holding out the treasure she had found; "you wanted one like dis. I look, look, look down in de ground, and I found it—all sand, all dirt; it is *antico*, it is real—you believe me?"

The sick girl looked up into the dark eyes that flashed so eagerly before her. She took the *scarabeus* in her thin, transparent hand, exclaiming:

"O Latifa! thank you; and you got it for me, —you dug it out of the ruin for *me*, a stranger! Why did you, Latifa?"

"Because me love you, lady," said the girl. "You are like the great sun shining; when me far from you, the dark cometh. Ah! how me tell you?—me know not your language too better. You keep the *antico*, lady; it is real—me no lie to you."

"I believe you, Latifa," the young girl replied. Then, clasping the hand of the Arab girl, she said, inspired by a sudden thought: "Latifa, could you go with me to-morrow, and up the Nile? I like you. Can you go? Is there any one to hinder you? Have you a mother?"

Latifa's eyes flashed with pleasure. "O yes, me want to go. Me take care of you, fan you—oh, so much!" gesticulating vehemently. "Me ask my mother now. She will say: '*Tyebe, ya bint, rah!*'" ("Good, my child, go!").

"Tell her," said the invalid, "I will pay you well."

The girl was gone, and Lulu Hastings sank back weak and trembling.

"How any little excitement fatigues me!" she murmured. "What will papa say to this arrangement of mine; the idea came upon me so suddenly, but I think he too will say '*Tyebé, ya bint,*' and poor Miss Warner will have less care. How kind of the girl to bring me this valuable specimen," turning the strangely-colored beetle over and over. "This must be the seal of Thothmes III. on this under side. How proud I shall be to take it home and tell my friends that an Arab girl dug it out of an old ruin for me—if I live to go home! Ah! if this Nile trip could but make me better, for papa's sake!"

Lulu Hastings was the only daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, a widower. Her physicians had ordered a winter in Egypt and a trip up the Nile; so here they had arrived one bright December day—the father and daughter, and her good nurse, Miss Warner.

They were glad to hear of Lulu's adventure that evening, when she told it to them, half-doubtingly, and admired the *scarabeus* to her heart's content; Mr. Hastings even commending his daughter for asking the girl to accompany them.

"I had thought of the matter myself, and wished we could find a native girl to go with you. She will relieve Miss Warner of much care, I hope," he said, smiling pleasantly, and sitting down to read some American papers which had come by mail.

Long before sunrise, Latifa was wending her way to town, with her wardrobe for the journey tied up in a huge towel, and her face shining with happiness. Lulu was told she was there when she awoke, and the day began very happily.

They reached Cairo in the evening, and two days later went on board their floating home, with the American flag waving over their heads. The *dahabeih* was well fitted up, and glided along like a bird over the waves. It was a great delight to Lulu to sit upon the deck, under the awnings, in her easy camp-chair, and feel the mild dry air blowing her hair from her forehead, while she watched the sailors and listened to their incessant jabber, or monotonous sing-song, "*Allah, Allah, ya Mohammed, ya Mohammed!*" while they worked at the sails and rigging.

"Just hear them, papa," she said one morning, as Mr Hastings was taking his accustomed walk on the deck, smoking a cigar and intently thinking. "I do believe," she added, "that sailors all over the world sing while they work. Don't you know, on the '*Scotia,*' how they used to sing, '*Whisky for the journey?*'"

Mr. Hastings smiled. "Yes," said he, "something about '*Whisky killed my brother John.*'"

"Then," laughed Lulu, "how they all joined with such a zeal, '*Whisky for the journey.*' Papa, I am enjoying this trip so much!"

Mr. Hastings paused, leaning over her chair a moment with a gentle caress.

"And you look much better. We shall take you back home as strong and robust as Latifa."

"Here she comes now," said Lulu, as the Arab girl came up from the cabin, bringing her a light shawl. "Now, Latifa, come and tell me all about these things I see."

So, day after day, the Arab girl, curling herself up at Lulu's feet,—a pretty Oriental picture,—would explain, as well as she was able, the different objects they passed, learning steadily more and more of the language she desired to know.

"Now, Latifa, is n't this delicious? How sweet the clover smells from the banks! But how calm it is growing! The wind has all died away; and see! we are going ashore. What are they doing?"

"Tracking," said Latifa.

"What's that?" queried Lulu.

"You see those eight men going ashore? They pull the boat along by that rope fastened to it."

"It must be hard work," said Lulu, as they now glided on to the monotonous singing of the eight men on the shore.

"Arabs no care," briefly uttered Latifa, shrugging her shoulders.

"There is a native craft, laden with merchandise," exclaimed Lulu, "and they are tracking, too. How heavy that must be; and they've only six men at work, too! O Latifa! and just look at those other boats. Why, they are nothing but palm branches made into a frame-work, and filled with chopped straw! Oh, how high and how cleverly it is piled up! What is done with it?"

"Eaten," said Latifa.

"Eaten!" exclaimed Lulu. "Who eats it?"

"Not the Khedive," said Latifa, laughing. "O no, not he!—camels, donkeys, horses, etc.; it is like your—your —"

"O yes, I see," said Lulu; "like our hay."

Sometimes Latifa would sing Arab songs, accompanying them by the "tum, tum" of the *dara-boukeh*, a kind of drum made of a skin stretched over the wide mouth of an earthen vessel, and there was a pleasure in the novelty if not in the melody. There were two or three English gentlemen who had joined their party, and sometimes, when the wind was quiet and the boat tracking, they would go on shore, joining them two or three hours later, loaded with game and specimens of different birds.

But of the whole day, Lulu loved best the two



hours just before dark, when they all sat together on the deck, watching the busy scenes on the banks, and the glorious skies as the setting sun went down behind the red rocks of the Libyan Desert.

In the numerous villages, half-hidden in palm-trees, which they occasionally passed, they could see men and boys hoeing, working with their bare, closely shaved heads entirely unprotected from the sun.

"It is astonishing," said one of the English travelers, "how these people endure the sun's rays."

a lovely picture in the red sunset light. Lulu's eyes were fixed on the western horizon, her face flushed with a solemn admiration; her long waving hair gleaming like gold, and falling a glittering mass all around her; the hands clasped, and her slight figure bent forward, as if to stay the fleeting glory of that dying sun. Latifa crouched in her favorite attitude at her feet, her face upturned, not to the sunset sky, but to the rapt countenance of Lulu. The white Swiss muslin veil which she usually wore thrown over her head, partly concealing her features, had fallen back, revealing the blue turban



"LULU'S EYES WERE FIXED ON THE WESTERN HORIZON."

"Yes," replied Mr. Hastings. "I believe Herodotus says 'the Egyptian skulls are so strong that you may smite them with a stone, and you will scarcely break them in,' and gives as a reason, 'because from early childhood they have the head shaved, and so by the action of the sun the skull becomes thick and hard.' They are a singular race. I have never seen but one who was n't crazy for your money."

"And that one?" said the Englishman.

"Is that girl over there," replied Mr. Hastings, looking at his daughter's companion.

Their eyes turned to the two girls, who formed

and handsome face, the parted lips and glistening teeth. Her long braids hung heavy upon her bright dress of Oriental pattern, while her hands lay idly in her lap upon the forgotten *darabouka*.

The sun went down in a sudden burst of radiance, and a chill crept through the air. Lulu arose silently, and went below.

"Earth is beautiful!" she whispered, kneeling in her little room, overpowered with the memory of that heavenly vision she had just beheld.

The Nile party were returning at last, Lulu's strength very much increased, and her general health rapidly improving. They were speeding

toward Thebes one clear afternoon, all the party sitting upon the deck. Lulu and Latifa were leaning over the vessel's side, watching the ripples and talking idly.

"I can swim," said Latifa, looking out over the waters, as if she would like to jump into them that very moment.

"Can you, really?" questioned Lulu in reply, gazing admiringly at the strong figure of the girl beside her.

"Yes; my brother Mahomet, he taught me long ago. We lived near the sea, and every day would go off into the waters. Mahomet say he no swim so good as me."

"Tell me more about yourself, Latifa," said Lulu, dreamily; "tell me of your past life."

"My father was a jewel merchant of Cairo," the girl began. "He married my mother when she only thirteen—so little. But they live happy a few years; then my mother—oh! her temper is bad—my mother quarrel, quarrel all de times; my father no say nothing. I remembers so much. He say to my mother, 'Oh, Zaida, no scold all de times; I weary, weary!' One day, my mother say, 'Me take you children to my mother's, for stay a little—make little visit.' Then she packed our clothes, and we go away while our father was in another city for two days. We went on a boat—oh, so long it seem! Mahomet, he sleep in my lap. Mother look all de time so angry. We go to Alexandria, to an old house, where my grandmother she live there. We never go back; I never see my father again. Once I listen when my mother talk to my grandma; she say he gone in a far country, no one know where. And I see her look at a box, count jewels and gold—then I see how she support us, though sometimes she no give us much. Ah! me wish my father come back. If he come, I would not care if he be poor. I love him. I work for him—make him happy. I try be good always,—good as I know how,—so that, some day, if he come back, please God, he find me his good little daughter."

"You will meet again, I do believe," said Lulu, with sudden energy. "Oh, I hope you will!"

"Lulu, darling," called out Mr. Hastings, "don't lean over there so—you will fall!"

The caution came too late. There was a wild cry, a sudden plunge, and a gleam of a pale, horrified face went down beneath the waters.

In a second all was confusion. A boat was lowered—moaning and wailing among the crew, who stood helplessly doing nothing. Mr. Hastings threw off his coat, and prepared to leap into the waters. Latifa's arms pushed him away.

"Back! back!" she shouted. "I can swim; I will save her!" and leaped into the river.

A solemn silence fell on all the group. They felt the only hope of safety was in that child. None of the gentlemen could swim.

Latifa had disappeared for a moment, but now arose and struck out boldly in the waters. Away in the distance an object has arisen. She is there—she has seized it—oh, thank God!

But can she bear it up?—the weight is heavy. The boat bounds toward them.

They can see the girl's teeth clinched, and the veins swelling in her forehead, with the almost superhuman efforts which she is making. Can she bear up? Yes, yes! The boat is there! she has reached it! they have lifted them in! and—a wild shout of joy rose from the *dahabieh*. Sailors and passengers alike join in the thanksgiving, while the father, seizing his darling in his arms, could only cry, "Thank God!"

Miss Warner was invaluable; the two girls were soon clothed in dry garments, and sitting with their wet locks spread out in the sunshine, both pale and solemn.

Lulu took the hand of her companion in hers, and said: "You have saved my life, Latifa!"

"It was the grandest sight I ever beheld," said one of the Englishmen to Mr. Hastings, "when that Arab child grasped the drowning girl and kept her above the waters."

"It was a brave act," he answered, with trembling voice. "I must do something for the child. If she would go home with us, I would take her and educate her, and treat her like my own."

But Latifa would not. They proposed the plan to her the last night of their journey on the Nile.

"You are good," she said, "and I should love to go—love to be near this dear young lady; but when the ocean should roll between my kindred and me, there would come a great homesickness into my heart. I should be alone in a strange country. I could never find my father. No, sir, I will remain as I am; but I shall always think about you."

On they sailed toward Cairo. It was nearly noon when they landed, with a little sadness as they bade good-bye to the *dahabieh* and its captain and crew, driving silently to the hotel where they had engaged rooms before leaving Cairo.

"You must stay with me, Latifa, until we leave Egypt," said Lulu, as they sat in their parlor at the hotel. "I cannot be separated yet from the little girl who saved my life. How I wish you would go home with me!"

"Sometimes," said Latifa, sadly, "I think I will go; then I hear my father calling me from the desert. I dream in the night he comes back. If he comes and Latifa be far off,—no, no! me wait for him."

There was a knock at the door, and two gentlemen, dressed in rich Oriental costume, entered.

"My brother!" cried Latifa, rushing to the younger. "It is Mahomet,—or am I dreaming?"

"Not dreaming, oh my sister! And this,"—he led her to his companion,—"*is our father!*"

There was a low cry of joy, and the child sprang to the arms outstretched to receive her. Lulu's tears were beginning to flow, but she checked them as Latifa turned to introduce her father to her friend.

She might well be proud of him: he looked as Lulu had often imagined some of the old Bible heroes did in the ages gone by; and his eyes beamed so kindly upon her, as Latifa rapidly talked to him in Arabic, that Lulu felt home would be best for the girl, after all.

"And now," said the Pacha, "will you go home with me? It is not far, Latifa; and to-morrow I will send the carriage for this young lady and her father to visit us, if they will come."

"Papa is coming now," said Lulu, as her father then entered, "and must speak for himself. I shall be very happy to see Latifa in her new home."

More explanations ensued, and, with hasty congratulations, and a promise to come to the Pacha's home the next day, they separated.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Hastings; "this is really like a tale in the Arabian Nights. Our little Latifa is well named: her father seems to be a man of intelligence as well as wealth."

"O papa!" cried Lulu; "how glad I am for her! I cannot wait for to-morrow to come—I am so anxious to hear all about it."

The morrow came at last, and during the morning the carriage of the Pacha whirled up to the door, drawn by two fine Arabian horses. Two *Sycc* ran before, according to the custom of the country, waving their wands, and crying out in Arabic, "Clear the way!" There was something very exciting to Lulu in this adventure; and as she took a seat in the beautiful cushioned carriage, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were pink with pleasure.

On through the streets of Cairo they were rapidly whirled, until the horses paused in front of a magnificent building half hidden in a perfect grove of Eastern trees. Then they were driven slowly in along the winding carriage-road, under orange and fig trees, through clumps of lofty palms, until they came to the entrance. Latifa's father met them here with grave courtesy, conducting Mr. Hastings to a seat in the broad veranda, while two slave girls came to escort Lulu to Latifa's presence. Over the mosaic floors, up the winding

stairs of glistening marble,—suddenly a door flew open, and Latifa sprang out, seizing Lulu's hand impulsively.

"I could not wait for you to enter," she exclaimed: "I hear your dear footstep on the stairs. Come, welcome to my home!"

The two girls entered,—Lulu admiring the pretty rooms, much to Latifa's satisfaction. There was a long suite of apartments, but the reception-room where they stood claimed the first attention. The richly inlaid floor was half covered by Persian carpets; divans of rare Turkish embroidery surrounded the room: it was not all Eastern, for there were a few paintings on the walls, and upon quaint brackets were bronze figures and alabaster ornaments, gathered from all parts of the world. Rich curtains hung at the latticed windows, and in the center of the apartment was a marble fountain,—the jets of water coming from the bills of golden birds, who fluttered in the branches of a miniature tree, heavy with foliage.

But Latifa was the crowning beauty of the scene, in her rich Oriental dress of green satin, fastened at the waist by a girdle of jewels. Her hair hung in heavy braids, flashing with diamonds; and her arms and hands were loaded with gems. They were becoming to the Arab girl, but on Lulu they would have looked out of place.

"Is it not like a dream?" said Latifa, when, having dismissed her attendants, she sat down on the divan beside Lulu.

"It is, indeed, and I am longing to know all about it."

"Well, one day, Mahomet was astonished by our father come suddenly to the hotel where he work—(Mahomet so pleased—say to me he no work now any more). My father tell how he been far away so unhappy ever since my mother take us away: he go here—he go there—get much riches, but oh, he long so to see his children! So he come back, put on plain costume, and seek my mother: he ask her to live with him again; but she say 'No,' she 'like her mother best.' Then she look at my father's plain dress, and laugh with scorn, and say, 'You poor—you want me give you money?' Then she say, 'Get out of my house!' So my father then find Mahomet, and my brother fall on his neck and kiss him, he so glad. Then my father take Mahomet to Cairo—buy this house, and wait for Latifa."

"He give me this," she added, "to present you," taking from her bosom a case elegantly set with diamonds. On pressing a hidden clasp, there sprang to view a portrait of Latifa, smiling and happy. Then, without waiting for thanks, she clapped her hands, the sound bringing a slave girl to her presence. A few Arabic words, and the

girl vanished, returning soon with a full Eastern costume of scarlet satin, embroidered with gold. Everything was complete, even to the silver anklets, necklace glittering with gold coins, gemmed coronet, and embroidered slippers.

"This," said Latifa, "I want you to take home to America. When you have the pretty—what you call tableaux you told me of, then you can have Latifa there. You will tell your companions of me. Latifa will not be forgotten."

The day passed swiftly, the young girls spending part of it in the spacious grounds, plucking the fruits and gathering the brilliant flowers. There were many more days like it, and Miss Warner joined them in their visits, rejoicing with them in Latifa's good fortune.

But the day of departure came, and, with affectionate good-byes, our American friends left Egypt, and after traveling leisurely through Europe, crossed once more the broad Atlantic, and were welcomed gladly home.

Lulu wears upon her watch-chain the *scarabeus*, set in a circle of diamonds, while back and forth over the waters, carrying pleasant greetings from time to time, little gifts are exchanged between the young girls, that bring to Lulu memories of the Egyptian Bazaars, redolent with perfumes and sandal-wood; while to Latifa, in her luxurious but secluded home, the presents from over the sea tell stories of the outer world, which is gradually creeping into and merging itself with the Land of the Pharaohs.

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## THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

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It is probable that most boys and girls have heard of the mysterious "Man in the Iron Mask," who was shut up in a French prison, nearly two hundred years ago, and who was obliged, at all times,—night and day, sleeping and waking,—to wear an iron mask, which prevented any one from seeing his face. He was a political prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV., and he lived, masked, in the Bastille, the great prison of Paris, for five years. But as he was brought there from another prison, it is not known how long the poor man had been imprisoned or had worn his mask.

This mask, we are told, was not really of iron, but was made of black velvet, with steel springs. He was forbidden to remove it, on pain of death; and was not allowed to speak to any one but those who had him in charge. He was allowed no communication with the outside world, and even his soiled linen was destroyed, for fear that he might have written something on it that would enable some one to find out who he was. If he but stood by one of his heavily barred windows, his guards were fearful that he might in some way communicate with some one outside. He was carefully watched all the time. He died in 1703, and everything which had been used or worn by him was burned, so that no clue to his name or history

should be discovered by secret marks on his clothes or other property.

No one knows who this poor man was. There have been all sorts of suppositions about him, and books have been written, trying to prove he was this man or that one. Some think he was an English duke; others, a son of the King, Louis XIV. Others, again, said he was Henry, son of Oliver Cromwell. Many Frenchmen believed him to be Fouquet, who had been the French minister of finance, and who was said to have died just about the time that the "Man in the Iron Mask" was first heard of.

It has been also supposed that he was Mattioli, an agent of the Duke of Mantua, who had been arrested for divulging some state secrets of France. But none of these suppositions, or any others, have been proved to be true, and the "Man in the Iron Mask" is as much a mystery now as he ever was. His secret was well kept, and it appears to have died with him and those who imprisoned and watched over him.

It is probable that, no matter who he was or what his abilities or position, he would never have been so well and so long known in his real character, as in his enforced position of the most mysterious prisoner of which history tells us.

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THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HEIGHO! We ordinary flowers of the forest sha'n't stand much of a chance this year, now that the great National Century-plant is about to bloom. But never mind. Your Jack feels the stir of American greatness in all his roots and shoots, and he'll glory in this grand Centennial flower with the best of you. Meanwhile, time speeds on—and so must we.

Forward, March!

#### THE DEACON ATTACKS AN OLD SAYING.

I LIKE Deacon Green. He goes straight to the heart of things, and is not led off by moonshine. The other day, when a very positive and loud-voiced lady was talking with the little schoolmistress and himself about a certain troublesome child, the loud-voiced lady exclaimed:

“Pooh! good influence is n't what she needs. A bird that *can* sing and *wont* sing, must be made to sing; that's my doctrine.”

With these words the lady glared at the schoolmistress, who made no reply, and then with an air of conscious victory she turned to the Deacon, repeating:

“Yes, sir, that's my doctrine.”

“A capital doctrine,” said the Deacon with a bow, “but there's a flaw in your illustration, ma'am.”

“But!” almost screamed the lady. “There's no but about it. I tell you there's no other way. A bird that can sing and wont sing must be *made* to sing. You'll admit that, I hope? It is true as Solomon.

“Granted,” said the Deacon, with a voice as soft as the swish of a water-lily, “most certainly, a bird that can sing and wont sing must be made to sing; but how are you going to do it?”

“The fact is, my dear madam,” continued the

Deacon, “some of these old sayings sound very well, but there's nothing in them. I'd like to see the person who can take a bird that wont sing and make him sing. Now, your bird that can't sing and will sing, is easily dealt with. You can at least quiet him. But, for my part, I'd rather undertake the management of all the brass bands in the country than to force music out of the tiniest canary when he chose to be silent.”

#### PERPETUAL MOTION.

MANY men have wasted a great deal of time fruitlessly trying to invent something that once set in motion should never stop. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for Nature is ahead of them in the matter. In all the universe there is nothing that is ever quite still. I hardly believed this at first. I supposed that I had often stood quite still myself. But no; though I was not thinking about it, I was all the time silently growing. The doctors say that every particle of a living human body is changed in the course of every seven years. The change is brought about very quietly and gradually. Now that can't very well happen without constant motion of some sort—can it? Even the big rocks that seem to lie motionless for hundreds of years are, in reality, slowly and silently increasing in size, or moving particle by particle toward decay.

Then I said to myself—at least some of the stars, those we call fixed stars, are motionless. But, no! again. They only seem to be so because they are so very far off. In reality they, too, are ceaselessly moving. Nothing big or little in all the wide universe can ever be quite still.

#### ABOUT THE SOUND BEARERS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Papa says you have set me to thinking, and I do believe you have, for when I read what you said in the January St. NICHOLAS about the Sound-Bearers, I thought of something all by myself. It was this: If *semi* always means half, as our teacher has told us, why, of course, semi-breve must mean half a breve—but what is a breve?

Well, I looked in the dictionary for *breve*, and there it was. As I did n't take it away, all the other girls can find it there if they want to. But the *breve* is n't used in modern music. We start off with the semi-breve. When I told papa, he said it wasn't the only thing that's done by halves nowadays. Then he asked if I could tell him what *minim* meant. I could n't exactly, but I remembered that minimum meant the least of anything, and so I said I guessed *minim* meant the *littlest*. Then he told me that in ancient times the *minim* was the shortest note in use. But in our days we go beyond that, anyhow, with *crochets* and *quavers* and the rest. Papa said the whole thing reminded him of Paddy's sheet, which was made longer by cutting off the top and sewing it to the bottom.

Your affectionate reader,

ANNIE KEMP.

#### PEAS AND PEPPER.

Syracuse, January 10, 1876.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Wishing to contribute, for once, to the source whence my children derive so much pleasure, I offer to your puzzle-lovers the following:

“A lady sent her husband this note: ‘MY DEAR, WILL YOU HAVE PEAS FOR SUPPER THIS EVENING?’ He replied: ‘MY DEAR, I PREFER SUER.’”

What does his answer mean?—Respectfully yours,

A.

Thanks to “A,” who puts the answer in a P. S., Jack can tell you that the gentleman preferred “supper without peas” (pp). You can pass on the riddle for others to guess. Jack is not quite

sure that it is new. He has heard the old story of the boarder who, on inspecting his landlady's castors, exclaimed: "Madam, I'm sorry to say that your pepper is half peas!" The landlady was indignant, of course, and she probably denies it to this day; but you and I, my chicks, know that the boarder was right.

#### ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

Is Jack growing sentimental? Not a bit of it. He never saw a romantic swan in his life; but this is what he wishes to say:

A bright girl stopped the pretty schoolmistress yesterday, right on the edge of the wood, with:

"Oh, I'm *so* glad I met you, dear Miss —. Wont you please tell me of a pretty piece to recite? Something fresh, you know, that other girls have n't spoken, and that is not intended for little children."

The schoolmistress thought a moment.

"Try Mrs. Browning's 'Romance of the Swan's Nest,'" said she; "it is not long, and it is very pretty—just the thing for you. Give it good action and expression, and I am sure you will make it a success."

The young girl fairly clapped her hands with delight.

"I'll learn it—indeed I will—and I'm so much obliged to you!"

"If Jack is listening," laughed the schoolmistress (and I hope he is) "he'll tell his big ST. NICHOLAS girls just what we have said."

#### CAREFUL HUSBANDRY.

SUCH queer things as the birds tell me! It's wonderful how much they know. For instance, it appears that in Japan crops are so carefully tended that every single wheat-stalk which by accident gets bent down, is supported and straightened. Every heavy head of rice, each boll of cotton, is tended and propped, if need be, till it is ready to be gathered. Labor must be cheap in Japan.

#### CHINESE BEDS FOR LODGERS.

TALKING of Japan, makes me think of China; and now I'll tell you of something I've lately heard: In the north of China the hotels have no beds—or what we would call so. They have, running across the side of a room, a shelf built of brick, two feet high, and eight or ten feet wide. Under this is a fireplace, with flues extending all around the lower surface. It is covered with matting. Every one carries his own bedding, and travelers pack themselves away on this shelf, as many as can squeeze in. Of course it is exceedingly warm, but never lonely.

#### "SUPPOSE."

ONE advantage of being a Jack-in-the-Pulpit is, that you can hear the animals talking:

"Suppose," said a little lamb to a big calf that was feeding in the pasture beside her, "that I was an elephant."

"But you're *not* an elephant," said the calf.

"But suppose I was," continued the lamb, "and had ivory tusks."

"But you have n't any tusks at all, let alone ivory tusks," said the calf.

"But suppose I had," insisted the lamb, "and a great long trunk."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the calf.

"And I went off with a menagerie, like that we saw going down the road yesterday," said the lamb, "and—"

"You could n't go with a menagerie. They would n't have you," interrupted the calf.

"I could, and they would, if I were an elephant," said the lamb.

"But *you're not an elephant*," repeated the calf, kicking up his heels and jumping about in the most absurd manner.

"O dear!" said the lamb, "I sha' n't try to play with you any more. How can I, when you have n't the least bit of 'suppose' in you?"

The calf stood still and looked at her for a moment, with serious brown eyes, and then went off whimpering: "Very well, you need n't play with me if you don't want to—so, there now—and I'll go and tell my mother you're mad at me just because you're not an elephant."

And away he ran, while the lamb went on cropping the young grass, and supposing to herself.

#### HOW SOME SHIPS ARE SCRUBBED.

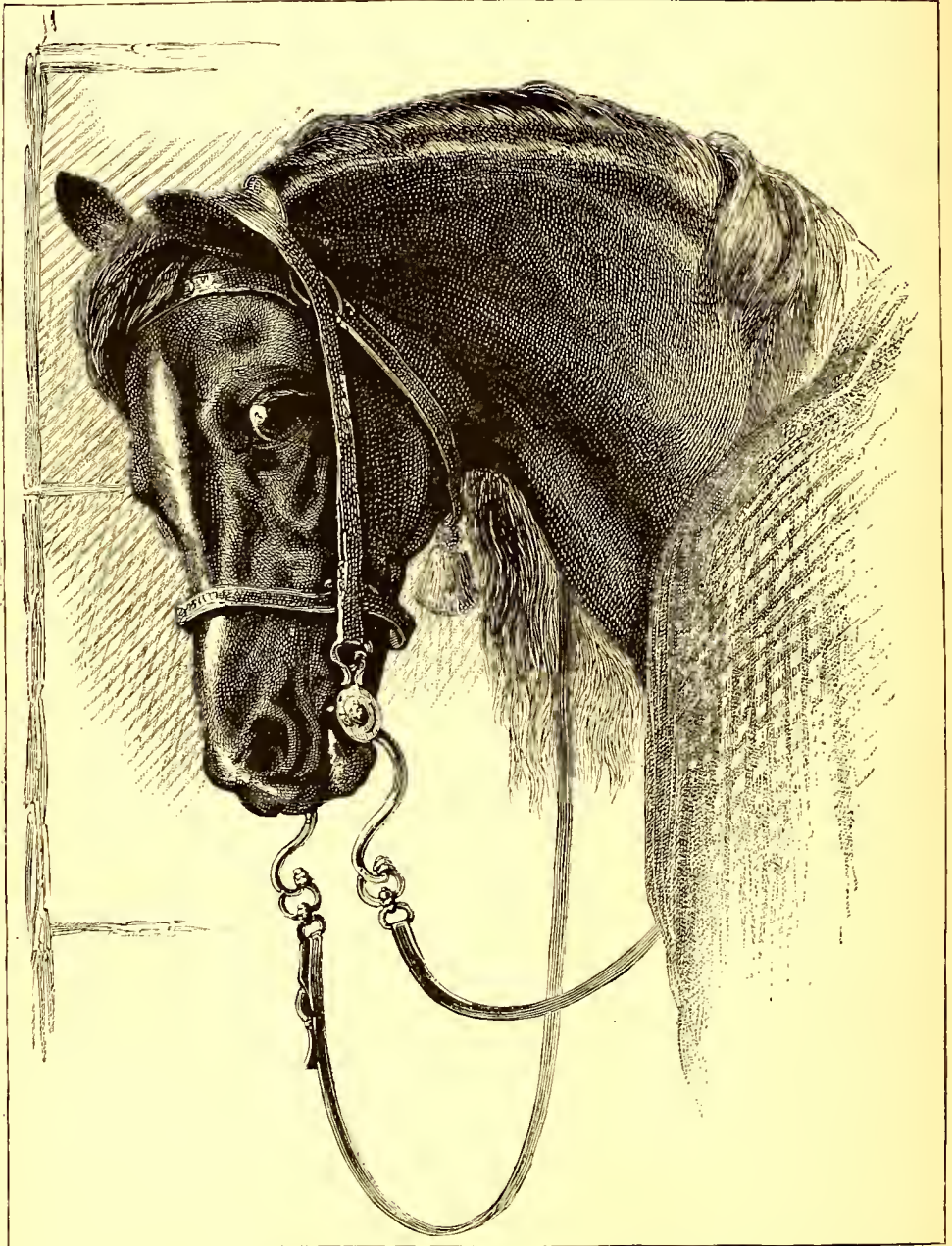
IT seems that in several places in the world there are volcanoes under the sea. Such volcanoes, of course, do not send up volumes of flame and smoke. Instead, they pour forth streams of sulphurous acid vapor that mingle with the sea-water. Some of these volcanoes are situated in bays where ships can safely ride at anchor.

As is well known, the bottoms of many ships are protected by a covering of copper. This copper, after a time, becomes corroded by the action of the sea-water; a sort of green mold forms, sea-mosses begin to grow, and even small sea animals, like the barnacles, build their shell-houses upon it. Of course, all these things roughen the ship's bottom, and as the vessel gathers more and more, it sails very much slower by reason of the great accumulation. Then, if she happen to be anywhere in the neighborhood of one of these submerged volcanoes, the captain sails her thither to be scoured.

This scouring process does not require hands or machinery of any sort. All that is necessary is that the ship should lie quietly at anchor where the sulphurous acid vapor, mingling with the sea-water, can gently wash her sides and bottom. In a few days, or weeks, as the case may be, not a weed, not a barnacle, not a bit of the dark green mold remains, and the ship can sail off again, her copper bottom as clean and as bright as when it was first put on.

I've heard the boys speaking of this same thing. They read about it in a book called *Cosmos*, written by one Humboldt. Some of you may like to look into it.

## THE BLACK HORSE "BOB."



Bob is all ready to take his master out riding. His bridle and saddle are on, and, as it is a cold day, Bob's blanket is thrown over him while



he is waiting. Bob is a good horse, and likes to eat a bit of sugar if any one will give it to him. See how he is turning his head! Perhaps he thinks you have a piece of sugar for him. Bob's mistress often goes to his stable and pats him, and gives him a piece of candy or sugar.\* So Bob is always glad to see her, and he follows her about when he is out of doors eating grass. He hopes that she has some sugar for him. Bob thinks that sugar tastes very well with grass. Bob is a fine horse, because he is so handsome and strong, and can go so fast; but his master and mistress like him most of all because he is so gentle and so good.

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## THE MOUSE WHO LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL.

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ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me this story: One morning, when a little gray mouse was running across the pantry floor, a great black-and-white cat pounced on her, and bit off her nice long tail. The little mouse felt dreadfully about it, and she said to the cat: "Old cat, will you please to give me back my great long tail?"

"Yes," said the cat, "I will give it to you if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

So the mouse ran down to the barn, where an old red cow was tied in the stall, and said: "Please, old cow, will you give me a saucer of milk for the cat, so she will give me back my great long tail?"

The cow said: "Yes, I will give you the milk if you will bring me a bunch of hay."

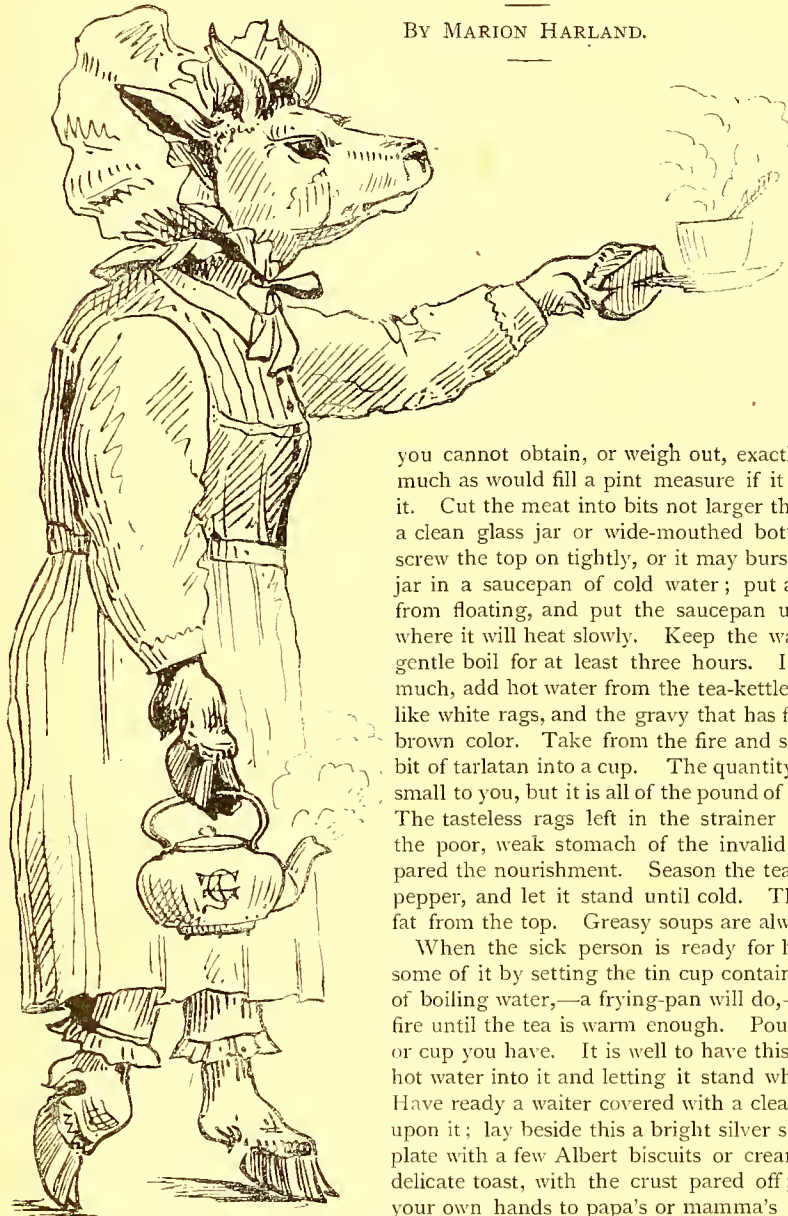
Then the mouse went to the farmer who was plowing in a field near by, and said to him: "Will you please to give me some hay for the cow, and then she will give me a saucer of milk for the cat, and the cat will give me back my great long tail?"

The farmer said: "Yes, I will give you the hay if you will promise me not to go in my corn-crib and eat my corn."

And as the little mouse said she would "never, never touch the corn," the farmer gave her a bunch of hay, which she gave to the cow; and the cow gave her a saucer of milk, which she gave to the cat; and the old cat gave her back her great long tail, which made the little mouse very happy. But, best of all, she kept her word, and did not touch the farmer's corn.

## LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS' PAGE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

*BEEF-TEA.*

BEEF-TEA is a very nourishing and safe form of food for invalids or delicate persons; and many a little girl might be glad to be able to make it for some friend or member of the family if she knew how. So here is our first *recipé*:

Take one pound of very lean beef; and if you cannot obtain, or weigh out, exactly a pound, take about as much as would fill a pint measure if it were pressed tightly into it. Cut the meat into bits not larger than raisins, and put it into a clean glass jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Cover it, but do not screw the top on tightly, or it may burst when heated. Set this jar in a saucepan of cold water; put a weight on top to keep it from floating, and put the saucepan upon the range or stove, where it will heat slowly. Keep the water in the saucepan at a gentle boil for at least three hours. If it should boil away very much, add hot water from the tea-kettle. The meat should look like white rags, and the gravy that has flowed from it be of a clear brown color. Take from the fire and strain through a sieve or a bit of tarlatan into a cup. The quantity of "tea" will seem very small to you, but it is all of the pound of meat that is worth saving. The tasteless rags left in the strainer would only tire and hurt the poor, weak stomach of the invalid for whom you have prepared the nourishment. Season the tea with a little salt and less pepper, and let it stand until cold. Then skim off every bit of fat from the top. Greasy soups are always unwholesome.

When the sick person is ready for his, or her beef-tea, heat some of it by setting the tin cup containing it in a shallow vessel of boiling water,—a frying-pan will do,—and leaving this on the fire until the tea is warm enough. Pour into the prettiest bowl or cup you have. It is well to have this heated also, by pouring hot water into it and letting it stand while your tea is warming. Have ready a waiter covered with a clean napkin; put the bowl upon it; lay beside this a bright silver spoon, and by this have a plate with a few Albert biscuits or cream crackers, or a slice of delicate toast, with the crust pared off; and take the tray with your own hands to papa's or mamma's bedside, not as if it were

medicine,—which it is *not*,—but good and tempting food, which it ought to be.

I hope it will be long before mamma or papa needs this sort of nourishment, or baby has to be "built up" with it. But it is well to know how to get the pure essence of beef for them should they require it.

My little housekeepers may think this *recipé* rather a gloomy "first course." But we have thought it best to begin with something easy and useful. Next time we will have a talk about "frosting." And lest the prospect should chill the imagination, we whisper the possibility that a tempting cake may lie under the sweet whiteness of the *meringue*.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It gives me great pleasure to send you a copy of a song which I think would meet with great popularity among the Bird-defenders, and I am certain that it is very appropriate. It is called "Don't Kill the Birds." I first saw it in a music-book, and at once I thought of sending it to you for publication; and, considering all views to the negative, I made up my mind to send it. As it is, it is all in your hands; but I am confident that it would cause enough of enthusiasm among the "Defenders" to richly repay you for your trouble. In conclusion, I would say that I have obtained the permission of the publishers; also, that it is dedicated to the "Bird-defenders of America."—I remain, yours very respectfully,  
 Marietta, Pa.  
 HORACE M. ENGLE.

We take pleasure in complying with Horace's request, and we believe with him that many young Bird-defenders will enjoy singing this pretty song.

## DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

(Dedicated to the Bird Defenders.)

Moderato.

MUSIC BY E. O. L.

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds, That sing a - bout the door; Soon as the joy - ous  
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds; Do not dis - turb their play; But let them war - ble

spring has come, And chill - ing storms are o'er. The lit - tle birds that sweet - ly sing, Oh,  
 forth their songs, Till cold drives them a - way. Don't kill the birds, the hap - py birds, That

let them hap - py live; Oh, do not try to take the life That you can nev - er give.  
 cheer the field and grove; So harm - less, ten - der, tim - id, mild. They claim our warm - est love.

Racine, Wis., Dec. 5th, 1875.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine more every year, and now I am reading "The Boy Emigrants." Mamma has been reading "The Old Curiosity Shop" to me, and it seems too bad when we think that Rose, in "The Eight Cousins," and little Nell were nearly the same age; but Rose had such a nice home and splendid times, while Nell had not any home, and had to wander around so much, and had hardly one pleasant day to cheer her life.

MAMIE DOUD.

Muncy, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer this question directly, as it is of great importance: "If twins are two, how many are a pair of twins?"  
 LULU JOHNSON.

What have our readers to say to this question? If a pair of twins are four, how many are a pair of scissors?

J. W. AND OTHERS.—The publishers of ST. NICHOLAS probably will offer no other premiums for the coming year than those already advertised in their premium list for 1875.

We have received information that the demand for reading matter for the inmates of the hospitals and other public institutions is greater than The New York State Charities Aid Association is able to supply.

The many thousands who pass their days friendless and alone in these institutions, eagerly desire something to read, while in many a house are stowed away unused and forgotten books, old magazines, and illustrated papers, which would give pleasure and benefit to those to whom life is little else than destitution and suffering.

Will not our readers send what children's books, old magazines, and illustrated papers they can spare to the Rooms of the Association, No. 52 East 20th street?

C. J. R.—Your story proves to be a very dishonest piece of work. It is taken from a sketch by Nora Perry, published in *Our Young Folks* for May, 1866, and elsewhere. The fact that you have altered the title and changed the names of the characters, besides making other slight changes, shows how deliberately you have sinned in the matter. Never send anything to ST. NICHOLAS again.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: During our stay last Summer in Southern Germany, we spent several weeks in the pretty town of Roth (pronounced *Rote*), not far from the ancient city of Nürnberg. This queer little stadt (town) and surroundings afforded us many sights so unlike those to which we were accustomed that I am tempted to write to you about them.

The old church which stands opposite the large square school-house has weathered the storms of many, many winters. We witnessed its nine hundredth anniversary. A feeling of awe stole over me whenever I entered the wide door-way and glanced around at the plain, high-backed pews; scanned the great, barren organ-loft, then deserted by the choir-boys, whose young, fresh voices often rise amidst the lofty arches of the blue vaulted roof. But my gaze always lingered on the old, time-worn pulpit, from which Martin Luther once preached, no doubt infusing much of his brave, unerring spirit into the anxious hearts of those weary, hard-working peasants. Often as I stood there the setting sun would, for a moment, illuminate that great reformer's picture, hanging beside the pulpit, which is a copy from the original of his friend, Lucas Cranach. One of the beautiful

customs is the playing of a band, from the church tower, after the ringing of the evening bell. How inspiring sounded those grand chorals as the music was wafted over the town, the hills taking up and reiterating the echo. Then the nacht-wächter (watchman), who makes his round about the city, commences at ten o'clock, and from that hour until daybreak repeats, or rather sings, in rhyme, the passing hours.

"Hört Ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen—  
Die Glocke hat zehu geschlagen;  
Bewahrt das Feuer und auch das Licht,  
Auf das der Stadt kein Schaden geschieht,  
Und lobt Gott den Herren."

## TRANSLATION.

"Good sirs, give ear while I unfold—  
The clock hath now the tenth hour toll'd;  
Then quench each fire, and douse each light,  
So that no harm the town affright,  
And praise ye God the Lord."

We also witnessed the "Kirchweg," an annual celebration of the building of the church, generally beginning August 16th and continuing three or four days.

This is the one great excitement for Rothers and other villagers. The band is hired to play on the "green," and all day troops of poor little children are seen sporting on the grass, or merrily taking their "kreutzers" worth of ride in the "carousel." There are Punch and Judy shows, lottery booths, and the much frequented refreshment stall, where "braunschweich" sausages, Leb kuchen (life cake), and candy hearts and German habies are displayed before the admiring eyes of numerous white-haired lads and lassies. In the Markt Platz (market place) is, however, the liveliest scene. There are rows upon rows of booths, where everything from a wheelbarrow to a toy watch is sold. There the peasants, in holiday costume, flourish about, gossiping and munching "Johanna's Brod." The women are arrayed in home-spun dresses, gay shawls, and odd caps, consisting of a round frame-work adjusted on the back of the head, from which are suspended several yards of purple or black ribbon; the men, attired in tall beaver hats, short breeches, with knee buckles, and long frock-coats reaching to their heels, and ornamented in front with a double row of bright silver buttons.

Here we remained for some time, enjoying the novelty, wandering in and around each booth, invested in some of the famous Nürnberg toys, and then, though loth to leave such a picturesque, novel scene, we threaded our way through the labyrinth of booths and people, and soon were at our temporary home.

H. S. M.

TO BIRD-DEFENDERS.—In order that there may be no mistake about it, we hereby lay the following letter of resignation before our army of Bird-defenders:

Peoria, Illinois, Dec. 18th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sorry that I put my name in the ST. NICHOLAS, and my brother is sorry the same; and besides, I may come across some wild fowl that I may want to kill; and I shall only wait two weeks from the time I wrote this letter; and I and my brother are in a great hurry to get our names out, and unless you take them out in that two weeks, we shall kill them, anyhow, whether our names are out or not. And these are the names that are to be taken out: Philip B. Tyng and Pierre K. Tyng. And if again a person sends you our names, don't put them in the book. And this is the person that writes his name:

PHILIP B. TYNG.

E. G. AND OTHERS.—The article on Postage-stamps in our November ST. NICHOLAS was written by Mr. Joseph J. Casey, of this city.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If it is not too much trouble, will you let me know through the Letter-Box the names of a few of the books suitable for a girl of thirteen. I can get plenty of books to read, but I always get books suitable for older people, such as "St. Elmo" and "What Can She Do?" I knew all the time that "St. Elmo" was not a good book for me; but I could not stop. It seemed as though it had some strange power, which, when I commenced it, kept me from stopping, and held fast to me until I had finished it. I do hope you will answer my request.—Yours respectfully,

FLORENCE T.—

Have you read Miss Alcott's stories, Florence? or Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's books, or George McDonald's "Princess and the Goblin," or his "Double" story, or Miss Mulock's novels, or Mrs. Stowe's novels, or William Black's? If not, you have a rich store before you, and all of these books can be obtained at any public library. Then, if you wish "older" books, there are "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray, all of Dickens's works (especially his "Tale of Two Cities"), and Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," and "Quentin Durward;" Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" and "Last Days of Pompeii." Besides these, you have "Paul and Virginia," always fresh and beauti-

ful; "Picciola, the Prison Flower," a lovely story; "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia," as good-to-day as ever; and a great many more books, which we have not space for enumerating here, but which are equally suitable for you. Ask for one of the above-named when next you go to the library in search of interesting reading. If you wish to take up a course of specially profitable reading or study, we cordially refer you to the "Ladies' Society for the Encouragement of Study at Home," 9 Park Street, Boston, Mass. State your case to the ladies by letter. We should like to call the attention of all our big boy and girl readers to this society, an excellent account of which will be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1875.

Rensselaer, Ind., Dec. 5th, 1875.

DEAR EDITOR: I found something about Jack's sea-horse. It is a bony fish, of the order of *lophobranchies*, of the family of the pipe fish, of the genus *liphocarpus*. They have no teeth. They inhabit all the parts of the temperate oceans. They live on very small animals, and catch their prey with great dexterity. There are many species.—From a faithful reader,

ELMER DWIGGINE.

We have received an interesting account of an historical doll, now over eighty years of age, but still in a state of good preservation. It was sent by General Varnum to a little girl then living at Newport, R. I., at the time of the first assembling of the Federal Congress (1789). The little girl kept it for many years, and after she became a woman, gave it to a niece as a reward for good behavior. The mamma of this second owner very sensibly took charge of it, and saved it from the casualties common to most dolls, until, in this way, its peaceful life has at last been extended over four-fifths of a century.

It shows the signs of age, however, and looks very like an old lady of eighty, with yellow and shriveled complexion, and sunken eyes. It is dressed in the costume of that day—silk hose; thin muslin dress, open behind, with the waist ending just under the arms; and a bonnet with cap-crown, and flaming brim.

December 20th, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please be kind enough to tell me where this line is to be found; "In maiden meditation, fancy free?" And also these: "If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

And why is the first day of Lent called Ash Wednesday?—Your loving friend,

BRENDA.

The first quotation is from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act II, Scene 1st; and the second from George Withers' poem of "The Shepherd's Resolution."

"Ash Wednesday" is so called from the Roman Catholic ceremony of strewing ashes on the head, as a sign of penitence. The ashes, after being sprinkled with holy water, were strewn upon the heads of the congregation, with a repetition of the words, "Remember that thou art dust, and shalt return to dust." Pope Gregory the Great is said to have introduced the ceremony.

THOSE of our readers who remember "Peter Parley" will be interested in the following hitherto unpublished lines, written in a young lady's album about thirty years ago:

"And must I set my signature to pages  
Graced by the names of Senators and sages?  
Will not their lordly autographs look down  
On "Peter Parley," with a sneering frown?  
Will not the mighty masters of the land,  
Shrink from the side of one whose humble hand  
Hath been content to guide the foot of youth  
Up the steep cliff to bubbling springs of Truth?  
It hath been so—but be it so again—  
Pride's poisoned shaft hath lost its power to pain:  
And thus my heart in calm content shall shine,  
While youth's approving smile, and yours, are mine."  
S. G. GOODRICH.

THE SONGS OF THREE CENTURIES, edited by John Greenleaf Whittier, and lately published by Osgood & Co., of Boston, while welcomed by all lovers of English song, will be of especial value to our boys and girls. It gives them a rare collection of good poetry, selected by one whose choice is sure to be true and pure, and who, while trying, as he says, to make "a readable book," has taken care that it shall be a record of "the best thoughts and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds."

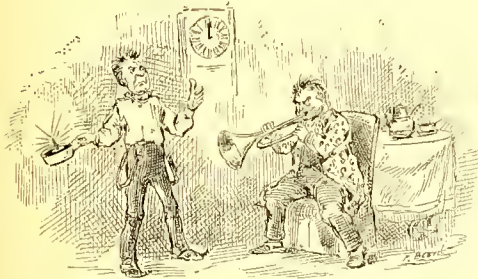
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CLASSICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE a letter from each of the following names, and find a famous Greek hero: 1. Ajax. 2. Hector. 3. Anchises. 4. Priam. 5. Ulysses. 6. Alexander. 7. Homer. 8. Æneas. G. and T.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(In this picture, find words for a diamond puzzle, the central word containing seven letters.)



LOGOGRIPH.

SYNCOPE and curtail a fire-arm, and leave a dwelling; syncope again, and leave a man's name; again syncope, and leave a household utensil. L. E.

CONCEALED BIRDS.

1. WHICH do you prefer to read—adventures in the Far West, or knightly tournaments? 2. I much prefer to read of lowly lives. 3. Some stories have a gleam of sunshine to many persons. 4. That man on this wall owes me for some books I sold him. 5. My little pet relies on my reading to him every night. 6. He will never tire if the stories are told over and over again. D.

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the second blanks with the word of the first blank decapitated.

1. We had — in the — room. 2. After — we went into the — room and played dominoes. 3. At — we began — game. 4. At — John was ahead. 5. At — we were —. 6. We then played some — under the —. C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of thirty-four letters. The 3, 33, 1, 2, 19, 7 is a girl's name. The 4, 5, 6, 9, 22 is unalike. The 11, 10, 8, 20 is a weapon. The 13, 14, 15, 16 is a girl's name. The 24, 25, 26, 23, 34 are often given but not always taken. The 12, 18, 28, 29, 17 is a river in Scotland. The 30, 32, 31 is to know. The 33, 21, 6, 27 is another word for slender. The whole is an old proverb. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWER TO PRIZE-PUZZLE, "THE RACE OF THE PILOTS,"

IN DECEMBER NUMBER OF "ST. NICHOLAS."

BOAT.	NAME.	BORN.	DIED.
1	Abraham Lincoln	A. D. 1809	A. D. 1865
2	Sir William Herschel	" 1738	" 1822
3	Handel	" 1684	" 1759
4	Rubens	" 1577	" 1640
5	Galileo	" 1564	" 1642
6	Shakspeare	" 1564	" 1616
7	Luther	" 1483	" 1546
8	Macchiavelli	" 1469	" 1527
9	Dante	" 1265	" 1321
10	Godfrey de Bouillon	" 1058	" 1100
11	Charlemagne	" 742	" 810
12	Constantine	" 272	" 337
13	Julius Cæsar	B. C. 100	B. C. 44
14	Hannibal	" 247	" 183
15	Plato	" 429	" 347

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S REPORT ON PILOT PUZZLE.

THE judges appointed to decide upon the relative merits of the answers to the Pilot Puzzle have at last finished their agreeable labors. Every answer has been examined, and out of over two thousand (sent in from all parts of the United States, and from Canada, England and Scotland), very many have been found worthy of special notice. Forty were considered so very good that at first it was difficult to name the best. In selecting the finest answers, every point was taken into careful consideration—promptness, accuracy, clearness, relative fullness of the biographical notes, good spelling and painstaking—while full allowance was made for the extra time

required by distant competitors. Finally, the first prize (the sailing schooner-yacht "St. Nicholas") was awarded to

F. H. BRIGGS, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

and a second prize (the first volume of St. NICHOLAS, bound), to

GEORGE HOWARD BAILEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

The first prize answer, besides being entirely correct and admirable in expression, is a marvel of painstaking and finish. The second is scarcely inferior to it, and another answer (from N. A. S., a Russian boy) might have borne off high honors but for its mistake in naming the 12th boat Alexander the Great, instead of Constantine. One sent from Camden, New Jersey, was so beautifully put upon the paper that it was hard to pass it by, but it contained two mistakes in names, and so had no chance. Although all of the many hundreds of answers sent in showed commendable effort and real zeal, and were welcomed with hearty appreciation, so large a number of them were correct that it was decided that those having even one boat named incorrectly must be cast aside. The boys and girls named in the following lists sent answers not only correct, but in other respects deserving of honorable mention. Conspicuous among these, especially in point of penmanship, stands T. H. L., who leads the list.

This Pilot Puzzle has required a good deal of patient ingenuity on the part of the competitors, considerable research among histories and encyclopedias, and often many days' hard work. It has sent crowds of children to the public libraries, and greater crowds still have besieged parents and friends for needed information, taking care not to be "helped" too much. One little girl says she never would have found out No. 15 had it not luckily occurred to her to ask a friend of her father the Greek word for broad—and that, she said, soon led her to Plato. (See page 134 December ST. NICHOLAS.) For the satisfaction of many who sent in careful answers, but who failed to get on the Roll of Honor, it is right to say that certain differences in dates were allowed, as good authorities vary by a few years in regard to them. Nor was any exception made to answers

sent from children who are not subscribers, or who live outside of the United States—for ST. NICHOLAS is open to every boy or girl in the world who wishes to compete for its prizes. Ages also were taken into account, and in every way the judges have tried to do their best. In most instances, the spelling was found to be excellent,—though mistakes have sometimes slipped in. The most common of these are “inexhaustable,” “enenys,” “recieve,” “crucifiction,” “aught” (for ought), “Charlemange,” “tragedy,” “succeeded” and “paralel,” and boys and girls will do well before bidding good-bye to the Pilot Puzzle to make sure that they can write these words correctly.

It has been delightful to note the great interest and zeal of our young friends, and the honest good-will shown in nearly every case. The general sentiment has been well expressed by Maud Hassall, who adds to her answer:

“And now I make this little note,  
If I am right, please send the boat;  
If I am wrong, then, let me say,  
Please let it sail some other way.”

In conclusion, the Little Schoolma'am wishes to acknowledge hundreds of kind and delightful letters sent in, and to heartily echo the burden of one and all—“Long live ST. NICHOLAS.”

#### FIRST ROLL OF HONOR.

Thos. H. Loomis, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Lilian Reese, Baltimore, Md.  
Fred B. Haight, San Francisco  
Nettie McFarland, Chicago, Ill.  
G. W. S. Howson, Yorkshire, Eng.  
Bertha W. Ferguson, Alton, Ill.  
Wm. McH. Spencer, Grass Valley, Cal.  
Philip Moseenthal, N. Y. city  
Wm. Edward Craighill, Charlestown, W. Va.  
Lily Colvin, Creetown, Kirkcubrightshire, Scotland  
May Holmes, Montclair, N. J.  
Harry L. Broomall, Media, Pa.  
Herbert H. White, Boston, Mass.  
Louise W. Bates, Dubuque, Iowa  
J. McLaughlin, Montclair, N. J.  
Geo. Urquhart, Wilkesbarre, Pa.  
Theodore W. Noyes, Washington  
Will A. Anderson, Washington  
Carl A. Lewis, New Haven, Ct.  
Hattie Lee Eastman, Media, Pa.  
Josiah H. Fitch, N. Y. city  
Henry Abbey, Cleveland, O.  
E. T. Sanford, Knoxville, Tenn.  
E. Lawrence Wise, N. Y. city  
Nellie W. Pearsall, Philadelphia  
Fred H. Sargent, Chicago, Ill.  
Horace F. Clark, Washington  
Fannie Binswanger, Philadelphia  
James M. Ballantine, N. Y. city  
Percy W. Eaton, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Jessie J. Cassidy, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Cornelia W. McCleary, Boston  
Jamic H. Hayden, N. Y. city  
Chas. L. Kemp, Jr., Baltimore  
Jas. Mifflin Linnard, Philadelphia  
Frank E. Davis, North Somerville, Mass.  
Harry R. Averill, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Bessie Almdorf, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
Asa B. Morgan, Cincinnati, O.  
Laura Charles, Covington, Ky.  
Emma Kate Scott, Washington  
Willie C. Williams, Brooklyn  
Jennie L. Brownell, East Orange, N. J.  
Alice M. Rowe, Bangor, Me.  
H. R. Pickering, Titusville, Pa.  
Arthur B. Hodgkins, Cambridge, Mass.

Harry H. Wyman, Boston Highlands, Mass.  
S. L. Leete, Providence, R. I.  
Robt. F. Morrison, N. Y. city  
“Vic,” Detroit, Mich.  
Jennie Pettigrew, San Francisco  
W. F. Morgan, N. Y. city  
Mary T. Pitman, Providence, R. I.  
Robie G. Frye, Belfast, Me.  
Geo. E. Percival, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Fanny A. Lester, White Plains, N. Y.  
Harry H. Herdman, Chicago, Ill.  
Benjamin Brewster, New Haven  
Hattie Raymond, Detroit, Mich.  
Nicholas Brewer, Jr., Annapolis, Md.  
Walter C. Fish, Taunton, Mass.  
Thornton M. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.  
Warren P. Newcomb, East Hartford, Ct.  
George W. Gage, Chicago, Ill.  
Dickie Comly, Detroit, Mich.  
Helen Johns, Decatur, Ill.  
Frank W. Smith, Philadelphia  
Frank G. Ramsburgh, Clarksville, Nebraska  
Lida H. Dodd, Fairmount, Kan.  
Horace J. Howe, Boston, Mass.  
Jessie Lewis, Bangor, Me.  
Eunice Hall, Edgefield, Tenn.  
Agnes C. Worrall, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Nina Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
James P. Dike, Jr., Brooklyn  
I. H. Pugh, Thibodaux, La.  
H. E. Hildreth, Elizabeth, N. J.  
Dee L. Lodge, Madison, Ind.  
Seth Sprague Terry, Rochester, N. Y.  
W. O. Lewis, Washington, D. C.  
E. F. Hill, Wakefield, Mass.  
Nellie S. Colby, Harlem, N. Y.  
Allen B. Gowing, Cal.  
Henry C. and Geo. Blair, Truro, Nova Scotia.  
Charlie J. H. Crowder, Barton-on-Humber, England  
Clara B. Potwin, Hartford, Ct.  
James McClees, Taylorstown, Pa.  
Geo. H. T. Babbitt, Columbus, O.  
Allie Good, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Calvin Bullock,  
Frank W. Anthony  
Edward C. Powles  
Florence P. Spofford  
Henry Gils  
S. Morris Knapp  
Chas. S. Parke  
Emmie D. Merrill  
Lucius J. Otis  
Frank Brown  
F. I. and C. Alexander

Cleveland L. Moffett  
Florence M. Awl  
Laura H. Earle  
Guy M. Watkins  
Mary M. Fiske  
George F. Cooke  
E. R. Knowles  
Emily Godley  
Frank D. Woodruff  
Kate M. Hurlburt  
Hattie and Ella Woodruff

#### SECOND ROLL OF HONOR.

Bessie Eyre  
Maggie A. Birmingham  
Tom Charles  
Hortense Beauharnais  
Mellier  
C. Frank Bridge  
William G. Wallace  
May Whitman  
Chas. E. Daniels  
Philip Gilbert  
Thos. S. Southwerth  
Ellis A. Frink  
Royal Smith  
Mary L. Robinson  
Nina Wilson  
Fannie Lincoln  
Wm. M. Semans  
Walter A. McFarland  
Henry W. Fitch  
Kate G. Child  
Hugh C. Brown  
May Estelle Mott  
A. P. Saxer  
Jennie McLaren  
Caroline H. Barbour  
Susie E. Hunt  
Laurence Townsend  
Eliza G. Quigley  
Erast. Worthington, Jr.  
T. B. Steams  
William C. Farrington  
Miltie N. Keim  
Francis W. Nicholls  
L. K. Pratt  
Natalie J. Brown  
Clara M. Todd  
Edmund Benjamin  
A. M. Collier  
Frank C. Roberts  
John J. Tebley  
E. C. Clark  
David Fisher  
Henry Abbey  
Edson G. Case  
Bradford W. Hitchcock  
C. A. Gilman  
Norval Wilson Gallaher  
R. S. Hondy  
Clinton B. Burgess  
Anna D. Thurston  
V. J. Smith  
J. Goldsbury  
Henry D. Maxwell  
Fred A. Cheney  
Robt. S. Neely  
Will M. Booth  
Harry A. H. Smith  
Geo. Henry Williams  
Willie S. Burns  
Annie M. and Lulu  
N. Thorburn  
Sarah W. Putnam  
Charles H. Hull  
Charles W. Fletcher  
Baird A. Farr

Alexander Noyes  
Stephen H. Whidden  
Fanny B. McClintock  
Enna Bassett  
Willy Aldrich  
Wm. Heasley  
J. K. Taylor  
L. Jourlmon  
Benjamin L. Pease  
Edwin S. and Grace  
D. Hubbard  
R. Jennie Thayer  
Frank L. French  
Charles C. Mumford  
Annabel Crandall  
Nellie M. Lillis  
Lota Fellows  
Waldo W. Willard  
David Lapsley  
Annie Lounsbury  
Mie Gage  
Grier Hebben  
Laura D. Stroud  
Samuel D. Preston, Jr.  
I. Saunders O'Neale  
Hattie Blair  
John C. Ingram  
Edmund D. Howe  
Charles B. Verlender  
Grace Armstrong  
May M. Morse  
Ken Moody  
W. H. Dillingham  
Edward B. Horton  
Alice Capen  
S. Cuyler and Malcolm  
D. W. Greene  
Julian S. Allen  
Chauncey R. Burr  
Maude Lovett  
G. W. Warner  
Stella J. Braman  
Lewis N. Lukens  
Charlotte S. Blanchard  
Adèle Bonnycastle  
C. A. Gilman  
Florence Ware  
Frank F. Johnson  
Clement A. Woodnutt  
Walter M. Bennett  
Carrie H. Bovey  
Charlie A. Kitts  
Warren T. Hillman  
Daisy B. Gould  
Ollie P. Gentry  
Robt. M. Reese  
Mary A. Many  
Harold Mason Plaisted  
John F. Scott  
Paul H. Birdsall  
James J. Ormsbee  
W. E. Smith  
Charles V. Shufeldt

J. M. Paton  
Eldridge W. Jones  
Minnie Morgan  
Charley Hall  
Lyman B. Garfield  
Lewis J. and Ollie C. Kingsley  
Walter Fisher  
Eddie C. Wall  
Emmet T. Bryslard  
B. A. Hegeman, Jr.  
Willard G. Lake  
M. L. H.  
Maud E. Potts  
J. W. Lohman  
Anna Miller  
Hortense Dufourcq  
C. J. Field  
Walter Irving  
Lavinia Irwin  
John Edward Hill  
Fred S. Chase  
Edward L. Peck  
Maria E. Lay  
Wm. H. Woodruff  
An answer on pink paper, N. Y. city, no name given  
Kate Sprott  
Bella B. Pullman  
May E. Ogden  
George Parker  
Georgie F. Sprague  
Lilian Evans  
Virginia B. Ladd  
Hermon G. Pierce  
Ben P. Edwards  
A. S. Dodge, Jr.  
Adèle A. Cherbuliez  
H. G. Black  
Mary W. Barnes  
May Ludington  
Gil. K. Harroun, Jr.  
Harry Evans  
Carrie Glover  
Lewis B. Ives  
Harry N. Paul, Jr.  
Sarah E. Smith  
Sallie & Hattie Camp  
Nannie Trowbridge  
H. P. Manning  
John Lynn Cochrane  
Geo. S. Dial  
Willie W. Haskell  
Laura E. M. Manly  
Carrie R. Heller  
Anna Bell Monroe  
J. Fred Stodder  
Willie J. Searle  
Fanny S. Hall  
Albert P. Carman  
Osgood Smith  
Lee Brand  
John Burk

- Ednah E. Hale  
 Edgar B. Sampson  
 Edward B. Fox  
 Wm. A. Mahoney  
 Millie Stockwell  
 Clara Redding  
 Hattie Granger  
 C. F. L.  
 Charles M. Andrews  
 Annie E. Trumbull  
 Minnie K. Mixer  
 Helen S. Pearson  
 Alida Bevier  
 A. Monte Cutler  
 Nathan C. Osgood  
 Linnie Ayer  
 May Washburne  
 Alice F. Worcester  
 Geo. M. Custis  
 Allee Good  
 Frank M. Wichman  
 Fanny Hunt  
 Minnie B. Merrill  
 Fred W. Phillips  
 Clara L. Anthony  
 Julia W. Porcher  
 Alice Sears  
 Wm. Scarlett, Jr.  
 H. S. Elder  
 Kate G. Lawson  
 Nettie Ely  
 W. F. Bridge, Jr.  
 Frank B. Bemis  
 Charlie Mead  
 Sue G. Wilson  
 Marie C. Sicboth  
 Anna Trout  
 Perlee B. Wilbur  
 Walter B. Taft  
 James R. Goodale  
 Marcia E. Billings  
 Austin F. Haven  
 'A Little Schoolma'am'  
 Robt. H. Noble  
 May Pughe  
 John Stewart, Jr.  
 Eleanor B. Manchester  
 F. M. Wright  
 John H. Long  
 Hattie F. Miller  
 Jacob D. Early  
 Clara H. Bannister  
 Isaac Ford  
 Jeannie C. Pinner  
 Anna G. Elmendorf  
 Samuel S. Van Pelt  
 Clara E. Latty  
 H. S. Hart  
 Frank H. Carroll  
 Edward W. Blodgett  
 Ella Whildin  
 Davie W. Osborne  
 R. H. Rerick  
 J. M. Marshall  
 W. E. Bailey, Jr.  
 Helen L. Miller  
 Geo. P. Carroll  
 Richard L. Everit  
 Johanna Fleischmann  
 Harold H. Eames  
 Charles L. Killict  
 Will E. Brayton  
 Addie M. Sackett  
 Lydia M. Dale  
 Wm. M. K. Olcott  
 John K. Makin  
 Lilla Wilkinson
- Herbert Lewis Phillips  
 Lizzie B. Allen  
 R. W. Cooley  
 Delia M. Conkling  
 John Fuller Frames  
 Lucy F. Soule  
 C. Vanderbilt Barton  
 James S. Merritt  
 Fannie P. Anderson  
 Arthur Rogers  
 Jimmie Grant  
 Grace A. Flack  
 L. S. Rogers  
 Clarence H. Campbell  
 Maria A. Bond  
 Percy Pippon  
 Freddie McCrosky  
 Annie Barber  
 Hattie Merwin  
 Harvey L. McBrier  
 Nettie H. McKilvey  
 Ellie Colegrove  
 H. Irving Hale  
 Lydia Richardson  
 Anna M. Porter  
 Frank P. Gordon  
 E. M. Kempshall  
 R. Marshall Jones  
 Phoebe Loving  
 Laura Eastman  
 Sallie H. Borden  
 James T. Hatfield  
 Lena Marshall  
 S. M. Osgood  
 Ethel E. Fisher  
 Edward F. Wells  
 Rigely P. Randall  
 A. Lockwood Daniel-  
 son  
 Carrie Wiley  
 Lillie S. Sharpe  
 Bessie Blair  
 Nellie E. Moses  
 M. A. Barney  
 Fred. Geo. Woodman  
 Julia Teare  
 Kate S. Swency  
 Maud Hassall  
 Rudolph Leonhart  
 Mary Otis Gay  
 Anne Atwood  
 Geo. Casper Pennell  
 Jinnie Cravens  
 Walter Hawkes  
 Charlie W. Balestier  
 Lillian B. Miner  
 Bennie Swift  
 Charles W. Gibert  
 Lester Woodbridge  
 Ella M. Darrell  
 W. N. Todd  
 Franklin M. Welsh  
 Philp M. Robertson  
 Eliza D. Fitch  
 Fannie S. Hulbert  
 James E. Whitney, Jr.  
 Ida Pease  
 W. B. Thomson  
 Frank F. Coon  
 Bessie Plimpton  
 Willie Fox  
 Courtney Sawett  
 R. Bie Matthew  
 Emma P. Wood  
 Maria M. Jones  
 Kittie L. Brainerd  
 Charles D. Smith
- George Wells Fitz  
 Nellie J. Swain  
 Wm. L. Allen  
 Geo. W. Maupin  
 Aggie Dielman  
 Carrie G. Hammond  
 Emma M. Sawyer  
 Edward S. Tyler  
 Jennie Moore  
 Wm. Henry Bower  
 Clara H. Morgan  
 Theresa M. Lawrence  
 Franklin A. Hart  
 Mary Wattson  
 Cora L. Jones  
 G. F.  
 Herbert J. Polk  
 Laura H. Pinion  
 George W. Monteith  
 Edwin C. Garrigues  
 John B. Neale  
 Joseph M. Vose  
 Stella Hubbell  
 J. Edmond Page  
 Heloise Wilmington  
 Mary S. Heddrick  
 Willie Y. Kinne  
 John Acton, Jr.  
 Willie A. Parker  
 Agnes S. Covert  
 Grace Hattie Stennett  
 H. V. A. Anderson  
 C. Frank Culley  
 Helen R. Guthrie  
 Carrie E. Campbell  
 Edith E. Thompson  
 Clara Ida Stelle  
 Samuel J. Shaw  
 Robert Pearsall  
 Ethelbert Dowden  
 Mattie E. Blow  
 Chas. S. Smith  
 George G. Munger  
 Fannie H. Smith  
 Warner Demond  
 Banny Stewart  
 Jessie Dunsmore  
 Katy E. Rand  
 Clarence H. Bradley  
 Launcelot M. Berke-  
 ley  
 John R. V. Gilliat  
 George K. Taylor  
 Allie W. Laird  
 J. Eddie Milhau  
 James B. Hanker  
 Richard L. Hill, Jr.  
 Frederika V. Sabine  
 Sophie Logan  
 Edith Clay  
 Emma H. Babcock  
 Henry B. Ashmore  
 Bessie B. Gardner  
 J. Charles Trezinger  
 Jas. W. Hatch  
 Wm. Scott  
 Bertie Dawson  
 Heaton Manice  
 Mary I. Tilghman  
 Fannie Miller  
 Stella Williams  
 Daisy Pawcett  
 R. Bie Matthew  
 Robt. W. Lovett  
 Kate H. Russell  
 C. F. Perce  
 A. V. Griswold
- Harry W. Ordway  
 Annie Fitzgerald  
 Lulie H. Farmer  
 Samuel T. Halsted  
 Wm. S. Wolle  
 Louise T. Murdoch  
 Tracy Lyon  
 Samuel W. Lambert  
 Chas. W. Scovel  
 Harry M. Thomas  
 Theodore W. Noyes  
 Kate Cady Corson  
 Walter Watrous  
 F. M. Stebbins  
 J. A. David  
 Willie Conway  
 Henry H. Suplee  
 Mary and Edith Hen-  
 derson  
 Edith Harrison  
 Anna Lee Morris  
 Grace E. Hoyt  
 Thos. P. Conant  
 James L. Fisk  
 Frank E. Avery  
 Will B. Gleim  
 Adda M. Sheffield  
 Sarah H. Leavens  
 Willie F. Booth  
 Julia Dean Hunter  
 Louise H. Macomber  
 John A. Hunneman  
 John J. Zimmele  
 Geo. Leighton Blood  
 Harry G. Fittler  
 Edith Carpenter  
 Eddie H. Sawyer  
 Geo. W. Lay  
 Lewis L. Smith and  
 Edwin N. Fussell  
 "Uncas"  
 Walter C. Brace  
 Marian E. Gross  
 Herbert A. Shattuck  
 Lizzie C. Jarvis  
 Eddie Van Vleck  
 Jennie V. Martin  
 MacGregor Goodale  
 Jessie M. Benedict  
 Maybelle Powell  
 Annie Manning  
 Louis T. Reed  
 Mary Harned  
 Elsa L. Hobart  
 Alfred C. Kennedy  
 Frank E. Vaughan  
 Bertha Cooper  
 Hattie C. Fernald  
 Alice T. Gold  
 Thomas A. Murray  
 Geo. Hinman Fuller  
 Hcty R. Paret  
 Mahlon Betts  
 Julia, Willie, and Mad-  
 gie Walsh  
 Florence and Louise  
 Worthington  
 Arthur S. Anable  
 Julia P. Harvey  
 Herbert S. Underwood  
 Hatty L. Cady  
 Sarah J. Russell  
 Lulu K. Snow  
 Josie C. Rockwell  
 Nellie Cooley  
 Agnes Haffelfinger  
 C. Townsend Brady
- Robt. E. Wright  
 Robt. F. Camp  
 Fairman Warren  
 Edith S. Cushing  
 Anne and Emma Webb  
 May L. Nichols  
 Addie I. Clark  
 Harrie C. Dickinson  
 Susie A. Murray  
 Mollie H. Miner  
 Charles L. Morsis  
 Howard Case  
 Johnnie W. Knight  
 Newton C. Adams  
 Dollie W. Kirk  
 Bessie Le Moynce  
 Aaron Rice  
 Logan Bullitt  
 Isabel Bend  
 Charles K. Billings  
 Charles B. Wilson  
 Herman N. Tieman  
 Wm. F. Clark  
 Florence Townsend  
 Alice R. Murdock  
 Joseph Lippman  
 Charles Jewett Hum-  
 phrey  
 L. N. Henry  
 John W. Laws  
 Wm. R. Cordingley  
 R. S. Minturn  
 Herbert Wilson  
 Irving Swan  
 W. Phelps  
 Eva A. Smith  
 Camilla Morris  
 Charles E. Maxfield  
 Annie C. Lincoln  
 Anna and Sammie Pi-  
 per  
 Bethune Duffield  
 Cynthia P. Leet  
 Ruth Ella Benjamin  
 Harry Carrier  
 Jerome L. Cheney  
 Allen D. Vorce  
 Hinton E. Spalding  
 Harry Weeks  
 Mabel Carrington  
 Bennie Wynnkoop  
 May Utley  
 J. G. Armour O'Con-  
 nell  
 Wm. W. Thomas, Jr.  
 L. B. Coggeshall  
 Cora Conant  
 Emily S. Boston  
 G. H. Hudson  
 Katie M. Inghs  
 Katie R. Wishart  
 John D. Fullard  
 E. R. Greene  
 David M. Pratt  
 Fred M. Pease  
 Abe Bickham  
 L. O. G. Bucklin  
 Henry H. Strong  
 Charlie M. McCook  
 E. N. Aston  
 Philo P. Safford  
 Bessie Pulsifer  
 John L. Sturtevant  
 Fred R. Martin  
 Helen L. Pect  
 Albert L. Carson  
 Helen E. Vail
- Willis B. Currier  
 Belle Hyde  
 W. G. Nickerson  
 Fred C. Weld  
 Minnie Wilson  
 Carrie F. Granger  
 Thomas E. Camp  
 Arthur Evans  
 M. Odora Foster  
 Norman Barbour  
 H. G. Thompson  
 Jas. C. Elms, Jr.  
 F. W. Shepardson  
 Thomas M. Moore  
 Jeannie T. Durant  
 Sydney A. Smith  
 Mark Howe  
 Frank Anderson  
 Agnes Marples  
 Grace Greenough  
 Emily E. Topping  
 George Hay  
 Mary C. Foster  
 Taddie Williams  
 S. Knight  
 Elizabeth Turnor  
 S. H. Macky  
 Callie Ellis  
 Charles Livingston  
 Hubbell  
 Robt. M. Kershaw  
 Chas. H. Oatman  
 J. Lewis Howe  
 — Pierce  
 J. M. Brice  
 Reginald W. Rives  
 Fred E. Wiltberger  
 Susan R. Harrison  
 Maud H. Du Puy  
 Fanny H. Flint  
 Helen K. and Camp-  
 bell Holton  
 Julia Linton  
 Harriet B. Townsend  
 Alfred C. Young  
 Emily Shaw Sargent  
 Emma C. Perry  
 Caddy P. Darlington  
 Eddie H. Gay  
 C. Holmes Scymour  
 Dora M. Dickinson  
 Lewis E. Gates  
 Cary Harrison  
 Herbert H. Parsons  
 Duncan Curry  
 Carl Heydrick  
 Willie A. Seelye  
 John Edward Wiles  
 Willie A. Whitmore  
 H. McCormick Smith  
 Cornelia W. Stumpson  
 Nellie Wood  
 Robt. V. Gardner  
 Ben A. Cunningham  
 Willie Merle Carhart  
 Fred Evans, Jr.  
 Ida T. Weeks  
 Spencer C. Hunt  
 Jennie A. P. Brown  
 J. Henry Gucken  
 L. A. Johnson  
 E. L. Weaver  
 Emily Morrison  
 Hunter B. Stiles  
 Susie D. Sherwin  
 Washington Minor  
 Wm. Adger Law

- |                        |                       |                      |                      |                      |                      |
|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| W. C. Reed             | George F. D. Frask    | Affa M. Gray         | Chas. B. Clemens     | Lafayette Vorce      | Eddie M. Harris      |
| Emma Purinton          | Herbert V. Abbott     | Mary McFarland       | Mary Cheney          | J. R. Ohl            | Annie R. Stratton    |
| Bertha Torrance        | George H. Gurley      | Wm. J. Gregory       | Bessie H. Van Cleef  | James Alfred Merrill | Genevieve Near       |
| Nellie W. Banks        | Gertrude Huntington   | Sadie Lytle Young    | R. Jones             | Stanley S. Covert    | James F. Phelps      |
| John P. Stockum        | Stephen Burton        | Marie E. Krackowizer | Sara M. Richardson   | H. S. Loper          | Aggie H. Halloway    |
| Ella A. Leland         | Frances A. Gould      | Lily R. Church       | Jessie Mallory       | James P. Munro       | Gracie E. Bushnell   |
| Madge McComb           | Helen A. Sherwood     | Johnny French        | B. Parker, Jr.       | Edmund Kirk Titus    | George H. Knowles    |
| Biroie Gillespie       | F. Swift Billings     | F. E. Rookledge      | Mary Isabel Rissman  | Edward L. Middleton  | H. J. Bowman         |
| Ada M. Frost           | W. L. Amerman         | John H. Kennard, Jr. | Susie C. Fobes       | Willie S. Barnes     | Wm. H. Seward        |
| Helen Worrell Clarkson | Josie Morse           | Frank G. Warrington  | Jack F. Henry        | Nillie Hall          | Bella H. White       |
| Geo. Milton            | Anna Beers            | Wm. R. Kemp          | E. M. Nadal          | George N. Hannam     | Alice B. McLearn     |
| E. L. Clapp            | Allie Anthony         | Edward L. White      | Eleanor J. Clarke    | M. E. H. Hammett     | Chas. C. Harrington  |
| Bryan Cumming          | Wm. Martin Currier    | Geo. G. Sears        | Mabel Moore          | Chas. S. Plumb       | E. R. Tilton         |
| E. E. Perrine          | Elam L. Clarke        | Austin Meigs Poole   | Geo. E. de Steigner  | Frank S. Beavis      | E. Floyd Branch, Jr. |
| Lewis A. Clapp         | Hattie J. Whitney     | Hattie Maud Mallory  | Stella T. Johnson    | W. I. Sinnott        | Tracy H. Harris      |
| Bessie Van Patten      | Eva A. Madden         | Alice R. Blunt       | Chas. H. Walker      | Bert Watson          | Minna C. Austin      |
| C. N. Peck             | Lucy A. Barbour       | Elsie Johnston       | Charley A. Miller    | George E. Hume       | Henry Robinson       |
| Belle Murdoch          | Horace P. Taylor      | Willie F. Servis     | Donald B. Toucey     | R. W. Mallet         | Lucy Boisliniere     |
| Ella Otis              | Wm. M. Gobeille       | Griff Rensman        | Harry A. Prince      | Anna M. Paddock      | Edwin F. Webster     |
| G. E. Krauth           | George W. Howe        | Anson L. Carroll     | Nannie Robbins       | W. C. Landon         | Stephen Chase        |
| James S. Barstow       | H. P. Robbins         | Emilie E. Betz       | Rich'd Frank Rankins | Daniel Rollins       | Willie H. Chapple    |
| Alfred H. Cooper       | Mary E. Goodwin       | Ellen H. Munroe      | Lizzie L. Howard     | Louisa Vulliet       | M. Louise Rice       |
| Nelson S. Stirling     | Peter W. Hitchcock    | Theron H. Hanks, Jr. | Lulu De Vyne         | Wm. B. Roberts       | Celia P. Nott        |
| Fanny E. Throop        | Clarence W. McIlwaine | Warren P. Laird      | Edward P. Draper     | Thomas McKittrick    | Geo. F. Davidson     |
| Martha S. Davis        | Benj. Stephens Cooke  | Lily M. Storrs       |                      |                      |                      |
| Earle S. Alderman      | Annie M. Lang         | Alice W. Heald       |                      |                      |                      |
| Mary R. & C. A. Cook   | J. Frank Knox, Jr.    | Louis W. Flanders    |                      |                      |                      |
| Katie Noble            | James E. Haseltine    | Austin S. Palmer     |                      |                      |                      |
| Mary T. Leonard        | Sada Rabb             | Henry Petry          |                      |                      |                      |
| Willie W. Lanthurn     | Anna Woltzen          | Harry H. Carlton     |                      |                      |                      |
| Richard White          | Lillie Calkin         | Lily Van Wyck        |                      |                      |                      |
| Henry C. Young         | S. M. Brice           | Jessie Newlands      |                      |                      |                      |
| Mamie L. Kimball       | Frank H. Wells        | Susie C. Williams    |                      |                      |                      |
| Josiah H. Fitch        | Ida M. Grisell        | A. Jennie McNeil     |                      |                      |                      |
| Seymour C. Payne       | Geo. Emlin West       | Sallie B. Macalay    |                      |                      |                      |

C. L. W., shrewdly suspected to be rather an old "boy," sent in so witty a set of notes on the fifteen characters, that for awhile it quite upset the gravity of the judges. His account of Hannibal, "who swore at nine years of age, and came to a bad end, committing suicide just before he died," and of "Julius Caesar, commonly called 'O. Cæsar,'" and of "Mr. D. A. Dante, who was treated shabbily and exiled by his countrymen, but who gave some of them excellent situations in his Inferno," and his humorous descriptions of some of the other "gentlemen," are well worth printing, if ST. NICHOLAS could afford the space.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—"Every sin carries its own punishment."  
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Scowl, cowl, owl. Clair, lair, air. Chill, hill, ill. Preach, reach, each.

PYRAMID.—

S  
A P T  
T R I T E  
I N G R A T E  
R E F R A C T E D  
E Q U A B L E N E S S

EASY HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Newport. 2. Oxford. 3. Pisa. 4. Dover. 5. Cork. 6. Windsor. 7. Perth. 8. Toronto. 9. Ottawa.

WORD-SQUARE.—

H O W L  
O G R E  
W R E N  
L E N T

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Browning, Tennyson.

B —andi— T  
R—enegad—E  
O —non— N  
W —idgeo— Y  
N —orwa— N  
I —rt— S  
N —et— O  
G —alico— N

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Harvesting. Stag, grate, seat, vine, hat gate; nest, garnet, ring, net, tea, gnat, rest, vest, stung, hearts.  
CHARADE.—Orion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER were received, previous to January 18, from Hattie Allis, "Gussie," A. A. W., Stanford T. Crapo, E. and A. Herron, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Charlie Prudhon, "David and Jonathan," Walter Cassidy, Thomas Hunt, R. S. Minturn, Willie Dibblec, "Alfred and Rosie," James Hillborn, Eddie Shurtleff, Clara A. Williams, Julia D. Hunter, C. A. P. Club, "Nimble Dick," Lillie May Farman, Arthur S. Hodges, Mabel T. Thayer, Charles D. Rhoades, Agnes and Cora Hodges, Annie P. Richardson, Belle Betts, Madeline D. W. Smith, J. W. Bokie, Jr., T. M. Lightfoot, "Nogy," Charles R. Lamb, Jr., Georgie Rensen, C. L. Hastings, Henry Beckwith Ashmore, A. H. Eastman, Madison Porter, M. C. R., Mattie E. Blow, "Regie and Daisy," M. S. Clark, "Cupid," Will Cunningham, L. F. A., Lewis E. Gates, Ida M. Bourne, Annie G. Parker, Howard S. Rodgers, John Hinkley, W. H. Rowe, Bessie Vroom, Edw. D. Roome, Jennie A. Arthur, G. P. Brady, John R. Slack, Montie Horton, Freddie S. Pickett, Mamie A. Johnson, C. W. Hornor, Jr.

THE prize for the first correct answer to the "Christmas-tree Puzzle," published in the holiday number of ST. NICHOLAS, was awarded to BESSIE PLIMPTON, of Wrentham, Mass., and a beautiful illustrated copy of "Beauty and the Beast" (London edition) forwarded to her address. We are sorry that we cannot give credit to other boys and girls who answered the puzzle, but the correct answers received after Bessie's were so numerous that we cannot possibly acknowledge them all, and therefore prefer to mention none. It may interest competitors to know that Bessie's answer, though the first correct one, was not the first in point of time, as several answers from various cities of the West and South even, preceded hers in their arrival; and that, in awarding the prize, no account was taken of the answer to No. 14, which, as our readers will remember, was by mistake left incomplete. It is only justice however, to say that Bessie answered it correctly as well as the others.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—

L I B E R A L L Y  
T E L E S C O P E  
W I T T I C I S M  
F O R T H W I T H  
C O N V E N I N G  
C O R P O R A L S  
A D M I R A B L E  
L E X I N G T O N  
H E T E R O D O X

CLASSICAL CHARADE.—Antiparos.

WORD-SQUARE.—

S T O R M  
T H R E E  
O R I E L  
R E E V E  
M E L E E

DECAPITATIONS.—Shrink, rink, ink.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

M  
L E D  
P A L E S  
L A C O N I C  
M E L O C O T O N  
D E N O T E D  
S I T E S  
C O D  
N

REBUS.—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

ENIGMA.—Courtship of Miles Standish.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—France.







THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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VOL. III.

APRIL, 1876.

NO. 6.

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## THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

By R. H. D.

ABOUT fifteen years before Sir Joshua Reynolds painted little Penelope Boothby, whose pitiful story we told you in November, he sent one spring day into the great London exhibition certain portraits of a few famous and royal people. This exhibition was held in the magnificent hall of the Royal Academy in Pall Mall; and I wish the boys and girls who read this dull black and white page could have a glimpse, instead, of the crowd that gathered quickly before these pictures. For the little Joshua who used to draw with charcoal on the cellar walls of his father's school-house was now President of this Royal Academy, and the people who crowded up to see these pictures (one of which he had said himself was his masterpiece) had all been painted by him,—princes and dukes, and noble "macaronies" splendid in velvet and lace and great wigs of powdered hair and jewel-hilted swords; and great ladies in their thin, scant dresses and nodding plumes of feathers or straw a yard high.

You would have seen them all uncover and bow to the ground as a fat, pretty boy of eleven, dressed in crimson slashed with white satin, came in under charge of his tutor. This was the little Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and you might have heard it whispered about that the boy, with all the other royal children, was kept in strict seclusion, with no play between lessons except planting wheat, weeding, reaping, and thrashing it, by which means the Queen proposed to make them understand the lives of the common people.

In spite of all this care, the lad had already showed that he cared for nothing beyond his fine clothes. The "common people" never were to him of more value than the pigs which chased each other through dirty London gutters; useful animals, perhaps, but not to be touched or smelled, by any means. The little George was concerned on this day about a new jeweled buckle on his shoe,—and, indeed, the great George which he became, whom you may hear called "the first gentleman of Europe," was always more concerned about buckles and wigs than anything else until the day of his death.

There were at the exhibition, among these noblemen and ladies with their fine dress and brilliant talk and coarse lives, a few of the common people. One big, burly, stoop-shouldered, near-sighted man, with slovenly coat and snuff-drabbed waistcoat, went about peering at the pictures closely, and grunting out an answer when he was spoken to. This was the great Dr. Johnson, in a worse humor than usual. You may be sure the macaronies and fine ladies gave him plenty of room. Low birth and rough manner were crimes they did not forgive. The man behind him, with the quick, nervous eyes and red nose, is Mr. Boswell.

There was there, too, a young, smooth-faced, smooth-spoken young man with his hat on, who was pointed out as Mr. West, the Quaker painter, from Penn's colony in America, whom the King had just taken into his own protection. The sight

of him brought up among the gentlemen the story of the rumor which had just come from America by a ship only ten weeks out, that there was likely to be some trouble about the four shiploads of tea just sent over. They were all of opinion, however, that it would be a little fire soon stamped out, as the Americans were, with few exceptions, of the paltry lower classes.

Sir Joshua himself comes in for a few minutes,—a large, heavily built man, with a sincere and kindly face, which a deep scar on his upper lip does not hurt. He wears spectacles, and there is an ear-trumpet hanging over his frilled shirt, and great golden seals dangling below his embroidered waistcoat, while the big rolled collar of his coat reaches high behind his ears. He finds the crowd all gathered about one of his pictures, and it is not one of the famous or royal portraits either, but that of a little girl in a coarse dress creeping down a lane, glancing from side to side, her pottle of strawberries on her arm. She is one of the "common people."

If the Earl of Carysfort, who is looking at the picture with loud expressions of delight, had met the little girl alive in one of the narrow streets, he would, quite unmoved, have seen his coachman crowd her to the wall as though she were a dog; but now he declares his palace unfurnished and a poor place without her, and whispers to Sir Joshua to name his own price. Whereupon the painter smiles quietly, and says that "it is given to no man to accomplish more than three or four great works in his life, and this is one of mine."

Since then, the Strawberry Girl has gone down with her immortal beauty from one palace to another; the last time she was sold, 11,000 dollars were paid for her. Artists have learned from her new conceptions of their divine art, and critics alike have raved over the "glowing golden tone" of the air that surrounds her, which breathes, say they, "of purple vintage and the balmy south." Now she has come into ST. NICHOLAS, to show us the face with which a little innocent English girl met the world a hundred years ago.

There is something in the eyes which is far alien from palaces, and which tells us that England, as she knew it, was by no means the merry England of which we read in the histories of those who lived in them. Very few of the children of the titled crowd who crowded the exhibition could have met us with a look so innocent and pure. The little sons of noble and gentlemen not only dressed precisely as their fathers did, but swaggered and swore like them, and drew and flashed their tiny swords on occasion. Boys of fourteen at school were carried in sedan-chairs to masquerades at night, drank their two glasses of port or four of claret for dinner,

at eighteen shut their books, made the grand tour of Europe, and came home as ready as their fathers, as we may believe, for all the follies of the town.

Girls of the same age finished their studies at fifteen; and after that, if they too did not plunge into the mad rout of fashion, gave themselves up to embroidery and card-playing and the narrowest of home lives. But little was known by them of the great world outside of England, nothing of the greater world of stars, trees, animals living about them. There were but half a dozen books for children then; but one or two readable novels, and the little and ill-printed newspapers were filled with dreary stories of the loves of Lady Amelia or Lord John, news months old from other countries, and dismal accounts of burglaries and highway robberies. We do not believe our strawberry girl was one of these well-born maidens; but neither will we credit the story that Sir Joshua found her on the street one day and paid her to sit as his model.

Innocent little girls were no plentier in the hovels of London then than in the palaces. The city was shut in by roads made impassable by mud half the year, and blockaded by snows, sometimes ten feet deep, the other half. The "common people" were wretchedly poor and weighed down with taxes. They made gangs of "'Prentices" or "Craftsmen," and at the cry of "Clubs!" were ready to break each other's heads, or to follow any leader like Lord George Gordon to burn the houses of the rich or to open Newgate, and were quite as ready to halloo when their leader was hung. Ladies could not drive abroad at noonday in the streets without danger of footpads, who presented masked faces and a pistol at the coach-window. In return, the rich hung and quartered these poor folks very much as we do sheep. Women were hung for stealing a quartern loaf or a piece of cloth. Men —

But why should we lift this black curtain any higher? The little strawberry girl has come from behind it to say that even in that old time, as now, there were pure and good mothers and happy children who slept upon their bosoms. We are sure Sir Joshua caught sight of the little girl peeping out of some shady lane, when he made his annual journey to his old village home at Plympton Maurice; and carrying her face and sweet innocence away in his memory, gave them to the wicked world about him, and to us, as a perpetual lesson and benison to us all. Meanwhile, the child, no doubt, grew into a gentle, gracious-natured woman, lived out her quiet life among the shady lanes, and is dead, and never knew that her beauty and purity had become a priceless possession to the world—an

immortal heritage to be handed down from generation to generation.

The little children who look at her may not all have beautiful faces to give pleasure to others, and no Sir Joshua to make them enduring if they had; they may live in as obscure a corner of the world

as the nameless little strawberry girl, and die there unknown; but they may be quite sure that there is not a kindly word of theirs, nor an honest act, nor a true, noble thought which will not go out into the world as her innocence has done, to help to make it better and be like it—immortal.

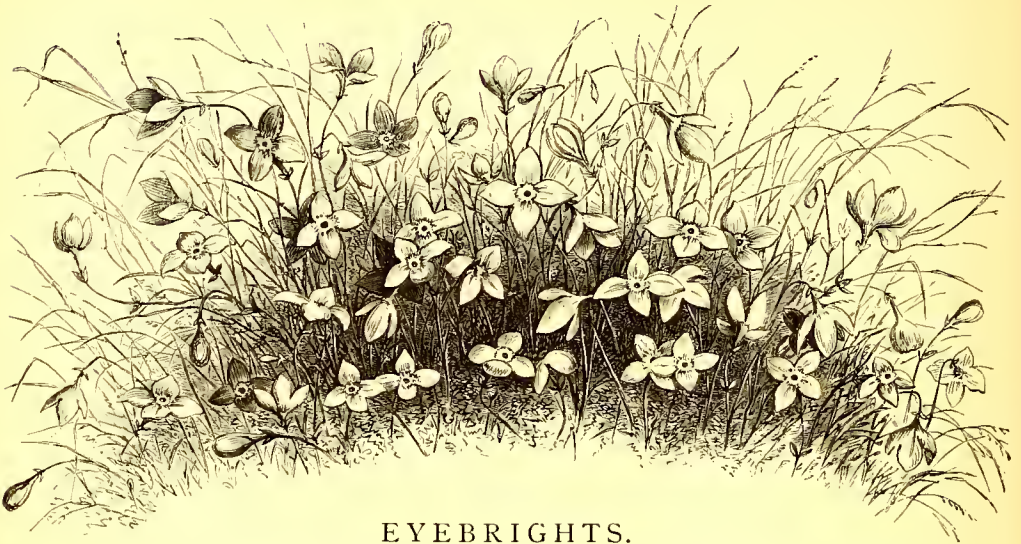
## THE "MISS MUFFETT" SERIES.

(No. VI.)

[For the benefit, this time, of our readers who are learning French.]



PETITE Marie Martin,  
 En mangeant du pain,  
 D'un corbeau reçoit une visite.  
 Dit-elle, "Eh bien!  
 Je vous laiss'rai mon pain.  
 Au revoir!" Et elle sortit très-vite.



## EYEBRIGHTS.

BY L. G. WARNER.

“OH, how came you here,  
 You sweet, airy things—  
 Such troops and troops of you?  
 Had n't you wings?  
 For here but yesterday  
 Snow lay cold,—  
 Who ever heard  
 Of babies so bold!”

“Wings?—oh, not at all!  
 But down in our bed,  
 Under the leaves,  
 We heard overhead  
 The quick little feet  
 Of a robin run;  
 And a warm, soft ray  
 From the kind, great sun  
 Was sent that moment,  
 Just for our sake;  
 While a bluebird sang:  
 ‘Wake, little dears, wake!’  
 Then the queer little bugs  
 That had cuddled up warm  
 In a moss-bed near,  
 Through the wind and storm  
 And some spry little ants,  
 Of a sudden stirred,  
 And were off on their travels,  
 Without one word.  
 So up through the leaves  
 All shining with rain,

We sprang back to life,  
 Right happy again  
 To see the green grass  
 And blue, blue skies,  
 The buds and the birds,  
 With our own bright eyes.  
 Some of us came  
 Ere the moon's pale light  
 Had faded away,  
 And are fair and white;  
 And some slept on  
 The still night through,  
 And caught in our faces  
 The day's warm blue.  
 Such a bright, glad world,  
 No matter what weather,  
 For in sunshine or shade  
 We're always together!  
 On us all alike  
 The rain must fall;  
 When the wind waves one  
 It waves us all.  
 Such a joy to breathe  
 The sweet, soft air!  
 To hear the music  
 That's everywhere!  
 To look far up  
 At the trees so high,  
 And watch the branches  
 Against the sky!  
 But when the children

That love us well  
Come through the meadow  
And down the dell,  
With merry laughter  
And happy plays,  
'T is the sweetest day  
Of all our days."

Then the golden sun  
Sank down to rest,  
And the color faded  
Out of the west.

And when I looked,  
In the dim twilight,  
For the tender innocents,  
Blue and white,  
Whose sweet, calm faces  
To us seemed sent  
To make us braver  
And more content,—  
With heads dropt low,  
And folded eyes,  
They were fast asleep  
'Neath the brooding skies.

## HOW A GRIZZLY TREED OBED ROLLINS;

OR, "TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"HE might ez well be'n struck by a grizzly; he's stone dead," said Obed Rollins, as he bent over the body of a small dog, just killed by an unlucky kick from my mule.

"I would n't hev took ten dollars for that dorg this mornin'; he waz the best one for b'ars in all Truckee; an', ef he waz a yaller dorg, he could whip twice his weight in wild cats any day.

"Jest ter think," continued he, "that Pete should hev be'n kicked ter de'th by a mule, after what he's be'n through; I allers reckoned he knowed too much tu git behind a mule. He's be'n knocked over more 'n twenty times by b'ars, and it never discouraged him a mite; but he's done for this time sure 'n shootin', ef he did hev more clean grit then enny other yaller dorg I ever seed. I could tell Pete's yelp two miles away, when he'd treed a b'ar, an' yer mought bet you 'd find him right at the foot of the tree every time; an' now he's be'n an' gone an' got kicked ter de'th by a mule."

I expressed my regret for the accident that had deprived its owner of so valuable a favorite, and then, for the purpose of introducing the object of my visit, inquired if Pete "had ever treed many grizzlies?"

"Treed grizzlies!" repeated Obed, with a look of supreme contempt; "why, grizzlies can't climb! Pete's treed many a' other b'ar, but never no grizzly."

And Obed cast upon me such a look of perfect scorn, that I actually blushed at my own igno-

rance; for Obed Rollins, although the most shiftless and improvident man in Truckee, bore the reputation of being the most expert bear-hunter in the settlement.

Like all frontiersmen, he believed implicitly in his own powers, and if he failed to secure the game of which he was in search to-day, was confident that to-morrow would certainly bring him better luck.

Careless, extravagant, jolly and ragged, he was the very embodiment of good-natured laziness, and would return empty-handed to his family, after a week's absence in the mountains, with as much complacency as though he brought with him a fine fat buck or the carcass of a grizzly. Even the fretting and scolding of his wife failed to ruffle his invariable good temper, and he would turn from her taunts and reproaches, to play with the dogs or the children, with as much indifference and apathy as though she did not exist, or the larder, instead of being as bare as "Old Mother Hubbard's" cupboard, was stocked with a month's provisions.

In despite of Obed's faults, his good nature made him a great favorite in the settlement, and his appearance upon the street was generally regarded as an invitation to listen to one of his famous bear-stories.

Sometimes it was an old gray-headed miner, sometimes a neighbor or a stranger, who made the request. Whoever it was, Obed was rarely known to refuse. Nor was it an unfrequent sight to

see him, surrounded by his dogs, the center of a group of boys and girls, lazily reposing under the shade of some spreading oak, while he narrated for their amusement some of his own thrilling adventures or hair-breadth escapes.

Although a new-comer in Truckee, Obed's fame as a bear-hunter had reached my ears; and on that bright October morning, I had gone over to confer with him regarding the chances of capturing a troublesome grizzly that had recently been raiding upon my *corral*.

While engaged in conversation, one of his dogs that had, unwittingly, approached too near my mule, had been instantly killed by a blow from the animal's hind-foot. Hence Obed's lamentations.

After some time spent in condoling with him over the untimely death of Pete, I succeeded in enlisting his services, and a couple of hours later saw us, accompanied by his dogs, *en route* for the mountains in pursuit of the grizzly. While sitting around our camp-fire that evening, Obed entertained me with the following story, which I shall relate as nearly as possible in his own words:

"Five year ago, when I jest come ter Truckee, a-minin' was pretty nigh played out; but the woods round waz full of b'ars, so I took ter huntin' em. It's a mighty onsartin' bizness, but I've been pretty lucky; I haint lost no b'ars yit, nor haint got 'chawed up,' ez most b'ar-hunters do afore they've been at it ez long ez me.

"I got me a couple of bull-purps to start with, but I soon found out thet blooded dorgs warn't no account in a b'ar-hunt. You see they close right in with a b'ar, and the konsiquens is, they don't last no time. Mongrels is what yer want in a b'ar-hunt; no account dorgs is the ones to worry a b'ar powerful; snappin' and snarlin' and bitin' in the rear is more 'n a b'ar can stan' by considerable. You see it confuses 'em so, that they naturally take to a tree, and then you hev got 'em. Why, Squire, the hardest fight I ever had with a black b'ar was right here, and the biggest one I ever killed I shot on the crotch er that beech thar" (pointing to a large tree close at hand). "I'll tell yer about it ef yer like, ez soon ez I light my pipe."

The pipe being lighted, Obed commenced as follows:

"It was a mornin' in November. I had n't slep' much all night, and along jest afore daylight I heerd Pete yelp.

"I knowed from the sound thet he waz on ther track o' somethin', so I got up and dressed and went out ter see what it waz. Putty soon I heerd him ag'in down in these woods, so I took old Kaintuck\* and started.

"Jest after daylight, I struck a b'ar's trail in thet same corn-field we come through this afternoon; I

see plenty of places, too, where he'd helped himself to ther corn. I follard the tracks till I got well inter these woods, and then waited for Pete ter speak again. In a little while I heerd him yelp, and I know'd, by the sound he'd got the b'ar treed, an' he'd stay by it till I got thar. I stepped along putty lively, though I did n't keer to hurry much, and I got ter jest about where you're sittin' afore I seed the dorgs. There old Pete was, a-standin' straight up on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws braced agin' the tree, lookin' at the b'ar, and ev'ry few minutes yellin' 'Obed!' ez plain ez anybody could say it.

"Well, Squire, that waz the crossest-lookin' b'ar I ever seed, an' I knowed thet I should hev trouble with him ez soon ez I sot eyes on him; 'cause, yer see, ther dorgs had got him riled cl'ar through. He waz so mad, he did n't seem ter take no notice o' me, so I crep' round ter whar I could git a fair shot. Yer see, in shootin' a b'ar, ef yer can put a bullet right in behind the fore-shoulder, ten ter one one shot's 'nuff. So I crep' round till I got jest the position I wanted, and then I drew old Kaintuck on him.

"He kinder looked round at me when I fired, and then settled down on ter thet big limb thar, as though he waz detarmined to stick thar. So I fired once more; the critter jest give a low growl, and hugged it all the closer.

"I hed to fire ag'in afore he dropped, and ez quick as he struck the ground the dorgs made for him; but, bless yer, quicker 'n I hev took ter tell yer, three o' them dorgs waz dead. Pete waz the only live one left. I never see a b'ar thet could handle his paws as thet one did; they made me think o' that wind-mill down in the Merced Valley, more 'n ennything I ever seed afore.

"Pete knowed better 'ern ter tackle thet critter; he jest sot and watched ev'ry motion—ez knowin' ez enny man would 'a' done; and ef he seed the b'ar look toward where he waz a-sittin', he'd 'ki-yi' like all possest, and put inter the woods. Wal, I seed I could n't do nothin' with ther dorg, so I made up my mind to go for the critter myself. I drew my knife and started toward him; but afore I got within six feet of him, he riz up an' hit me a lick with one of his paws, thet knocked me more 'n ten feet, and sent my knife whar I never hev seed it ter this day. Nor I haint never found out how he done it either, for 't was did so awful quick. When I come to, the b'ar lay thar dead. I hunted for my knife awhile, an' then went back ter the settlement, an' got some of the boys ter come out an' help me carry the critter home, for 't was the biggest black b'ar ever killed in Truckee. My head did n't get over akin' for a month arter thet, though I never should hev got him ennyway, ef it had n't

\* His rifle.



a be'n fur Pete;—an' ter think that a dorg thet knowed ez much ez Pete should hev be'n and gone an got kicked ter de'th by a mule at last! Thet's what beats me; it do, sure," and Obed shook his head as though he indeed failed to comprehend how it could possibly be. After some further conversation upon bears, Obed replenished our camp-fire for the night, and we both turned in.

I was wakened just after daylight in the morning by the quick, sharp yelp of the dogs. Obed sprang to his feet, and seizing his rifle, shouted, "It's a deer," and a moment later had disappeared in the forest. Thinking it but little use to follow him, and supposing he would soon return, as I noticed he had left his ammunition-belt behind, I composed myself for another nap, and upon awaking an hour or two later, was surprised to find that Obed was still absent. However, I busied myself getting breakfast and eating it; smoked my pipe, and amused myself prospecting near the camp, indulging in a pleasant reverie of what might happen if I should chance to discover a rich deposit of the precious metal, instead of the grizzly we were in search of. Thus hour after hour passed, but no Obed appeared.

I was alone, in the midst of a vast forest, whose stillness was undisturbed save by the rustle of some falling leaf, or the occasional notes of some "deep-wood songster," whose flute-like tones—now so soft and low, and again so loud and shrill; a moment since so far away, and now so very near—startled me from my musings by their almost unearthly sweetness. I knew that it must be nearly noon, and Obed was still absent.

"What could have become of him?" I asked myself the question many times over.

No sound disturbed the death-like stillness of the vast solitude about me. Alarmed at Obed's long absence, not knowing what to do, yet hardly daring to do nothing, I determined to venture forth in search of him.

Taking the direction in which I knew he had started in the morning, I followed upon his trail, using great care to so mark my course that I should be enabled to find my way back to camp.

I walked for some time, anxiously watching for the slightest trace that would help me solve the mystery of Obed's absence. When my attention was attracted by the print of an enormous foot in the soft earth. My first impression was that it must be the track of some giant, so closely did it resemble the print of a human foot in form and size. By actual measurement I found it to be more than eleven inches in length by seven in breadth. I soon discovered other tracks, however, although none were so well defined and distinct as the one first seen. A little reflection convinced me that

they must be the tracks of a grizzly, or, judging from their numbers, perhaps half-a-dozen. The prospect was not a pleasing one. What should I do?

The thought of my situation caused me to hesitate some time before deciding. I remembered stories I had heard old hunters tell of the habits of the grizzly,—of their immense size and strength, as well as the celerity of their movements,—and I almost concluded to return to camp. But then, would I be any better off? Might not Obed require my services? The bare idea that so renowned a bear-hunter should need the services of any person, caused me to laugh so heartily that forthwith all hesitation vanished, and I decided to go on until I should find it necessary to retrace my steps in order to reach camp before darkness should set in.

I had, perhaps, traveled three or four miles, occasionally pausing to listen for the yelp of the dogs, or perchance expecting to hear Obed's voice in the distance, when, somewhat tired and fatigued, I seated myself on a rock upon the side of a ledge, for the purpose of taking a rest preparatory to my return to camp, where I had, by this time, persuaded myself I should find Obed with a good supply of venison.

While thus resting, my attention was attracted by a singular noise that appeared to come from the other side of the ledge. What it was I could not imagine, but determined to see for myself. Creeping cautiously to the top of the bluff, I peered over.

Not twenty feet away was a huge bear and two cubs, each as large as a small calf. I realized at once, from the size of the mother, as well as from her shaggy coat of dun-brown hair, thickly flecked with gray, that she was a grizzly. My first impulse, to quickly seek a safer locality, was overcome by curiosity, and I decided to remain and watch the animals for a few minutes. The cubs were having a nice time, rolling over and over upon the pinecones, with which the ground was strewn, reminding me, in their antics, of two great Newfoundland dogs at play—while the mother was evidently enjoying the scene quite as much as myself.

Occasionally, she would sit upright upon the ground, and, rubbing her nose with her paws, cast a glance upward, while she uttered the low wheezing growl that had first attracted my attention. Then, stretching herself at full length upon the ground, she would playfully push with her paws what, at first sight, I thought was a crooked stick, but which, to my horror, I soon discovered was the broken stock of a rifle. Instantly there flashed across my mind a story that I once heard a trapper tell of a comrade, who, being pursued by a grizzly and finding escape impossible, threw himself on the ground and feigned death, while the creature ab-

solutely dug a hole, and pushing him into it, covered him over, intending to return at some future time and devour him.

Was that Obed's fate, and was the broken rifle his? The very thought frightened me half out of

position, I at length discovered through the thick foliage the form of Obed perched high up in the branches of a large birch, regarding, with a most lugubrious countenance, the playful gambols of the affectionate trio beneath him.



OBED TREES A BEAR.

my senses, yet I was so fascinated by the scene that I had no power to leave it. I noticed that the cubs, like the old bear, appeared to be especially attracted toward one particular tree, rubbing themselves against it, scratching it and reaching up toward the top. By dint of repeatedly changing my

Nothing but the fear of attracting the attention of the bears to myself prevented me from bursting into a loud laugh at the sight of the unpleasant predicament of the renowned bear-hunter of Truckee. I knew that I must make no noise, and I certainly did not dare to fire, lest I should only

wound the bear; and even if I were so fortunate as to kill the old bear, how could I dispose of the cubs? How could I give Obed information of my presence, without imparting the same to his enemies?

What should I do? After much hesitation, I

the exercise of the greatest caution, I managed to reach the foot of the ledge, and no better time was ever made in the woods of Truckee than I made in reaching camp, where I immediately kindled a huge fire and seated myself, rifle in hand, with



A BEAR TREES OBED.

decided to withdraw from the vicinity as quietly as possible, trusting that Bruin would become tired of keeping vigil, and leave Obed to descend from his uncomfortable position.

I hardly dared to breathe, so careful was I of interrupting the playful scene I had witnessed. By

eyes and ears wide on the alert, to wait the appearance of Obed.

I waited through all the long hours of that night, listening to the crackling of the burning wood, and fancying that the rustle of every leaf, or the swaying of a bough over my head, was the stealthy tread

of a grizzly or a panther. At last, toward morning, with my rifle in my lap, I fell asleep, worn out with excitement and fatigue. How long I slept I do not know. When I sprang to my feet the sun was shining brightly, and the first object that met my gaze was Obed, with his face buried in the water of the spring by which we were encamped.

Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation of surprise at the sight! Obed, raising his head, while the water ran from his beard in streams, said, "Don't speak to me till I git through drinkin'," and immediately plunged his head into the water once more, declaring that "a drink of cold water waz worth more 'n all the whisky in Californy." I finally succeeded in inducing him to narrate his adventures after leaving the camp.

"Yer see, when I started, Squire, I 'spected ter find that deer close by; but them dorgs waz furdur away than I thought for. I follered 'em putty lively though, until I turned the corner of a ledge, and, blast my picter, ef I did n't come slap on ter a grizzly ez big ez a ox, with two cubs. She was so clus I could n't fire, so I jest fetched her one clip on the nose (that's the tender part of a grizzly) with my gun, and clim' a tree; fer yer see, Squire, I did n't hev no time ter spare.

"Well, ez soon ez she see I was out er her reach, she went for that tree. She bit, an' scratched, an' pawed, and rubbed it, till I thought, for the life of

me, she 'd hev me down. All at once she spied the gun lyin' on the ground, an', quicker 'n lightnin', she grabbed it in her paws, broke it an' twisted the barrel for all the world jest like a corkscrew.

"Wal, sir, thet old b'ar and her cubs jest staid at the foot of that tree, a-waitin' for me to come down, all day an' all night; an' jest after daylight this mornin' they lit out, an' then I lit out, for I knowed they 'd gone for good. I would n't hev minded the sittin' part so much, Squire, ef I 'd hed suthin' to take, 'cause yer see, Squire, I got powerful thirsty up thar; but after all, the most aggravating part of it waz to see the old b'ar an' them two cubs jest a-foolin' round the foot o' that tree, an' no chance to get a shot at 'em."

I deemed it advisable not to acquaint Obed of my visit to the scene of his discomfiture until after a more successful attempt to capture the grizzly, although I could not forbear rallying him some upon his manner of hunting bears.

He bore my remarks with his usual good-nature, until I referred to the loss of his rifle, when he replied by saying:

"Ef yer want me ter hunt b'ars with ye, the less yer say 'bout old Kaintuck the better. 'Turn about is fair play,' I reckon. I've treed many a b'ar afore now, an' thet's the fust one thet ever treed me. Nor he would n't hev done it, ef Pete had n't gone an' got kicked ter de'th by a mule."

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## THE FROG, THE CRAB, AND THE LIMPSY EEL.

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A FROG, a crab, and a limpsy eel  
 Agreed to run a race.  
 The frog leaped so far he lost his way,  
 And tumbled on his face.  
 The crab went well, but quite forgot  
 To go ahead as he went,  
 And so crawled backward every step—  
 On winning the race intent.  
 And the limpsy eel, he curled and curled,  
 And waved to left and right,  
 Till the crab came backing the other way,  
 And the frog jumped past them quite.  
 But when last I looked, the limpsy eel  
 Was curling himself apace,  
 The frog had tangled his two hind-legs,  
 And the crab had won the race!

## CHEERY PEOPLE.

BY H. H.



H, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost—*i. e.* to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine, to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all—in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing their very best to make it dismal? Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offense. In fact, I believe they will always be such good friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow—fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do, feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in—only more so;

for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make them brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up, and help everybody along!—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole life-time to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his own town know and love his face because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman I know whose face was always cheery and bright; "the face of her does one good, shure!"

I said if there were only a recipe—a sure and certain recipe—for making a cheery person, we would all be glad to try it. There is no such recipe, and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it. It would take time and trouble. Cheeriness cannot be taught like writing, "in twenty lessons;" nor analyzed and classified and set forth in a manual, such as "The Art of Polite Conversation," or "Etiquette Made Easy for Ladies and Gentlemen." It lies so deep that no surface rules of behavior, no description

ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up" and "master" it, like a trade or a study. I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have. But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations. To do this we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know, and follow their example. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds—or if he minds, never says a word about—small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about him laugh, at every amusing thing; no matter how small, he has his laugh, and

a good hearty laugh too, and tries to make everybody share it. Patience, sympathy, and humor—these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person. But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which "doeth good like a medicine."

Somebody once asked a great painter, whose pictures were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring: "Pray, Mr. —, how *do* you mix your colors?"

"With brains, madam—with brains," growled the painter. His ill-nature spoke a truth. All men had or might have the colors he used; but no man produced the colors he produced.

So I would say of cheeriness. Patience, sympathy, and humor are the colors; but patience may be mere doggedness and reticence, sympathy may be wordy and shallow and selfish, and humor may be only a sharp perception of the ridiculous. Only when they are mixed with love—love, three times love—do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

## A LAKE ON FIRE.

BY PAIGE DWIGHT.

BOB and Nan live up among the icicles. What there is between them and the North Pole is at present of small account to anybody except the fur traders. Just behind their house the woods begin, and I do not believe they end very much this side of that open Polar Sea, about which such a time has been made during the last hundred years.

Bob is seven, Nan is five. She is not his own sister, but a little motherless child that had drifted into Bob's house with the pleasant sunlight one summer's morning. She was warmly welcomed, and so well cared for that by the time the autumn days set in, the buttons on her waist began to pop off like Peggotty's in Mr. Dickens's story, for she grew as plump as the plovers Bob was following over the wild hill-sides all those golden afternoons.

Early in November, Jack Frost came dashing out of the woods on his way to the south, for like many another fine gentleman, you know, Jack

travels toward the south in the winter, and takes his diamonds with him.

How every one at Bob's house flew about when they found Jack Frost's presents lavishly strewn over the place in the morning, for he had entered town by moonlight the night before. The little lawn looked as though somebody had been shaking a huge sugar-sifter over it, and here and there were delicate ferns and crystallized snow-flakes upon the panes, and to every one, old and young, had been generously given a shiver and a red nose. The truth is, nobody expected Jack so early, and the whole household at once set to work to give him a warm reception. Double windows and doors went up, and warm blankets and coats came down, and cotton went into cracks, and furs came out of boxes, and men banked up the house with sawdust, and boxes of winter stores came from the grocer's; and mamma, who liked winter, sang; and

papa, who liked summer, growled; and as for Bob and Nan, they frisked from one end of the house to the other, watching the snow-flakes from every window, and thought it was the "most delightful" day they had ever experienced.

After a day or two, papa—who, as mamma said, was fearfully "bundled up"—took Bob down town; and the little fellow was bundled up too when he came home. First, besides his warm stockings, he had on a pair of German socks—curious cloth stockings, lined with thick rows of tufted white wool, reaching up to his short trousers—and drawn over the feet of these were yellow moccasins.

Flannel wrappers, a flannel jacket, a thick coat, a Cardigan jacket, an overcoat and cape, a thick scarf, a heavy fur cap, and two pairs of mittens, one of woolen and one of buckskin, so effectually



BOB'S FATHER.

barricaded Bob's body from the cold that he declared it was as "warm as toast" out of doors, when the thermometer was below zero.

Thus equipped, our muffled young gentleman dragged behind him what every boy who wears mittens expects to have—a beautiful sled. I often think the people who sell boys mittens ought to throw in sleds with them, for of what earthly use would the mittens be if there were no sleds to drag? Bob's was scarlet, and its name was Racer.

The snow came down day after day, silently in large flakes, or noisily, sifted fine by the north wind, and after awhile the clouds gathered up their skirts and skipped away from the sky, and the sun shone brilliantly in the clear blue.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" cried Bob's mamma, gazing out upon the snow touched by rosy and golden hues, with rich colors of delicate shades blending on the opposite shore of the bay, miles away.

"Here, untie my shoes, quick!" cried Bob, rushing in. "I want to put on my moccasins, and there's a hard knot. I mean, please untie them—please hurry, quick!"

"Do you expect the snow will melt away if you wait long enough to be polite?" said mamma. "We shall probably have one hundred and twenty-one days for the sleds. I presume ninety pleasant days like this are before us. Lake Superior winters are famous for them, you know. Spelling first, sir, sledding afterward. These are the two we will attend to this winter."

Bob ran for his book, studied half a dozen words with all his might, and then caught sight of the cat and began to tease her. Nan sat down promptly, studied each word slowly and patiently, and in due time came with a perfect lesson, while Bob was obliged to guess at half the words. He was very much like the hare in the fable, and Nan was steady, like the tortoise. He did not take kindly to being outspelled by a girl.

"Where did you learn your letters?" he asked, impudently.

"Here," answered Nan, innocently.

"Then, if you had n't come here, you'd have been a dunce, I suppose?" said naughty Bob.

"But I *did* come here," said practical Nan.

"But if you *had n't* come, I say?" persisted Bob.

"But I *did* come, and so I'm not a dunce, you see," answered Nan, triumphantly.

"But if you had n't?"

"But I *did*."

This dialogue might have gone on all day, but just then mamma quietly put an end to the dispute by advising the unhappy couple to "go out and play," a hint that was instantly accepted with great glee.

The house in which Bob and Nan lived was built upon the side of a hill. The woods began a little way behind it, and the town ran in half a dozen straggling streets, bordered by frame houses and stumps down the hill to the lake, with the bay far to the right. From the back gate to the front walk was a very respectable sliding-place.

"Oh, Bob! look at the houses smoking up," cried Nan, as they turned for their first slide.

Not only the houses, but the whole lake was also sending up soft, pearly vapor into the light blue sky. Lake Superior does not get warm until the last of the summer, it is so deep and large, and then it takes a good share of the winter to cool it off again; so during the first weeks of December it steams away like a great tub of warm water on a cold day, and the sun shining upon this sometimes has the effect of making the mist seem on fire.

"I guess the lake's all afire, and the houses are catching it," said Bob. "I wish I was down there; don't you, Nan?"

"Yes, I do—pretty much," answered Nan.

"Let's go; mother wont care," said Bob.

"Let's go and ask her."

"Oh, she wont care! I don't want to go in. Mother said it would wet my moccasins to go in by the stove when they had snow on. I don't want to wet my feet, do I?"

"There is n't a scrap of snow on your feet," said Nan. "The snow does n't stick, it only squeaks."



BOB'S UNCLE.

"We'll take the sled, you see, and slide down by the church; and I'll draw you across the next street, and then we'll slide down that magnificent hill by the printing-office, and then we'll be there—don't you see? That is n't much. Come on."

Nan wanted to see the fire, she wanted to slide down that "magnificent hill," and she was always ready to go down town. There were three temptations all in one.

"I mostly guess I will," she said, reflectively, and off they started.

All the way down they kept watching to see the flames burst forth somewhere.

"The men are all so busy, they don't see it, I s'pose," said Nan.

"We might tell somebody," said Bob.

They were passing a butcher's shop just then, and Bob ran in and cried out:

"The lake's all afire, and the engine does n't know it."

Two fat Germans were cutting venison at the counter. They gave a loud laugh, and one said to Bob:

"Te lake pe purnt up, you say. Oh my! dat pe treatful. Tell de man vat stays at te engine-house. Pe quick now, Bup."

"I've got to go straight and tell the fireman,"

said Bob, coming out with a great air of importance. "I say, Nan, you stay here and watch my sled, while I run up street. I'll be back in a minute."

"Oh! I dare n't stay, Bob. Come back," cried Nan, bursting into tears. But Bob, who had started off on a run, was already out of hearing. The tears ran down her cheeks, and she tried to rub them off with her mittens. But the woolen mittens scratched her face, and the tears were only kept by the salt in them from freezing the moment they dropped out of her blue eyes, the air was so cold.

Just then two very wicked-looking boys came across the street. One of them had the stump of a cigar in his mouth, but he took it out as he crossed the street, and a sly smile took its place.

"Now, Bill, a fellow could n't be to the onconvenience of walkin' round that sled," said he, nudging his companion. "That ud be jest a leetle too much to ax of us. Too fur below the freezin' p'int, ye know. Sis, we'd like to hev a slide. We'd be obliged to ye fur a turn or two on that sled o' your'n."

Before Nan could find her voice, or even get a fair look at them through her tears, the miserable little thieves were round a corner and safely beyond capture. Then she cried harder than ever; but being a lady-like little girl, she was very quiet about it. However, Bob came back after a little time, looking quite crest-fallen.

"The engineer laughed at me," said he, "and said the lake was only 'drying up.' Said they wanted to get a 'suction,' or something, more on the town, and were going to make farms of it. Don't stand there crying like a big baby, Nan. Let's go home. Where's my sled?"

"Some boys borrowed it," sobbed Nan.

Bob gave one blank look around the neighborhood, in a vain search for the sled and the boys. Then he set up a roar so astonishingly loud, that Nan stopped crying from sheer surprise and meekly stood watching him.

It was just noon, and, fortunately, his uncle was obliged to pass that street on his way to dinner.

As Bob was in the midst of his wailing, his uncle came along. The children did not know him at first, for the gentlemen who passed were remarkably like one another.

In fact, you can judge for yourselves, from the exact picture of Bob's uncle on this page, how very difficult it must have been for Bob to distinguish him from any other boy's uncle.

"What are you doing down here?" asked uncle.

"I don't know!" blurted out Bob.

"You see, we thought the lake was burnin' up," explained Nan, "and we wanted to put it out."

"Be quiet, can't you?" cried mortified Bob.



"Did you have permission to come?"

"I b'lieve not," said Nan, demurely. "We slided, slided down, I mean."

"Where 's your sled?"

At this Bob's grief burst forth afresh.

"Some boys came and took it off and have n't come back," said Nan. "I guess they'll come pretty soon, though."

"Could you point out the boys if you should see them again?"

"Course I could," answered Nan, promptly.

"I guess that 's one of 'em, now," pointing to a tall, slim lad not far off.

"Are you sure?"

"I think I'm sure. No, I don't believe 't was that boy. I guess he looked zactly like this boy," as a fat little urchin trotted down the hill.

Bob's uncle smiled at Nan's very uncertain ideas. "Bob," he said, solemnly, "I'm afraid your sled is gone for good and all. There is no one who can testify positively against the boys, and even if you could find the sled, you could not prove that some other boy had not bought one of the same color and name. Children who run away from good mothers must always expect to get the worst of it. Now come home."

Mamma was very kind to her erring children, for she thought their punishment had been sufficiently severe. She even intimated to Bob that Santa Claus might possibly bring another sled—perhaps a red Racer—that is, if he were willing to promise that he would always consult her before he started out in search of adventure, or to quench the lakes on fire.



## THE POOR BOY'S "ASTOR HOUSE."

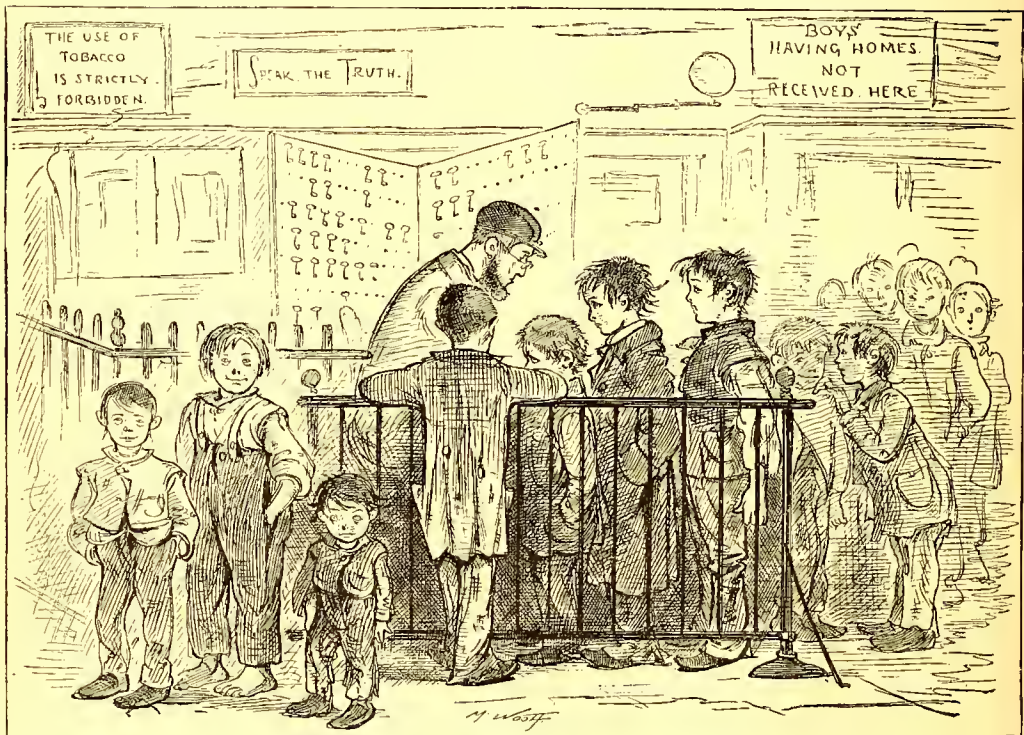
BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

DID you ever see a newsboy? He is a queer-looking little fellow. His cap has n't any front, and it is pulled down so as to hide his hair, which is all tangled up so that you could almost make a bird's-nest of it. He has no shirt, but his ragged coat is buttoned up tightly to his neck, and his

mister, there aint nothing like a box o' sand, 'cause you can kind o' snuggle in and git warm all 'round; but on course, the best is the Astor House, when you aint stuck!"

"The Astor House! What's that?"

"Why, don't you know that, sir?—that big lodge



NEWSBOYS GETTING THEIR LODGING AND SUPPER TICKETS.

trousers seem likely to fall off, if they are not soon sewn together. He has no shoes, and his toes look half frozen this bitter weather.

But he does n't care; he is the most light-hearted youngster you ever saw. Suppose we consider ourselves strangers in the city, and speak to him.

"Where do you live, my boy?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"Well, where do you sleep?"

"Oh, sometimes I sleeps in the hay-barge there by Harrison Street, and sometimes we git 'round the steam gratin's there by Ann Street, and when the M. P.'s drives us off, we finds a box o' sand. Oh,

there, which the kind gen'lemen have opened for us bummers!"

"But, my boy, have n't you a father or mother?"

"No, sir (the bright face looking a little more serious). "You see, me mother was sent up (to prison), and I niver seed her sence; and me father—he licked me with a strap, and tould me for to clear out; and I don't know where he is—I heerd he was dead. But may be, sir, you'd like to see the lodge, and I'll show you my bank (with an important air). I've got fifty-nine cents saved; and I tell you, there's a nice—what do you call it,

Jim?—something there. I can whirl to the ceiling, and go all 'round the room on the bars!"

We follow our little guide to a large door in Duane Street, near Chambers Street, on the south side of a huge seven-story building, with a sign—"NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE." We mount a fireproof stair-way.

"I see you can get out if there is a fire here."

"I tell you, sir, we would n't be many seconds scootin' down them stairs."

We look into a large dining-hall, the ceiling supported on pine columns, and finished off with Georgia pine wainscoting. A comely matron is setting tables for over a hundred boys, with tea, mutton stew, and good bread. Everything is as clean as a ship's deck.

"That 's Mrs. O'Connor, sir; she 's jist as good as pie. But don't it smell good! We must go upstairs, or I wont be let in to supper."

We enter a large, handsome audience-room, with school-desks and a piano; well lighted and cheerful, and windows on three sides, and no



"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

hair, are waiting about before going down to supper. The notices on the walls are worth reading:

BOYS WITH HOMES NOT ADMITTED HERE.

BOYS WANTING HOMES IN THE COUNTRY MUST APPLY TO THE SUPERINTENDENT.

BOYS CAN HAVE THEIR UNDERCLOTHES WASHED, FREE OF CHARGE, ON THURSDAYS.

At the door sits an elderly clerk behind a railing, with keys hanging around him. Our little newsboy falls into a line of boys, till his turn comes.

"Three tickets, sir—lodgin', breakfast, and supper. There 's eighteen, sir, and twenty-five I owed you when I was stuck"—*i. e.*, when he could not sell his papers.

"But, Johnnie, where were you last night?"

"You see, sir, I was at the Bowery, and I got to the door just one minit after twelve; and so, on course, I had to turn in under the steps down at Beekman Street."

"Ah, there 's where your money goes! You 'll never get enough to buy that coat and go out West. There 's your key, but get your hair cut and go to the bath before you come to supper."

Johnnie disappears in the ample bath-rooms. We watch his operations. He has warm foot-baths, wherein he plunges his dirty feet, but ingenious spikes on the edges prevent his sitting too long in them; wash-basins and towels are in abundance, and bath-rooms with hot and cold water.



THE BARBER.

"institutional" smell, though a hundred or more ragged little fellows, with washed faces and combed



THE SAVINGS-BANK.

For his hair, a large boy takes him in hand, and soon shaves him close, rubbing his head with larkspur, for which operation Johnny rather reluctantly pays his three cents.

Now he rushes out, a clean and decent-looking boy, so far as his skin.

"Is that clean shirt ready?"

His wet, ragged coat is put in the drying-room, and his valuables are hid away in the locker, for which he has a key, and he puts on a clean, comfortable shirt, and soon enters the supper-room, delivering his ticket for payment at the door, and is deep in his stew and bowl of tea. Several boys are hanging about in the upper room, looking rather hungry.

"Why don't you get your supper, boys?"

"Have n't got no stamps, sir; we're stuck."

The Superintendent, a kind, firm-looking man, Mr. O'Connor, comes forward and speaks to each:

"Jack, you know where your stamps went—it was to the Bowery (theater); and, Pat, I told you to let those policy (lottery) tickets alone; and you, Dan, why did you eat all your money up yesterday in that big dinner? As for you (to a quiet, depressed-looking lad), I believe you were unlucky; you shall have 'credit,' so go down!"

We pay the tickets of the others, and they all rejoice in their mutton stew and overflowing bowls of tea.

After supper, they all fly upstairs to the gymnasium, and there is a kind of athletic pandemonium for awhile—boys in the air, boys jumping, boys pulling, climbing, and tumbling—the large room resounding with the laughter and shouts.

"You see," says Mr. O'Connor, "this is our opposition to the low theaters and grog-shops."

Precisely at half-past seven, they all descend to the school-room. We look in at the dormitories: rooms some ninety feet long, filled with double iron bedsteads; the beds of straw, and very comfortable; warm comforters and clean sheets over each.

"That's my bed," Johnny points; "number six! There's where a feller sleeps, I tell you!"

"But don't you ever fall out, or have a lark with another boy?"

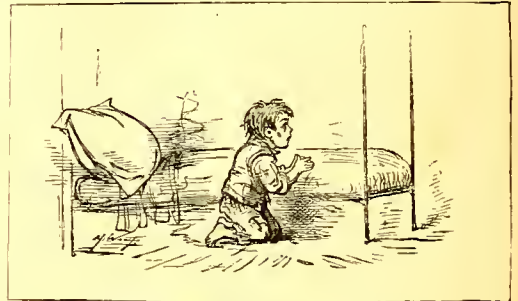
"No, sir! Griffith would catch us; besides, we has to be called at five o'clock, and we sleeps like tops!"

There is no smell about the rooms. Everything is clean and pure as possible. We go below to the audience-room.

"This is my bank, sir—number thirty-one," pointing with pride to a mysterious table near the door, with slits in the top, and each slit numbered. "Fifty-nine cents; but it's slow work. Oh, I thank 'ee, sir!—that makes just a dollar. Two more, and I'll have a Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat and a b'iled shirt."

The teacher has already begun his evening work, by reading some letters from boys who had made fortunes at the West, and were writing back to their old friends.

"Go West, young man!" whispers our guide, and he seats himself demurely among the scholars. Now they sing in excellent accord the sweet hymn,



"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

"If there's love at home." Perhaps here and there a shadow falls across the young faces, as they think of how little "love at home," or anywhere

else, they have known; but they all are soon lively and indifferent as ever—as ready for chaffing or being chaffed.

Each boy goes at the lessons as vigorously as he usually works at selling his papers. At the close, a few earnest words are said by the teacher, of “Him who sticketh closer than a brother;” who would befriend them though all others deserted, and who feels for all human creatures; and the more, the poorer and the more unhappy they are. A dirty hand, here and there, slyly wipes away a tear from some begrimed face, at the thought of

anybody’s caring for them; and perhaps the dream of that “Happy Land” which they sang about crosses some child’s mind, and he fancies a mother whom he has never known on earth meeting him there, and a father who never got drunk, or cursed or beat him, at last welcoming him, and a place where hunger or desertion and homelessness are unknown; but before he can think much about it, school is out, and the boy next to him hits him a lick with his ruler, and under a general scrimmage, the stern words “Order! order!” end the meeting and our visit.

## THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE DUCKS.

*(Translation of French Story in ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

It was a beautiful morning in spring; the sun shone, the birds sang, the grass was all covered with a fresh dew. In the brook which flows through the garden—a pretty little brook which flows quietly across fields enameled with flowers—Madam Duck gave lessons in swimming to her little ones. You know, of course, that the first duty of a duck is to learn to swim well and naturally. Madam Duck took good care of that branch of the education of her children. She corrected them when they did not swim well, made them hold their heads straight, and, moreover, taught the older ones to dive. The young ducklings were not now at their first lesson, and already made a good figure in the water. So, after having studied for some time, the young scholars asked of their mistress permission to go and have a little promenade on the water. She gave permission, and soon our ducklings were sailing gayly down the stream. The two elder ones headed the march, and served as advance guards; after them came the three others. It was the first time they had been out alone, and they gazed at everything on the right and on the left, because to them everything was new and strange. As they swam on, the brook grew larger; gay butterflies fluttered about among the flowers, and beautiful birds sang on the bushes.

They had already swum for some time, when suddenly a great noise was heard. The water was agitated. The ducks, frightened, turned back just in time to see the hind-foot of a great old frog disappear under the water. “Indeed, it was not worth while to be frightened about such a little thing,” said the largest of the ducks, who was called Nep-

tune; but he also had been well scared. They laughed off their fear, and continued their course. At this moment, their attention was attracted by piteous cries from one of the three little ducks; he had seen something on the bank of the stream which he thought to be good to eat, and had thrust his beak between two stones, and could not draw it out again. He was beating himself about like a madman when the others arrived. The two large ones seized him, each by a wing; the two little ones took him by the tail, and they pulled as hard as they could. At length, by dint of pulling, they succeeded in disengaging their little brother, with his beak half dislocated and a prey to a horrible toothache. He wept bitterly, but his comrades succeeded in consoling him, and he followed them at a distance, but without laughing and joking with them. Still swimming, they arrived before a house where there was a little dog. As soon as he perceived them, he rushed straight at them, barking with all his might, as if he wished to swallow at least two of them at a time. But, coming to the bank of the stream, he stopped, undecided, not having the courage to plunge in. When the ducklings saw how cowardly he was, they stopped, looked at him with disdain, and joined their quacks of defiance to his furious barking. At the noise they made, the door of the house opened: a little boy stepped out, and came running toward our ducks. He had not a very agreeable look, and when, instead of chasing away the little dog, he commenced to pick up stones, the ducks began to doubt his intentions. The advance-guard gave the signal to retreat, and, turning about, they filed off at full speed. It was time, for the little boy had

already begun to throw stones at them. But, happily, the more stones he threw the less he succeeded in hitting them. When they were out of reach of his attacks, they turned to see what he would do. The little rascal almost cried with rage, and ran along the stream to get nearer to them; but his anger hindered him from seeing where he walked; he made a false step—plump! and there he was in the water. Hearing his cries of distress, his mother ran and pulled him out of the water,

and giving him two good cuffs, sent him into the house to dry himself. The fall of the angry little fellow raised a wild laugh among the ducks; but they thought it would not be prudent for them to continue their explorations further on that day, so they started to return to their mamma.

On their return nothing happened to them which it would be worth while to record, and they passed the rest of the day in talking of their adventures, and in recounting them to Mamma Duck.

Translations of "Les Aventures des Cinq Canards" were received from Nellie S. Colby, J. D. Early, Clotilda A. Arban, Edgar Francis Jordan, Isabel Tanes, Harry Forde, Belle Betts, Fred Eastman, Anne J. Thomas, Esther M. Turley, Hattie A. Barstow, Edith Monroe Pollard, Thérèse Mosenthal, Alice H. Popham, C. C. Bixby, Agnes L. Pollard, Philip Richardson, Sarah A. Huntington, Oliver Everett, Mary M. Hoppin, Arthur C. Miller, Gertrude G. Porter, Joste Perry, Sallie C. Scofield, Aline M. Godfrey, Madelaine Palmer, L. W. Lewis, Henry F. Perry, M. T. A., Mary E. Blanchard, Kate St. Claire Dalton, A. G. D., Ella M. Darrell, J. Dorsey Ash, George D. Dey, Pamela W. Mack, Lizzie B. Allen, Frank Taylor, and Gertrude Turner (who sends hers from Lausanne, Switzerland).

## THE EDUCATION OF THE LION.

(A Russian Fable.)

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

THE lion had a son just twelve months old;  
 And lion-cubs—as everybody knows,  
 Unlike a royal child—are wise and bold,  
 Have got their teeth, and given up baby-clothes;  
 And so the lion-king, who destined him to rule,  
 Sought anxiously for some good teacher, or good school.

The fox applied the first. The lion thought:  
 "The fox is clever—clever is not wise;  
 Besides, those say who knowledge dearly bought,  
 His cleverness consists in telling lies.  
 A king is not a lawyer, that he must talk double;  
 And then a liar is perpetually in trouble."

The mole, methodical in all his ways,  
 Not taking any step without wise cares,  
 Put forth his claim. All gave him fullest praise  
 For being very great in small affairs.  
 His work that lay before his nose was perfect found—  
 But, then, a lion's kingdom is not underground!

Then said the panther: "Give the cub to me;  
 I'll make him brave, and teach him how to fight."  
 But panthers have contempt for policy  
 And civic principles of wrong or right.  
 A king who only fights is but a fighting fool;  
 He must be also fit to judge and wisely rule.

And sheep were good, but could not save their fleece;  
 In short, no beast, not even the elephant  
 (Revered in woods, as Plato was in Greece),  
 Could furnish all the lion-cub did want.

But kings for kings can feel, and for the beast's content,  
The eagle, king of birds, this royal message sent :

“ My brother! In these times it is not wise  
Our kingly brood to subjects' rule to trust ;  
Familiar grown, they next learn to despise,  
And hold our royalty as common dust.  
I'll teach your son myself,—teaching's my forte.”  
And so the lion-cub went to the eagle's court.



Three years go by, but long before they're past  
All tongues are loud in the young lion's praise,  
His wisdom and his wit ; first thing and last,  
The birds were singing through the woods his praise.  
His coming home was one long scene of splendid feasts,  
And the king called a parliament of beasts,

Embraced and kissed his son, and said : “ To-day  
My scepter and my power to you I give ;  
But, first, your subjects want to hear you say  
How far your learning will help them to live.  
They would be glad to learn what knowledge you have gained,  
And hear your future policy and plans explained.”

“ Papa,” replied the prince, “ no beast but me  
Can tell each bird that haunts the woods and lea ;  
From eagle unto wren, know where they brood,  
Where they find water and each season's food.  
When these beasts are my subjects, which are now my guests,  
I shall at once instruct them *how to build their nests!*”

Could you have seen the council hang their heads,  
And heard the mingled howl of shame and rage,  
As hopes were torn into a thousand shreds,  
You might have read as on a printed page :  
*He is a fool, if with strange knowledge all replete,  
He knows not his own wants, and how those wants to meet.*

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XI.

## IN WHICH THE BOSTON BOYS LOSE AN OLD FRIEND AND FIND A NEW ONE.

"WE are from Cedar Rapids, Iowa," was the answer of the buffalo-ruined emigrant, when Mont asked him about his company. "The way we came to be here was this: My brother Jake here and I wanted to hunt buffaloes, so we left the train back at Crab Creek, and just scooted on ahead to to get a crack at 'em. She wanted to come, and as she would n't leave the children, we all bundled into the wagon and allowed to stay here a couple of days before the rest of the train came along."

"How many teams are there in your train?" asked Mont.

"Twenty-five teams, ten horses, and a hundred and seventy-five head of cattle."

"Oh, well," said Mont, "you will get along all right."

"I aint so sure of that, strannger. The train's getting short of grub already; and if we are able to get to Salt Lake without being on allowance, we'll be lucky."

"Well, ole man," put in the wife, "you've lost your wagon and all yer fixin's. How'll ye get to go back to the road? Here's these young ones to be toted somehow."

One of the men staid to look for the missing oxen, which he never found; and the other, assisted by Mont and Arthur, made his way to the emigrant track with the children. They staid with our boys until night, when the well-known Cedar Rapids train, to which they belonged, came up and received their unlucky comrades.

The country at this point grew more broken and woody, and, for some reason, the emigrant trains became more numerous. Feed for the cattle was not always to be had, and there were many animals to be pastured on the short, bunchy buffalo grass of the region. Each separate party drove its oxen out among the hills when the camps were pitched; but it was necessary to watch them at night, and, for this purpose, many companies combined, and so divided their burdens by standing "watch and watch" with each other.

Mont was anxious about poor old Bally. His foot grew continually worse, and it seemed cruel to drive him in the team, but there was no help for it. They must get on somehow, and Bally, lame though he was, could not be spared from the yoke.

"If we only had money enough now," said Arty, "we could buy a steer from some of these droves. There are cattle enough and to spare."

"But not money enough and to spare," responded Hi, gloomily. "If Bally don't get shut of his lameness, we shall have to leave him. And I don't see no way of goin' through with one yoke of oxen and a cow and one old hoss."

This was the first time the subject had been openly discussed with such a despondent conclusion. But each one of the party had thought it over by himself. There was silence in the camp. Every day they passed cattle and horses left by their owners because they were unfit to travel. Their dead bodies were common by the way. But these were usually animals from large trains, or from the teams of parties too weak to get along alone, and who had joined forces with others.

"What could we do?" asked Arthur to himself. Then he said, almost in a whisper: "If we have to leave Bally, what shall we do next, Hi?"

Hi had no answer. But Mont said, decidedly:

"I shall go on, if I have to walk or take passage in Bush's go-cart."

"I just b'lieve you'd do it, Mont," said Hi, with admiration. "If the wust comes to the wust, we can lighten our load and hitch up Jim ahead of Tige and Bally's mate, and try that."

"Lighten our load?" asked Tom. "How's that? We've thrown out all the loose truck we could spare."

"Tommy, my boy," said Hi, with great solemnity, "there's heaps of fellers, this very minute, agoin' on to Californy and livin' only on half-rations, for the sake of gettin' through. I seen a man back at Buffalo Creek who allowed that he had n't had a square meal since he left the Bluffs, except when he had buffalo-meat, and that is not to be got only just now. Bumbye, it'll be out of reach."

"So you mean to chuck out the flour and bacon, do ye?" said Tom, with great disgust.

"That's about it, sonny."

"Then I'll go back with the first feller we meet bound for the States."

The others agreed that they would stay by each other and get through *somehow*. Even little Johnny was appalled at the bare idea of turning back. There was nothing for him behind; his world was all before him; his friends were here with him.



But no such necessity overtook them.

They had looked forward with curiosity to Chimney Rock, a singular pillar of stone, standing like a round chimney on a cone-shaped mass of rock, on the south bank of the Platte. This natural landmark, several hundred feet high, is seen long before it can be reached by the emigrants toiling along the wagon-track by the river. The boys had sighted its tall spire from afar, and when they camped opposite it, one night, they felt as if they had really got into the heart of the continent.



JOHNNY.

They had long ago heard of this wonderful rock; its strange shape, apparently sculptured by some giant architect, towered before their eyes at last.

"I reckon that there rock must have been pushed up by a volcano," said a tall stranger, joining the boys, as they were wondering at Chimney Rock, after having camped.

"Perhaps the soft rock and soil which once lay around it have been cut away by the rains and wind," said Barney, diffidently. "You see the bluffs near by are still wasting away by the same cause."

"Like enough, like enough. But what's the matter with that critter of your'n? 'Pears like he was gone lame."

Hi explained the difficulty, and told their visitor

that they were traveling slowly for the purpose of making the trip as easy as possible for poor Bally.

"What! you don't drive that beast, do ye?"

"We have to. We have only two yoke of cattle, counting him."

"Well, he'll never get well in the team. Take him out and let him crawl on by himself, and mebber he'll mend. I've got one hundred and fifty or sixty head over there,"—and the stranger pointed to his camp on the other side of the road.

There were three wagons; two of them were immense square-topped affairs, with openings at the side, like a stage-coach door. The people lived in these wagons and slept in them at night, having several feather beds packed away in their depths. One team was made up wholly of bulls, of which there were four pair. Just now, the cattle were at rest, and two hired men were herding them, while the women, of whom there were several, prepared supper.

"My name's Rose," the stranger said, when his offer of assistance had been gladly accepted. "They call us 'The Roses' along the road. I have my mother, father, and sister along with me; then there's Scoofey and his wife and baby; and Al and Shanghai, they're workin' their passage through."

"What part of the country are you from?" asked Hi.

"Sangamon County, Illinoy," replied Rose. "I've heerd tell of you boys. 'The Boston Boys' they call you on the trail, don't they?"

"No, we are the Lee County boys," said Mont, smiling.

"But," explained Arthur, "we are called 'The Boston Boys,' too; I've often heard that name. lately. Mont here is from Boston, Captain Rose."

"It don't make no difference how you are called, boys, and I allow we'll get along together for a spell. We're traveling the same road, and as long as we are, you're welcome to the use of one of my steers. I allow that you'll be willing to take hold and help us drive the herd now and then?"

The boys gladly consented to this arrangement, and poor Bally, next morning, was taken out of the yoke and allowed to go free in the drove of the Roses. But the relief came too late. Each day the ox traveled with more difficulty. Every morning, before starting, and every noon, when stopping for the usual rest, Bally was thrown down and his foot re-shod and cleansed. It was of no avail. Barney took him out of the herd and drove him alone, ahead of the rest. But it was agony for the poor creature; he could hardly limp along.

In a day or two the train, now quite a large one, reached Ancient Ruins Bluffs, a wonderful rocky formation resembling towers, walls, palaces, and

domes, worn by time and crumbling to decay. Here the road became rough and stony, and the way by the side of the beaten track was hard for the lame ox. Barney and Arthur clung affectionately to Bally. He was an old friend, and, notwithstanding his vicious manner of using his horns, they did not like to leave him. Reluctantly, they gave him up here. They must go on without him, after all.

When they moved out of camp in the morning, Bally, who had been lying down watching the preparations for the day's march, got on his feet with difficulty, as if ready to go on.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Mont. "You need n't bother yourself. We will leave you here to feed by yourself and get well, if you can."

"Good-bye, Bally," said Arthur, with a little pang, as they moved off. The great creature stopped chewing his cud and looked after his comrades with a mild surprise in his big brown eyes. He stood on a little knoll, regarding the whole proceeding as if it were an entirely novel turn of affairs.

"Good-bye, Bally," again said Arty, this time with a queer choking sensation in his throat. Hi actually snuffed in his bandanna handkerchief. Tom, by way of changing the subject, walked by Tige's head, and, looking into the eyes of that intelligent animal, said:

"Well! if there aint a tear on Tige's nose! He's sorry to get shut of Bally, after all!"

"Oh, you talk too much," said Barney, testily.

So they left Bally looking after them as they climbed the ridge and disappeared behind Ancient Ruins Bluffs.

That very night, as if to supply the place of their lost friend, a new acquaintance came to their camp. It was a large mongrel dog, yellow as to color, compactly built, and with a fox-like head. Dogs were not common on the plains. This waif had been running along the road alone for some days past. The boys had often seen him, and had supposed that he belonged to some train behind them. His feet were sore with travel, and he was evidently masterless.

"Poor fellow!" said Mont, pityingly. "Give me the arnica out of the medicine-box, and I will fix some buckskin socks on his feet."

The dog accepted these kind attentions, and, as soon as he was let loose again, sat down and deliberately tore off his moccasins with his teeth. While he was licking his sore feet, Johnny, who had been out with Tom, gathering fuel on the bluffs, came in with a load on his back. He dropped his burden with an air of astonishment, and exclaimed: "Bill Bunce's dog!"

"Sho!" said Hi. "What's his name?"

"Pete," replied the boy, who could hardly believe his eyes.

"Well, Pete," said Hi, "where's yer master? 'Cordin' to all accounts he's a bad egg. Pity that there dog can't talk."

But Pete had nothing to say. He shyly accepted Arthur's proffers of friendship, and from that moment became a regular member of the company.

"We've got such a lot of grub, I s'pose, we must needs take in a yaller dog to divide with," privately grumbled Tom to his brother that night. "Reckon Arthur'll want to pick up a jackass rabbit for a pet, next thing yer know."

"If you don't like it, sonny, you can go back, you know," replied Hi, who was cross and sleepy. Pete's position in the camp was assured.

A few days after this, while near Fort Laramie, they had a chance to dispose of their new friend. Just as they were camping, a party of mounted Indians, of the Brule Sioux band, came galloping up to their tent. They were splendid fellows, dressed in the fullest and gayest costume of the Indian dandy. They wore their hair loosely knotted behind and stuck full of brilliantly dyed feathers, which hung down their backs. Their buckskin leggings, moccasins and hunting-frocks were covered with embroidery in colored quills, the handiwork of their squaws. Bright red blankets dangled from their shoulders, and about their necks were hung strings of shells, beads, and bears' claws, with rude silver ornaments. Their faces were painted with red and yellow ochre, and one of them, the chief, wore a tortoise-shell plate over his decorated forehead, like the visor of a cap.

These gorgeous visitors sat stately on their horses, and regarded our young emigrants with an air of lofty disdain.

"How!" said Mont, who had been taught good manners if the Sioux had not. The chief grunted, "Ugh!" in reply to this customary salutation. Then he happened to see Pete.

"You sell him?" pointing to the dog.

"No, no," said Arthur, in a whisper. "Don't sell him, Mont. He wants to eat him, probably."

"No sell him," promptly replied Mont. "Good dog. We keep him."

Thus rebuffed, the Indians unbent somewhat from their dignity, and the chief, carefully extracting from a bead-worked pouch a bit of paper, handed it to Barnard with the remark, "You read um."

The paper proved to be a certificate from Indian Agent Thomans that the bearer was a peaceable Indian, "Big Partisan" by name, and that he and his band were not to be molested by white people whom they meet. These dusky visitors, thus introduced, dismounted and stalked through the camp,

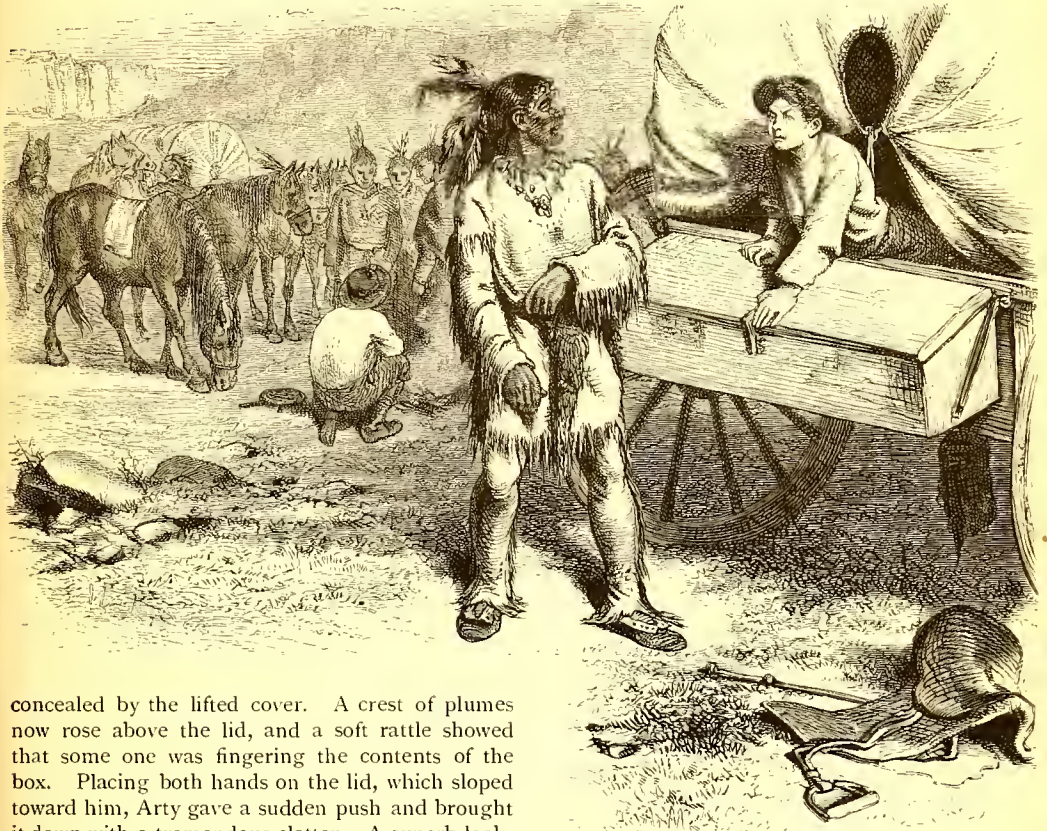
saying nothing but looking at everything with stolid gravity. While the rest were trying to engage in conversation with the Indians, Arty climbed into the wagon to get out some provisions. While opening a flour-sack, he saw the lid of the "feed-box," at the rear end of the wagon, in which were kept their small stores, cups and plates, raised from the outside by an unseen hand. Wondering at this, the boy softly worked his way toward the box,

When they went away, Arty said, grumblingly, as he went on with his preparations for supper :

"Now I suppose I can turn my back on the wagon without something being stolen."

"Pooh! Arty thinks he is the only one who keeps watch," sneered Tom.

"If it had n't been for me, that big dandy Indian would have carried off everything in the grub-box," returned the boy, who was cross, tired and generally



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

concealed by the lifted cover. A crest of plumes now rose above the lid, and a soft rattle showed that some one was fingering the contents of the box. Placing both hands on the lid, which sloped toward him, Arty gave a sudden push and brought it down with a tremendous clatter. A superb-looking Indian stood revealed, having barely snatched his hands away as the box-cover slammed down.

"How!" he said, not in the least abashed. Then, raising the lid again and curiously examining the hinges, as if admiring their mechanism, he said: "Heap good! White man know everything."

"The white man knows too much to let you hook things out of his grub-box," said Arty, angrily.

The Indian smiled in the blandest manner and joined his companions. The party staid about the camp some time, as if waiting an invitation to sup with the white men. But entertainment for Indians was out of the question; there was not provision enough to spare any for visitors.

out of sorts. He was making an antelope stew for supper, and Barnard coming up, looked into the camp-kettle.

"What! no potatoes?" he said, with a tone of disgust.

"No," replied Arthur, sharply. "No potatoes. We've only a precious few left. We've got to make the most of them."

"I would n't give a cent for a stew without potatoes," remonstrated Barnard.

"Nor I neither," joined in Tom, only too glad to see a little unpleasantness between the brothers.

"Well, you'll have to eat a good many things

that you don't like, before we get through—'specially if I have to do the cooking. Barney Crogan thinks too much of what he eats, anyhow." Arty fired this last shot at his brother as Barney moved away without a word.

On the plains, where men are by themselves, little things like this sometimes seem to be very important. Men have quarreled like wild animals with each other over a dispute about flap-jacks. Two old friends, on the emigrant trail, fought each other with knives because one had twitted the other with riding too often in the wagon.

Arthur went on with his cooking, feeling very uncomfortable, as well as cross. They had had a weary day's drive, and all hands were fagged.

"The worst of it is, I have to work around this plaguey camp-stove, while the others can lop down and rest," grumbled poor Arty to himself, as he became more and more heated.

Running to the wagon for a spoon, after awhile, Arty stooped and looked into the tent, where the bundles of blankets had been tumbled on the ground and left. Barney was lying on the heap, fast asleep, and with a tired, unhappy look on his handsome face. Arty paused and gazed, with a troubled feeling, at his brother lying there so unconscious, pale and still. Barney had been sick, and the night before he had started up in his sleep crying "Mother!" much to Arty's alarm.

The boy regarded his brother for a moment with pity, as his uneasy sleeping attitude recalled home and its comforts. Then he went silently to the wagon, took out six of their slender stock of potatoes, pared and sliced them, and put them into the stew now bubbling in the camp-kettle. Nobody but Hi noticed this: and he only grinned and said to himself, "Good boy!"

Afterward, when they had squatted about their rude supper-table, Barnard uncovered the pan containing the stew, with an air of discontent. Glancing at Arty, with pleased surprise, he said:

"Why, you put in potatoes, after all!"

Arthur's cheeks reddened, and he said, as if by way of apology:

"Mont likes them, you know."

Mont laughed; and so did they all. After that, there was good humor in the camp.

## CHAPTER XII.

### IN THE HEART OF THE CONTINENT.

FORT Laramie was not a very interesting place to the boys. It hardly repaid them for the trouble they had in crossing the river to get to it. But here they found a store kept by an army sutler, and Mont said that he should really enjoy buying

something, by way of proving to himself that he was in a spot where something besides Indian manufactures were for sale. Arty looked longingly on some dry, powdery figs and crumbly candy which were among the sutler's stock in trade; but he compromised with himself by buying ten cents' worth of aged raisins, which he generously divided with his comrades, Tom and Johnny.

They all very much admired the nicely dressed officers, who "put on as many airs" (as Bush said) as if they lived among white folks. Then there were houses—real houses—finished with siding and painted white, and with stone chimneys. Some of these were used for officers' quarters, and some were barracks for the soldiers. These they examined with curious interest. They had seen no houses for several weeks. This was a little village in the wilderness.

At the crossing of the South Platte, a few days after, the young emigrants found another trading-post. It was in a rude log hut on the bank of the stream; and a very queer stock of goods was crowded into it. There were pipes, mining tools, playing-cards, flour, bacon, sugar, boots and shoes, and even buttons, thread and needles. But the prices! They were tremendous. Flour was twenty-five cents a pound; pipes were a dollar each; and a little glass tumbler of jam, which Tom very much hankered after, was two dollars and a-half. Here, too, was a sort of news exchange; there were no newspapers, to be sure, except one well-worn paper from St. Louis, now more than two months old, carefully hung over a long string of buck-skin, and not permitted to be handled by anybody. But the rough-bearded, uncouth men who lounged about the place picked up from the trader and half-breed assistant such points of information as had been left by those who had gone on ahead. They also left here messages for friends and acquaintances who were yet behind.

On the walls of this store in the heart of the continent were stuck bits of paper containing rude directions for emigrants. These were written by men who had gone on ahead and had sent back some report of their experience. For instance, one scrap was:

35 miles from this post to Hoss Crik. Dont stop at Willer springs which it is no springs and feed mighty pore.

Right under this was another bulletin, which read:

Nigh 60 miles to Sweetwater—powerful bad road till you get to independence Rock—blacksmith shop and tradin post—the traders a thief.

Some charitable person had tried to rub "thief" from this notice, and had written in "good feller" instead; but both titles staid there.

"You pays yer money and takes yer choice,"

said Bush, grimly, as he read this gazette. "But I'll bet the fust man was right."

Here, too, they learned that the ferryman at "Columbus," or the Loup Fork crossing, had been robbed.

"When was that?" asked Mont.

"I allow it was about the middle of June. Me and my pard, we crossed there June the ten, and



ARTHUR.

it was some time after that," explained a short, thick-set fellow, whom the boys had met before somewhere.

"Well, we passed there on the fifth of June," said Barnard. "Did the thieves get away with much money?"

"Nigh onto five hundred dollars, I've heerd tell; but thar's no knowin'; it mought have been five thousand. That mean skunk took in heaps of coin at the ferry."

"Does he suspect anybody?"

"Could n't say; 't was after I war thar. How's that, Dave?" said he, addressing another emigrant.

"I came by there the day after the robbery," replied Dave. "Old Columbus was off on the trail

of a couple of suspicious characters who had swum the fork with their hosses, about four miles upstream. The boys at the ferry said the old man had a good description of the chaps that they suspected. One of 'em had a hare-lip and 't other had a game leg."

"A game leg!" exclaimed Johnny. "That's Bill Bunce!"

"And who's Bill Bunce, my little kid?" asked the stranger, turning to the boy.

"Oh, he's a scaly feller that left this boy to shift for himself, away back on the river. But you aint noways certain that this thief was Bill Bunce, Johnny, you know," said Hi.

The lounging emigrants were so much kindled by this bit of possible evidence in the Loup Fork robbery, information of which had slowly overtaken them here, that they gathered around and expressed their opinions very freely about Bill Bunce.

"He'll swing from the fust tree he meets after some of us fellers finds him on the trail, now yer bet yer life," was one comment.

"Thar's nary tree between here and Bridger big enough to hang a man on, 'cordin' to them things," said another, waving his pipe toward the rude bulletins on the cabin wall. "See, nothin' but 'No wood' on 'em, from here to Salt Lake, so far as I kin see."

The boys, after this, did find a rough road, and they were glad enough that they were within reach of help. Rose's drove of cattle was drawn upon often for fresh recruits for the yoke. Here, too, they found the springs often poisoned with alkali. Some of the shallow pools were colored a dark brown with the alkali in the soil; others were white about the edges with a dry powder which looked and tasted like saleratus. The cattle refused to drink the stuff; and now, along the track, they overtook a great many animals turned out to die, suffering from the effects of the alkali which they carelessly lapped up with their scanty feed. Here and there, they met a few poor fellows limping along with all their possessions packed on their backs. These had lost their cattle, one by one, and had been obliged to abandon their wagons and baggage. Taking a sack of flour, a frying-pan, a few pieces of "side-meat," or bacon, some coffee and a tin cup, these courageous fellows went forward, determined to get through, somehow. Usually, they managed to sell some part of their outfit. The rest they left by the side of the wagon track. But, begging, borrowing, or buying from day to day, they trudged on with their faces turned westward—always westward.

"Hello! what's that on that wagon?—'Or Bust'—and a gaudy old wagon it is," said Hi, one day.

The wagon was a two-wheeled affair, drawn by

one yoke of oxen, and looking exactly like one-half of what might have been a long vehicle. On the canvas cover was painted the words, "Or Bust," which had attracted Hi's attention.

This strange-looking craft was creeping along in the shadow of Independence Rock, when overtaken by our party. Barnard, recognizing the good-natured young fellow who was driving, said:

"What's happened to your wagon since we saw you at Council Bluffs?"

The man laughed lightly, and replied: "Well, you see, Jake and I, we could n't agree with our pardners—Jake's brother Joe and Bill Jenness—so we divided."

"How? Divided everything?"

"Sartin, sartin. We could n't go on without a waggin, you know. So we sawed the old thing in two. Thar was a ch'ice; the fore part had the tongue, and we played a game of seven-up for the ch'ice. Joe and Bill held over us—beat us by one p'int; and they've gone on with their share of the waggin."

"So your brother Joe has gone with the 'California' part of your wagon?" said Mont, addressing Jake, who was one of a quarrelsome family.

"That's about the size of it," surlily replied Jake. "It was 'Californy or Bust.' Joe and Bill have got the 'Californy,' and we've got the 'Bust.' Howsoever, if you go round on the other side, you'll see we've got 'Californy' there, too. We've got the entire thing, but a feller has to go all around us to see it."

"Could n't you agree about the road?" asked Hi, with some curiosity.

"No, it was beans."

"Beans?" said Hi, opening his eyes.

"Yes, beans," answered Jacob, growing angry. "I don't give in to no ornery half-baked sucker, even if he is my brother. An' when it comes to beans cooked in a ground oven, when wood is plenty, and you have time to dig yer oven and kin spare yer camp-kettle long enough to bake 'em overnight, I'm thar. But beans is better and more economical-like stewed. Leastways. I think so. Joe, he don't think so. Bill Jenness—well, he always was a pore shoat—he don't think so. So we divided the plunder and are going through. Gee! Lion!—whar be yer goin' to? The most obstinatest steer I ever see. Good day!"

And the men who preferred their beans stewed drove on.

Independence Rock was such a famous landmark that our boys would not pass it without climbing it. The rock is an immense ledge, rising nearly one hundred feet from the ground; it is almost flat on top, and covers a space equal to an acre or two. All around it the country is undulating, but

without any large rocks. Independence Rock looms up like a huge flat boulder that had been left out there by mistake when the world was built. Resting their team, the party scrambled up the enormous mass. The top was worn by the flow of uncounated ages. Here and there were depressions in which little pools left by the late rains were standing; and all around, on the smooth places of the rock, were rudely chiseled the names, or initials, of passing emigrants. Some of these were laboriously carved, some were painted with the soft tar which should have been saved to use on wagon-wheels. On the perpendicular wall of the rock, facing the west, was a roughly cut inscription setting forth how "Joshua F. Gibbonson, a native of Norway, aged 24 yrs," was buried near. Another gave the name and age of a young woman, also sleeping close at hand.

Arthur, walking over the multitude of letters inscribed on the top of the rock, suddenly paused, and, looking down at his feet, exclaimed: "Bill Bunce!"

The rest, hurrying up, saw on the rugged surface this inscription:

"But his name is Bill. That's a W," said Johnny, gazing at the mysterious letters, with a sort of fascination.

Mont and Barney laughed, but Arty said: "To be sure his name is Bill, but it was William before it was Bill, and so he spells it with a W."

"I don't believe it's Bill Bunce, anyhow," said Hi. "He would n't be such a fool as to leave his name like that here, where he knows people are looking for him."

Mont got down on his knees to inspect the letters, as if he thought they might give him some clue to the man who had carved them, and had then gone on, leaving this mute witness behind him. He shook his head, and said:

"I don't know, Hi. Guilty men, somehow, always drop something by which they can be traced. If he stole old Columbus's money, it is just as likely as not he would be foolish enough to put this here. Anyhow, I guess this is Bill Bunce's autograph."

Nothing positive came of the discussion; but Johnny lingered over the letters, and murmured to himself: "If they could only tell, now!"

"But they are silent letters, Johnny," whispered Arty, who had staid behind with his little mate. The boy laughed, without understanding why, and the youngsters left the inscription still staring up to the sky.

Passing Devil's Gate, and camping on the western side of that famous gap a few days after, the boys felt that they were at last in the Rocky Mountains. The Gate is a huge chasm, its black rocky walls towering up on either side. Another gap in the rocky chain, near by, affords an outlet for the Sweetwater, which foams and roars in its narrow channel. Westward is a grassy plain, dotted with trees, and affording a charming camping-ground. Here the young emigrants pitched their tent, in the midst of a mighty company. From a hundred camp-fires arose the odors of many suppers, and, as the sun went down behind the purple peaks, the cheerful groups made a pretty picture, framed by the blue and gray ledges, covered with wild vines, which stretched around the amphitheater.

"That 's a mighty knowin' dog of your'n," said a visitor loafing by the camp-stove and watching Arty cooking flap-jacks.

"Yes," said Arty. "It 's agreed that he is to have every flap-jack that I lose when I toss 'em up—so;" and he tossed his pan dexterously in the air, and brought his flap-jacks down again in it, brown side up.

"Sometimes, when the wind blows, I can't exactly gauge the force of it, and away goes a flap-jack over on the ground. That 's Pete's, and he goes for it almost before it lights. He can tell whether it will miss the pan or not."

"And I'll match Arty at tossing flap-jacks with any grown man on the plains," said Hi, with a glow of honest pride. "You bet that dog don't get many, 'cept when the wind blows variable-like."

Just then, Pete, who was assiduously gnawing a bone, ran to Arty, crying with pain, and put his head on the boy's knee. Arthur tenderly stroked the poor brute's jaw, and exclaimed:

"Poor old Pete! You see he has had a bad blow on the side of his head at some time. I think some of the small bones are broken. When he gets his jaw into a certain position, it hurts him confoundedly, and he runs to me. I found out that I could relieve him by softly pressing the place—so fashion. See!"

A sudden light gleamed in the man's face, and he said:

"I know that dog. I saw him back on the Platte with a couple of chaps—scamps I should say. One had a game leg, and I saw him bang that very identical dog with the butt of his gun, just because he scared up a big jack rabbit. Powerful cruel it was."

"Aha!" said Barney. "That 's Bill Bunce again. Where was this, stranger?"

"Well, I disremember now. But I allow it was

on the other side of Chimney Rock, say about the twentieth of June."

"That would give the thieves time to come up from Loup Fork," said Barney, who told their visitor the story of Bill Bunce and his companions. But the stranger declared, that the only companion of the man with the dog was a fellow with a hare-lip. He added:

"And I just believe that that there dog got up and dusted out of that, he was treated so all-fired mean."

Soon after this, the emigrants entered the great passage across the mountains—South Pass. It was not easy to realize that they were actually going over the Rocky Mountains. The emigrant road gradually ascended the enormous ridge which forms the backbone of the continent—so gradually that the ascent was hardly noticed. To the north and south were grand peaks, purple in the distance, silvery with streaks of snow, and piercing the clouds. Nearer, gray masses were broken into chasms, and were partly covered with a stunted growth of trees. As they pressed on, the road mounted higher and higher. But the way was easy, broad, and pleasant to travel. The nights were cold—so cold that the boys were thankful for the shelter of their tent; and they burrowed under all the blankets and coverings they could collect. But the days were hot, and though the travelers turned out in the morning air, their teeth chattering with cold, they marched along at noon perspiring in the sun.

Snow crept down nearer and nearer to their track, from up among the steep slopes which hung above the pass. While camping one day in this region, Captain Rose and some of our boys went up to the snow-banks and had a July game of snow-ball. They brought back flowers gathered at the edge of the melting snow; and they reported butterflies and mosquitoes fluttering over the banks, as if brought to life by the dazzling sun. These reports seemed like travelers' tales, difficult of belief, but they were verified to the satisfaction of the unbelievers.

One day, they reached a spring of which they had often heard. They approached it with a certain feeling of awe. It was on the dividing ridge of the continent. It was a boggy pool, rising out of a mass of rock and turf, trampled by many feet and spreading out into a considerable space. Some wayfarer had set up a rude sign-board, on which was inscribed the name—"Pacific Spring." Stepping from rock to rock, the boys made their way to the fountain head, and silently gazed on the source of a stream which soon divided itself between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Here the emigrant trail pitched abruptly down

a rocky cañon to the west. The water flowing from the spring and saturating the grassy soil, was parted by a low, sharp ledge of rock. From this, two little rivulets crept away, one to the east, one to the west. One gurgled down into the cañon, was joined by numberless runnels from the snow-peaks above, meandered away for many miles, sunk into Green River, flowed south and west to the Colorado, entered the Gulf of California, and was lost in the Pacific. The other slipped silently down the long slope by which the boy emigrants had come, joined itself to other tiny streams, and so, finding the far-off Missouri, by the way of the Yellowstone, reached the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic.

"Go, little stream," said Mont, "and tell the folks at home that we have left the old world. Boys! this is a new world before us now."

"We are on the down-hill grade," added Hi.

"We can scoot to Californy now. Westward it is, and we are agoin' with the stream."

Barney turned and looked back. "We are on the ridge. Shall we go down on the other side, Arty?"

But Arty said: "I should be glad if I could send a message back to the folks at Sugar Grove. It would be like a message out of the sea. As long as we can't do that, suppose we follow the other stream to the Pacific?"

"We cannot be sentimental over this spring, my boy," said Mont, laughing. "But, as Hi says, we are going with the current now. That's it! Westward is the word!"

"Come on, boys!" shouted Captain Rose, from the down-hill road. "It's a rough drive yet to Sunset Cañon."

So the young fellows followed the stream, and turned their faces again to the west.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MICROSCOPIC BRICK-MAKER.

BY MARY TREAT.

THE microscope reveals to us many wonderful and beautiful creatures. It opens to us a new world of plants and animals, not at all like those we see with the naked eye.

Water which is shallow and still enough for plants to grow in, is always the home of millions upon millions of tiny creatures. Some of them can be seen with the naked eye darting about in the water, where they look like mere specks; and many others are so small that they cannot be seen at all with the naked eye.

The practiced hunter after microscopic animals can tell by the look of the water, and the plants which grow in it, where to look for certain kinds of these tiny creatures, just as the hunter knows where to look for deer and wild turkeys and other game.

Last winter it was so cold at the North that it froze all the ponds solid, so that I had to keep some of the pond-water in my study to prevent the little animals from freezing to death; but this winter I concluded to leave the cold North and come to Florida—to the land of flowers and of singing-birds—and I wondered if I should find the same tiny animals here that I found there.

As soon as I visited the ponds and looked at the plants growing in them, I knew I should see many of my favorite fairy-like creatures. As I took a plant from the water and held it up to the light, the first thing I saw was a colony of Brick-makers sticking fast to the stem and leaves of the plant. (Fig. 1 represents a colony of Brick-makers, natural size.) You may be sure that I was delighted to find these tiny creatures building their little towns and cities, more numerous here than at the North.

And now I will try to tell the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about this Brick-maker. Fig. 2 represents it as it appears through the microscope. At a you see one of the flower-like wheels, and when they are spread out in this way, they are always in rapid motion; there are four of these wheels, but the picture cannot give you much of an idea of the creature's beauty—it needs the rhythmical motion and the changing positions to see how charming it is. The wheels are the machinery that he works with, and they serve a two-fold purpose: they form a current in the water, to bring the food to his mouth, and also the material to make the brick of which he builds his house.



The apparatus for making the brick is situated at the top of the head, between the wheels; it is a little tube (see B), open at the top, into which the tiny particles are carried by the force of the current; at the bottom of the tube (C) we can see these particles rapidly whirling, and they are cemented together (probably by some sticky substance secreted from the body) into a round ball. It takes the little animal about three minutes to make one of these round bricks. When it is completed, he stops the machinery for a moment, and takes the brick from the mold; and now he bends over and lays it carefully by the side of the last one; so the



FIG. 1.

bricks are laid in regular tiers, one above another, with no space between. Out of these almost numberless little bricks he has built himself a house (see D).

The mouth (E) is just below the wheels and between the two horns (F, F). Our little Brick-maker never leaves his home to go in search of food, but he makes his machinery bring him his meals as well as the material to make his bricks, and his jaws are almost always in motion, crunching something or other; but he often rejects some of the particles that the current brings, which shows that he has the power of selecting his food.

What an industrious creature he is, and what talent and ingenuity he must have!

But, with all his skill and ingenuity, he is a very sensitive, timid creature; a slight tap on the table, or on the tube of the microscope, will send him down into his house as quick as a flash. He has one foot, which is firmly planted on the floor of his house, and a long leg or footstalk with telescopic joints; so he can double up his leg like a telescope, and this brings the body down into the house; but it is a mystery how he can fold up his wheels and double up his leg so quickly. When all is quiet, he comes slowly up to the door of his house, and puts out his feelers to see if all is right; if he finds nothing in the way, he is soon at work again.

The mother Brick-maker often has eggs lying around in her house, which we can see very plainly

with a good microscope; but as soon as the little things are hatched she sends them out of the house into the great world of water to take care of themselves, and the first thing the poor little houseless things do is to lay claim to some unoccupied place near their mother's house, for a foundation on which to build their own domicile. (The letter G indicates a magnified portion of a leaf, the foundation on which the house stands.) And now, without having to serve an apprenticeship, the little animal goes to work at once to make the brick with which

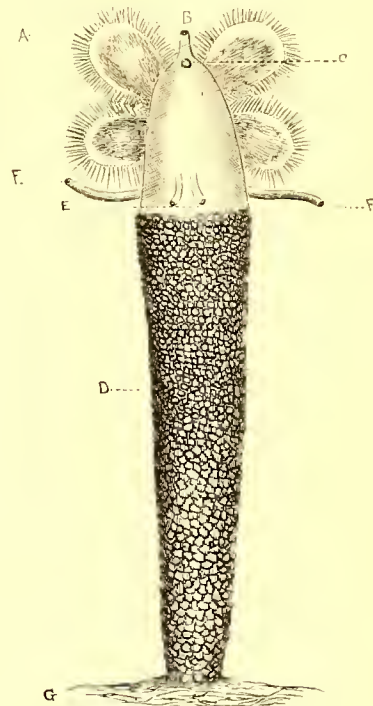


FIG. 2.—THE BRICK-MAKER (MAGNIFIED).

to build its house. In a few days it will have erected quite an edifice of its own to live in; and when it is tired of working, it can fold up its wheels and draw in its horns, and go down into its house, where it can rest secure from all danger.

## THE QUEEN OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



OH, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,  
 She's traveling over the sea;  
 She's bringing a cuttle-fish with her,  
 To play with my baby and me.

Oh, his head is three miles long, dear;  
 His tail is three miles short;  
 And when he goes out, he wriggles his snout  
 In a way that no cuttle-fish ought.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,  
 She rides on a sea-green whale.  
 He takes her a mile, with an elegant smile,  
 At every flip of his tail.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,  
 She dresses in wonderful taste;  
 The sea-serpent coils, all painted in oils,  
 Around her bee-yutiful waist.

Oh, her gown is made of the green sea-kale,  
 And though she knows nothing of feet,  
 She can manage her train, with an air of disdain,  
 In a way that is perfectly sweet.

Oh, the Queen of the Orkney Islands,  
 She's traveling over the main;  
 So we'll hire a hack, and send her right back  
 To her beautiful islands again.

## THE GRAVES'S GRANDMA.

BY LILY BRAYTON.

"TELL you a story! See how mamma is laughing at you—and no wonder, children. Why, you're too old, every one of you—sixteen, eighteen, and twenty! Well, shall it be Jack the Giant-killer or Cinderella?"

"Neither! Did n't I say you had outgrown all of grandma's stories? Then let me see. One of papa's college scrapes—no, it must n't be that, for he's shaking his head like a Mandarin.

"Tom, I can't tell you about either base-ball or cricket; and Fred, grandma has forgotten all her little store of Latin and Greek long ago, so she cannot fire you with any tales of valiant Greeks and Romans; and Lily—there! why, what does she think of now but ruffles, fine hemming, patterns of silk, and the latest fashions, except, indeed, certain letters which are watched for so eagerly and devoured so secretly?"

"But, grandma, it would n't be like having you with us if we could not sit in the fire-light and hear you talk, no matter about what; you turn everything you touch or talk of to gold. We shall be content if we are just sitting by you. But I really can't be idle; I must just whittle this plug for my hydraulic press. No, mamma, they wont fly about, for I'll spread a paper down, and will be ever so careful. And then, grandma, you see, just as you said, we are too old for silly stories, and I don't mind a bit to-night if it is not exciting, for somehow when it comes just this time I always feel rather—well, you know how; and since Lily is to go so soon—there, dear girl, I wont talk of it. But go on, granny. Don't think about it, but talk right ahead."

"Well, Tom, I think we all are glad of this peaceful hour after the busy day, and what you

have said brings to my mind a little scene that has dwelt in my memory like a quiet picture ever since last spring.

"You will remember that I made one of my long visits to Aunt Mary Graves in New York; and fondly as I love my dear daughter, the great city does not suit an old lady like myself quite as well as this lovely country home of yours, where I can go about in my sun-hat, and know every creature and flower on the place. So I had some long quiet days, when Aunt Mary placed my arm-chair in the window, and for hours I watched the passers-by, or my neighbors around me.

"Well, I became very much interested in a family opposite—so much so that I was afraid they might think me impertinent in what must seem to them my constant watch from the window; but my mind was soon relieved, for presently, as the young ladies grew accustomed to my cap and knitting-needles, they would always look up and give me a cordial little nod. There were three daughters—the youngest fourteen, perhaps, and a school-girl; the other two, young ladies in society, were sweet and lady-like; and one would know they were a happy family, just to see the little lady mother, so quiet and unpretending, entering into all her girls' pleasures; and I could see that they loved to have her with them, and that she was really like one of them.

"That they were interested in good works I knew from the meeting of societies at the house, and the early start for Sunday-school on Sundays—a thing hard to accomplish in city life, after the gayeties and late hours of the week.

"There was a brother, too—a tall, handsome, fair young man, with honor and honesty written on

his blue eyes and earnest mouth. He was married, but the young couple were constantly at home, and between the brother and youngest sister there seemed to be a special tenderness, for she was a slim, delicate child, and I could see him take her on his knee or mount her on his broad shoulder and run upstairs.

"But the second daughter became my object of interest, for soon I noticed how regularly every morning the eight o'clock postman stopped, and would smile in a very knowing way at the maid as he handed her a thick square letter—(Tom, let Lily alone; you're a wicked tease!)—and every week or two a gentleman with brown hair and mustache would come out of the house on Sunday morning with my young lady, as I soon began to call her; so I knew he lived at a distance, and could not come very often to see her.

"She reminded me of you, Lily; fair skin and hair and blue eyes,—honest eyes, like her brother's,—with an energetic, earnest way in her walk and manner, not without grace, and which made me sure I could congratulate the young fellow on his choice of a good wife.

"Presently, mysterious bundles in white jeweler's paper were left at the door, and an Adams' Express wagon was almost as regular as the postman in its morning delivery. The young girls, too, flocked to the house in twos and threes, and the curtains would be drawn up their full height in the upper chamber, where I could see them huddled together, conversing in an excited manner, with uplifted hands and admiring looks. Your young eyes, Lily, might have discovered the pretty gifts; but I could only see now and then the flash of silver or the gleam of a lustrous silk.

"What good times they did have! and how interested I became in everything you cannot imagine till you have grown out of your own immediate pleasures and learned to live in those of others. I do believe I grew to love those dear girls, and when somebody told the housemaid that there was to be 'a wedding over the way next Wednesday,' and the happy day drew near, I became so anxious lest it should not be bright and fair enough for my little girl, that the night before I scarcely slept, and was up at sunrise to take a peep at the weather.

"I need not have feared; it was one of those warm, spring-like days that come at the end of March, when, having run his course as a lion, he seems to rejoice in his peaceful, lamb-like ending. I early posted myself at the window to enjoy the bustle, which seemed to increase every moment. As there was no need of those unsightly awnings which they are obliged to put up in the city to protect the guests in unpleasant weather, I could see

to full advantage the lovely dresses, as carriage after carriage rolled up and the pretty girls tripped up the steps. Then a lull, and my whole attention was riveted on those parlor curtains.

"As though they thought of poor old grandma opposite, a young man drew aside the draperies and pushed up the window to let the warm spring air into the heated rooms. The buzz and murmur were quite audible; then suddenly all was still, and my little bride, on her father's arm, crossed the room and stood beside the man who was to unite her lot with his 'for better, for worse.' Of course I could hear nothing, and could only watch the young head as it bent reverentially, then lifted in heart-felt love as she pledged her faith; but I prayed to Our Father that he would not only grant her all earthly happiness, but would unite both their hearts and hands in loving service to Him, without which there is no perfect union.

"Then the kisses and hand-shakes! For an hour music and laughter resounded; and I caught glimpses of my little bride's white dress, as she fluttered about. Everything seemed to be so home-like and happy—none of the cold ceremony which chills every grand city wedding. About two o'clock the carriage drew up, and the trunk was brought down; the door-way, and far back in the hall, was filled with the young friends—bright dresses packed in with black coats and favors in the button-holes; and, presently, out from among them stepped a modest little figure in a brown dress and hat. Her important young husband assisted her into the carriage, amid shouts of laughter, jokes and good wishes, and they drove off as a shower of old shoes fell behind them.

"In my excitement I had pushed up the window and leaned out. Yes, she did not forget the old lady even in her happiness; my last sight was an upturned, smiling face, and a wave of the hand—a good omen, for she who could be thoughtful for an utter stranger at such a time will not fail in kind acts every day of her life.

"The ever-present groups of little vagabonds were hanging to every available railing, with open-mouthed curiosity. 'Why, I thought we should see the bride,' said one little mite, as he became aware that something had gone by, and he had lost it. 'Did n't you see her get into that carriage and drive off?' answered one of the gentlemen. 'Oh! we thought she'd be all in white,' said he, in a disappointed tone, and all the other little dirty faces fell many degrees. Then, with a burst of laughter, the whole group at the door turned and fluttered back into the house. The door was closed, and grandma leaned back in her chair, shut her eyes, and gave herself up to dreams of 'the days that are no more.'

## QUEER PEOPLE.

(For Home or School representation.)

BY LUCY B. WIGGIN.

[THREE boys, dressed as Esquimaux, Highlander, and Chinese, and three girls, as Turk, Indian, and Spaniard, form a semicircle on the stage. A boy and a girl, in plain dress, standing, one at each end, bring forward the characters alternately, repeating the appropriate part. Instead of two, six boys and girls, representing a geography class, may recite the verses. The opening and closing stanzas are to be spoken in concert.]

ALL around this world of ours,  
Whirling swift as thought,  
Through the icebergs and the flowers,  
Glimpses we have caught  
Of such curious folk, we know  
You would like to have us show  
Their queer ways, so we'll produce  
them,  
One by one, and introduce them.

### ESQUIMAUX.

Over the snow,  
The Esquimaux,  
Drawn by his snarling pack,  
Follows the bear through the Arctic  
night,  
Sweeping on in a rapid flight,  
Under the gay Aurora's light,  
Over the frozen track.  
To and fro,  
As the north winds blow,  
The rude lamp swings in his hut of snow.  
Bunches of moss they burn for wicks,  
Tallow candles their candy-sticks.



THE ESQUIMAUX.

Never a doll do the children see,  
Scarcely a flower, or shrub, or tree.  
Smothered in furs from toes to chin,  
Head wrapped up so you can't peep in,  
Only their small, dull eyes look through;  
Funny enough it would seem to you!  
Do you wish that you were an Esquimaux,  
To eat and sleep in the land of snow?



THE TURK.

### TURK.

Where the tiny waves of heat  
Quiver upward like a prayer,  
Dainty perfumes, shy and sweet,  
Tremble on the sultry air—  
In the dim seraglio lie  
Cushion-heaps of richest silk;  
Languid beauties charm the eye,  
Almond-eyed, with teeth like milk.  
As the dreamy days go by,  
Breezes from the outer world  
Sometimes breathe a gentle sigh,  
Pausing at the casement high,  
Where the white smoke, upward curled,  
Struggles through the heavy air.  
Breezes are not wanted there.  
All unvexed by aspiration,  
Dreams the Turk her life away;  
Scarcely stirred by expectation,  
As the tranquil fountains play,  
While the roses' ceaseless bloom

Steeps her senses in perfume.  
Would you rather be an indolent Turk,  
Or your own bright self, with plenty of work?

## HIGHLANDER.

When crossing bonnie Scotland,  
A Highlander I saw,  
His bonnet it was canty,  
His stockings they were brow;  
Between his stocking and his kilt,  
His bare knee might be seen,  
And the kilt fell beneath his belt  
In faulds o' brightest green.  
But oh! the plaid on his shoulders braid,  
That pleased me best of a';—  
But the peaks are touched wi' a glimmer o' gowd,  
And he must up and awa'.  
Where the burn comes springing adown the hill,  
Wi' mony an eddyin laugh,  
I watch him climbing from crag to crag,  
Aye grasping a sturdy staff.  
His sheep, wi' fleece like the mountain snaw,  
Graze over the slopes aboon;  
He hugs his plaid as the cauld winds blow,  
And scornfully he looks doon  
On the braid green fields, where the stream  
winds slow,  
And the sleek herds crop the grass,



THE HIGHLANDER.

And the gentle Lowlander follows the plow,  
From the height of his mountain pass.  
Oh! who would not a Highlander be,  
To roam o'er the hill-tops, blithe and free?

## INDIAN.

The desert stretches eastward  
From the foot-hills bare and dry,  
Beneath the cloudless reaches  
Of the desert wastes of sky.



THE INDIAN.

There are clusters of dingy wigwams grouped  
In spots where the sage-brush grows,  
And the alkali dust drifts thick and white,  
Wherever the hot wind blows.  
In the shade of the tent, an Indian stout  
Lies smoking his pipe at ease,  
While his patient squaw, moving in and out,  
Seems striving her lord to please.  
When the dinner is simmering over the fire,  
And the skins have all been dressed,  
She lifts her droll papoose to her back.  
And starts on some weary quest.  
All the burden and all the care  
Fall on the weaker of the pair;  
Bad for Indian and bad for squaw,  
That the will of one should be always law.  
Oh! let us be glad of our clear white skin,  
And the dear home happiness all may win.

## CHINESE.

I should like to bring  
My friend Ching Ling,  
And give him an introduction.  
Now confess to me  
That you rarely see  
Such a curious foreign production!

From his shaven pate to his turned-up toes,  
 His singular costume plainly shows  
 That he thinks his way the best.  
 He is ready to swear,  
 With a serious air,  
 That of all the countries under the sun,  
 His own dear China's the only one  
 With wisdom supremely blest.  
 Dogs and rats are good in their place,  
 Birds'-nest soups may a banquet grace,  
 Chop-sticks, too, will do very well,  
 If you play the regular Chinese swell;  
 But oh! give me  
 A cup of their tea,  
 Odorous, black, and strong!  
 Ching Ling is coming across this spring,  
 But a chest of his own he must surely bring,  
 Or his stay will not be long.  
 It will be our gain,  
 If we can retain  
 Our friend from the Flowery Land,  
 For patience and skill,  
 And strength of will,  
 He holds in his yellow hand.



CHING LING.

Now, boys, remember how much depends  
 On being polite to our Chinese friends.

## SPANIARD.

Languidly, dreamily, float to my ear,  
 Strains from a distant guitar;

Soon in the moonlighted darkness appear—  
 Blended the near and the far—  
 Dusky-robed figures of marvelous grace,  
 Weaving the forms of the dance;



THE SPANIARD.

Dark eyes gleam brightly through half-veiling  
 lace,  
 Eyes that can melt with a glance;  
 Fountains arise from the stones at our feet,  
 Plashing their musical rain;  
 Vineyards, and olives, and orange-trees sweet,  
 Tell us that we are in Spain.  
 Picturesque creatures upon us attend,—  
 What if they say, "In an hour,"  
 When on some mission we quickly would send?  
 Calmness gives token of power.  
 Would you prefer such slow service to wait,  
 Or with decision to carve your own fate?

## TOGETHER.

These are a few of the folks we have found;  
 How do you like their looks?  
 If you're not able to travel around,  
 You may meet them in your books.  
 But, among the people that we have seen,  
 The queerest of all are those  
 Who never notice their neighbors' ways,  
 But live in ignorance all their days,  
 Of facts which the whole world knows.

## GILBERT STUART.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

MORE than a century ago, when that city of summer palaces, Newport, was a little fishing hamlet, where ships from the Barbary coast landed droves of slaves for the New England market, the best-known inhabitant of the village was a boy—a slovenly, handsome, lazy boy. Everybody abused "Gil Stuart," and everybody loved him; everybody said that there was the making of a great man in him, and in the next breath declared that he was going headlong to perdition. If he chose to play truant and to lie on the beach all day setting soldier crabs to fight, teacher, mother, and assuredly grandmother, hurried to make excuses for him; if he chose to go to school, his chum, Ben Waterhouse, was ready to help him with his sums, or with his exercise. What matter if he were the idlest boy in class? Was n't he the only genius in the village? Had he not sketched everybody he knew?—the ships and the beach and the gangs of slaves? Had not the mysterious Scotch gentlemen (just arrived in the country on some secret political embassy) declared that the lad was a Rubens, a Vandyke, or what not? There was a whisper that one of them, Mr. Cosmo Alexander, himself a painter, proposed to take Gil back to Europe, and set him on the high way to fame and fortune. At least so the lad told on the beach, in his bragging way, though the people received the story with doubt, as "one of Gibby's lies." This time, however, the story proved true; old Gilbert Stuart was questioned when he came out of the snuff-mill in the evening, and said that he had consented that the boy should go. "Onybody could see that he was meant to be something beyond the ordinar', and Mr. Alexander had promised to send him home a great man."

So Gil's bright, saucy face disappeared from the drowsy street for a year. At the end of that time, one drizzly November day, a ragged, filthy lad crept after dark out of the hatchway of an English collier, and ran up to the Stuarts' house by the snuff-mill. It was weeks before Gilbert, in a new suit, but haggard and lean, came out on the beach to meet his old friends. He talked but little of his adventures. When he did, he had astounding tales to tell of his hard study and great success abroad. A whisper went about afterward that he had been an idle dog—worked when the humor seized him, lying in bed half the time, until after Mr. Alexander died, and the patience of his other friends was

wearied out with him. It was hard to know the truth of the matter.

But Gil, everybody said, was a genius, and not to be expected to drudge like commonplace men. He was an affectionate fellow, and, while he was gone, had made a little picture of his grandmother, who had petted him since he was a baby. This little show of tender feeling laid the foundation of his fortune. His Uncle Joseph, a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia, saw this picture of his old mother, and, profoundly touched by it, employed young Stuart to paint his own family. Orders came from other well-to-do people. The villagers were always ready to applaud the young genius, in whom they had trusted so long, and to be blind to his fits of idleness or sulky ill-temper. His friend Ben Waterhouse, who seems to have been a sensible, downright man of honor, stood by him, let him do what he might, giving him a sharp rap now and then, to bring him to his senses.

Young Waterhouse soon afterward was sent to London to study medicine, and Gilbert Stuart took flight to escape the fighting just then beginning between the colonics and mother-country, and, with the help of his neighbors in Newport, followed him. His father was ruined by the war, and could send him no money. Waterhouse had left London before he arrived; he was an absolute stranger in the great city. There are many pitiful stories of how he struggled against starvation—sometimes with a gusty energy; sometimes, when good fortune came close, slapping her on the face, with the passion of a petted baby. One day, when he was actually without a penny, he competed for the situation of organist in a church, and gained it, with the salary of thirty pounds. Another day, a Scotch gentleman, charmed by his winning manner and evident ability, commissioned him to paint a family group, paying him in advance. Stuart took the money, and thereafter troubled himself no more about the picture.

His faithful friend, Waterhouse, came back about this time, shared his purse with him, kept him straight with his landlady and laundress, and went about proclaiming to his friends the advent into the world of this incomparable genius, and almost forcing them to sit down and be painted. The young men in Waterhouse's class made up a purse to procure a portrait of their favorite teacher, Dr. Fordyce, and Ben unfortunately handed it to Gilbert



before he began the picture. Nothing could induce the inspired youth either to put pencil to canvas or to refund the money. Waterhouse, from mortification and anxiety, fell into a brain fever, when the sum was made up for him by a wealthy friend. But Stuart carried the matter off in his jaunty, brilliant fashion, and had no symptoms of brain fever.

People who knew the young men set down this incomparable genius as a shabby fellow, but Waterhouse clung to and believed in him still. When he recovered, the two set out to walk through all London. They walked through the great streets where fat and fussy King George, with his vacant face, drove out in state, good Queen Charlotte beside him, gorgeous in scarlet and gold; walked through the suburbs, where ladies in their coaches were surrounded by armed guards to protect them from foot-pads. "We saw into the heart of that monstrous, dirty, overgrown city," says Dr. Waterhouse, "and found the people, not humming a song or laughing like the populace of Paris, but wearing a stern, anxious, and discontented phiz." The poor Londoner of that day might well wear the discontented phiz at which the Yankee boys laughed—his children most probably had not tasted meat in a year. The nobles flaunted their diamonds and priceless lace every day in Pall Mall; the good Queen Charlotte gave nothing away but advice. Sometimes this discontented Londoner stole a few shillings' worth of bread, and was hung for it. No wonder he and his fellows envied the Americans across the sea, who, if they were fighting King George's soldiers at desperate odds, had plenty to eat in the mean time.

We catch a glimpse now and then during the next few years of the brilliant "Gibby" in London. He goes to the American painter West, who has plodded his way to the highest success, and is now President of the Academy, and first in favor at court. When he discovers that the well-dressed, dashing young fellow is without a shilling, he gives him a place in his studio, and is thereafter steadily kind to him. Even the staid Quaker was charmed by the wit and grace of Stuart, and proposed to instruct him, with two other pupils, in the evening. The other men eagerly seized the opportunity, but Gilbert "scratched his paper black, threw it down in a passion, and gave it up." He laughed at his patron, West, behind his back, and had no patience with his slow, steady industry. It was useless to tell this erratic lad of how Sir Joshua had drudged to achieve his present eminence, or how Michael Angelo himself had been the most indefatigable of laborers. He flattered himself that he was made of other stuff. He had the usual school-boy belief. Fame and

success were to be taken in one desperate assault, or not at all. There are stories of how a fellow-student found him in his lodgings ill and ready to die, and how Stuart told him his disease was hunger, he having had nothing to eat but a biscuit in a week. But it is hard to know how much of his talk was worthy of belief. His stories were dramatic as his figures on canvas, and he did not spare the color in either. Hungry or not, his tongue was always ready. Meeting Dr. Johnson in Mr. West's studio, the gruff old lexicographer interrupted him while he was speaking, with:

"Young man, you speak decent English, for an American. Where did you learn it?"

"Not, sir, from your dictionary," answered the spoiled urchin of the fishing hamlet.

After leaving West, Stuart opened a studio in London. His undoubted ability, and the singular personal magnetism of the man, drew crowds of sitters before his easel. He rapidly raised his scale of prices, took a fine house and lived in great splendor and gayety, buying whatever luxury chanced to hit his fancy, but seldom remembering to pay for it. When debt or disaster brought a cloudy day into the beautiful house, and the painter's good spirits left him, he trusted to wine to bring them back.

Debt and disaster are not to be driven out of a house by wit or wine. Stuart was forced to leave London to escape his creditors. He fled to Dublin, and was followed by them and thrown into prison. While there, he set up his easel and began the portraits of many Irish noblemen, receiving, as usual, half-price at the first sitting. With this money he freed himself and ran away, leaving the half-finished Irish lords in gaol. We will charitably hope that he finished the pictures afterward; but there is room for doubt. With every year, wine and idleness made of the inspired genius a more shabby fellow.

In 1793, Stuart returned to America, and for a few months remained in New York, painting the portraits of the most famous men and women of the time. He then went to Philadelphia, then the capital of the new Republic, "his highest ambition in life," as he declared, "being to paint the face of Washington." There is a story of his first introduction to the Father of his Country, significant of the character of the two men. Stuart's natural ease of manner (or self-conceit, as we may choose to think it) had often carried him unabashed into the presence of royalty in Europe. The man of genius, he declared, honored kings by his notice. But when Secretary Dandridge brought him into the little parlor where Washington awaited him, he utterly lost his self-possession and stood awed and dumb for several minutes. The President

talked to him quietly until he recovered himself. There must have been some fine quality in Stuart himself, thus to appreciate the majesty of simple truth.

The painter lived in Germantown, a quiet little suburb of Philadelphia, to which the yellow fever that year had driven President Washington and the officers of state. He turned an ivy-grown stable or barn in a field near his house into a studio, and there he executed the truest and greatest work of his life, the head of Washington, working at it with a patient and anxious zeal. Something of the sin-

which it now belongs. It gives us, perhaps, our only true knowledge of the appearance of Washington, if we except the bust made by Houdin, who came from France for the express purpose of modeling it, for the State of Virginia.

There are told in Germantown many stories of Stuart—of the great men and the stately, beautiful women who came to him to be painted (and one likes to believe that in those first days of the Republic all the men were great and all the women fair); of his skill, his excesses, his mad fury when angered, his generosity when pleased; at work this



STABLE-STUDIO WHERE GILBERT STUART PAINTED HIS PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

cerity of his sitter seems to have communicated itself, for the moment, to the flighty artist; and Stuart's fascination conquered even the grave and impassive Washington. After his own portrait was finished, we are told in the legends of the village that he and Lady Washington would often stroll across the fields and sit for hours in the stable-studio, talking to the painter as he worked. The portrait of Washington, in fact, was not finished at all; when the head was done, Stuart declared he would never touch it again, and never did, although he finished inferior copies made from it, sold them, and squabbled about the selling. This one great picture was bought by the Boston Athenæum, to

morning, with Thomas Jefferson as his charmed, attentive listener; this afternoon, kicking a roast of beef back to his butcher's in a tempest of fury, followed by the shouting, delighted boys of the village.

His record after this date is briefly told. He went to Washington, then to Boston, and there died, the first portrait-painter in the country, after an old age beset by disease, debt and drink.

No boy ever set out on the journey of life with a larger capital of health, winning manner, friendships, or natural ability; no man ever brought that journey to a sadder end of disappointment and loss.



## AN EASTER CAROL.

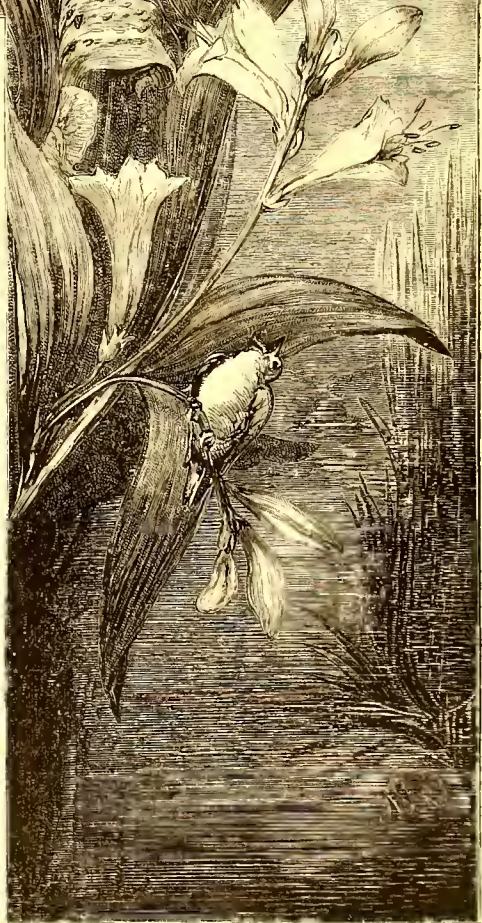
BY EMILY D. CHAPMAN.

SWEETLY the birds are singing  
 At Easter dawn,  
 Sweetly the bells are ringing  
 On Easter morn,  
 And the words that they say  
 On Easter day  
 Are—"Christ the Lord is risen."

Birds! forget not your singing  
 At Easter dawn;  
 Bells! be ye ever ringing  
 On Easter morn.  
 In the spring of the year,  
 When Easter is here,  
 Sing—"Christ the Lord is risen."

Buds! ye will soon be flowers,  
 Cherry and white;  
 Snowstorms are changing to showers,  
 Darkness to light.  
 With the wakening of spring,  
 Oh, sweetly sing—  
 "Lo! Christ the Lord is risen."

Easter buds were growing  
 Ages ago;  
 Easter lilies were blowing  
 By the water's flow.  
 All nature was glad,  
 Not a creature was sad,  
 For Christ the Lord was risen.



## THE ASH-GIRL.

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

"Motherless baby and babyless mother,  
Bring them together to love one another."  
*Christina G. Rossetti.*



AM going to tell you a story about a little girl who lived in a miserable, lowly place, among poor untaught people, who left her to take care of herself. She saw a kind of life from which your parents would shield you with loving tenderness. I shall have to repeat the language she used, and, perhaps, tell you of some of the things she saw and heard;

but if you will read my story carefully to the end, I do not believe it will hurt you. I hope rather it will make you think, when you see little street-sweepers, beggars, or poor children, that there may be hidden away under all their rough exterior, tender, warm feelings, and hearts that are taught through suffering to be pure and true.

One bright May morning, a little ash-girl was sitting on the pavement, leaning back against the railing of Stuyvesant Square, thinking. A little while before, a lady had appeared at a window in one of the houses opposite, looked across into the park, and smiled to her children who were playing there. The ash-girl had laughed and blushed, through all the dirt upon her face and under the tangled mass of hair that hung over it, for she thought the lady had smiled at her too, and she had never before caught a look of so much love from anybody. A few minutes afterward, the lady had come out upon the door-step, the children had run to meet her, calling, "Mother! mother!" and they had all walked away together.

The ash-girl, thinking that the lady would certainly see her and smile again to her, jumped up,

stood first on one bare foot, then on the other, clasped and unclasped her hands, brushed her hair away from her eyes, pulled off her hood, swung it to and fro, wound the strings around her wrists, and did not know at all what she was about. But the lady had only said, "Come, my darlings!" to her children, and walked away. So the ash-girl had sat down on the pavement, and was thinking about it all.

"Mother!" she muttered. "They all said, 'Mother!' The little one could n't talk plain, but even she said, 'Muzzer!' Ha! ha!" laughed the ash-girl all to herself, and hugging her knee a little tighter. "Did I ever in my life see anything so funny as three childers all running after a woman and callin', 'Mother?' One on 'em was as big as me, too! What's she want of a mother to be lookin' out for her all the time? I'd be 'shamed, if I was her. How'd I look, now, runnin' after somebody—so?"

Here she let go of her knee and walked on the tips of her bare toes, taking very little steps, making affected gestures, thrusting her chin out, and, with a scornful, jeering tone and in a manner, drawling through her nose, to some imaginary person before her, "Mo-ther!—mo-ther!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed again, stopping and sitting down on the curb-stone. "Would n't I look fine, now? In course, I would n't be goin' after any such lady as that. If I had a mother, I s'pose she'd be dirty—with ole clothes on an' a red face, like Biddy Dolan's. Jes' s'pose I was to go after Biddy Dolan, callin', 'Mother!' My! oh! would n't she turn round on a sudden an' let fly a blast at me? 'Get out wid ye, ye good for nothing little young baste of a street rag-picker!' she'd say. Ho! ho! would n't it be fun to see her?"

She stopped to enjoy the joke for a moment, but suddenly she looked grave and whispered, in a tone of mystery and some awe:

"I wonder—I wonder what a lady'd say if I wur after her! If I'd a-run after that mother, now! I wonder what she'd a-done! I aint so awful diff'rent from them childers, I don't think. If I was washed, an' had my hair fixed in curls, an' a pink dress on, an' a white hat an' ribbons an' a feather down behind—I wonder if I'd look then as if I b'longed to a good, beautiful, reel mother, that'd come to the window an' see me rollin' my hoop, an' look down at me a-smilin' the beautiful way that lady did! Was n't her cheeks red,

though?—and did n't her teeth shine when she laughed? She looked at me, too! Reelly, she did. I'm certain sure she looked right straight into my face, a-smilin' an' noddin' to me! If I'd a-screamed out, 'Mother! mother!' along with the others, what 'd she a-done? She clean forgot she 'd seen me, when she come out to the door. For, when the rest o' the childers ran over to her, I could n't make her look back acrost the way to me ag'in, all I could do—an' I tried ever so hard. She never seen me at all then; but she walked off out o' sight, with all the other childers—every one on 'em—holdin' onto her."

The ash-girl sat, resting her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, for a long time, thinking about all this. After awhile, another thought came.

"I wish—I wish I had a mother!" she said at last. "I would n't care if Biddy Dolan an' the others did laugh at me, then! I would n't care if all the ash-boys an' rag-pickers that ever I seen in my life follered after me a-mockin' of me. *She* would n't! My mother would n't laugh at me! No, indeed, she would n't. When the others did it, she'd hold out her hand an' take mine into it, an' pull me close to her side an' look down at me an' say—what that lady did to her childers—she 'd say, 'Come, my darling!' An' if she said that, the boys and gals might call me anything they liked, an' I would n't care. Oh! I wonder—I wonder, if I went all over the city, an' hunted an' hunted an' watched in the streets, an' axed at the doors—I wonder if I could find any one that 'd be my mother! Oh, if I could! Biddy Dolan would n't care. She don't want me. I don't git 'nough to pay her for seein' me round—she often says I don't. She often says she wishes I'd take myself off, an' that the day my own mother died, an' she tuk me for to carry roun' an' beg with, brought bad luck to her. That's all I ever heerd o' my mother. Nor I don't want to hear no more, for that aint the kind o' mother I'm goin' to be lookin' for. I don't want nobody like Biddy Dolan, an' all the mothers roun' our place is like that. I want a reel mother, and I'm a-goin' to try an' try an' see if I can't find one! Let's see, now, where I'll go to hunt first. I wont ax that lady that lives acrost the way, 'cause she don't want me; she never looked at me when she came out ag'in. An' she's got all o' them others, too. But she's a reel mother. She's the first reel mother that ever I seen. She come out of a pretty house, too. They's flowers in the windies, an' lace curtains all the way up. I guess the best mothers is in the beautifullest houses. I'll go to all o' them I can find. An' I'll go right off, now—just as soon as I git my basket full an' take it to Biddy's."

She sprang up gayly at the thought, and went to work at raking out the half-burnt coals from every barrel, box, or pan she could find. Mischievous boys, passing by, gave her a poke in the ribs now and then, pulled her hood off, or even drove her from her post; but she was so absorbed in her scheme that she minded nothing, and toiled so faithfully that she reached Biddy Dolan's shanty—the shabbiest one in Mackerelville—long before her usual time for returning. She subjected her coals to Biddy's inspection, emptied them into the barrel kept for the purpose, and was hurrying away again when a new thought stopped her.

"I said I did n't want a mother like Biddy," she said to herself; "nor I know my mother wont want a young un like me, neither! I better fix myself up. I can't help my clothes" (looking down at her rags, hopelessly), "but I'll wash myself, an' my mother 'll put me on a nice, pretty dress an' things. Yes, I know she 'll do that."

So she pulled off her hood, caught up a tin basin, and proceeded to wash her face. She wiped it on an old towel, and then, having tried to smooth her hair with a piece of a broken comb, she hurried away unobserved.

She made her way as fast as possible to a more decent part of the city, bent upon finding the prettiest houses, and soon reached Fifth Avenue. She walked slowly along for a number of blocks, looking, not at the basement doors, as she did on her begging tours, but up at the windows, trying to decide at which house to try her luck first. But they all looked pretty much alike.

"They looks kind o' shut up," she thought, "as if nobody was movin' in 'em, and as if folks 'd be kind o' 'feerd to ring."

After awhile, however, she got courage to go into one of the court-yards and pull the servants' bell. A scowling woman opened the door, and banged it to without a word.

"That's the way they does when I'm a-beggin'," thought the child. "How can I let 'em know I aint? Mebby it's the basket. I'll leave it outside."

So she put the basket down, and rang at another door. Pretty soon that door opened, and a boy showed himself just long enough to say: "Clear out! Haint got nothing an' never will have!" and slammed the door as the woman had done.

"Ugh!" she grunted. "Ye need n't think I wont come ag'in to ax ye, though, if it's for nothin' but jes' to plague ye!"

She rang at a good many bells, with like results, but she was not to be discouraged. Her eyes gleamed still, and she was smiling proudly as she shook her small bony fist at the last iron gate which had clanged in her face, and screeched to the foot-

man who had closed it: "You thinks I'm a-beggin', don't ye? Well, ye don't know jes' nothin' at all, ye don't! Ye drives me away now, but wait till ye see me walkin' by with my mother! Jes' wait, I tell ye, till ye sees me then, an' see what ye'll do!"

"Do look at that funny little creature talking to herself," said a lady to her companion, as they were passing along the noisy street. "Did you ever see such gestures? See the movement of that sharp little chin!"

"Wait! Suppose we astonish her!" said the other lady—and, taking a coin from her purse, she tossed it into the lap of the child, who, looking up in wonder, saw the two ladies smiling back at her as they walked on.

She sprang up, ran after them, the coin in one hand, and mechanically holding out the other, said: "Oh, if ye please——"

"No!" said one of the ladies, sharply, and they turned the corner, saying to each other: "That's what one gets for giving to beggars! To think of a child of that size following you and asking for more!"

But the ash-girl looked after them and said: "I don't care. You aint reel mothers, for it was n't that kind o' way the lady looked this mornin'."

She put the money in the bosom of her dress, and walked a little farther up the street. Seeing another iron gate open under a high door-step, and a servant just going in, she ran into the courtyard and called after him: "Say, mister!"

"What do you want?" he asked, turning upon her.

"I aint a-beggin'—but I want—do ye—is they—is they a lady in this house wants a little girl?" she stammered out at last, not knowing, now that she was actually listened to for a moment, in what form to put her question.

"By gosh! No, ther' aint. An' if ther' was, she would n't be lookin' after one of exactly your style and cut!" he answered, not ill-naturedly. "But—hold on!" he called, struck by something in her manner as she turned to go. "You aint a-beggin'—of course not! But do ye want some cold victuals?"

"Yes, if ye please," she answered; and she peered through the bars of the gate as he went into the house. She had not thought of it before, but she was really very hungry. In a moment or two, the man returned with some food wrapped in a paper, which he put into her basket.

"It aint my business, this giving to beggars, and I might a' sent Jane," he said to himself; "but there was something queer in that youngster's eyes, and kind o' taking too, in her looking for a place at her time o' life!"

Sitting on the door-step, the child, in her hunger, forgot her imaginary mother for awhile, as she eagerly picked over her treat of bones and bits. Her hunger satisfied, she started once more on her errand.

She rang at more bells, ran after more ladies, asked of more servants, men and women, and gradually heaped more fragments into her basket. But the street-lamps were all lighted, and many stars were out, when she turned her steps toward Biddy Dolan's and gave up her pursuit for the day. Though she had not succeeded in making a single person understand what she was in search of, she was not disheartened. Her experience in begging had taught her to expect to be turned away, and she received a rebuff as indifferently as she threw aside a bit of coal that "had n't any more burn left in it." There were always more ashes to poke, and there were always more houses to ask at.

There was only one saddening effect of her failure. The sudden idea of finding a mother had filled her mind with fanciful dreams and pictures, which grew more and more real to her. Whereas in the morning she had started with only an indefinite idea that perhaps some day she might find a mother, now, as she was returning to Biddy Dolan's, she felt a great deal more sure of her success in the end, and in her heart disappointment seemed impossible. So, as she drew nearer and nearer to the old shanty, the contrast between its surroundings and her bright visions made the place seem drearier than it had ever done before; and, unconscious of the reason for it, her spirits drooped.

The other ash-girls and boys, rag-pickers, and various scavengers of the neighborhood returned from their day's work or lounging, and there was the usual scene of gossip, quarrels, and confusion which belongs to such places of an evening.

Our little ash-girl sat alone, thinking and dreaming, until by and by she crept into her corner in the little dingy room under the roof of the shanty, and, with the pictures coming still, fell asleep at last upon her bed of old rags.

Hours afterward, the moon, rising over the rooftops, sent a beam of light across the dreary yard, into a little window in the room, and resting for a moment on the tired ash-girl's face, revealed upon it an expression of so much joy and sweetness that, for that one moment at least, it might have answered for the face of the Sleeping Beauty herself!

In the morning that look had faded, but one of strong hope had taken its place, and the child looked very bright when she went on her round again. She took her coals back to Biddy Dolan, washed her face in the old tin basin as before, and once more made her way to the Fifth Avenue.

Up the street she went, ringing at the bells and

trying to obtain a hearing of every one to whom she had a chance to speak, with about the same result as before. And so, for many days, over and over again, up and down Fifth, Madison, and Lexington Avenues, around the squares, through all the streets where she thought the prettiest houses were, she tramped, so full of hope and longing that she never knew she was tired until she went back to the shanty at night.

More and more difficult her search became to her; but, with a steady, persistent, increasing brightness, the pictures grew and grew in her imagination. Every day her faith in the possibility of success grew stronger, her feet traveled over the pavements with more courage, more eagerness, and less and less often she stopped to sit on the door-steps or curb-stones to think. Every day her visions grew brighter and her heart stronger in its purpose; and every night the old shanty seemed dingier and drearier than ever.

Always on the alert to catch sight of a lady with a child or children about her, or who seemed to her to have a motherly air, she went along, looking up at the windows, peering in at open doors, into carriages, and at the faces of people passing by. Now and then, when she would see mothers with their children passing in or out of houses, looking in at the shop-windows, or coming out, the little hands laden with sugar-plums and toys, she would, if it was possible, follow them, sometimes a long distance, watching them, trying to catch what they were saying to each other, and always delighted if she overheard a mother call a child by any endearing name.

"My dear! my dear!" she would whisper to herself afterward, imitating the tone and manner in which it had been said. "That was good! My mother'll call me that, I know. Catch her ever sayin', 'You Cathern!' like Biddy Dolan does."

And often, when she heard an expression which was new and strange to her, it would delight and amuse her as a story might have done.

"My precious! my precious one!" as if it were half a joke and half beautiful. "Aint that a funny one, though? My mother'll say that to me, too. 'Ho! my precious!' she'll say, and then I'll laugh. But the best—the very best of all—is 'My darling!' Somehow I liked that, an' it sounded best of all. When my mother says that, I'll put my two arms 'round her neck." And the child would repeat it to herself hundreds of times as she went along.

She very rarely tried to address women with children, although she soon discovered that they were more apt than any others to notice her, and often spoke kindly to her, giving her pennies or bits of good things from their parcels. An idea

had taken possession of her that no mother who already had any children of her own would want her.

"No," she would say, "I aint like the others, an' the mothers would n't care for me aside o' them. I must find a mother that'll have only just me."

One day, she was wandering about Madison Square, when an elegant carriage stopped before a house she was passing. The footman, in finest livery, opened the door; a lady stepped out of it, and Cathern, stopping to look at her, could hear her give the driver an order to come later in the day to drive her to the Park. Turning to go up the steps of the house, she brushed by Cathern, who, as she passed, caught at her dress, and for a moment held a fold of the delicate lace shawl she wore, while she looked up at her and said, in a pleading voice:

"Oh! please, ma'am, wont ye tell me——"

"Tell you what, child?" asked the lady, petulantly, and frowning a little. "Let go of my lace; you will soil it. I have nothing for you."

"I don't want nothing; I don't want nothing at all," said Cathern, letting go of the lace and squeezing her hands together. "I only want to know if—if—they's any lady in that house that wants a little girl for her own?"

A merry, light laugh rang from the lady as she answered: "No, there is n't. I can tell you that very decidedly."

And she ran up the steps, laughing still, her lace shawl and the folds of her delicate silk dress fluttering gracefully, and making little soft breezes touch the ash-girl's cheek as she passed.

The child watched her waiting on the step for the servant to open the door, and then, when she had disappeared through it, looked up at the windows of the house, shading her eyes with her hand. Then she turned away with a perplexed look, and, after her old way, sat down on the curb-stone to think the whole question over in a new light.

"It's queer!" she said to herself, after thinking a long time. "It's very queer, and it must be all wrong. I guess, after all, that they don't have no reel mothers at all living in the illegant houses. That must be it! But"—after another pause—"that first mother was in one. How did she come in it, then? I wonder how she did! But they aint no more of 'em, for I've been everyw'eres. She was a reel mother, too. She was the first one. I don't b'lieve—I don't b'lieve that house was her'n. I guess she only come to stay in it, an' she lives somew'eres else. That's it!—that's it! I'm sure it is. I've been a-doin' it all wrong. I'll have to begin ag'in."

She sprang up with new hope at the thought, and was going to hurry away when, looking up

again at the house the lady had entered, and seeing a group of children in one of the windows, she stopped.

"That 's queer, too!" she thought. "I wonder who takes care o' the childers in the big houses!" She puzzled over the problem for a moment or two, and then said: "I s'pose the ladies does it. The ladies an' the nusses, an' the servants an' the fine waiters! An' the childers is like me—they don't have no reel mothers! Poor little things!—poor little things!" And the ash-girl's heart was full of tenderness and pity for the rich children as she went on, slowly repeating, "Poor little things!—poor little things!"

She now took to wandering through the side-streets, seeking out blocks of more modest-looking houses; for she felt sure that, in any case, real mothers were not to be found in handsome ones; and whenever she saw ladies whom she took for such going in or coming out of them, she decided that they were only "stopping" in them for a time.

Once in a great while, in her earnestness, she made herself partially understood; and, one day, a lady whom she addressed stopped, drew her aside and asked her to repeat her question.

"I said, do ye want a young un for yer own—to live with yez always, ma'am?" said Cathern.

"Do I want a little girl? Do you mean that you would like to come and live with me?"

"Yes, ma'am—yes. I 'm a-lookin' for somebody to live with," said Cathern, getting very eager and anxious as the lady seemed to be understanding her.

"But what could you do, if you lived with me? And what would you expect me to do for you?" asked the lady.

"You 'd," said the ash-girl, taken aback and puzzled—"you 'd put me on a pretty new dress an' nice clothes, an'—an' a feather in my hat, an' new shoes an' stockin's. An' what 'd I do? I don't know, ma'am. I 'd play out, an' I 'd laugh up at the winder to ye when you looked out at me, an' I 'd cotch hold o' yer hand when we run acrost the streets together. An' I 'd—I don't know! I don't know what I 'd do—I don't!" And Cathern took hold of two bars of an iron railing at her side, put her head down, and began to cry.

"Oh, there! there!" said the lady kindly, patting her shoulder. "You must n't cry. I 'll see what I can do for you. I have two little girls of my own at home, and I could n't take you; but I can show you a place where they take just such little girls as you, and ——"

"Can ye, ma'am? An' will ye do it?" cried Cathern. "An' is they—is they ——"

"Is they what?" asked the lady, as she hesitated.

"Is they any mothers at it that wants girls—any reel mothers, I mean?"

Still holding on to the bars, she gazed up into the lady's face with a pitiful and yearning look.

"Why, no; not exactly, my poor child," said the lady, moved and puzzled. "But there are very kind ladies there, who would take care of you and teach you."

"No, no, no!" cried Cathern, drearily, letting go of the bars. "I wont—I wont go there! No, I wont!—no, I wont!"

And as the lady put out her hand to try to detain her and persuade her farther, the child started away and ran down the street with all her might. Before long, she sat down on a step, panting and crying still.

"Hello! What ye cryin' for, sis?" said a boy, passing.

"Aint a-cryin', no more 'n you are!" she answered, giving a mighty sniff, pulling her hood lower over her face and straightening herself up.

"Oh, well, I aint a-goin' to, nuther! But ye can stop the leak with that, if ye want to," he said; and tossing an apple, which he had bitten, into her lap, he went on.

She laughed, took it, began eating it at once, and by the time it was finished she was ready to pursue her wanderings again.

Up and down the streets, day after day, she went still, and still she sought in vain. From the time when she met the lady who spoke to her of the kind of home she might go to, she became more afraid to make her want known; a timidity she had not felt before crept over her, and she began to appreciate, more and more, the real difficulty of her search. The pretty pictures of a home and a mother, which had made for her, in the midst of her dismal surroundings, a beautiful, ideal life, began to fade. Unconsciously, she came to learn that they were only fancies, with nothing real about them; and when the moon looked into her little window, it shone upon a pale, wan face, which no prince or any one would ever think of mistaking for that of the Sleeping Beauty.

She still raked the ashes every morning, took them to the shanty, washed her face, and went to beg in the streets where she had decided that mothers were most likely to be found; but her feet often ached, her little frame grew weary, and she took again to sitting on the door-steps and curbstones to think, not of the time when she would be walking by "her mother," but whether, after all, she would not have to give up looking for one altogether.

One afternoon in the autumn, she was sitting on a door-step idly watching a house opposite, where in the morning she had noticed some black and



white ribbons on the bell. The shutters were closed, but she had seen flowers handed in at the door, carriages collect, something carried out all covered with the flowers, then people get into the carriages and drive away. Now the ribbons had been taken off the bell, and nothing, except the closed blinds, distinguished the house from all the others.

"I wonder," she was thinking, drawing her rags about her, for it was chilly, "if it was a boy or a

and untied her hood, and at last, forgetting her basket, darted across the street, up the steps of the house, and rang the bell. She stood there, restless and nervous, for a moment, until the door was opened by the girl. Then, putting her hands, one on the door and the other on the side, where it could not shut without crushing her fingers, she said, cagerly: "I want to see the missus!"

"You can't," answered the girl. "She can't see nobody. What do you want with her?"



CATHERN AND THE LADY.

girl!—it was n't very big, whichever it was," when a carriage stopped at the door, and a lady, dressed in black and half covered with a long black veil, was helped out and supported tenderly up the steps and into the house by another lady who was with her. The carriage rolled away, and then there was nothing more for the little ash-girl to look at but the closed blinds again. Still, perhaps because she did not know what else to do, she sat there, looking and thinking.

Suddenly, her old fancy took possession of her. She stood up, sat down again, rubbed her face, tied

"I want to see her! Tell me—tell me if it was a girl; an' has she got any others? Tell me that—do, please!" said Cathern so earnestly, that the woman, at first disposed to send her rudely away, answered: "Yes, it was a girl; an' she has n't ne'er a one left—boy nor girl. Tell me what you want with her."

"No, no; I must see her! I knows she'll see me. Do—do tell her!" cried Cathern, pleading very hard.

"Who is it, Ann?" asked a sweet voice, and the parlor door opened a little way.

"It's a poor child, ma'am, says she must see you, an' I'm tellin' her ——"

"No matter," said the lady, opening the door wider, "let her come in. Come in, child, and tell me what you want."

Cathern stood in a pretty, quiet room, in the glow of a bright fire, squeezing her hands very tight together and looking up at the lady with all the yearning of her search in her little pinched face. After a moment, she said, pausing between every few words, her breath coming and going strangely :

"I come—I come—to ax you, ma'am—oh! I've been a huntin' an' a-huntin' through the streets—axin' at the houses an' everyw'eres for the mothers—'cause Biddy Dolan don't want me—an' nobody wants me, if—if— An' *she* told me now at the door that it was a girl, an'—I foun' out that you

have n't any—any little girl—and I— Oh, ma'am, don't—don't you cry, too! I—I aint like any nice little girl—I'm only ugly. But I wants—oh, *I wants a mother!* An' they aint any mother in the whole world that wants a little girl like me!"

Her hood thrown back, her hands clasped over her face, she stood, sobbing and trembling, before the lady, who at first, as the child's meaning dawned upon her, drew herself away, turned her face to the wall, and bowed her head, weeping. But when she turned again and saw the weak little frame trembling from head to foot, and heard her desolate cry, she suddenly knelt down, spread wide her arms, and cried :

"Come! come to me! It is—as if my child cried out to me from heaven! Put your little head, so, upon my breast, and I will be as true—as true a mother to you as I can. Yes, I will, my darling!"

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## AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY-PARTY.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

I SUPPOSE there is scarcely an American boy or girl who has not heard of the great party which is to be given on the occasion of the one-hundredth birthday of our country—a party which will last six months, and to which the whole world is invited.

It is probable that this "Centennial Exhibition" will be the grandest affair of the kind that the world has ever known. In ancient times, it was impossible to have such celebrations, as the different countries of the world had very little to do with each other when they were not fighting; and although we have had several "World's Fairs" in our day, it must be remembered that this is more than an "International Exhibition,"—it is the celebration of a nation's birthday, and so it will not be surprising if it excites, even in foreigners, much more interest and enthusiasm than the great exhibitions at London, Vienna, and other cities.

One thing is certain, and that is, it will excite interest and enthusiasm enough in the people of the United States. I suppose there is scarcely a person in this country old enough to care about such things, who will not go to the Centennial—or want to go.

The United States is not a very old country—

Iceland recently celebrated its one thousandth birthday. But then we have done so much more in one hundred years than Iceland has done in its thousand, that we feel very proud about our birthday, and proud that all the world is coming to help us celebrate it. Even England, who did not want us to have our first birthday, and who fought so hard to prevent us ever becoming a nation at all, is among the first to accept our invitation, and seems to take almost as much interest in the matter as if she had been fighting on our side all through the Revolution.

And we are happier to have England come than any one else. For we can never forget that she is our mother-country, that her language is our language, and that, in great part, her blood is our blood. The British lion is a noble beast, and we welcome him warmly when he comes to us in jolly good-humor, wagging his tail with gladness to see us. This is very different from the way he came growling and roaring a hundred years ago. He is a terrible animal to fight. I doubt if any national bird or beast, except the American eagle, could have torn itself away from the British lion, as our bird did in the last century.

From almost every land the people will come—from countries that have always been our friends,

and from countries that have only recently made our acquaintance. Even Japan, who for thousands of years has shut herself up from the rest of the world, and who, only twenty years ago, would not think of such a thing as allowing commerce or intercourse between her people and the rest of mankind, has sent architects and carpenters to build a house for her people on our Centennial grounds.

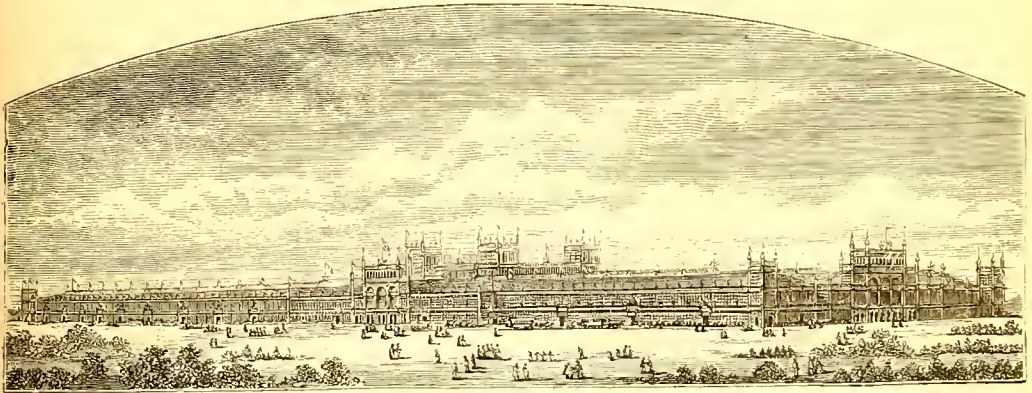
Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica will send to America their representatives, who will come laden with specimens of the products of their soil, their labor, and their ingenuity; so that at our great birthday celebration we can see gathered together the productions and manufactures of every land, as well as the people who dwell therein.

And now we will take a glance at the preparations we are making for this Birthday-party.

and smooth, wide roads, and lovely shady walks, and through the whole of it runs the placid river Schuylkill.

More than two hundred acres of this park have been appropriated for the Centennial buildings and for Exhibition purposes generally.

There are five principal buildings on the grounds, the largest of which is the Main Exhibition Building, which is truly immense. It is difficult to make any one, who has not seen this building, understand how large it really is. It is 1,880 feet long and 464 feet wide. Three such buildings, set end to end, would extend over a mile. Boys and girls who live in the country will appreciate its size when I tell them it covers a space of over twenty acres, all in one room! Twenty acres in some parts of the country is considered a snug little farm; and when you think of the whole of



THE MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Philadelphia was wisely selected as the most fitting place for the celebration, for in that city the nation truly had its birthplace. There, as soon as the Declaration of Independence was signed in the Old State House, the little baby "United States of America" opened its eyes, and began to cry and kick. It was not a very strong little baby at first, but it cried pretty loud and kicked pretty hard, and very soon let the world know that it was alive, and intended to live. "Faneuil Hall" in Boston is called "The Cradle of Liberty," and it is true that our baby was well rocked and cared for there, and that from North to South he received the greatest support and attention until he grew up to be a stout fellow. But he was born in Philadelphia, and so there his birthday is to be celebrated.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia is a magnificent park called Fairmount Park, which contains about three thousand acres of land. There are meadows and grassy hills, and beautiful groves,

such a farm.—house, barns, barn-yard, wagon-houses, vegetable garden, lawn, wheat-field, corn-field, potato-patch, pasture-lot, and everything under one roof,—you can imagine a pretty big house.

If you live in the city, in an ordinary four-story house, the comparative size of your house and this main building may be inferred from these two black marks:

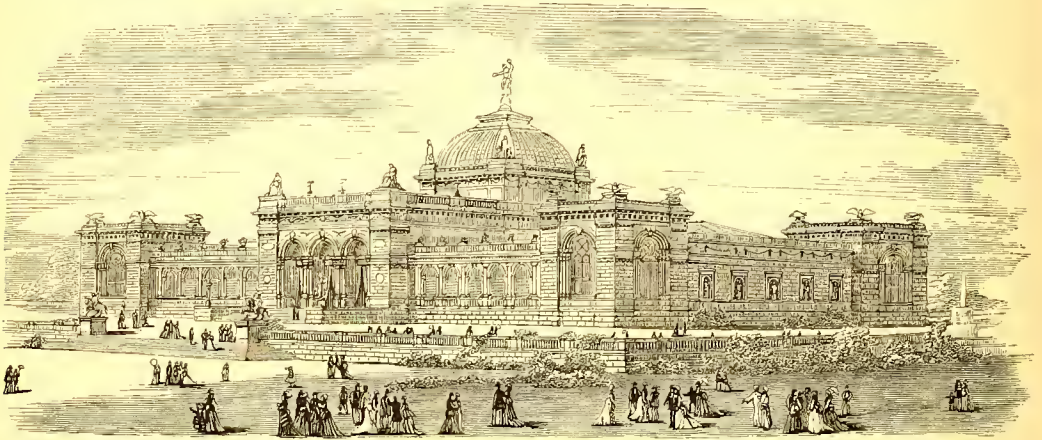


The little mark is your house; the large one is the Main Centennial Building.

This great house is constructed almost entirely of iron and glass, and when the sun shines it is nearly as light inside as it is out of doors. There are rows of iron pillars running up and down the building to support the roof, but these are so slender and so far apart that they do not interfere with the view of the interior. When I last saw the building, it was just finished; and as I stood at

one end and looked over the immense, smooth, and vacant floor, I could see that off in the distance the roof was higher, and there were great entrance-doors to the right and the left; beyond that there did not seem to be much. In reality, however, that higher portion was the center of the building,

than any one's imagination is likely to be. Just think of fourteen acres of machinery, all in motion at once! There you will see printing, weaving, grinding, sawing, pounding, rolling, stamping, with the buzz and the whirr and the clash and the clatter of thousands of wheels and belts and



MEMORIAL HALL, OR ART GALLERY.

and beyond it was a vast stretch of floor as great as that which I was looking over. But that distant half of the building was so far away that the central portion seemed to be the end of the building.

In this great hall will be exhibited goods and manufactures of every possible kind, from all quarters of the world. There will be wide passage-ways up and down the building, and cross-ways intersecting these, and all the rest of the space will be filled with the curious, beautiful, and wonderful things that man's ingenuity has taught him to make or adapt to his needs. If a person were determined to see everything in this main building, and would therefore walk up one side of every passage and avenue and down the other (and that would be the only way of seeing everything), he would have to walk at least ten miles!

Near this building is another, very much like it, but not so large, covering over fourteen acres, which is called Machinery Hall. In this will be exhibited all kinds of machines, the greater part of which will be in operation, so that visitors can see what work they do, and how they do it. Steam-boilers and engines are to be set up in this hall to provide the power to set all this machinery going.

I expect there will be machinery in this hall which will do almost everything under the sun that a machine can possibly be made to do. I will not try to imagine, in advance, what will be there, for the reality will be far more astonishing

levers and arms of every kind—of iron and steel and brass hard at work doing all sorts of things and making all sorts of things.

At a short distance from the Main Building, which stands on a line with the machinery building, is a beautiful edifice, quite different from either of these. This is Memorial Hall, or the Art Gallery. It is an imposing structure of granite, which cost a million and a half dollars, and is intended to remain always as a memento of the Great Exhibition, and to serve as a permanent art gallery. It covers an acre and a half of ground, and is built entirely of stone and iron, so that it is absolutely fire-proof. It would not do to have a building in which will be placed so many valuable paintings and statues, exposed to any danger from fire.

Over the center of this structure, which is of a higher order of architecture than any of the other buildings, most of which are temporary and intended to be taken down when the Great Exhibition is over, is a magnificent dome one hundred and fifty feet high. On the highest point of this dome stands a colossal statue of Columbia.

In this great hall will be collected together thousands of the finest pictures and statues that the artists of the world can produce. The building itself, with its galleries and halls and pavilions and arcades, will be a grand sight in itself. It is estimated that eight thousand people can assemble in this building at one time, but I hope that when

you and I are there to look at the pictures and statues, there will be not quite so many spectators present.

To the northward of the three buildings we have already seen, and separated from them by a beautiful little valley with a romantic little stream running through it, stands a very peculiar edifice, built in the Moorish style. This is of marble, iron, and glass, and is called Horticultural Hall.

In the other buildings will be exhibited the wonders of man's art; here we may see the wonders of nature.

Here there will be fruits, flowers, trees, shrubs, and plants from every part of the world. Growing in a climate as soft and mild as that of their native land, may be seen oranges, lemons, palms, and all manner of luxuriant tropical plants; while in parts of the great building will be the most delicious and lovely fruits and flowers, filling the air with their fragrance. In the central portion are four large garden-beds, which are to be filled with the loveliest things that gardeners know how to cultivate; and these gardens can be dug, and raked, and hoed, and weeded, and enjoyed in all weathers; for they are under roof, and protected from all rain and storm. There are many boys and girls, I think, who would consider it a grand thing to have a large garden in the house; one in which they could work at any time in the year, and in all weathers.

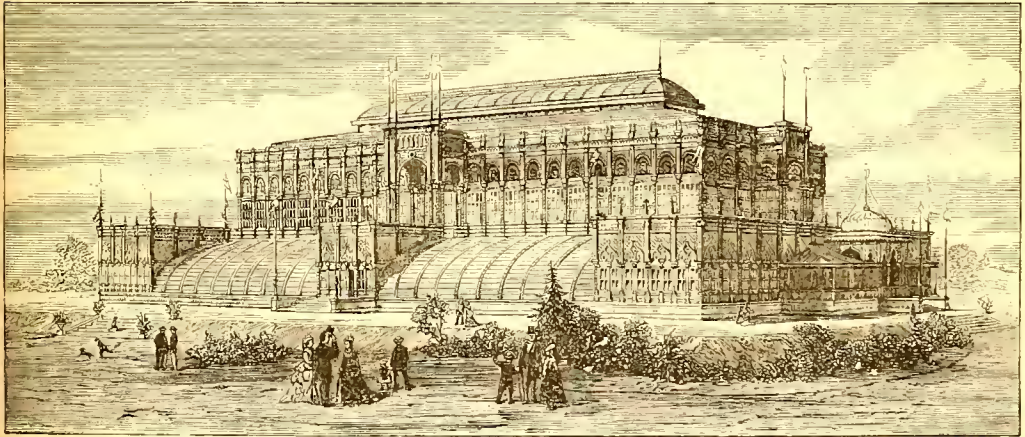
Horticultural Hall, like the Art Gallery, is a

farmers' work all over the world. We know that people in other countries farm in many peculiar ways—different from each other, and from our plans of working. And even in the various sections of our country farm-work and farm products are so entirely different, that it will be of great interest to the people from Maine to see how sugar and cotton are grown, and what they look like in their various stages. There are things, too, which grow in the North which will be quite novel to the people of the South. And we shall all be interested in the farm products of China, Persia, Tunis, Siam, Hawaii, and other far-away countries. We are familiar with the productions of some of these countries, but only in the condition in which they are ready for our use.

This building looks like a great cathedral, or four or five churches crowded into one, and is one of the most peculiar structures on the ground.

Besides these five principal buildings, there are many others, large and imposing in themselves, though inferior in size and appearance to those that we have described.

The United States Government has erected a building which covers more than an acre of ground, in which a great many things appertaining especially to our National Government will be exhibited. There will be, of course, a large collection of materials of war; and already there stands near one entrance of this building a great cannon into which a small boy could easily creep. It is about



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

permanent building, and will be maintained as a grand public conservatory for the citizens of Philadelphia.

The last of the five great buildings is Agricultural Hall. This covers over ten acres of ground, and will be filled with everything that relates to

long enough to accommodate a moderate-sized infant-class.

Then there will be a Woman's Pavilion, where all sorts of things, illustrating the work that the women of the world are doing, will be shown.

Buildings have been erected by Great Britain

and other countries for the use of the Commissioners who have been sent over to attend to their interests, and many of our States will have separate houses for their officers.

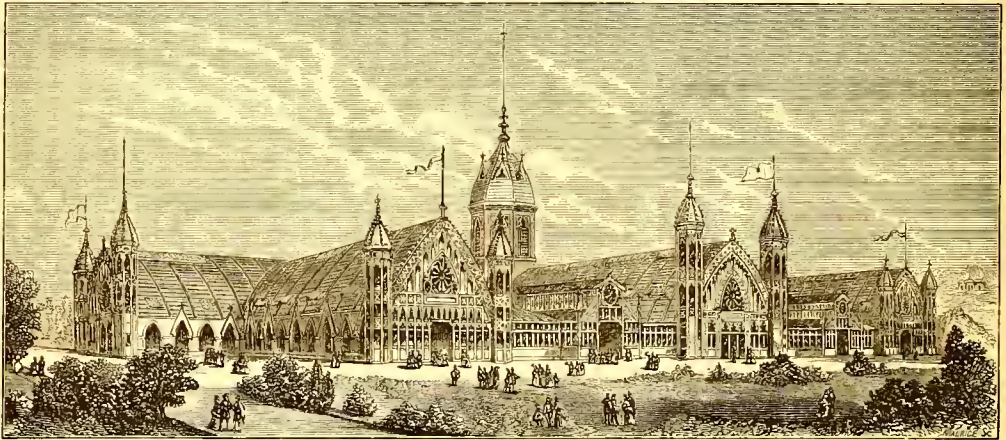
One of the most curious edifices on the ground is one erected for Japan. This has been built entirely by Japanese workmen, and in its construction not a nail or a screw has been used. The boards and timbers are all fitted together in such a way that they need not be screwed or nailed; and yet the building is as firm and strong as any other frame-house, and the joints are all very tight and neat.

It was a curious sight to see the Japanese carpenters at work. They did everything in their own style, just as they were accustomed to work at home. In Japan they do not *push* a plane or a

an elevator, and then they can see the whole Exhibition spread out before them, and have, besides, a view of the city of Philadelphia and all the beautiful scenery round about.

There are a great many other preparations, either completed or nearly so, for this great Birthday-party which our country is about to give; but I cannot begin to tell you all about them now. It is expected that millions of people will visit these grounds and buildings during the Exhibition, which will continue from the tenth of May until the tenth of November.

The most extensive arrangements have been made for accommodating these vast crowds from all parts of the world. A company has been formed to find board and lodgings in private houses for all visitors who do not want to go to hotels, and a



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

saw, but the workman pulls them toward himself. So these carpenters, when they used American saws, tied cloths around the lower end of the saw-blade, and held the saw by that end, so that the saw-teeth would cut into the wood as they pulled it toward them. They seemed to do everything hind-part foremost. I suppose that if they had used nails they would have driven them in heads first.

There will also be buildings for photographers, carriage-builders, and many other exhibitors who desire separate accommodations. Six large restaurants will be put up on the grounds, and in some of these we shall have a chance of seeing how the French and other foreign nations cook and serve meals. It is supposed that there will be over two hundred buildings in all, making quite a little town out in Fairmount Park.

Just outside of the Exhibition grounds, a tall observatory, one hundred and fifty feet high, has been erected. Visitors can go to the top of this in

person living in Constantinople or Rio Janeiro, or any other city of the world accessible by railroads or steam-vessels, can buy tickets furnished by this company, which will take him to Philadelphia, where he will be met on the cars, just before he reaches the city, by a messenger, who will conduct him with his baggage to a comfortable room in a house where his meals and lodging will be provided for him for as long a time as he has bargained for.

Of course, it is expected that a great deal of money will be made by those who supply all these people with what they need. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been paid for the privilege of setting up eating-houses, &c., on the grounds, and one man paid seven thousand dollars just for the privilege of selling pop-corn during the Exhibition!

Apart from the vast number of curious and interesting things which may be seen at this Centennial Exhibition, it will be a wonderful thing to

see the great multitude of people of all nations which will be collected together there.

To those of us who are not able to travel in foreign countries, it will seem as if those foreign countries had come to us. And surely this is the next best thing to traveling one's self.

And there will be more to see for people who live outside the city of Philadelphia than the great crowds and the great Exhibition. For there, in the city itself, is the Old State House in which Independence was declared, and there is the very room in which the Declaration was signed, and around the room the very chairs in which the signers sat, and on the walls their portraits are hanging. There is the table on which the great paper was signed, and there is the old silver inkstand which was then used by John Adams, who wrote his name so boldly, and by Stephen Hopkins, whose hand trembled—on account of palsy, not fear—so that he could scarcely write at all, and by all the rest of those brave men. In another room of that Old State House may be seen all sorts of relics of our forefathers: Letters written by Washington, furniture and china and glass-ware used by him; clothes worn by the patriots of the Revolution, and swords and guns carried and used by them, and many other things of the kind, which carry one back to those old days better than the pages of the best book of history that ever was written.

There, too, is to be seen the Old Liberty Bell which was rung when our nation was born, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

It is well worth seeing, this grand old bell. It will never ring again, for it is broken; but it has done its duty. We do not need it now, for liberty is proclaimed to all the land.

But I cannot tell you about all the curious and interesting things, some belonging to old times and some to new times, that may be seen in Philadelphia. There is one thing, however, that I must mention, because every boy and girl will care to know something about it.

This is the Zoological Garden, where all kinds of animals are to be seen, not shut up in narrow cages, but many of them in such commodious and extensive quarters that their condition must seem to them to be the next best thing to being free. To be sure, the lions and tigers and other savage beasts are in cages; but then they have very large

cages, where they can run and jump around and have a good time.

In one of the cages is a large leopard, who is named Commodore Perry, because for three days he commanded the Chesapeake. The "Chesapeake" in this case was a schooner in which the leopard was brought from Africa. He got loose while the ship was lying in the Delaware River, on its arrival at Philadelphia, and everybody speedily departed from the vessel, leaving him in sole command. The schooner was towed out into the middle of the river and anchored. Every plan was tried to coax the leopard on deck and into a cage, but he would not go. Boats rowed around the ship night and day, to kill the animal if he jumped overboard and tried to swim ashore. For three days he held the vessel, but, at last, another vessel was brought near the Chesapeake, and a cage containing a little pig was put on board. The Commodore was very hungry by this time, and, hearing the pig squeak, he bounced on deck and into the cage, the door of which was immediately pulled shut by persons on the other vessel. I do not know whether or not the little pig was jerked out of the cage before the leopard reached it, but I hope it was.

Besides all the wild beasts in the various houses—and most of these have out-door accommodations in warm weather—there are many animals who live altogether in yards in the open air. Five or six big buffaloes roam about in a half-acre lot, and there is even an inclosed stream where the beavers live and where they have built a dam. In another place, with a wire fence around it, is a whole colony of prairie dogs. It is amusing to see these little fellows, sitting up on their hind-legs at the entrances of their underground dwellings, the doors to which are always at the top of a little mound like an enormous ant-hill. In other large inclosures are beautiful deer and antelopes; and there are three great stone pits for the bears, who climb up posts which are planted in the middle of the pits. Then they seem quite near you, but they can't jump from the posts to the edge of the pit.

But if I go on telling about all the things that are to be seen here, there will not be room for anything else in the magazine.

If possible, you must all attend America's Birthday-party. You are all invited, you know. And it will be a hundred years before there is such another celebration.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, my dear April fools? No, no! I don't mean that—I mean. How d'ye do, my dear friends? The fact is, somebody asked me to tell you this month all about April fools' day, and I said I was sorry, but I would n't and could n't; and so, you see, my ideas got slightly mixed. I don't want to blight your young lives with dry details of "Days," and their whys and wherefores, especially when ever so many other things are pressing close and whispering: "Tell the children about *us*, good Jack—tell them about *us*!"

By the way, just for a change, I think I'll begin with

#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S FALL FROM A BALLOON.

THIS is n't told about in all the books. The latest biographies of Her Majesty, for some reason, ignore the incident altogether; but if you happen to meet with a volume called "Paskin's Adventures of Royalty," with a preface by Sir Walter Scott, you'll find an account of this affair, with a full-page illustration of the exciting scene.

#### A WOLF OR A FOX?

OF the letters sent by my boys and girls, in reply to the picture-query in the February ST. NICHOLAS (page 260), the little schoolma'am says the following should be printed. If there were room to spare, the good answers of Addie Howard, Arthur Walker, Daniel B. Bidwell, and Willie Locke should also appear in Jack's pages, though none of them step this time into the "Young Contributors' Department."

Geneva, N. Y., Jan. 24, 1876.

DEAR JACK: You ask us to give an account of foxes and wolves—their habits, looks, and dispositions.

The fox is an exceedingly crafty animal, nearly allied to the dog species. It seeks its food by night, and is fond of poultry, hares and rabbits. Foxes emit an odor, which enables dogs to scent and follow them with readiness. These animals adopt a great deal of cunning

in eluding the pursuit of dogs. They differ from wolves in these particulars, namely: they have a smaller body, smaller and shorter feet, and much finer fur. The silver fox's fur is rare and costly. A fox ran into one of our men's stone houses, near Geneva, last winter, for refuge from the hounds. They are scarce in this part of New York State now, although formerly they were in plenty.

The wolf is also nearly allied to the dog family, and is generally at his growth about two and a half feet high. He is naturally of a fierce disposition, while the fox is simply cunning. The form of the wolf is gaunt and thin, and he has an emaciated look. He carries his tail nearly straight. The common species are gray, and they are to be found in both Europe and America. A species of black wolf was common in North America a few years ago, but I do not know if many still exist or not. Captain Franklin mentions seeing white wolves in his voyage to the polar seas. They prey on sheep, deer, &c., and, when pressed by hunger, will even attack man. The wolf looks much more like a dog than the fox does.

The picture in the February number was a fox.

Yours very respectfully,

E. L. V.

Calera, Ala., Jan. 30, 1876.

DEAR JACK: "Which is it?" Why, it is a fox. The difference between a fox and a wolf is this: The fox's nose, or snout, is longer and more tapering than the wolf's; his ears are more upright and pointed, and his tail more bushy. He belongs to the genus *vulpes*. He burrows in the earth; is remarkable for his cunning; and preys on lambs, geese, hens, and other small animals. The common fox of Europe is the *vulpes vulgaris*; the red fox of America, the *vulpes fulvus*.

The wolf is a carnivorous animal, of the genus *canis*. So is the dog. The common wolf of Europe is *canis lupus*. The common American wolf is *canis occidentalis*; the prairie wolf, *canis latrans*. Wolves are very fierce, and often attack man and large animals. They usually go in droves. I suppose all of us have read, in one of the school readers, of the Russian woman who was followed by a pack of wolves, and, to save her own life, threw out her children to them. Such a story of a mother is hard to believe. I am glad there is no "Brudda Wolf" about here to pay me a visit.

Yours truly,

CLIFTON E. D.

#### WHIPPING THE SEA.

YOU'VE heard about Xerxes? Of course you have; every history scholar that comes into my field to study talks about Xerxes of old, and his great armies. Well, I heard a very queer story about this same Xerxes the other day—picked out of one of the big books, you know. In one of his wars he wanted his soldiers to cross a piece of water a mile wide. So he caused a bridge of boats to be made. But before his men had crossed, a storm came up and destroyed the bridge; whereupon this brave general flew into a passion, like a little boy, and ordered the sea to be whipped with three hundred lashes, and a set of fetters cast into it, to punish it for its disrespectful conduct!

Dear, dear! I'm told the little waves are sobbing on the beach to this day.

#### A NEW SORT OF KITE.

SPEAKING of some of the droll ways of those far-off places, reminds Jack of a bit of news about kites that he heard from Central Asia, through a late traveler there. Now, of course, you know all about American kites, and you've seen in ST. NICHOLAS pictures of comical Chinese kites; but did you ever even hear of a kite that gives out sweet music as it floats in the air? Never? Well, then, you must go to Asia, or make one yourself. As near as I can make out, the musical kite is like a common American square one, with the string and tail fastened to the upright stick, and the cross stick bent back like a bow, and held by a string of catgut. This makes an Æolian harp, on which passing breezes play, and make charming, soft music.

Try it, boys, and let Jack know how you succeed.



## HOW STRANGE!

"IT is astonishing," said Deacon Green, "how sensitive persons are in some ways and how dull in others. I knew a lady once who went about in high spirits gossiping and telling tales, thereby openly proclaiming herself a gossip and a tale-bearer, and yet she was furious when told that she had not a good ear for music; and I've known men who could tell a lie without a pang, but to have any one 'doubt their word' was more than they could stand."

## DROWNED FISHES.

YOU think there cannot be such a thing as a drowned fish? Well, you may accept Jack's word for it that the thing is quite possible. If you take the air out of a body of water, the fishes in that water will suffocate and *drown*. Any chemist, or, in fact, almost any educated person, can tell you how to deprive water of its proper portion of air. A live fish laid down on the grass on a bright, clear day does n't die for want of water, but for want of air. A little bird tells me that Mr. Brooks will lay this whole matter before you in the next number of ST. NICHOLAS. It is n't an April fool story either. It is, every word of it, true.

## A SUCCESS.

DEAR JACK: I tried the experiment of changing the color of a flower, as you asked us to. I had two carnations, and I bought only five cents' worth of spirits of hartshorn. I poured in a little at a time. I changed the white to yellow, and the red to black.

GERTIE WEIL, N. Y. City.

## THE SLANDERER'S MASK.

WHAT do you think of this picture, my chicks? Should *you* like to wear such a mask as that?—should you like to deserve to wear such a mask?

No, no, no!

I thought so.

On the whole, I'm glad it is such a hideous-looking thing. It ought to be hideous, if it is for slanderers.

Here is a letter sent you, in Jack's care, by a lady who saw this slanderer's mask in the "Frosch Thurn," or under-ground prisons of Nuremberg, and whose brother made a picture of it in pen and ink, so that you might know just how it looks:

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: Two summers ago, I was staying for a few days in the quaint old town of Nuremberg. In this ancient city a great number of your toys are made; in fact, it is one of the largest of St. Nicholas's workshops.

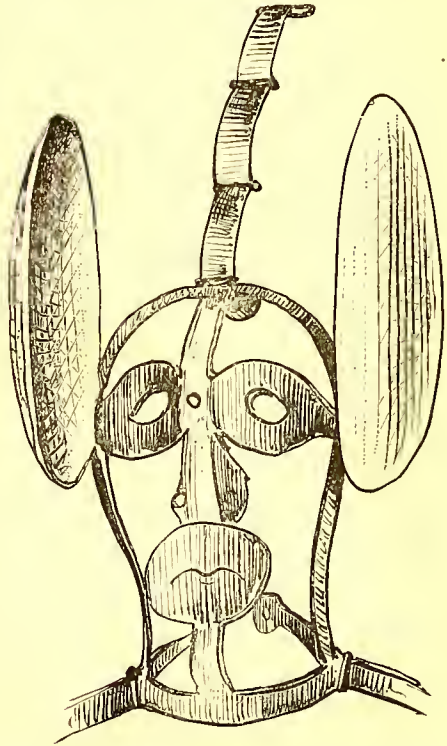
All around Nuremberg are high, strong walls, under which are dungeons where, many years ago, people were often imprisoned. Some were held for only a few days, others were never again seen; they either died from the close confinement, or perished in a cruel manner.

One beautiful morning, we were invited to visit these under-ground prisons. On our way, we crossed the bridge spanning the moat, or ditch, which surrounds the city. In ancient times this moat was filled with water, but at present it is planted with trees and gardens.

Soon we came in sight of Albert Dürer's picturesque studio-house, but a short distance from our destination. I have seen a beautiful story about this artist in the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS. The entrance to the prison is quite damp and gloomy, and, although it was a warm day, we felt chilled on going in.

In a large corridor were a number of cruel-looking instruments used for torturing prisoners, especially those from whom the authorities wished to force some secret, or suspected plot. There also were contrivances for torturing in punishment of various moral offenses. Among other things, you must know that, several hundred years

ago, what some persons now wrongly consider a slight offense, was then very severely punished. For instance, slanderers and gossips were compelled to wear an iron mask about the city for a certain length of time, so securely fastened with iron clasps that it was impossible for the wearer to remove it. This mask had great horns



or ear flaps, to add to its weight and ugliness, while sometimes it was provided with spikes inside that pierced the flesh with every movement of the head.

Imagine how dreadful it must have been to wear this, and how humiliating to walk through the streets with such a sign of disgrace—an object of scorn and the laughing-stock of all! How shamefacedly must the culprit have avoided his family, and dreaded the idea of again following in his former pursuits, or ever holding intercourse with any human being!

If people would only see how a matter is apt to be exaggerated when repeated from mouth to mouth! Many sensitive persons have suffered for a life-time from only "a little piece of news," which some one confided to a "bosom friend," who told a very dear acquaintance, who told his friend in strict confidence, and so sent the story on, until the harmless item stretched to a disgraceful scandal, which tale-bearer number one could never have recognized. Often when it has so grown, the starter of a bit of scandal would gladly recall it; but it is too late. The deed is done.

Slanderers nowadays are not forced to wear an iron mask, but they wear a badge of shame wherever they go, and, sooner or later, they suffer in their own conscience the tortures they have given to others. It is a good rule never to say anything at all about a person unless you can speak well of him.

MARY S. HUSS.

## BARK CLOTHES.

STRANGE stuff for clothes, is n't it? But it is what whole tribes of Africans wear. Hard and stiff? Oh, no! It is soaked and pounded and beaten until it becomes soft and fine in texture, and then it is ornamented with black patterns, drawn on it, which makes it quite "the style" in Uganda, I have been told—I've never been there myself.

## THE OLD HEN AND HER FAMILY.



THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do, they did.

One day, this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone, and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen-talk :

“Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come now!”

“Oh, mother, we can't, we can't, we can't!” said all the little chickens.

“Yes, you can, if you try,” clucked the old hen. “Just flop your wings as I did, and you can jump over, easy enough.”

“I *am* a-flopping my wings,” said one little fellow, named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, “but I can't jump any better than I did before.”

“I never saw such children,” said the old hen. “You don't try at all.”

“We can't try, mother,” said the little chicks. “We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!” chirped the little chicks.

“Well,” said the old hen, “I suppose I must give it up”—and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.

“Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?” said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.

“Yes,” said the other little chick. “Asking us to jump so far as that, when we have n't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!”

“Well, I tried my best,” said Chippy. “I flopped as well as I could.”

“I did n't,” said one of the others. “It's no use to try to flop when you've got nothing to flop.”

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen-door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

“No, no!” cried the old hen. “This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flopped. This nice piece of bread is for you.”

# SIPPITY SUP.

Words by "ALBA (Little Folk Songs).

Music by F. BOOTT.

*Allegro Moderato.*

1. Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup, Bread and milk from a  
 2. Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash, Wash his face with a  
 3. Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip, Un - tie his strings with a  
 4. Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot, Off, off he goes to his

chi - na cup, Bread and milk from a bright sil - ver spoon,  
 mer - ry splash! Pol - ish it well with a nice tow - el fine,  
 pull and a slip; Down go his pet - ti-coats on to the ground, And a-  
 pret - ty cot, Where he falls fast a - sleep with a sweet lit - tle song, Where the

Made of a piece of the bright sil - ver moon! Sip - pi - ty sup, Sip - pi - ty sup,  
 Oh, how his eyes and his red cheeks will shine! Dip - pi - ty dash, Dip - pi - ty dash,  
 way now he dan - ces a - round and a - round! Rip - pi - ty rip, Rip - pi - ty rip,  
 an - gels watch o - ver him all the night long! Trit - te - ry trot, Trit - te - ry trot,

*Last verse.*

*col. canto... ..*

Sip - pi - ty, Sip - pi - ty sup.  
 Dip - pi - ty, Dip - pi - ty dash.  
 Rip - pi - ty, Rip - pi - ty rip.  
 Trit - te - ry, Trit - te - ry trot.

*a tempo.*  
*ped*

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## SOMETHING ABOUT PRAGUE.

I AM going to tell you what I saw on the hill called Hradschin in Prague. My father and mother, another gentleman, my brother, and myself went to see the Hradschin before we left the city.

First, we went to see the great library; but it was not open, as the monks were eating (a certain order of monks have this building in charge). Then we went to the Palace, and saw where the old Emperor Ferdinand (who has since died) lived. Next we went to a great hall where, in olden times, the nobles used to hold their tournaments; but now the floor is used to mark out the plan of the new cathedral upon. From there we went into the room where the Thirty Years' War began, by the Protestants throwing three Catholic councillors from the high window. The room is just the same now as it was then, and you can see where the bullets went through the door.

Then we went into two of the largest halls in Europe. In one of them there are 3078 candle-lights. From those halls we went into the place where the Emperor used to hold court, and afterward it was used for Parliament. Next we went to the Cathedral, and saw a plan of the city of Prague, cut in wood, and the coffin of the patron saint of Bohemia, Johann Nepomuck. The coffin was of silver. It had four large silver angels, with wreaths in their hands, hanging by silver chains over it. Then we went into a little chapel dedicated to the holy Wenzel. The sides of the chapel are made of precious stones, and in one place there is a piece of Wenzel's armor. In the side of the wall is a little door that leads to another which has seven locks. The Emperor has one key, the chief of the police one, the mayor one, the governor one, and so on; and you can only get in when they are all together. Then comes another door, with seven locks also, and after that a room, and in that room is the Bohemian crown and the rest of Wenzel's armor. Then we went out of the Cathedral and had a fine view of Prague.

We saw also a big tower that reaches deep down into the hill, and in olden times they used to throw their prisoners down, and give them a piece of bread every day for their food, and there they died of starvation. Now the woman that keeps the castle throws some lighted paper down, and you can see the bones of the prisoners, and whole Bohemian verses scratched into the side of the rock.

After seeing a number of the palaces of the nobility, we returned home.

W. G. S.

## THE BUMBLE-BEES' PARTY.

I HEARD a great secret the other day,  
And what it was I here will say;  
Down in the valley, under the hill,  
Where the hawthorn grows, and the little rill  
Hurries along to meet the brook,  
Into a bumble-bee's nest I'll look.

The bee-queen sits on her dainty throne,  
Now and then calling to some lazy drone;  
While out in the pantry the little bee-cook  
First kneads up her honey, then looks at her book  
To see how many dewdrops for this loaf of cake,  
And how many eggs for the next one to take.

And what do you think this was all about?  
Some very great event, no doubt;  
For there was the sparkling dewdrop wine,  
And crasshopper molasses all so fine,  
And by the light of the silver moon  
The bees are to give a party soon.

So ere the light began to dawn,  
Or chanticleer sounded forth his horn,  
Each little bee was up early and bright,  
To secure her friends for the festival night;  
And after they'd sent all their messages out,  
Not a bee or a drone was seen stirring about.

At last, when the moon began to peep  
From over the hills where the rabbits sleep,  
Each bee was arrayed in her pretty brown silk,  
And the finest of handkerchiefs, white as milk;  
The guests, too, were starting away from their nests  
Also attired in their very best.

First came the butterflies, all so bright,  
Arrayed in their beautiful robes of light;  
And right behind, in a stately train,  
The flies and daddy-long-legs came.  
And all the guests arrived at last,  
Before the hour of seven was past.

The tables were set by the hawthorn-tree,  
And everything looked as nice as could be;  
But all of a sudden there rose on the air  
A tiny wail of intense despair,  
And all because some naughty bee  
Had spilled the wine by the hawthorn-tree.

They then went to supper and had a nice time,  
Although they had not the dewdrop wine.  
Then daddy-long-legs proposed a dance,  
And over the green sward they all did prance,  
Till young butterfly trod on the bee-queen's toe,  
And into the hive they must carry her, O!

The little bee fainted, but rallied quite soon,  
And bade them put all their fiddles in tune.  
They danced till the light began to dawn,  
Till four o'clock in the dewy morn;  
Then started for home, to get one hour's sleep  
Before the sun began to peep.

So this is the end of the great party,  
In the moonbeams bright, by the hawthorn-tree.  
The hawthorn is there, and the little rill  
Runs in the same way over the hill;  
And the wind, as it sighs through the branches bare,  
Tells what a wonderful dance was there. H. G. W.

## HOW WE WENT JACK-FISHING.

We had often seen the lights moving about on the river, which was about a half a mile from our house, and knew that they were fishing-boats, and that the men or boys were spearing fish. One day we made up our minds to go fishing. The day we set to go on was a pleasant one about the first of June. There were three of us boys—my brother Will, a school-mate by the name of Bert, and myself. At half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, Bert and I started for a piece of woodland that grew on the bank of the river to cut some wood to use on our jack.

When about half way to the woods, crossing a field of underbrush, we saw a couple of snakes. Where is the person who does not hate a snake? I know I do; so we soon killed them with the ax. We had not taken but two or three steps before we saw some more snakes,—it seemed to be the land of snakes. We killed all that we could of them. Some people do not think it right to kill anything, not even snakes, but we do; I hate anything that looks like, or acts like, a snake.

One old fellow, about three feet long, made a spring at me, and caught me by the trousers just below the knee. Bert hollered, "Hit him, Charlie, hit him!" But I was not in the position for hitting him just then; I whirled around and round, and at last, by stepping on him with one foot and drawing with the other, I freed myself. He looked ugly, but we sent him after the others, and went on our way rejoicing.

We had now reached the river bank, and we cut our wood and went home to supper.

The sun had just set when we pushed off from the shore about a mile above the place where we cut our wood. We floated slowly down the river and landed by our wood-pile (not daddy's). We built a fire in the jack, which is a sort of basket made of iron. It was about seven o'clock when we pulled out in the river; I took the oars, Bert a paddle to steer with, while Will took the spear. The fish were plenty, but somehow he could not hit them. Then I took the spear; but I do not believe that I came as near them as Will did. Then Bert tried, but without success. We went up and down the river half a dozen times, but did not get any fish. We were surprised every time each of us took the spear. We were sure we could spear fish; we speared at them, and laughed at each other because we could not hit them.

At last we gave up, because it was getting late; and a little after ten o'clock we emptied our fire into the river and started for home.

We did not say anything to the boys at school about fishing the next day; but I did not hear any one say we did not have a pleasant evening. If any one said it was not profitable, we would say, there are all of those snakes; if we had not killed them they might have bitten somebody. To which Will would remark, "Yes, and that old chap might have bitten you if you had not moved faster than you usually do." And I sometimes think that if I was as slow as he usually is, the snake would have surely bitten me.

We afterward learned the reason we did not get any fish. It was because our spear was not heavy enough for the kind of fish we were trying to catch. We resolved that the next time we went jack fishing we would take a spear that was heavy enough, if it was as heavy as Goliath's.

C. A. F.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR MUSIC PAGE.—The pretty song with which the well-known Boston composer, Mr. Boot, favors you this month, is not, as you will see, an easy lesson for beginners. It is a song that children can readily sing; but, though its accompaniment is not difficult, it will require a little practice to play it well and lead the voices. In this way you all can join in producing really good music, which is not the less fine because it is adapted to one of Alba's dainty and simple songs.

Brooklyn, Feb. 2, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that my father had a cat that weighed more than the cat that Deacon Green spoke about. It was given to him by a lady in Connecticut. It weighed twenty-three, and sometimes twenty-four pounds. This is no exaggeration. Please put this in your magazine.

I tried Professor Gobbo's experiment. It was a white pink, and it turned yellow. I hope he will tell some more.

I like the story of "The Boy Emigrants."—Respectfully,  
WILLIE H. T.

Dayville.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in a new school-house, and enjoy being there very much. Somehow, I can learn my lessons better when I am warm than when I am cold. I am studying physical geography, grammar, practical arithmetic, United States history, and composition. I do not class reading and spelling as studies. A new farm near us has some singular tenants. One of them is a man who said that an evil spirit told him to cut off his hand, and that the spirit of his mother told him not to; but, like most men, he obeyed the evil spirit. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and SCRIBNER very much. I tried to get out that "Pilot" puzzle, but did not make much headway. I read "The Boy Emigrants" aloud to mother, and we enjoy it. Mother said that when she was rolling out her pies she composed better letters than she ever wrote. I can't say it is the same with me, as I don't roll out pies.—Your friend,  
FRANCIS BACHELER.

CHARLEY B—, who secretly requested information about the "Tower of the Thundering Winds," now writes to thank ST. NICHOLAS for the hint to "take a bird's-eye view of the globe," and says that in doing so (with a cyclopedia for an eye-glass), he finally caught sight of the wonderful tower on an eminence in the vicinity of Hang-choo-foo, one of the chief cities of China. He says also that he found it to be about 2500 years old, and, excepting the Great Wall of China, the only remaining monument of ancient Chinese architecture—all of which he revealed in triumph to his unsuspecting uncle.

We hope the worthy gentleman will pardon us, if ever he should learn of our hint to Charley, and are glad to know that our young friend found the "Tower" without any further aid; though, if he had failed, Charles H. R. Benedict, Sidney P. Hollingsworth, S. M. Brice, and Mabel S. Clarke would have relieved ST. NICHOLAS of the responsibility of telling him, since each of them sent in correct information regarding the noted tower.

## A TRUE STORY.

In a lonely country neighborhood in Virginia, a family of eight or ten children were in the habit of reading ST. NICHOLAS, and through the long winter evenings, as in the bright summer days, it was ever a welcome visitor. Papa and mamma had also their magazine, but money was scarcer this year than before, and the heads of the family, after some consultation, decided, reluctantly, that one periodical must be given up, and it was proper for the children to resign theirs rather than the grown people. When this decision was announced great was the concern in the nursery. They all met together, big and little, these eager boys and girls, to see if any means could be devised for retaining their favorite. They counted up their little savings, and discussed plans for making more. It was just before Christmas, and with the New Year they were to lose ST. NICHOLAS. While in the midst of their conclave, the announcement was made that a package had arrived from an aunt in a distant city. Christmas gifts of course. What was their delight, on opening it, to find the bound numbers of ST. NICHOLAS and the subscription paid for them through the coming year. Such rejoicing and excitement followed, and one little fellow, jumping upon a chair, made his voice heard above the rest: "I knew it—I knew God did n't mean for us to do without ST. NICHOLAS!"

WE are glad to acknowledge here the excellent answers to the "Pilot Puzzle" sent us by English boys and girls, but received too late for acknowledgment in the March number. The senders are: Charles Harold, of Christchurch, Hampshire; Katherine Gilling Lax, of Fitzhead, Taunton, Somerset; and Mary Cecilia Boyce, Edward Theodore Boyce, and Thomas Riddell Boyce, of Wakefield,—England.

Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 28th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your stories very much. I think "The Story of Jon of Iceland" and "The Boy Emigrants" are about the best, though all of them are good. I write to find out about that society, namely, the Bird-defenders. I only began to take the ST. NICHOLAS when *The Little Corporal* stopped, so I know nothing about the rules. Would you please inform me of the regulations. Perhaps I would join if you would tell me, and oblige your true friend,  
CHAS. H. ELDRIDGE.

If Charles can obtain a copy of ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1875, he will find in the supplement, entitled "Grand Muster-Roll," a full statement of the aim, organization, and "regulations" of the Army of Bird-defenders. We have received several such inquiries, to which we have not space to reply, except by referring them to the supplement mentioned above, which will fully answer all questions propounded. We may also state, for the benefit of those who have sent in their names during the last few months, that another muster-roll will be published very soon.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My attention was called lately to an article in ST. NICHOLAS on the ancient custom of hand-shaking. I go to one of the Latin schools here, and my investigations lead me to disagree with Mr. F. De Grey on the antiquity of this custom. I find that Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," says, "*Cæsar ejus dextram prendit.*" Virgil also, in the first book of his "*Æneid*," says, "*avidè conjungere dextras ardebant.*" Also, in Tacitus it is spoken of as a pledge of friendship.

Now, as this clearly shows that the custom extends back to the time of Virgil (B. C. 70-19) and Cæsar (B. C. 100-44), which was in the "golden age" of Latin literature, why cannot we, then, with equal right, claim it as a custom as far back as the Heroic Age? It is well known that the Romans copied a great many of their customs from the Greeks, and it seems more than likely that it was a common custom in the times of Achilles and Hector.—Yours,  
OWEN STANLEY.

Washington.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January number of ST. NICHOLAS there was a letter about the number of words that can be written on a postal-card. Did Amos Morse write simply 1055 *disjointed words* on the postal-card, or make sentences and put them in the form of a connected and intelligible letter?  
J. S. NEWTON.

We cannot answer the above question, as our correspondent did not send the postal-card, or make any further statement concerning it than that published in the January number. It may interest Amos Morse, however, to know that his feat has been excelled. After reading Amos' letter, Allen Curtis, a Boston boy now living in Florence, Italy, tries the experiment, fills his postal-card, and sends a letter all the way across the ocean to say that his count of the words crowded on that card amounts to 1185! And as if this were not miracle enough, there comes, only two days later, from Harry Cooper, of Philadelphia, a postal-card, the mere sight of which amazes and almost blinds us. On that single small card are inscribed with pen and ink, one short story, two small poems, and two newspaper paragraphs—in all, 1500 legibly written words!

But, young friends, at sight of such mistaken achievements as these, ST. NICHOLAS cannot refrain from protesting against this sort of amusement. Aside from the time wasted in the great and unprofitable labor, the harm done to the eyes of all those who are unwise enough to write or to read such cards, is likely to be very great. A good clear vision, such as most boys have, is too precious a thing to be tampered with, and to injure it in a frivolous competition of this kind is an actual crime against which we cannot too emphatically warn our readers. Eyes are better than spectacles or goggles, young friends: keep those ugly things away from yours, then, as long as possible.

In the article on "Snow-shoes" in ST. NICHOLAS for March, there are some mistakes. H, and not A, is the toe of the shoe. The wearer's toes are inserted under a strap at D, and project part way over the opening there. As his heel rises at every step, his toes (and not his heel) dip through the hole D, and the shoe is trailed behind him, the front part being raised just enough to clear the snow, while the tail-end slips along over the surface.

"FRED'S" request in the February number for the words of an old song entitled "The White Pilgrim," has called forth many answers from the boys and girls. There is considerable disagreement, however, among those sent in, since, besides mere verbal differences, some correspondents furnish six stanzas, some seven, and some only five. We print below the version sent by Libbie Lee, and which is the one most generally given. Critically, we do not rejoice in its publication; but those to whom the poem is hallowed by home associations may be glad to see it:

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

I came to the spot where a White Pilgrim lay,  
And pensively mused by his tomb;  
When, in a low whisper, I heard something say:  
"How sweetly I sleep here alone!"

"The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll,  
And gathering storms may arise;  
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,  
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

"T was the call of my Master that led me from home,  
I bade my companions farewell;  
I left my dear children, who now for me mourn,  
In a far distant region to dwell.

"I wandered a pilgrim, a stranger below,  
To publish salvation abroad;  
The trump of the gospel endeavoring to blow,  
Inviting poor sinners to God.

"But when I was distant, and far from my home,  
No kindred or relative nigh,  
I caught the contagion, and sank in the tomb,  
My spirit ascending on high.

"Go tell my companions, and children most dear,  
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;  
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and dear,  
Has kindly assisted me home."

Similar versions were sent in by Fred Woodworth, "Clarissa and Norah," Mary F. Matthews, Frank H. Stiles, Jennie N. Potter, Benjamin Fletcher, Jr., Wynne G. Woods, Sarah C. Spottiswoode, Clara Williams, Clifton B. Dare, Fannie B. Eller, D. B. McLean, Mrs. O. A. Barto, Lulu E. Bliss, Mrs. S. Rosa Stewart, Birdie Lodge, "Helen," C. Q. Kirkpatrick, Samuel McRae, Charles T. Bennett, Mattie P. Thompson, Olivia M. Bell, Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Mary G., A. D. Brumback, S. R. H. and W. C. R. Kemp.

LEWIS L. SMITH sends the following list of "popular names" for several of the chief states and cities of our country. Probably many of our readers are familiar with a part or all of them; but there are, perhaps, some boys and girls who do not understand these very common allusions when they hear them:

STATES.—New York: *Excelsior State*. Pennsylvania: *Keystone State*. Iowa: *Harvey State*. Massachusetts: *Bay State*. Connecticut: *Land of Steady Habits*. Arkansas: *Bear State*. Ohio: *Buckeye State*. Louisiana: *Croole State*. Kentucky: *Dark and Bloody Ground*. Indiana: *Hoosier State*. Michigan: *Lake State*. Rhode Island: *Little Rhody*. Texas: *Lone Star State*. Maine: *Lumber State*. Virginia: *Old Dominion*. North Carolina: *Old North State*. South Carolina: *Palmetto State*. Florida: *Panhandle State*. Vermont: *Green Mountain State*. Illinois: *Prairie State*.

CITIES.—New York: *Empire City*. Philadelphia: *City of Brotherly Love*. Pittsburg: *Iron City*. Keokuk: *The Gate City*. Boston: *Hub of the Universe*, or *Athens of America*. Lowell: *City of Spindles*. New Haven: *City of Elms*. Brooklyn: *City of Churches*. Washington: *City of Magnificent Distances*. Nashville: *City of Rocks*. Detroit: *City of Straits*. New Orleans: *Crescent City*. Chicago: *Garden City*. Baltimore: *Monumental City*. St. Louis: *Mound City*. Cincinnati: *Queen City*. Indianapolis: *Railroad City*.

Newton, N. J.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me why the name "Roman nose" is given to large hooked noses? Is it because the ancient Romans generally had that kind?  
MINNA E. THOMAS.

No, Minna; the name "Roman" is given to the curved or aquiline nose, because the Romans regarded that form of the feature as the most beautiful one, just as the Grecians esteemed most the straight line from the forehead to the tip, which shape is therefore called "the Grecian" nose.

Negaunee, Mich.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter about the winters we have on Lake Superior. It begins to snow about the latter part of October, and is quite deep early in November. Then our sleighing begins for the season, and lasts until the first of April. In March, when the crust is hard, you can see the boys and girls sliding on almost every hill that is clear of stumps and trees. The lake is always frozen over, but it is a long way from our house, so my brother Harry has made a skating rink on our croquet ground, and we have lots of fun skating and sliding. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I must close.—Yours,  
MINNIE MERRY.

SINCE our acknowledgment, in the January number, of answers to Sarah B. Wilson's riddle, we have received these few additional ones: Rev. J. H. Sweet, Rector of Kilmacoo, near Waterford, Ireland, sends the answer "Adrianople," and Stella M. Kenyon the one most generally given, "Litchfield;" while three other answers are quite new and original—"Adramytum" by C. S. P., "City of Rome" by Helen M. Motter, and "Hybla Major" (a city of Sicily) by Olive A. Wadsworth. In connection also with this riddle, "Mayflower" sends word that, as published in Miss Seaward's will, it was not complete, but was found, after competition for the prize had been exhausted, to be a curtailed copy of a rebus published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1757, and attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can a boy who shoots ducks and black-birds be one of the Bird-defenders? Whenever we want a really nice dinner, I and my brother Charles take our guns and kill some wild ducks, and then we have a grand dinner. We live in Grant County, New Mexico, twenty miles from Silver City, and we have no little boys and girls to play with, and we do not go to school, so it is quite lonesome. But we take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much, and we think the stories are very interesting.—One of your friends,  
JOHN LACE METCALFE.

It is not contrary to the principles of the Bird-defenders to kill birds for food.

L. M. sends this problem to the boys and girls. It is not new, but many of our readers may not have met with it:

Mr. A. went into a store to buy a pair of boots. The boots were worth \$5.00, and Mr. A. gave the shoemaker a \$50.00 bill to change. The shoemaker, having no small bills, went to a neighbor with the \$50.00 and received from him small bills in exchange. He (the shoemaker) then gave Mr. A. \$45.00 and the boots. Later in the day the neighbor went to the shoemaker, saying that the \$50.00 bill was counterfeit, and he must have good money. The shoemaker gave him what he asked. How much did the shoemaker lose?

Stone Ridge, Ulster Co., N. Y.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Early last summer, my brother made three bird-houses. We have three trees out in front of our store, so he put one in each. First, there came a pair of blue-birds and looked at the largest house; but I guess it did not suit them, for they left. Next came a pair of wrens. They took possession and commenced building a nest; but a pair of sparrows came and drove them out. They did n't use it themselves, or let the wrens use it; so my brother took it down. Then the wrens took one of the other boxes, and would n't let the sparrows drive them out this one, but built a nest in it, and the female laid four little eggs. After hatching them about two weeks, four little birds came out. Then the father and mother were very busy carrying insects for them to eat. We had a cat in the store, and when the little wrens got about big enough to leave the nest, the old birds would make a great time when the cat went outdoors—fly around her head and scold. One day, I heard them making a great noise. I went out. The cat was sitting right on top of the box. I climbed up in the tree and made her get down. She had not hurt the little ones.

When the little ones left the nest, the father took them away to take care of them, and the mother took the one remaining box and built another nest. It was great fun to watch her. Sometimes she would get a stick so heavy she could hardly carry it; twice she let one fall

and caught it before it reached the ground. At one time she took a heavy one (for her), and, with a great deal of difficulty, got it to her nest; but when she got there, the opening in the box was so small she could n't get in with the stick crosswise as she had it; so she let it slip along in her bill till she came nearly to the end, and then put it in endwise. Just as she got it nicely in, it slipped back again and fell to the ground. She went back and picked it up, dropped it again, then concluded to let it alone. She flew away off, and came back with a still larger one. Dropped that, then took that same old one, and took it to her nest. After that, she got smaller ones. Then she finished it, and began hatching again.—I am a friend,

ANNIE LOUNSBERY.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me, by way of the Letter-Box, some good recipe for making good candy? I have tried several ways, but, somehow, do not succeed very well; so I thought you might be able to tell me.

I have taken you a year or more, and think you are splendid. I liked "Eight Cousins" best, and my brother likes "Jon of Iceland" better than any of your stories.—Your friend,

GUSSIE.

"Gussie" will find a recipe for making sugar-candy in the Letter-Box of ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Me and my brother are going to send you a letter, and we hope you will put it in the Letter-Box. My sister Annie says you won't bother with a little girl like me. My brother's name is Harry. He can't even print, for he is only five years old. Will you please make us Bird-defenders; we want to be very much.

But we are agoing to eat some turkey to-morrow. Is it wicked? We have got two dear cats; must we kill them? We can't wait to know if you will please to print this letter; we shall be so sorry if you don't.—Good by, from

GERTIE LINCOLN.

ALL readers who have enjoyed Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt's contributions to ST. NICHOLAS, will be glad to know that Nelson & Philips, of New York, have just published her first book. It is called "Arthur and Bessie in Egypt," and it shows how children of the present who live in that ancient country pass their time, and how they enjoy themselves among its palaces and gardens and ruins

#### MUSIC RECEIVED.

CALVARY SONGS. By Rev. C. S. Robinson and Theo. E. Perkins. Philadelphia: American Sunday-School Union.—This new collection of hymns and tunes has evidently been made with scrupulous care, and with an eye to meeting the wants of Sunday-schools and families. New songs and old favorites are wisely brought together, and, in some instances, familiar tunes have been given fresh words, to the gain of the singers.

From S. T. Gordon & Co., New York: Dream of the Sea Waltzes—Le Beau Monde—Who is this Little Maiden?—Speak to Me—Rienzi March—Indigo Polka-Mazurka—Beauties of "Madame L'Archiduc"—La Belle Galathée—Over the Beautiful Stars—Who's at My Window?—The Children's Carnival.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a diamond puzzle: 1. A liquor. 2. Blemishes. 3. Birds. 4. To filch. 5. Cunning.

The following form the diamond: 1. In ST. NICHOLAS. 2. A household utensil. 3. An admirer. 4. A beverage. 5. In literature.

CYRIL DEANE.

### CHARADE.

#### FIRST.

WHERE late the forest grew and shed balsamic breath,  
No tree remains, nor anything but black and awful death.

Thou, wanton fiend, with ruthless touch and cruel haste,  
Hast changed those sylvan shades into a barren waste!

#### SECOND.

To mount, on some fair morn, on mighty soaring wings,  
And gain one lofty view of earth's most wondrous things!

Or on some tranquil eve, with pinions strong to rise,  
And spend one glorious hour adrift in sunset skies!

#### WHOLE.

One of a multitude of merry little dancers—  
He flashes out a gleam, and then another answers.  
How they do dance o' nights away down in the meadow!  
While they can flash around they'll never go to bed O!

A. O'N.

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A juvenile. 3. A classical author. 4. An affirmative. 5. A consonant. G. and T.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Fill the first blank in each stanza with a certain word, the second with the same word beheaded, and the third with same word again beheaded.)

PEGGOTTY and Barkis, walking in the —,  
She a charming sweetheart, he a knightly —  
Sweetest sweetness of the sweet, how it bubbles —!

All the birds are quite in tune, earth and sky are —;  
E'en the heifer at the bars keeps a friendly —;  
All the joy, the damsel thinks, to the day is —.

"Peggotty," the suitor sighs, "do you tire of —?"  
She her home-made blanket is most diligently —.  
"T is for you my hands are strong in the tasks of —."

"Barkis!" 'T is not on her lips, but the meaning —  
From the blushing eloquence of her downcast —;  
What were words compared with this more than smoke  
and —!

Barkis answers to the glance: "Oh, you puzzling —,  
How you love to worry us with token and with —!"  
Quick the maiden finds her speech: "How is it with  
you —?"

But the honest love no jest can avail to —;  
So the swain his cottage seeks, and the maid her —;  
Hand in hand, and heart to heart, home they lead  
each —.

E. L. E.

### EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. COMES from a distance. 2. Part of the body. 3. Part of a much-used verb.

M. A. J.





PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Read the inscription on the tablet.)



SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SPRING visitor. 2. A musical drama. 3. To deck with gems. 4. A girl's name. 5. Titles.

J. P. B.

EASY ENIGMA.

WHEN the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is not 6, 7, 8, 9 to count his money, he feels 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

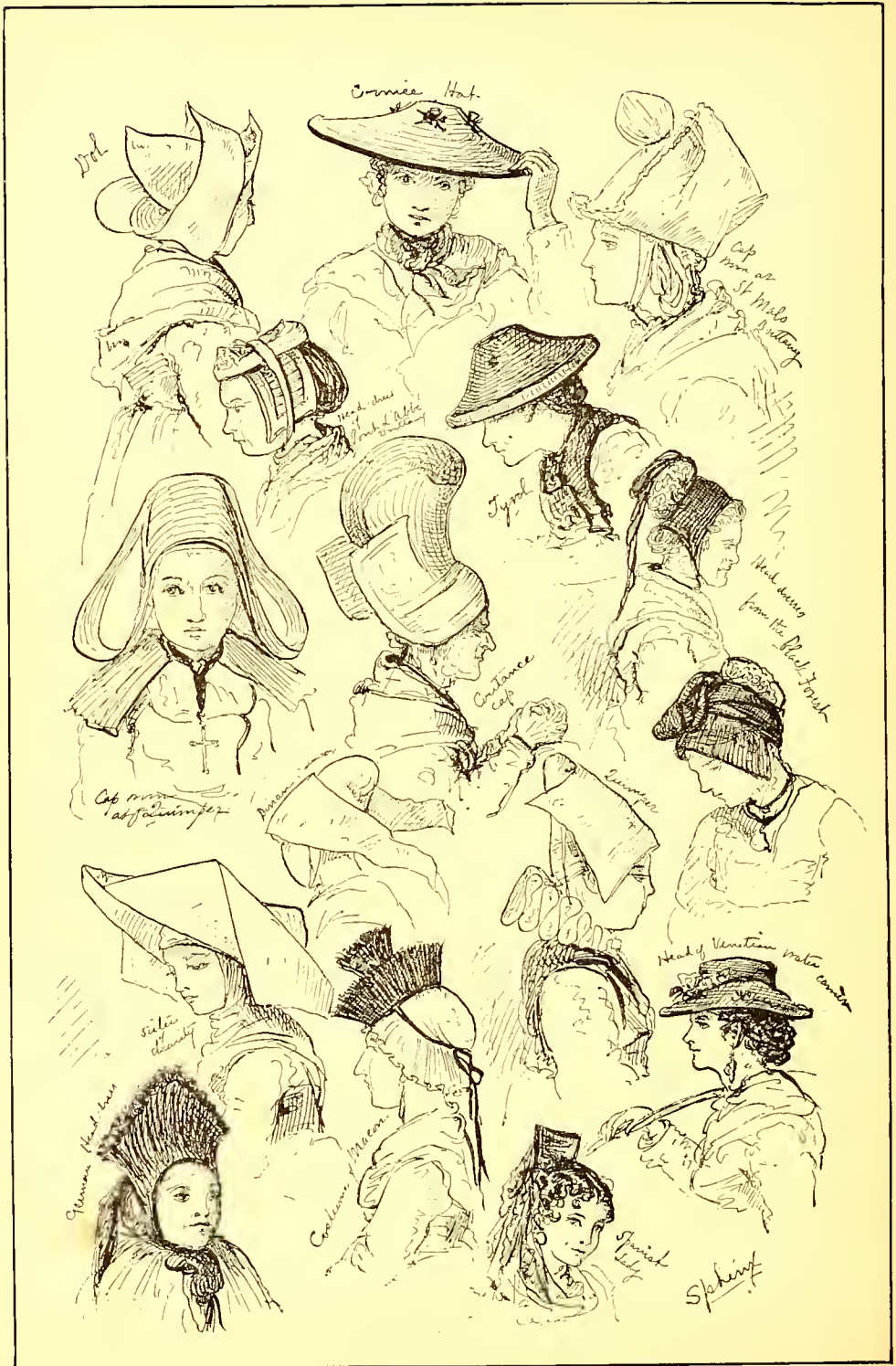
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A R M  
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T

CLASSICAL PUZZLE.—Achilles.

LOGOGRAPH.—Carbine, cabin, Cain, can.  
CONCEALED BIRDS.—1. Stork. 2. Owl. 3. Eagle. 4. Swallow.  
5. Petrel. 6. Dove.  
INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Supper—upper. 2. Dinner—inner.  
3. Four—our. 4. Six—ix. 5. Seven—even. 6. Marches—arches.  
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness.”

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18, from Mabel S. Clarke, Katie A. Nicholls, Willie Abbott, “A. V. C. S.,” Brainerd P. Emery, Frank Malven, Allie B., Maddeine D. W. Smith, “Gussie,” Anne Rhodes, Mary B. Whitney, Charles H. Tibbits, Jr., Carl F. Heyer, “O. M.,” Ray Marsh, Kittie L. Roe, “L’etoile,” E. B. Brinton, Edward W. Heath, Fannie S. Humphrey, Lehman Dorr Schäffer, “Florida,” Nellie B. O., Arthur H. Brown, Allie Anthony, Sol K. Lichtenstein, Florence W. Ryder, Madeleine B. Achison, Laura Copeland, Johnny Flagg, “N. O. Body,” Frank H. Burt, Mattie O. McCarer, “Mabel and Jennie,” Nellie S. Smith, Nessie E. Stevens, Thomas Hunt, Lizzie Hannaberg, Minnie Hood, Norton D. Mosher, Alice B. Moore, John T. Loomis, Walter Kobbe, Eddie Aston, Julia D. Hunter, Annie A. Butts, Lucy A. Patton, Mark W. C., Susie A. Hutchison, “Red Hook,” Willie Dibblee, Mary C. Goodwin, Alfred Mestre, William Glover, Charles Glover, Ftta B. Singleton, Ethel Todd, Maria and Eddie Stevens, Henry M. Beal, James Sheldon, Bennie Swift, Lucille G. Freeman, Carrie E. Hinds, Horatio P. Pierson, Lucy D. Denison, Harry L. Ford, Mary A. Gluck, Carroll Lindsley, Clive Hathaway, Jessie L. McDermitt, Nellie Emerson, Tommy W. Fry, William C. Delaney, Edward Ring, Léon Marie, Willard G. Lake, Arthur D. Smith, Elizabeth L. Marquand, Minnie Lake, Stella N. Stone, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Mary Knapp Metcalf, Edith Carpenter, Fannie H. Smith, G. Brady, Blanche Nichols, Harry K. Morrison, Halbert H. McClure, Clarence H. Hall, Mary J. Tilehman, Fanny H. H. Kennedy, Susie E. Avery, Nellie Hudson, Frank Bowman, “Florence,” Emma P. Morton, Carleton Brabrook, Carne L. Hastings, Charlie W. Wolcott, Kitty H. Chapman, Agnes and Arthur Hodges, Nellie S. Colby, Robert L. Parsons, C. W. Horner, Jr., Archie C. Wellington, Marie Krakowizer, H. Engelbert, Sophie C. Johnson, F. E. Hyde, Eddie H. Eckel, Anita Hendrie, Harry Nyce, Sallie C. Scofield, Annie W. Hayward, Mabel Chester, John C. Robertson, “Golden Eagle,” Launcelot Miner Berkeley, Mary C. Crosswell, Nellie Kitchell, H. B. Ashmore, and Bessie Semple.





VARIOUS HEAD-DRESSES OF THE PRESENT DAY

[See Letter-Box.]

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

MAY, 1876.

No. 7.

## THE PALACE OF GONDOFORUS.

*(A Legend of St. Thomas.)*

BY H. H.

WHEN King Gondoforus desired  
To have a palace built that should  
Be finer than all palaces  
Which in the Roman Empire stood,

He sent his provost Abanes  
To search the countries far and wide  
For builders and for architects,  
Whose skill and knowledge had been tried.

Then God unto St. Thomas said:  
"Go, Thomas, now, and tell this king  
That thou wilt build a palace which  
Immortal fame to him shall bring."

Then to the saint, Gondoforus  
Gave stores of silver and of gold,  
And precious stones and jewels rich;  
Nought did the eager king withhold.

"Now see thou build, O saint," he cried,  
All proud and arrogant of mien—  
"Now see thou build right speedily  
Such palace as was never seen!"

Then to far countries journeyed he—  
Two years and more he staid away;  
At other sovereigns' palaces  
All scornful gazing, he would say:

"St. Thomas, sent from God, doth build  
For me a palace. God hath said  
Its splendor an immortal fame  
Upon my name and reign shall shed."

Gondoforus returned and sought  
With eager haste his palace site;  
The field was bare as when he went,  
The sod with peaceful daisies white!

"What has the man called Thomas done  
With all my gold?" he hotly cried.  
"Given it all unto the poor,"  
The courtiers sneeringly replied.

The king, in rage no words could tell,  
St. Thomas into prison threw,  
And racked his brains to think what he  
For fitting punishment could do.

That very day, his brother died;  
His vengeance now must cool and wait;  
Until a royal tomb was built,  
The royal corpse must lie in state.

Lo! on the fourth day, sat erect  
The royal corpse, and cried aloud,  
While all the mourners and the guards  
Fled terror-stricken in a crowd:

“O king! O brother! listen now.  
 These four days I in Paradise  
 Have wander'd, and return to tell  
 Thee what I saw with my own eyes.

“This man whom thou wouldst torture is  
 God's servant, dear to God's own heart.  
 Behold, the angels showed to me  
 A palace wrought with wondrous art,

“Of silver, gold, and precious stones:  
 Most marvelously it did shine;  
 And when I asked whose name it bore,  
 O brother! then they told me thine!

“‘St. Thomas this hath built,’ they said,  
 ‘For one Gondoforus, a king.’  
 ‘It is my brother!’ I exclaimed,  
 And fled to thee the news to bring.”

Then fell the royal corpse again  
 Back, silent, solemn in its state;  
 Until the royal tomb was built,  
 The royal corpse must lie and wait.

Oh! swift the king the prison doors,  
 With his own hands, did open wide.  
 “Come forth! come forth! O worthy saint!”  
 He, kneeling on the threshold, cried.

“The dead from heaven this day hath come,  
 To tell me how in Paradise  
 The palace thou has built for me  
 Shines beautiful in angels' eyes.

“Come forth! come forth! O noble saint!  
 And graciously forgive my sin.  
 As honored guest, my palace gates  
 Oh condescend to enter in!”

Then, smiling, said St. Thomas, calm  
 And gracious as an angel might:  
 “O king! didst thou not know that we  
 Build not God's palaces in sight

“Of men, nor from the things of earth?  
 All heaven lieth full and fair  
 With palaces which charity  
 Alone can build, alone can share.

“Before the world began, were laid  
 Their bright foundations by God's hand,  
 For Charity to build upon,  
 As God and his son Christ had planned.

“No other palaces endure;  
 No other riches can remain;  
 No other kingdoms are secure;  
 No other kings eternal reign.”

Henceforth the king, Gondoforus,  
 Went on his way, triumphant, glad,  
 Remembering what a palace he  
 Already in the heavens had.

No more the Roman emperors  
 With envy could his bosom move.  
 How poor their palaces by side  
 Of one not made with hands, above!

His treasures in the good saint's hands  
 He poured, and left for him to use,  
 In adding to that palace fair  
 Such courts and towers as he might choose.

And there to-day they dwell, I ween,  
 With other saints and other kings;  
 And roam with hosts of angels bright,  
 From place to place, on shining wings.

## THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

*(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIERE.)*

By T. B. ALDRICH.

[Last winter, when I turned this charming little story into English,—for the entertainment of two small critics, who were amiable enough to accord the translation their difficult approval,—I was not aware that the interesting cat of Mother Michel had already domesticated itself in this country. Indeed, it was not until these pages were in type that I learned the fact. On finding that a translation of M. Bédollière's story had appeared in Philadelphia ten or eleven years ago, my impulse was to suppress my own version; but, on reflection, I decided to print it. There are I know not how many translations of the "Iliad." Now, the cat Moumouth is every inch as fine a fellow, in his way, as Achilles, and very much superior to many of the impossible persons who figure in the siege of Troy. In one respect, he is superior to Achilles himself—there is no weak spot in Moumouth's heel! It seems to me that two translations of the narrative recording his adventures are not too many. Moreover, if I were to destroy my work, the world would lose the exquisite series of *silhouettes* which Mr. Hopkins has prepared to illustrate the text. These drawings are so ingenious and spirited, that they form in themselves a sufficient excuse for a twice-told Tale.—T. B. ALDRICH.]

## CHAPTER I.

## HOW MOTHER MICHEL MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HER CAT.



HERE lived in Paris, under the reign of King Louis XV., a very rich old countess named Yolande de la Grenouillère. She was a worthy and charitable lady, who distributed alms not only to the poor of her own parish, Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, but to the unfortunate of other quarters. Her husband,

Roch-Eustache-Jérémie, Count of Grenouillère, had fallen gloriously at the battle of Fontenoy,



THE APE FATALLY EXPOSES HIMSELF.

on the 11th of May, 1745. The noble widow had long mourned for him, and even now at times wept

over his death. Left without children, and almost entirely alone in the world, she gave herself up to a strange fancy,—a fancy, it is true, which in no manner detracted from her real virtues and admirable qualities: she had a passion for animals. And an unhappy passion it was, since all those she had possessed had died in her arms.

The first, in date, in her affections had been a



THE COUNTESS DISTRIBUTES ALMS.

green parrot, which, having been so imprudent as to eat some parsley, fell a victim to frightful colics. An indigestion, caused by sweet biscuits, had taken from Madam de la Grenouillère a pug-dog of the most brilliant promise. A third favorite, an ape of a very interesting species, having broken his chain one night, went clambering over the trees in the garden, where, during a shower, he caught a cold in the head, which conducted him to the tomb.

Following these, the Countess had birds of divers kinds; but some of them had flown away, and the others had died of the pip. Cast down by such continuous disasters, Madam de la Grenouillère shed many tears. Seeing her inconsolable, the friends of the Countess proposed successively squir-



THE BOYS AFTER THE CAT.

rels, learned canaries, white mice, cockatoos; but she would not listen to them; she even refused a superb spaniel who played dominoes, danced to music, ate salad, and translated Greek.

"No, no," she said, "I do not want any more animals; the air of my house is death to them."

She had ended by believing in fatality.

One day, as the Countess was leaving the church, she saw a crowd of boys hustling and elbowing each other, and giving vent to peals of joyous laughter.

When, seated in her carriage, she was able to overlook the throng, she discovered that the cause of this tumult was a poor cat to whose tail the little wretches had tied a tin saucepan.

The unfortunate cat had evidently been running a long time, for he seemed overcome with fatigue. Seeing that he slackened his speed, his tormentors formed a circle around him, and began pelting him with stones. The luckless creature bowed his head, and, recognizing that he was surrounded by none but enemies, resigned himself to his hard fate with the heroism of a Roman senator. Several stones had already reached him, when Madam de la Grenouillère, seized with deep compassion, descended from her

carriage, and, pushing the crowd aside, exclaimed: "I will give a louis to whoever will save that animal!"

These words produced a magical effect; they transformed the persecutors into liberators; the poor cat came near being suffocated by those who now disputed the honor of rescuing him safe and sound. Finally a sort of young Hercules overthrew his rivals, brought off the cat, and presented it half dead to the Countess.



HER FRIENDS PROPOSE SQUIRRELS, CANARIES, MICE, ETC.

"Very well," she said: "here, my brave little man, is the reward I promised." She gave him a bright golden louis just out of the mint, and then added, "Relieve this poor animal of his inconvenient burden."

While the young Hercules obeyed, Madam de la



"THE LUCKLESS CREATURE BOWED HIS HEAD."





THE CAT IS PRESENTED, HALF DEAD, TO THE COUNTESS.

Grenouillère regarded the creature she had rescued. It was a true type of the street-cat. His natural hideousness was increased by the accidents of a long and irregular career; his short hair was soiled with mud; one could scarcely distinguish beneath the various splashes his gray fur robe striped with black. He was so thin as to be nearly transparent, so shrunken that one could count his ribs, and so dispirited that a mouse might have beaten him. There was only one thing in his favor, and that was his physiognomy.

"Dear me, how homely he is!" said Madam de la Grenouillère, after finishing her examination.

At the moment she stepped into the carriage, the cat fixed his great sea-green eyes upon her and gave her a look, strange, indefinable, full at the same time of gratitude and reproach, and so expressive that the good lady was instantly fascinated. She read in this glance a discourse of great eloquence. The look seemed to wish to say:

"You have obeyed a generous impulse; you saw me feeble, suffering, oppressed, and you took pity on me. Now that your benevolence is satisfied, my deformity inspires you with contempt. I thought you were good, but you are not good; you have the instinct of kindness, but you are not kind. If you were really charitable you would continue to interest yourself in me for the very reason that I am homely; you would reflect that my misfortunes are owing to my ugly appearance, and that the same cause,—should you leave me here in the street, at the mercy of the wicked boys,—the same cause, I say, would produce the same effects.

Go! you need not pride yourself on your half-way benevolence!—you have not done me a service, you have only prolonged my agony. I am an outcast, the whole world is against me, I am condemned to die; let my destiny be accomplished!"

Madam de la Grenouillère was moved to tears. The cat seemed to her superhuman—no, it was a cat; it seemed to her superanimal! She thought of the mysteries of transformation, and imagined that the cat, before assuming his present form, had been a great orator and a person of standing. She said to her maid, Mother Michel, who was in the carriage:

"Take the cat and carry him."

"What, you will bring him with you, madam?" cried Mother Michel.

"Certainly. As long as I live that animal shall have a place at my fireside and at my table. If you wish to please me, you will treat him



"DEAR ME! HOW HOMELY HE IS!"



MOTHER MICHEL IS TOLD TO TAKE THE CAT.

with the same zeal and affection you show to myself."

"Madam shall be obeyed."

"That is well,—and now for home!"

#### CHAPTER II.

HOW THE CAT WAS INSTALLED WITH MADAM DE LA GRENOUILLÈRE, AND CONFIDED TO THE CARE OF MOTHER MICHEL.

MADAM de la Grenouillère inhabited a magnificent mansion situated on the corner of the streets Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre and Orties-Saint-Louis; there she led a very retired life, on almost intimate terms with her two principal domestics—Madam Michel, her maid and companion, and M. Lustucru, the steward. These servants being elderly persons, the Countess, who was possessed of a pleasant humor, had christened them Mother Michel and Father Lustucru.



MOTHER MICHEL.

The features of Mother Michel bore the imprint of her amiable disposition; she was as open and candid as Father Lustucru was sly and dissimulating. The plausible air of the steward might deceive persons without much experience; but close observers could easily discover the most perverse inclinations under

his false mask of good nature. There was duplicity in his great blue eyes, anger concentrated in his nostrils, something wily in the end of his tapering nose, and malice in the shape of his lips.

However, this man had never, in appearance at least, done anything to forfeit his honor; he had been able to guard an outside air of honesty, hiding very carefully the blackness of his nature. His wickedness was like a mine to which one has not yet applied the match—it waited only for an occasion to flash out.

Lustucru detested animals, but, in order to flat-



FATHER LUSTUCRU.

ter the taste of his mistress, he pretended to idolize them. On seeing Mother Michel bearing in her arms the rescued cat, he said to himself:



"OH, THE BEAUTIFUL CAT!"

"What, another beast! As if there were not enough of us in the house!"

He could not help throwing a glance of antipathy at the new-comer; then, curbing himself quickly, he cried, with an affected admiration:

"Oh, the beautiful cat! the pretty cat! that cat has n't his equal!"—and he caressed it in the most perfidious fashion.

"Truly?" said Madam de la Grenouillère; "you do not find him too homely?"

"Too homely! But, then, he has charming eyes. But if he was frightful, your interesting yourself in him would change him."



THE CAT IS WASHED.

"He displeased me at first."  
 "The beings who displease at first are those one loves the most after awhile," replied Father Lustucru, sententiously.

They proceeded at once to make the toilet of the cat, who, in spite of his instinctive horror of water, submitted with touching resignation to being washed; he seemed to understand that it improved his personal appearance. After giving him a dish of broken meat, which he ate with great relish, they arranged the hours for his meals, the employment of his days, and the place where he was to sleep.

They thought also to give him a name. Mother Michel and Father Lustucru proposed several that were quite happy, such as *Mistigris*, *Tristepatte*, &c.; but the Countess rejected them all successively. She desired a name that would recall the circumstances in which the

cat was found. An old scholar, whom she consulted the next day, suggested that of *Moumouth*, composed of two Hebrew words which signify *saved from saucepans*.

At the end of a few days, *Moumouth* was unrecognizable. His fur was polished with care; nourishing food had filled out his form; his mustaches stood

up like those of a swordsman of the seventeenth century; his eyes shone as emeralds. He was a living proof of the influence of good fare upon the race. He owed his excellent condition chiefly to Mother Michel, whom he held in affectionate consideration; he showed, on the other hand, for Father Lustucru a very marked dislike. As if he had divined that here he had to do with an enemy, he refused to accept anything presented by the steward. However, they saw but lit-



THE OLD SCHOLAR LOOKS FOR A NAME.

tle of each other. The days passed very happily with Moumouth, and everything promised a smiling future for him; but, like the sword of Damocles, troubles are ever suspended above the heads of men and of cats. On the 24th of January, 1753, an unusual sadness was observed in Moumouth; he scarcely responded to the caresses which Madam de la Grenouillère lavished upon him; he ate nothing, and spent the day crouched on a corner of the hearth, gazing mournfully into the fire. He had a presentiment of some misfortune, and the misfortune came.



THE CAT GROWS FAT.

That night a messenger, sent from the Chateau

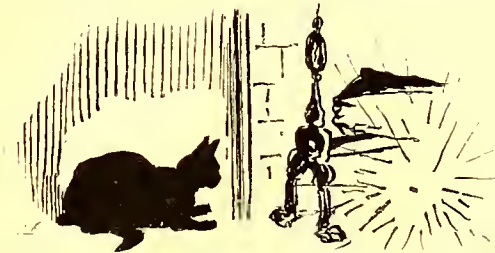


HE WILL TAKE NOTHING FROM THE STEWARD.

de la Gingeole in Normandy, brought a letter to the Countess from her younger sister, who, having broken a leg in getting out of her carriage, begged the Countess, her only relative, to come to her at once. Madam de la Grenouillère was too sympathetic and kind-hearted to hesitate an instant.

"I depart to-morrow," said she.

At these words, Moumouth, who followed his benefactress with his eyes, gave a melancholy *miau*.



HE CROUCHES IN A CORNER OF THE HEARTH.

"Poor cat!" resumed the lady, with emotion, "it is necessary that we should be separated! I cannot bring you with me, for my sister has the weakness to hate animals of your species; she pretends they are treacherous. What slander! In her youth, she caressed a kitten, who, too much excited by marks of affection, scratched her involun-

tarily. Was it from wickedness? No, it was from sensibility. However, since that day my sister has sworn an eternal hatred for cats."

Moumouth regarded his mistress with an air which seemed to say:

"But you, at least, you do us justice, truly superior woman!"

After a moment of silence and meditation, the Countess added:

"Mother Michel, I confide my cat to you."

"We will take good care of him, madam," said Father Lustucru.

"Don't you trouble yourself about him, I pray you," interrupted the Countess. "You know that he has taken a dislike to you; your presence merely is sufficient to irritate him. Why, I don't know; but you are insupportable to him."

"That is true," said Father Lustucru, with contrition; "but the cat is unjust, for I love him and he does n't love me."

"My sister is also unjust. Cats, perhaps, love her, and she does not love them. I respect her opinion. Respect that of Moumouth."

Having pronounced these words in a firm tone, Madam de la Grenouillère addressed herself to Mother Michel.

"It is to you, Mother Michel, and to you alone, that I confide him. Return him to me safe and sound, and I will cover you with benefits. I am sixty-five years of age, you are ten years younger; it is probable that you will live to close my eyes —"

"Ah, madam! why such sorrowful ideas?"



"MOTHER MICHEL, I CONFIDE MY CAT TO YOU."



THE POST-CHAISE IS READY.

"Let me finish. To guard against mischance, I have already thought to provide for you comfortably; but, if you keep Moumouth for me, I will give you a pension of fifteen hundred livres."

"Ah, madam!" said Mother Michel, in an impressive tone, "it is not necessary to hire my



THE CAT WISHES TO GO WITH THE CARRIAGE.

services; I love the cat with all my heart, and I will always be devoted to him."

"I am sure of it, and I shall also know how to reward your zeal."

During this conversation, Father Lustueru employed all his forces to conceal the expression of his jealousy.

"Everything for her, and nothing for me!" he said to himself. "Fifteen hundred livres a year! It is a fortune, and she will have it! Oh, no! she shall not have it!"

The next morning, at half-past seven, four lively horses were harnessed to the post-chaise which was to convey the excellent old lady to Normandy. She said a last adieu to her favorite, pressed him to her heart, and stepped into the carriage.

Until then, Moumouth had felt only a vague uneasiness; but at this moment he understood it all! He saw his benefactress ready to depart; and, trembling at the thought of losing her, he made one bound to her side.



MOUMOUTH FAINTS.

"It is necessary for you to stay here," said Madam de la Grenouillère, making an effort to restrain her tears.

Will it be believed?—the cat also wept!

To put an end to this painful scene, Mother Michel seized the cat by the shoulders and detached him from the carriage-cushion, to which he elung; the door closed, the horses gave a vigorous pull, and started off at a speed of not less than three leagues an hour. Moumouth rolled in a convulsion, and then fainted.

Madam de la Grenouillère, her head stretched out of the post-chaise, waved her handkerchief, crying:

"Mother Michel, I commend my cat to you!"

"Be tranquil, madam; I swear you shall find him large and plump when you return."

"And I," muttered Father Lustueru, in a deep voice, "I swear he shall die!"



"HE SHALL DIE!"

## CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH ARE SHOWN THE GOODNESS OF MOTHER MICHEL AND THE WICKEDNESS OF FATHER LUSTUCRU.



MOTHER MICHEL, worthy of the confidence which had been reposed in her, displayed for Moumouth a truly maternal tenderness; she tended him, coddled him, took

such pains with him, in short, that he became one of the most beautiful cats in that quarter of the town where the cats are magnificent. She watched over him constantly, gave him the choicest bits of



FATHER LUSTUCRU'S STRATAGEM.

eat, and put him to bed at night on the softest of eider-down quilts.

Fearing that he might fall ill some day, and wishing to inform herself concerning the maladies

to which cats are liable, she procured various books on that important subject; she even went so far in her devotion as to read the "History of Cats," by François-Auguste Paradis de Moncrif, a member of the French Academy.

The conduct of Mother Michel had no low motive of personal interest. She gave scarcely a thought to herself, the good old soul! Content with little, she would always have enough to live on; she required nothing but a small room, brown bread, a supply of wood in winter, and a spinning-wheel. But



THE PORTER.

she had nephews and nieces, god-children, whom she hoped to be able to help; it was to them that she destined in advance the gifts of Madam de la Grenouillère.

The continually increasing prosperity of Moumouth exasperated Father Lustucru. He saw with a sort of dread the approach of the hour when the faithful guardian would be rewarded; he dreamt day and night of the means to prevent it—to carry off her four-footed pupil, and bring down on her the wrath of their mistress. By dint of indulging his hatred and envy in solitary reflections, he ceased at last to draw back at the prospect of committing a crime.

"How," he said—"how rid the house of that



THE STEWARD SEIZES MOUMOUTH.

miserable cat? What arms shall I use against him? Fire, poison, or water? I will try water!"

This resolution taken, he thought of nothing but

to put it into execution. It was difficult to get possession of Moumouth, of whom Mother Michel



THE CAT IS PLUNGED INTO THE BASKET.

rarely lost sight; and Moumouth too, not having the slightest confidence in the steward, was always on the defensive. Lustucru watched during several days for a favorable occasion.

One night, after making an excellent supper, Moumouth curled himself up near the fire in the parlor, at the feet of Mother Michel, and slept the sleep of the just with good digestion. In the midst of this, Father Lustucru came into the room.



THE STEWARD HURRIES AWAY.

"Good!" he thought. "The cat sleeps. Let us get the guardian out of the way."

"How amiable of you to come and keep me company!" said Mother Michel, politely. "You are quite well this evening?"

"Perfectly; but everybody is not like me. Our porter, for example, is in a deplorable state; he is suffering excessively from his rheumatism, and would be very happy to see you a moment. You have gentle words to console the afflicted, and excellent receipts to cure them. Go, then, and pay a little visit to our friend Krautman; I am persuaded that your presence will help him."

Mother Michel got up at once and descended to the apartment of the porter, who was, indeed, suffering from a violent rheumatic pain.

"Now for us two!" cried Father Lustucru to himself.

He went stealthily into an adjoining room, walk-



HE DANCES WITH DELIGHT.

ing upon the tips of his toes, and took a covered basket which he had hidden in the bottom of a closet. Then he returned to Moumouth, whom he seized roughly by the neck. The unfortunate animal awoke with a start, and found himself suspended in the air face to face with Father Lustucru, his enemy. In that horrible situation he would have cried, and struggled, and called for assistance, but he had no time.

The odious steward plunged the poor cat into the basket, quickly clapped down the solid cover, and ran rapidly to the staircase, his eyes haggard and his hair standing on end, like a man who commits a crime.

It was a beautiful night in February, with a clear sky and a dry, cold atmosphere. The moon shone with all her brightness; but, at intervals, great clouds drifted over her face and rendered the obscurity complete. Father Lustucru was obliged to cross the garden, in order to pass out by a small door, of which he had taken the key. He glided from bush to bush, carefully avoiding the paths, except when the clouds veiled the moon. He had half-opened the door, when he heard a sound of footsteps and voices outside. He started back involuntarily, then stood still and listened.

"What foolishness!" he said, after a moment of silent observation. "I had forgotten that it was carnival-time; those are masqueraders passing."

It was, in effect, a band of masqueraders from the Palais Royal. Lustucru waited until they were gone: then he hurried out. When he reached the quay, in the joy of success, he began to whistle a dancing-tune and cut capers; his transports resembled those

of a cannibal who dances around his victim.

He went up the Seine as far as the bridge of Notre Dame, in the middle of which he halted, and holding the basket over the parapet, turned it



MOTHER MICHEL LOOKS FOR THE CAT.

suddenly upside down, and launched the luckless Moumouth into the icy waters of the river. The cat, in dropping through space, gave a cry that seemed to come from a human voice. The assassin shuddered, but his emotion did not last long. He thrust his hands into his pockets and said, in a tone of bitter mockery:

"Pleasant voyage to you, dear Moumouth; endeavor to arrive all right! By the way," added he, "I think cats know how to swim; that brigand is capable of getting himself out of this business. Bah! it is a long distance from the bridge of Notre Dame to Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre!"

Re-assured by this reflection, Lustucru continued on his way home, re-entered by the door of the garden, climbed cautiously up to his room, and held himself in readiness to enjoy the lamentations of Mother Michel.

Mother Michel was detained some time by the porter; finally, she left him, to give her cat the cup of milk and sugar with which she regaled him every night.

She ascended to the parlor with measured steps, calmly, not anticipating any catastrophe. Failing to see Moumouth in the place he had occupied, she simply believed that he had smuggled himself behind the cushions of the sofa. She looked there, and beneath the sofa, and searched under the other



SHE KNOCKS AT THE STEWARD'S DOOR.

pieces of furniture. Then, running to the staircase, she called: "Moumouth! Moumouth!"

"He does n't answer me," said she. "But when



THE CAT IS THROWN INTO THE RIVER.



EVERY NOOK AND CORNER IS RANSACKED.

I went down-stairs, Lustucru was here ; may be he can tell me what has become of the cat."

She knocked without delay at the door of the steward, who pretended to rouse himself from a deep slumber, and, in a gruff voice, demanded what was wanted.

"Is n't Moumouth with you?"

"Does your cat ever come where I am? You know very well that he can't bear me."

"Alas! where is he? I left him in the parlor, near the fire, and I cannot find him."

"Can he be lost?" said Father Lustucru, feigning the most lively anxiety.

"Lost! Oh, no, it is impossible! He is somewhere in the house."

"He ought to be found," said the villain, gravely. "He ought to be searched for this very instant. Moumouth is a precious animal, whose merit makes it well worth while to wake up the servants."

All the inmates of the house were soon on foot, each armed with a candle. They ransacked the nooks and corners, from the cellar to the garret, from the court to the garden. Lustucru directed the operations with apparent zeal. After ineffectual searches, Mother Michel, exhausted by emotion and fatigue, threw herself helplessly into an arm-chair.

"Alas!" said she, "I left him only an instant, and it was to do a good action."

"I begin to believe that your cat is really lost," replied Lustucru, in a severe tone. "It is a great misfortune for you! What will Madam de la Grenouillère say when she comes back? She is capable of turning you out of doors!"

"Turn me out of doors!" cried Mother Michel, suddenly drawing herself up to her full height.



THE SHOCK IS TOO MUCH FOR MOTHER MICHEL.

Then she sunk down again, her face grew pallid, her eyes closed, and she fell back without consciousness.

Father Lustucru regarded her with a dry eye, and without feeling the slightest remorse. He laughed, the infamous man!

(To be continued.)



## WHAT THEY SAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY.

WHAT does the brook say, flashing its feet  
 Under the lilies' blue, brimming bowls,  
 Brightening the shades with its tender song,  
 Cheering all drooping and sorrowful souls?  
 It says not, "Be merry!" but, deep in the  
 wood,  
 Rings back, "Little maiden, be good, be good!"

What does the wind say, pushing slow sails  
 Over the great, troubled path of the sea;  
 Whirling the mill on the breezy height,  
 Shaking the fruit from the orchard tree?  
 It breathes not, "Be happy!" but sings, loud  
 and long,  
 "O bright little maiden, be strong, be strong!"

What says the river, gliding along,  
 To its home on far-off Ocean's breast;  
 Fretted by rushes, hindered by bars,  
 Ever weary, but singing of rest?  
 It says not, "Be bright!" but, in whisperings grave,  
 "Dear little maiden, be patient, be brave!"

What do the stars say, keeping their watch  
 Over our slumbers, the long, lone night;  
 Never closing their bonnie bright eyes,  
 Though great storms blind them, and tempests  
 fright?  
 They say not, "Be splendid!" but write on the  
 blue,  
 In clear silver letters, "Maiden, be true!"

## THE POSTMAN'S BOY.

*(A German Game for the Little Folks.)*

BY JULIA STENDWICK TUTWILER.

YOU have all heard a great deal about kindergartens, and if you live in a city you have perhaps visited one. But I am not going to take you into one of these, but into an old-fashioned *klein kinderschule*, or infant school, much older than any of the kindergartens; in fact, the latter have drawn a great many things in their system from this—so far as I can learn, the first school ever established in Prussia for children too young to go to the public schools. The story of its origin, more than forty years ago, is very interesting; but I must make it here very short. When the good Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswertz, saw how hard it was for the poor laboring women to go away in the morning to their work, leaving their little ones exposed to all the dangers that can befall the careless, meddling little bodies, he opened a knitting-school and playing-school in a little stone summer-house in his garden, which I see every day; there the younger children were amused and taken care of all day, and the elder ones, in the evenings, taught to knit their own stockings, like true little Germans, singing all the time they worked, the merriest little

knitting songs written, or selected, for them by the good pastor. Aunt Hetty, as the children called the good young woman who took charge of them, showed such skill in her work, that first one and then another young girl came to stay with her and learn from her how to take care of a similar school. The busy pastor, who found time for everything, took great interest both in the little scholars and the grown ones; for the former he invented all sorts of pretty games, and set them to music with suitable words.

I want to tell children outside of Germany how to play some of these games. Somebody once said that there are two great heaps in the world, one of human happiness, and the other of human misery; and that everybody in the world is busily engaged all day long in taking something from one heap and carrying it to the other; also that each of us should strive every day to let it be the heap of misery we are diminishing and the heap of happiness we are increasing, if only by one little grain. What a large armful that man added to the heap of human happiness who invented blindman's

buff, or puss in the corner! I do not know but that I, for my own part, would have preferred to be that benefactor of humanity, rather than the man who invented the steam-engine. But the names of the inventors of these time-honored pastimes are forever lost to the world; however, in Pastor Fliedner we can honor the representative of their class—the grown-up man who really went to work and invented all sorts of games which the German children will play as long as the language lasts.

I live in Germany, and when I am tired, even of interesting lectures on German literature, I slip away into the klein kinderschule for an hour of play; the school grew too large for the summer-house long years ago, and the children have now three comfortable rooms. I come back so refreshed and pleased from these visits that I want to let others share them with me. I think the children who speak another language would enjoy playing these games, and singing these songs, just as much as little Germans do; so I have written some of them out in English; and I want American boys and girls to try them with a party of their younger brothers and sisters and their playmates.

Here is one, music and all: this game is called "The Postman's Boy;" the players must provide beforehand a military cap for the postman's boy, a satchel for him to hang over his shoulder, in which to carry the letters, and a tin or paper horn. Also quite a number of letters and packages must be made up beforehand, their number depending on that of the little players, or the number of times the game is to be repeated. If the postman's boy is very young a stick horse, if possible with a stuffed head, will be an improvement.

All the children clasp hands in a circle, except the postman's boy; he puts on his official cap, swings his satchel over his shoulder, takes his horn in his hand, and comes running or riding post-baste into their circle, round and round, on this side and on that, singing:

"Good folks, I wish you joy!  
I am the postman's boy!  
I ride post-haste from morning light  
Till fall the dews of night;  
I bring you valentines,  
Letters and magazines;  
Or packages of books and rings,  
And lovely Christmas things.  
That you may hear,  
When I am near  
I always blow my horn! tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!  
I am the postman's boy! tra-ra!  
I am the little postman's boy,  
I am the little postman's boy,  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Every time he sings "tra-ra," he raises his horn to his lips, and pretends that the note comes through that. I have made the translation exactly in the measure of the German song, and send the music

with it; so that, if the editor will be so good as to print the music for us, a little American postboy, with help from sister or mamma, can sing it quite as well as the young Germans do.

Then the circle of players sing the next verse, extending their arms toward the postman's boy and keeping time to their music with bows and waving hands. They sing only the last twelve bars of the music; and whenever "tra-ra" comes, raise both hands, hold them before them, and move the fingers as if they were using the keys on a flute or horn:

"What brings the postman's boy? Tra-ra!  
What brings the little postman's boy?  
What brings the little postman's boy?  
What brings the little postman's boy?  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Then the little postman's boy opens his satchel, and gallops round the circle on his gallant steed, distributing his mail, singing as he goes:

"A letter, { <sup>sir,</sup> ma'am, } for you. Tra-ra!  
I bring for you a magazine;  
I bring for you a valentine,  
I bring for you a valentine.  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

Then all the circle, with polite gestures, sing in reply:

"We thank you, postman's boy: tra-ra!  
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;  
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;  
We thank you, trusty postman's boy;  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

"Adieu, now, postman's boy: tra-ra!  
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;  
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;  
Adieu, now, trusty postman's boy;  
Tra-ra! tra-ra! tra-ra!"

And the postman's boy gallops off on his steed. Does it all seem too simple to be pretty? Try it! I assure you when thirty little folks play it together with spirit, it is quite as pretty as the prettiest dance you know. Only try it with half a dozen or more little sisters, and cousins, and brothers, at the next children's party, and I think all other young folks present will soon be glad to join the game.

If the children are quite young it will do just to read the superscriptions of the letters to them, and then give them back to the postman for the next time, and if they are large enough to enjoy it, you can prepare beforehand comical letters, with comical addresses, complimentary or otherwise: "For little Miss Muffet, who sat on a tuffet;" "For Lord Blue Beard;" "For little Blue Eyes;" "For Lady Bird;" "For Mrs. Scroggins, of Nubbin Ridge;" "For Mr. Squeers, of Do-the-boys Hall." (This last one for the teacher, if he has condescended to play with you.) Names from fairy tales will always be pretty for the children; and if any of the grown folks have enough of the child left in them to enjoy

taking part in these games as much as I have done, there will be no end of suitable addresses to be found.

One of the letters should be a large envelope, resembling exactly a number of others; and that it may be used over and over again, not sealed. In this must be placed a pasteboard badge, as gay as possible, with the words "Postman's Boy" in bright letters upon it; the one who receives this envelope puts on the badge, and becomes the second post-

man's boy; and so on until the game has been played as often as the little folks wish.

A pretty way to close it, will be for the last postman's boy to hand to every one of the circle a package containing a cake, bonbons, or whatever else mamma has provided for refreshments.

An accompaniment to the song, played on the piano, or violin, or both together, will add very much to it. In fact, the game will be nothing at all without the music—so here it is:

Good folks, I wish you joy! I am the Post-man's Boy; I ride post haste from morn-ing light Till  
fall the dews of night. I bring you Val-en-tines, let-ters, and mag-a-zines, And pack-a-ges of  
books and rings, And love-ly Christmas things; That you may hear, when I am near, I al-ways blow my  
horn, Tra-ra! Tra-ra! Tra-ra! I am the Post-man's Boy! Tra-ra! I am the Postman's Boy! Tra-  
ra! I am the lit-tle Postman's Boy! I am the lit-tle Postman's Boy! Tra-ra! Tra-ra! Tra-ra!

## ANIMATED SHOT-GUNS.

ANIMATED, not because they kick, like so many of the guns our readers are familiar with, but because they swim; because they shoot themselves off, not accidentally, like ordinary guns, but purposely; because they shoot to kill, and to eat what they shoot; more remarkable still, because they load themselves with water, which they live in, and shoot their game in the air, which they can't live in.

They are about six inches long, and the naturalists call them *Toxotes jaculator*. You will see on the next page a picture of one in the act of shooting a fly that is resting on a leaf. They look very much like perch, only more beautiful. Their general color is greenish above, and greenish silvery-gray below. Across the back are four short dark brown stripes, shaded with green. Those who have seen them flashing through the water, speak with enthusiasm of their lovely and ever-changing hues. No wonder they are a favorite with the pet-

loving Chinese, who keep them in jars, as we do gold-fish, and amuse themselves by tempting the fish to display their skill by dangling a fly over the water.

The *Toxotes* are natives of the waters of Java, but have been widely distributed throughout the East as an ornamental fish. It is said that their aim is so accurate that they can bring down an insect from the height of three or four feet above the water.

This fish has a near relative, *Chatodon rostratus* by name, which inhabits the Chinese seas and rivers,—a beautifully colored fish, which may be called an animated rifle, from the fact that it shoots, not a shower of drops, like the *Toxotes*, but a single drop, bringing down its game with wonderful certainty and precision. In this fish the jaws are prolonged into a sort of beak, which serves as a rifle barrel. In other respects it resembles the scaly shot-gun above described, although we may



AN ANIMATED SHOT-GUN.

suppose that a fish furnished with a rifle is able to bring down its game with greater accuracy and at a longer range than one which is obliged to shoot with a shot-gun, and a single-barreled one at that.

## BURNING PEACHES.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

ONE day last summer our peaches were found to be decaying so fast, that I excused my nieces from their morning lessons, to have their help in preparing a quantity of the fruit for preserving.

We were sitting on the piazza working when my brother Ned came home from his office, somewhat earlier than usual.

"I should think you were having a paring bec," said he.

"So we are," I answered. "Will you join us?"

"With pleasure, if you will let me do my part by eating," he replied, sitting down on the steps and helping himself liberally from Susie's plate.

"It seems to me there is a good deal of combustion going on here," he added, presently.

"Combustion?" said Annie, inquiringly.

"Yes," he answered, "look at that dish of burning peaches," and he pointed to a pan into which we were throwing such as were too much spoiled for use.

"Burning!" exclaimed Susie. "Why, they are only decaying."

"What is that but burning?" asked Fred.

"Decaying is slow combustion, Susie," said I.

"And so is starving," said he; and then we both laughed at the girls' look of astonishment.

"Uncle Ned," said Susie slowly, after a moment's thought, "what do you mean? Was that kitten I found starving on the road the other day burning? I didn't see any fire, and grandmother was n't afraid of its burning the carpet, for she let me take it right into the sitting-room."

"Susie, what are you talking about?" asked Harry, joining us and beginning to help in the same way as his uncle.

"About fire," said Ned.

"But what has that to do with Susie's forlorn kitten?" asked the boy. "It has n't died of spontaneous combustion, has it?"

"No," said I; "but it would if Susie had not put out the fire with meat and milk."

"Rather," said Ned, "she keeps it regularly supplied with fuel, so that it may not burn itself out."

"Quite true," said I, and the children looked more than ever puzzled.

"I don't believe you know what fire is, children," said Ned.

"Why, yes, we do," said Annie, indignantly. "It's something burning."

Annie does n't like to have her knowledge questioned.

"But when is a thing burning?" asked Ned.

"When it's on fire," said Annie; but the instant the answer had passed her lips she was blushing at its foolishness.

"I do not see that you have told us what fire is," said Ned, with a provoking smile, and Harry laughed outright.

"I don't believe we, any of us, know. Tell us, please," said Susie, coming to the assistance of her discomfited sister.

"It is oxidation," answered he. "If it is so rapid that we can perceive the heat and light, we call it fire; and when it is so slow that neither is noticeable, we speak of it as rust, decay, or starvation, as the case may be; but the chemical process is always the same."

"Now, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "you must tell us what oxidation means."

"Do you know what oxygen is?" he asked.

"You do, Annie," said I, seeing that her recent discomfure made her hesitate to speak, and that Susie did not know.

"Yes," she answered. "It is a gas that forms one-fifth of the air we breathe and eight-ninths of the water we drink."

"Good," exclaimed Ned. "Do you know what it was first called, and why?"

"It was called *vital air*, because it was necessary to life," she answered, trying to recall the very words in one of her recent lessons.

"But can an animal live in pure oxygen?" he asked.

"Not long," she replied. "It is so powerful a stimulant that it soon causes fever and death."

"Capital," said he. "You talk like a book. Oxygen makes life possible, but it also does its best to destroy it. It is constantly uniting with such elements of organic bodies as will combine with it, and setting free such as will not; and this process, whether slow or rapid, is combustion, or fire. Hence oxygen has been compared to a destroying spirit, clasping the world in its arms and striving to reduce every living thing to dust and ashes."

"There was much aptness in many of the names given by the old alchemists," said I, "and I think in none more than in the term gas applied to the invisible forces with which they dealt."

"No," said Ned, "for its original meaning was ghost or spirit, and it was very natural that the superstitious should apply it to the strange lights and poisonous vapors found in grave-yards and

marshes, and to the invisible forces that burst the strongest vessels, in their experiments in alchemy."

"And they called their vessels crucibles, because they marked upon them the sign of the cross, to keep the evil spirits from breaking them," I added, by way of helping Uncle Ned.

"But, Uncle Ned," said Susie, "I don't understand yet why starving is burning."

"No, pet," he answered, "I do not suppose you do, but I'll try to make it plain to you. But, first, are you sure you know what fire is?"

"You said it was oxidation," she replied.

"And what did I mean by that?"

Susie hesitated, and Uncle Ned answered for her: "That when a thing is burned, the oxygen from the air unites with such of its elements as it can, and sets the rest free."

"Now," said he, "what makes a fire quick or slow? To make the stove give out more heat, what would you do?"

"Open the drafts," said Harry.

"Exactly," replied Ned. "You would give the fire more air, and, of course, more oxygen. The rapidity of fire depends upon the amount of oxygen consumed in a minute. The difference between consuming a piece of iron in a flame and consuming it by dampness is only in time. The same quantity of oxygen is used in each case, but in the one the light and heat produced are easily perceived by us, and in the other they are not. The iron is just as much burned in one instance as in the other."

"And is the same true of vegetable matter?" asked Harry, beginning to be much interested. "If I should throw that pan of spoiled peaches into the fire they would burn quickly, and if I do not they will burn slowly, but the chemical process and the result are the same. Is that it?"

"That is exactly it," answered Ned. "When the peach was cut off from a supply of nutriment the burning kept on, and will continue until every-

thing combustible is used up; and it is the same with animals."

"Now he is coming back to your kitten, Susie," said I.

"Yes," said he. "Kitty, when she was eating nothing, was supplying no fuel to the fire that was constantly burning within her."

"You don't mean that we are all burning all the time!" cried Susie, in a horrified tone.

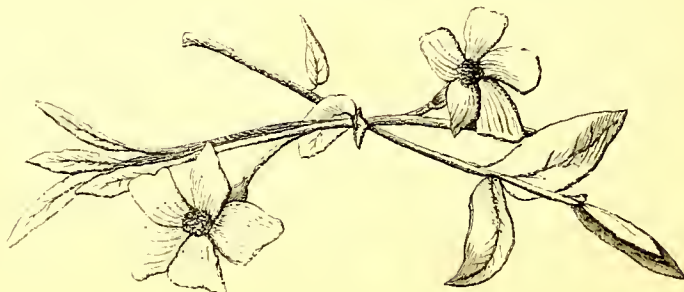
"Yes, I do," he replied. "Our bodies are furnaces in which continual fire is kept. The oxygen is supplied by the air we breathe, and the other elements by what we eat and drink; so you see if either supply is cut off the fire goes out, and death is the result. That is what I meant by saying that starvation was burning. Do you understand now, Susie?"

She did, and so did Annie and Harry, who, being several years older, and knowing something about chemistry, had comprehended what their uncle meant with much less difficulty.

"Ned," said I, when he had eaten a few peaches in silence, "I do not like a term you used several times. You spoke of substances being destroyed by being burned. They are not destroyed, only made over."

"You are right," said he. "Nothing is ever lost or wasted in this world. Nature is too thrifty a housewife for that. Whenever changes take place the elements are re-arranged in some new and useful form. Gas and vapors, poisonous to animals, are eagerly taken up by vegetables, and made over into forms suited to our use. A constant interchange is thus kept up; the vegetable world supplying the animal with food, and the animal returning it to the vegetable in a form to be again used by it, each serving the other."

"And teaching us a lesson, that you and Harry will please to obey, by throwing this rubbish to the hens, while the girls and I clear up here," said I, stoning the last peach and beginning to scrape the skins together.



## THE DOTTERELS' LUCK.

BY JOHN RIVERSIDE.

It is a very queer story, that about the way the Dotterels found gold. The Dotterels, you must know, were not all men whose names were Dotterel. They went to California, in early times, from a small town in Missouri, and that town was Dotterel, in Pike County. You need not look on the map for it; it is too small to be put on any map, unless it might be a county map. But Peletiah

gold. How hungry everybody was for gold! You would have supposed that gold was the only thing that could save the lives of these excited men. From morning until night, it was nothing but gold! gold! gold! in the talk of everybody.

The Dotterels would not have been human if they had not been stirred up by all these stories. Obe Murch could scarcely eat, he was so excited



THE VISITORS AT THE DOTTERELS' CAMP.

Persimmons, Sam Handy, Obed Murch, and Sol Taggart were from that town, and that is why they were called "The Dotterels." In those early days it seems almost nobody was known by his right name. Men had nicknames given them before they had traveled half way across the continent. For instance, Sam Handy wore a suit of buckskin that he had bought of a Winnebago Indian, so emigrants whom they met on the road called him "Buckskin Sam," and Buckskin he is to this day, for all I know to the contrary.

When the Dotterels, who were a pretty jolly party, had crossed Honey Lake Valley and got into the thick forests that cover the Sierra Nevada, they began to be very much interested in the stories of gold-digging brought to them by men who were wandering about everywhere, hunting, hunting for

now, although he and the rest of the Dotterels had expected to hear just such tales when they first started from home.

"Tell yer what," said Buckskin Sam, "this yer gold business aint near so fillin' as corn-dodgers and side-meat." For Sam liked his "regular rations" of corn-bread and bacon, even if he was hunting for gold.

So when they had climbed to the dividing ridge of the Sierra, and had begun to go down on the other side, Sam was more intent on shooting game than he was about anything else. Somehow the Dotterels began to grow suspicious of each other, and while one was "prospecting," or trying the creeks and rivulets for gold, the others would watch as if afraid that he would keep his findings to himself if he discovered anything.

One evening, as they were sitting about their camp-fire, eating their scanty supper, a party of men came up from an adjoining camp, and the spokesman said:

"See here, boys, we'd like to chip in with you on supper, if you've no objection. We've lost our cooking outfit down by Dry Creek ford."

The Dotterels said that they had no objection to the strangers sharing their meal if they had anything to put into the common stock.

"Well, we allow we've got a right smart show of bread left over yet, and here's a bunch of ducks one of our fellers brought in to-day. How's that?"

It was agreed upon, and the strangers sat down, helped dress the ducks and prepare the supper, which was all made over by this welcome addition. The Dotterels liked game, especially Buckskin Sam, who went into the work of dressing the ducks with a great deal of gusto.

Cutting through the craw of one of the birds, Sam's knife struck something hard and gritty. "Gravel stones, most likely," thought Sam, as he turned the contents of the thing to the light. Gravel it was to be sure, but in the midst of the pebbles shone a bit of bright yellow gold!

"What makes yer hand tremble so, stranger?" asked one of the visitors, as Sam hurriedly dropped the whole mass into his pocket. Sam muttered something that meant nothing, and went on with his work, his heart thumping against his ribs.

It was the first piece of gold he had ever found. He had no idea how much it might be worth. But it was the genuine metal, he was sure, although he had no real knowledge of the ore. He felt it almost burning in his pocket, as he sat by the fire with his supper a little later.

"Pears like you are off your feed, Sam," said Persimmons, who noticed that Sam eat almost nothing. The fact was that he could not enjoy even stewed wild duck while he was hot with the gold-fever.

"Where'd you shoot these yere birds, stranger?" he asked of his visitor.

"Over on the south fork of the north fork of the Feather," said he. "And there's as good shootin' around those parts as you'll find in all Californy."

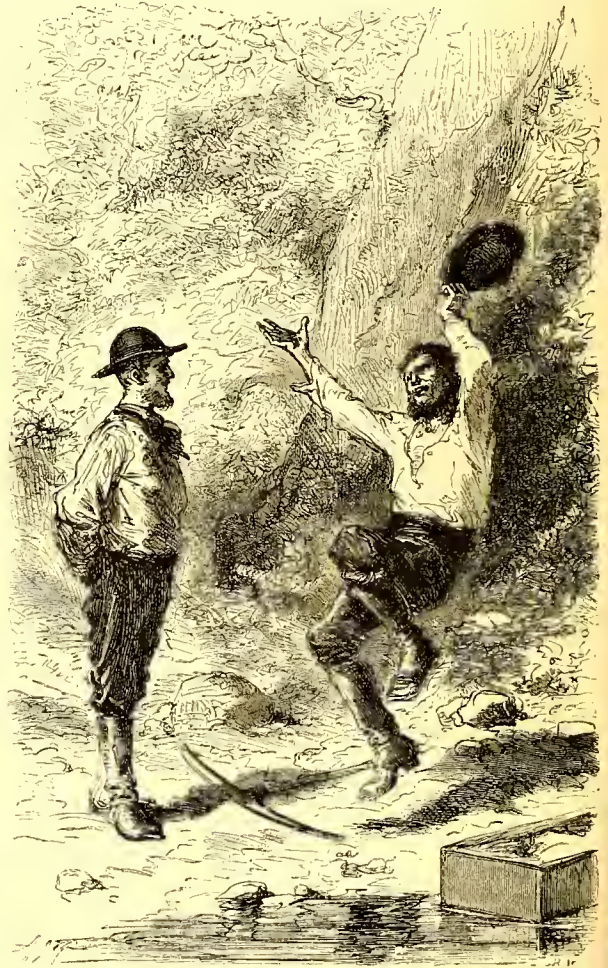
"Ponds?" queried Sam.

"Mostly; that is, mostly ponds where the ducks flock in; but the Feather's a right good stream for trout. And it was trout I was after when I knocked over them yer ducks?"

"Any gold over there?" spoke up Sol Taggart.

That was just what Sam wanted to ask, but dared not.

"No, none so high up as this. There's good



PERSIMMONS' DISCOVERY.

diggings lower down, but no color up this way."

Sam made a mental calculation as to how far from camp the ducks had been shot, how long the gold had been in the bird's craw, and he began to speculate on the nearness of the place where the golden ore had been picked up.

He thought the strangers would never go, they lounged about the fire so long after supper. But, gathering up their blankets, they went off to their



own camp, and left the Dotterels to themselves. Sam got up, followed them stealthily until sure they were out of sight and hearing, came back softly, and, putting his hand into his pocket, took out the little wad of sand and gravel, and said: "Boys, we've struck it!"

"Gold!" everybody exclaimed. Yes, there it was, shining in the fire-light, about the size and shape of a good-sized bean. Gold at last! and Sam was the hero.

He told his story, and before they went to sleep—only to sink into uneasy golden dreams—they resolved to strike over to the south fork of the north fork of the Feather River next morning.

Bright and early they were up and away. Crossing a sharp ridge, they descended into a narrow valley filled with enormous trees and tangled with undergrowth. A charming stream, foaming and fretting, ran down in the midst; and as they scrambled over the mossy rocks, a flock of black ducks whirred away from a pool where the dimpling water softly flowed round and round.

"The very spot!" shouted Persimmons. They divided, Sol Taggart and Persimmons going up the spring, and Murch and Sam going down. These latter took the "prospecting pan" for washing out the dirt for gold, while Persimmons and Murch took the "cradle," a rude but useful contrivance for the same purpose. For hours they "panned out" the dirt, but without finding anything.

"We're too far up, I say. Those chaps allowed gold was never found up here away," said Taggart, who was nearly discouraged after all. "Besides,"

he added, "my back aches powerful," and he straightened himself up as he spoke.

Just then Persimmons dropped his pick, leaped into the air like a wild man, and yelled: "Struck it! struck it! struck it!"

Sol stooped down and saw, just in the edge of the stream, a yellow mass which Persimmons was too excited to do more than look at. He picked it up. It was a lump of gold as big as a hickory-nut, with a small bit of straw-colored quartz sticking to it.

Persimmons moderated his raptures and suddenly said: "Shall we keep it to ourselves?" Sol Taggart put his two hands by his mouth, trumpet-fashion, and bawled, "Ho! Dotterels!" until the forest rang again, and a flock of ducks passing over sharply turned their course from east to south, as if alarmed by the din. In answer to the call, Buckskin Sam and Murch came hurrying up the stream, crashing through the brushwood like mad.

"There she is, boys!" said Persimmons, with great dignity, for he had, by this time, laid bare quite a streak of ore and "pay-dirt."

"That was a lucky duck for us, boys," said Sam excitedly, and much relieved to find that his mates had been fair with him.

There they camped, built a cabin, and mined all summer. How much they dug I never knew. They all went back with money, in a few years. Buckskin Sam lives in Pike County, in a big house full of children. On the top of his cupola is a large gilt duck that serves for a weather-vane. Sam regards it every day with great pride and affection, "for that there bird," he says, "brought luck to the Dotterels."

## A NEST WITHOUT EGGS.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

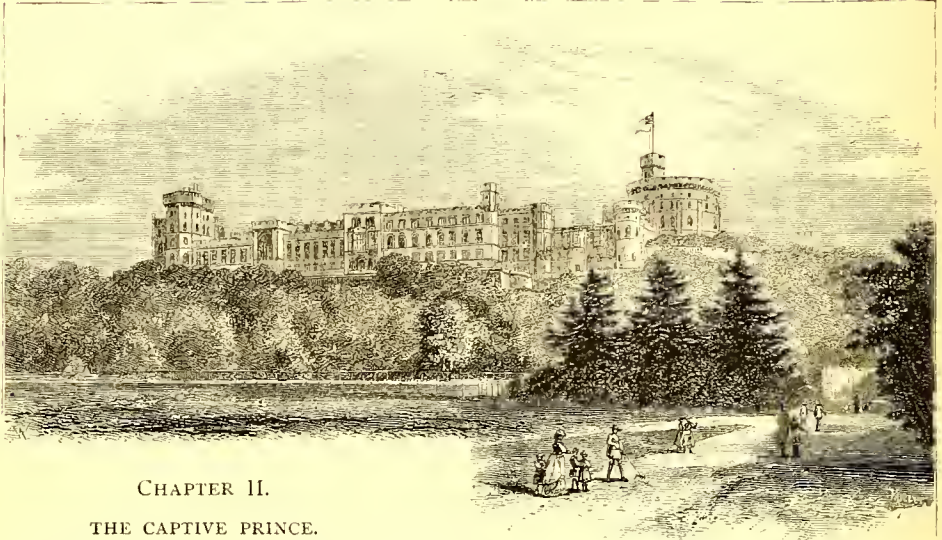
SOME crushed shells lie, 'neath the tree, in the grass—  
And there's so much room in a rifled nest!  
And ah! for the poor little, brown little mother,  
With no eggs under her lonely breast!

Oh, there's too much room in a rifled nest!  
Just to think how hard, in the still, black night,  
When in dreams she cuddles them closer and closer,  
To wake and to find they are all gone quite!

The poor little drooping, limp-winged mother!  
She counted those blue speckled eggs too soon!  
Now nothing is left but some broken shells,  
That gleam on the grass, in the light of the moon!

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

WE will make a leap over more than half a century of history, to come to the next incident in the long story of our great Castle, which I think will interest you. During that half century a great many stirring events took place; and if you are as fond of Shakespeare's historical plays as I used to be at your age, you will remember how, with more power and vividness than any historian, our great poet brings before us the gay and thoughtless Richard II., beginning with so much light-hearted folly and vanity, and ending in such sad and utter downfall; and how Bolingbroke, his cousin, took the crown from him, and became Henry IV.; to be followed in due time by Henry V., one of those bold, generous, open-hearted men whom the English people are fond of taking as types of the race. All this, however, you will find in your Shakespeare and in your histories; in which latter you will also read that the young Prince of Scotland, who was afterward James I. of Scotland, was taken a prisoner by the English during the reign of Henry IV. of England, and kept in confinement for many years—some of which, and the most important, were spent in Windsor. I must tell you first, however, who Prince James of Scotland was, and how he got there into the hands of the hereditary enemies of his family and kingdom.

You have all heard of the Stuarts, one of the fated races of kings who have done more mischief and

suffered more misery in their day than ever falls to the lot of families in a less distinguished position. There is scarcely one of them who is not more or less interesting—brave, beautiful, accomplished, wicked, wrong-headed, unhappy people!

King Robert III. of Scotland was one of the mildest and weakest of the race; and he had, like his contemporary, Henry IV. of England, a mad-cap son, the Duke of Rothesay, as wild and wayward as Prince Hal himself, but without the strength of mind to reform and amend—or perhaps only, it was the time this poor young fellow wanted; for he did not live long enough, even if he had possessed the higher impulse, to turn into a great soldier, and noble, honest, chivalrous king, as Henry V. did, who began as foolishly.

King Robert's brother, the Duke of Albany, was the able man of the family, and, unfortunately, he was bad as well as clever, and took advantage of the foolish young Rothesay, and was believed to have murdered him in the cruellest way by starvation. When the poor, sickly Scotch king heard that his heir had been killed, he hurriedly sent away his younger son, James, a boy of eleven or twelve, to France, to be educated there, and kept in safety out of the reach of cruel uncles and all the dangers of the time. But alas! King Robert had not reckoned on the dangers of the way. Before the rude little ship in which the Prince was

had got beyond the rugged coast of Northumberland, an English vessel coming up with it, though there was peace between the two countries, took the boy prisoner, with his attendants. He was the only remaining hope of his father, who, helpless, heart-broken, and aged, had taken a little comfort from the thought that his child was safe. When he heard of this new calamity, poor old King Robert bowed his head and died of it; for though those times were so different and so distant, love and grief were the same then as they are now. King Robert died, and little James in his English prison became King of Scotland, though it was but an empty title, for nineteen weary years.

This young prisoner grew up to be not only a brave and able man, but a poet; which is the reason why we know a great deal more of him than we do of most kings: for writers, though they are often not very highly esteemed in their life-time, are much more easy to remember than the great people who have no power of expressing themselves. The King of England, perhaps, was not very kind to the boy, but he had a sense of what was due to his rank, and gave him a good education, so far as was attainable in that age. But the early days of James's captivity seem to have been dreary enough. He has left a poem called "The King's Quhair," which many writers think might almost have been written by Chaucer himself, who was still living when the little Scottish prince came to England. In this poem he tells us how his days were passed "in strait ward and in strong prison," and how he would often question with himself and with his imprisoned companions what he had done to be thus deprived of everything that made life sweet to others.

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,  
They live in freedom, each one in his kind.  
And I a man, and lacketh liberty!  
What shall I say—what reason shall I find,  
Why fortune should do so —?"

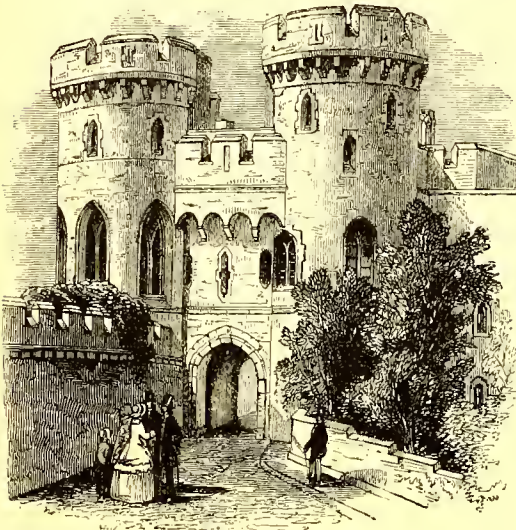
This question the young prisoner would argue with his "folk," the little band who had been taken along with him, and who now, no doubt, in the lingering days of captivity, made many a beautiful picture for him of the fresh breezes and healthy hill-sides of their own country. They must have had hard work sometimes to answer the lad, who was shut up now in the gloomy Tower of London, where so many prisoners have languished, now in other strong castles, at the age when nature most longs for movement and freedom. He writes as if he had been shut out from the natural pleasures of his early age; and if you will think of it, what a dreary time it must have been for him, and what a dismal thing to *grow up* in a prison!—worse than being merely imprisoned in mature

years,—though even that is bad enough. How sorry you are, you vigorous boys, for the invalid who cannot go out with you—cannot know anything of your games and your delights! Young King James, though he was well and strong, must have been like an invalid. No breezy rush across country on foot or on horseback for him—no wanderings by river-bank or sea-shore. The paved court-yards and strong battlements of the Tower, the dark and stony rooms, already with inscriptions on the walls made by other prisoners—and all the while the old father dying broken-hearted, and poor Scotland, which we Scots love next to our mothers, pining under the bloody hands of the cruel uncle who was supreme, and longing for her young monarch! And the boy must have been a patriot-boy, as he was a patriot-man. So his lot was a hard one, as you will perceive.

However, after awhile, brighter days dawned for James Stuart. Old King Henry IV. died, and a new King Henry came to the throne, whom no one understood as yet,—whom some people were afraid of, and many people doubted, but who turned out to be the king whom we know as Henry V.,—one of the bravest, most popular, and most generous of monarchs. The first thought of the young King was of the Scottish prince in the Tower of London, whose boyhood had been so melancholy. Eight long years had he languished there in prison, getting to be a man. He was somewhere about twenty at the time of the other young man's accession, and you may fancy that Henry had been sorry for him many a day, when he himself was playing his pranks in London or at Windsor—his cousin, as kings call each other, a pale, sad prisoner, while he, young Henry, was making all that commotion.

So one of the first things that the new king did was to send for the prisoner, to change his confinement in the Tower for at least a much lighter confinement in one of the towers of Windsor looking out upon the fresh, green woods, and the silvery windings of the river. His life, too, was changed, as well as his locality. What was then a princely allowance, seven hundred pounds a year, was set apart for his expenses; and such pleasures and splendors as were going on at Windsor, you may be sure young James had now his share of. Henry took him with him to France even when he invaded it. The historians say this was because the King of France had many Scots in his army, and Henry believed these brave soldiers would not fight against the invader when once they were aware that the King of Scots was with him, although as a prisoner. We may hope, however, that bold King Henry, who was not of the calculating kind, had less cunning and more

kindness in his meaning; and that he wished the pale prisoner to know something of the larger excitements and commotions of life, the management of fighting men, and of war itself, and to get accustomed to the clang of arms and battle, which



NORMAN GATE-WAY.

in those days were so much more frequently encountered, and more necessary, than now.

How the captive acquitted himself, or if he was allowed to fight, we have no information; but are only told that he accompanied Henry through at least one of his brilliant campaigns. And he was present at the coronation of Henry's queen, Katherine of France, and had a place of honor at her left hand at the feast afterward. So that he had his share both in the battles and banquets, and was allowed to enter into the life of the gay, triumphant young court, full of success and merry-making and prosperity. For Henry, you remember, had carried everything before him in France and was, as foolish people supposed, to be the king of that conquered country, and his children after him, for ever and ever; and all wars between France and England were henceforward to cease.

It does not seem, however, that young King James was quite happy, notwithstanding all the pleasures around him. You can fancy that to be kept out of your rights and away from your home, and obliged to spend your time doing nothing, when in your own place there are a great many things that ought to be done, is too great a misfortune to be made up for by feasts and merry-makings; and when James was in his turret-prison

at Windsor, though he was better off than before, his heart was very heavy still. He knew that poor Scotland was suffering sadly: the common people oppressed, the great people spending their time in feuds and quarrels among themselves, and the whole country bleeding and torn asunder, with no government to speak of, no just laws, nor firm authority. Did you ever see some one else doing very badly what you could do well, but were not allowed to do? This is a thing which is always very hard to bear. James felt that he had it in him to be a good king, and his heart bled for his people, who were being crushed and ruined by rulers who were not good, and who never thought of the people, but only of themselves. When he went to his window, as prisoners are always fond of doing, he could see nothing but the flat, rich English plain, waving with green woods and golden corn, happy and rich and peaceful; and, no doubt, his heart ached for the blue hills which appeared more beautiful to him in recollection than any landscape ever is in reality—"a woeful wretch that to no wight may speed" (*i. e.* that could come to no strength or heroic use), he calls himself. But while he bewailed his fortune in this wise, something happened to him of which I am going to tell you now.

There is a tower close by the foot of the great Round Tower of Windsor, which you have already been told about, overlooking the steep slope of turf and the old garden which occupies what might once have been the moat around the donjon. This tower forms part of what is called the Norman gate, and I think this Norman tower is the very place where James Stuart was languishing when the event, of which you shall now hear, happened. The lady who at present lives in the house adjoining—one of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court—has lately cleared out the ancient rooms, and penetrated, through partitions and false roofs and layers of old paper-hangings, to the real walls of the old prison, and its vaulted roof and curious windows; one of which, reached by a high step from the floor, was covered up altogether, and its very existence unknown. The small window with two lights in the front of the Norman tower, given in the accompanying picture, answers exactly to the description which King James gives of his prison. It looks down upon the old garden, deep below the level of the road, narrow and rich and warm between the old gray walls on one side, and the steep sunny mound of the Round Tower on the other, which is still a wilderness of sweets in summertime.

If you were there now, and were wakened by the sweet sunshine on a May morning, no doubt you would do as James did, and rush, if not so

early as he, to the deep recess raised from the floor in which this little window shines—from which you would see, low at your feet, the greenness and the sweetness of the garden, all fragrant with old-fashioned flowers, nestling under gray walls so thickly covered with green net-work of jessamine and flush of early roses that you scarcely can see the stone; and beyond, a great soft plain losing itself in haze of distance, the Thames winding through it, the trees waving, the red roofs of Windsor town burning in the sunshine.

Thus the royal prisoner, James Stuart, one summer morning, got up to look out.—“as early as day,” he says, “to see the world and folk that went forby,”—trying to forget his dreary thoughts a little. He had been “despairing of all joy and remedy”—with nothing to cheer him, yet feeling that “to look, it did me good,” for he was not churlish, poor captive prince! but glad, if he could, to be distracted from his heavy thoughts and made for a little to forget his trouble. The description of the garden which he gives in his poem is too long to be quoted, and you might find it difficult to understand the old English in its quaint spelling.

consecrat of luvis use;” that the walls rang with the “sweet harmony.” When he saw nature so joyful, and all the birds singing and flitting about among the branches, the heart of the prisoner grew full. “Ah! what have I done,” he cried, “that I am thrall, and the birds so free?” But lo! suddenly, while he was thinking these melancholy thoughts, a beautiful vision appeared to him. Coming through the shady alleys toward his prison, he saw walking under the tower a lady—“the fairest or the freshest young flower” that he had ever seen.

“In my head I drew right hastily,  
And oftsoons I leaned it out again,  
And saw her walk that very womanly,  
With no wight more, but only women twain,  
Then 'gan I study in myself and sayne:  
“Oh, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,  
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?”

What a thing it is to be a poet, greater than to be a king! Cannot you see the young man at his window drawing in his head in his surprise at this sudden apparition, yet quickly looking out again, dazzled and eager to see all he can of her in her fresh beauty, wondering if she can be “a worldly



SCENE IN WINDSOR FOREST.

He tells us that it was “fast by the tower’s wall,” closed round with hawthorn hedges, with green bowers, and thick boughs and leaves which “be-shaded all the alleys that there were;” and how on the branches sat “the littel swete nyghtingale and song so loud and clere the ympnis (hymns)

creature” or some dream-lady out of heaven? Then he tells us how she looked, and how she was dressed, and how lightly she passed, walking “so womanly,” underneath the green shadows, while he stood holding his breath, in the early quiet of the morning. Her hair was like gold; “there was

no token in her sweet face" of pride or haughtiness. Her dress made of "white tissue" was rich with pearls, twisted "fretwise" over it, and adorned with other jewels, one "great balas (ruby?) lowing like the fire," fastened the feather, let us suppose, in her velvet cap; another ruby, in the form of a heart, hung by a little gold chain "burning upon her white throat" like "a spark of love" or flame. This wonderful dress, so rich and splendid, was "halflyng loose for haste," held but by one clasp this early morning, too early for any one to see her. Is not this a beautiful picture? When young ladies walk out in the morning nowadays they do not wear such magnificent robes. You might see our young Princess Beatrice, the only royal maiden left to England, from King James's window often enough if you were fortunate, but never brushing the dew from the grass in such a royal gown. The fret-work of pearls and the great balas rubies, red like flame, never meet the sunshine now except on very splendid occasions indeed. Fashions change, but nature does not change, and what so natural as that the young prisoner should forget all his troubles as he gazed breathless at this beautiful creature?

"On whom to rest mine eye, so much good  
It did my woful heart. I you assure  
That it was to me joy without measure."

The young lady in her flowing white robes, upon whom the imprisoned King looked down from his window, was of royal blood like himself, and a very fit partner for him. She was not called Princess, but only the Lady Jane, niece of the late King, cousin-german to Henry, the very woman of all the world whom James Stuart ought to have married. So you perceive it was very unusual good fortune on his part that it was she and not any one else who happened to be in the garden on that "fresh May's morrow," and thus decided the happiness of his life.

Those of you who may have got so far on in literature as to read Chaucer, will find a story very like this of King James and the Lady Jane in the Knight's Tale, where Palemon in prison sees Emily walking in the garden and forgets all his troubles in so sweet a sight. Chaucer had been clerk of the works at Windsor Castle not so many years before the true romance happened, and perhaps the very same narrow prison window and low-lying dewy garden were in the greater poet's thoughts. And if you came there this very year, "on a fresh May's morrow," with the lilies-of-the-valley like a white sweet carpet in all the angles of the old walls, and every spring flower bursting out of the husk, and the hawthorns white upon the slope, and perhaps in the early morning here and there a belated nightingale forgetting in the fullness

of her song that the day had broken, you would find the old prison window as fit a place as ever for a romantic lover, and the old garden as beautiful a setting for the lady of his dreams.

This gentle pair were married in the year 1424, when James was freed from his long captivity, after nineteen years of prison and exile. He was then just over thirty, having spent the whole of his youth in England. But sorrowful things had happened before this conclusion came to the love-story. Henry V. had died in France, and poor little Henry VI. had been born in Windsor—a helpless, wailing little king in his cradle. Poor child of woe! I will try to tell you something in the next number about the baby-king.

In the meantime, you will like to hear that our present King James, after his long trials, turned out the best king that Scotland had known since Robert Bruce recovered her independence. It was he who set in order the confused system of Scotch law, reformed the ancient parliament, improved arms and modes of war, and took energetic measures to check the private strife of feud and family quarrel which kept the country in trouble.

But he was too patriotic for his age, and after a reign of twelve years, on a cold February night, when he lingered unarmed over the fire with his wife and her ladies, a mad party of infuriated rebels poured in and killed the royal poet and patriot. To keep them back for a moment, when they were heard approaching, Catharine Douglas, one of the Queen's ladies, thrust her arm through the staples of the great door, from which traitorous hands had removed the bolt. You may fancy that delicate bar did not keep off the murderers for more than a minute or two, but long enough to win for this brave girl a place of honor in the history of her country. And I am sure many an American girl when she reads this, will feel with a swelling heart, as many an English and Scotch girl has felt, that she, too, would have done the same.

So you see that the first James Stuart, notwithstanding the beautiful romance that crowned his youth, had but a tragic life, accompanied from beginning to end with sorrow. Nineteen years a captive, twelve years a king, and then death, bloody and violent—his body pierced with many stabs; his heart, no doubt, with one sharp sword of anguish, to think of the work he left incomplete, with only an infant heir to take it up after a long interval. He was the first remarkable Stuart, and almost the only entirely noble one—blameless, brave, and true, but beginning with a tradition of misfortune, which was never broken, the story of his race.

This ending, however, of King James's life has

nothing to do with our Windsor, where he saw that beautiful vision at his window. "Thanked be thee, fair castle wall, where as I whilom looked forth," he says, and so goes on thanking the green branches, and the sweet nightingale, and the goddess of love,—

"That has me given wholly mine asking,  
Which has my heart forever set above  
In perfect joy that never may remove."

Thus he had great and perfect happiness given him by God, to make up for the tedious, sad beginning, and the tragical end of his life.



## CLOUGH'S TOP-KNOT.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

THERE was once a little boy who had no brother or sister; but he did have a white pullet, and the white pullet had a top-knot,—after awhile. She had been given to the little boy, Clough, when she was in pinafores; that is to say, she would have been in them if chickens wore pinafores. But they don't, you see. They are so neat that they don't need bibs and napkins at all.

Clough had proposed, immediately on the pullet's arrival, to call it Topsy.

"Topsy's such a pretty name for a little chicken what's going to have a top-knot!" he said. "Mamma, when do you think the top-knot'll be along?"

"By and by," said mamma, in an absent-minded way. She was trying to write out a muffin-recipe for Mrs. Podhammer.

"When will by 'n' by be, mamma?" Clough

asked, with a puzzled look in his face. "When will by 'n' by be, mamma?" repeated Clough, when his mother did not answer. "To-morrow, mamma? Will it be this week? When will the top-knot get growed, mamma?"

"When you have beaten it fifteen minutes," said mamma, intent on getting Mrs. Podhammer's recipe just right, and unconscious, except in the vaguest, dreamiest way, that Clough was speaking to her.

You must know that Mrs. Podhammer was very particular about her recipes.

"Be sure," she had said to Clough's mother, "that you tell me *exactly* how you make muffins, —just how long you beat the eggs and the batter; how long you bake; what kind of an oven, and all about it. And please don't leave anything to the judgment; I never cook by judgment; I go by

mathematics; figures can't lie, you know. I do hate a recipe with 'a pinch of salt;' 'a sprinkle of pepper;' 'a handful of flour;' 'a stick of cinnamon;' as if all sticks were exactly the same size. A handful of flour! I dare say there'd be a difference of the eighth of a pound between my handful and Mrs. Pollock's. What tremendous hands she has! Her pinch of salt I could n't lift between my five fingers. Such recipes are the cause of the poor cooking, and the dyspepsia, and the heart-burn, and the liver complaints that are depopulating the country. A woman who cares anything for the interests of humanity will never send out one of these hit-or-miss recipes."

So, with the fear of Mrs. Podhammer before her eyes, Mrs. Spitts was writing the muffin-recipe. She had written "beat well," and then "beat till light," and had successively drawn her pencil through both, sure that Mrs. Podhammer would object to either as indefinite, and come flying over to demand the exact time in minutes and seconds. And Mrs. Podhammer made such endless talks and stays when she flew over, especially if she claimed to be in a great hurry, as she seemed generally to be.

"Oh, mamma!" said Clough, sorely bewildered and distressed, "must I beat it fifteen minutes? I can't; I love Topsy too much. Wont it grow till I beat it, mamma?"

Clough fairly shouted these last words, with a desperate determination to get his mother's attention.

"Beat what?" asked his mother, with a look in her face as though she had just got back from somewhere. "What *are* you talking about?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Clough, with an accent of despair, "did n't you hear? Have I got to tell it all over again? It's so far back to the beginning!"

"You poor little Clough!" said mamma, laughing, when she at last comprehended the situation, "I'm such an absent-minded body that I'm not fit for a mother."

But Clough declared that she was fitter for a mother than anybody that ever was. Mamma laid down her portfolio. Clough climbed on her knee, and soon everything between them was explained.

One would have thought that the only chicken of an only child, as in the case of Topsy and Clough, was destined to be handled, petted, spoiled; and cook was "certain sure" that Topsy would become a nuisance—"all round the house, under everybody's heels." She just knew it would be getting at her shelled peas, and that not a dish or a pan could ever be left uncovered on the kitchen dresser. Papa said it would spoil the gar-

den; mamma feared it would scratch up the flower-beds for its dust-baths; Clough was sure it would be good.

But Topsy disappointed all prophecies. The very first afternoon, she escaped from the coop to the vineyard. Day after day, Clough's fat legs ran up and down between the latticed rows of grape-vines, trying to overtake the runaway. But Topsy made a good fight for her liberty. She ran; she spluttered and fluttered with her stubbed tail and unfinished wings; she darted in and out among the vines, hid in the weeds, and altogether wearied Clough out, body and spirit. Finally, he tried coaxing. He went to the vineyard, his pocket filled with corn. He threw this at Topsy exactly as he would have thrown stones at her if he had meant to kill her. Perhaps Topsy thought he did mean to, for she ran away as fast as her two legs could carry her, which was very fast, indeed, considering their size. Clough pursued her bravely, shouting "Chickey! chickey! chickey!" in a desperate way, all the while dashing the corn at her. This he thought was coaxing.

Soon the corn was exhausted. Then he went to the barn and climbed into a corn-bin. He found a basket there, which he filled with loose corn that had fallen from the cobs. The basket was too heavy for one arm, so he took both hands to it. If you ever carried a heavy basket with two hands, you know it's an awkward thing to do. I don't suppose the boy expected Topsy to eat all that grain, but before he got through with his race Clough had sown that vineyard with corn. There was forage enough there for one little pullet for weeks. Topsy doubtless decided that her quarters could not be bettered, for she did not leave the vineyard that summer. In the mean time, Clough might have been often seen, walking up and down between the grape-rows, peering through the vines with eager, expectant eyes, trying to be cautious, but making a great deal of noise. And very occasionally he would catch sight of a white pullet with a top-knot, that would stretch up her graceful neck, and turn her neat tufted head to one side in a listening attitude, and then with a frightened cackle would start off on a wild run, like some bird of the woods, and not at all like a civilized chicken, as she was supposed to be.

In the fall, anybody who listened at the right seasons might have heard from the vineyard as exultant "kut-a-kut-dah-kuts" as the boldest, sauciest hen ever uttered. There is never a lady-chicken so youthful, or so shy, that she can forbear telling it to the world when she has laid an egg.

Poor Clough! He was as proud of Topsy's achievements as Topsy herself. Every time he



heard that "kut-a-kut-dah-kut," he'd rush to the vineyard, calling out, "Toppo's laid an egg!" You would have thought, from his eagerness, that he was going to bring back a golden egg; but he never brought back any. Toppo's nest could n't be found.

After awhile, Toppo's kut-a-kut-dah-kuts ceased to ring out on the air, and for days Clough did not get sight of her top-knot. He thought she must be dead; but his mother suggested that she was probably setting. One day, Toppo showed herself about the kitchen door-steps, the cross-stem-looking bird that Clough ever saw, or hoped to see. She clucked as though she was quarreling with the whole world. She seemed to be frowning all over. Her tail was spread out, and turned back toward her head, and so was every other feather on her body. She looked as though somebody had been rubbing her backward, and she appeared ready to fly in the face of the whole world. If she had possessed the gift of speech instead of simply the gift of cluck, she would have probably said:

"I'm no longer a giddy, harum-scarum pullet. I'm a matron,—a hen, with life's responsibilities on me. I have rights,—a great many of them,—and I'll scratch anybody's eyes out who dares meddle with them."

Clough seemed to read this threat in her new aspect. He was mortally afraid of her, in her changed character, though proud of his property, and very glad to see her. Through a crack in the kitchen door, he threw out crumbs and pop-corn to her. Cook went out and set a basin of water for her refreshment. Toppo ate and drank in a fretful, ungrateful manner, and then went away, warning everybody, by her scolding eluek, not to follow her.

You are doubtless expecting to hear that shortly after this, Toppo appeared, the proud head of a magnificent brood of chickens. Can't you see them in your mind's eye?—red, white, black, speckled, gray. Now listen:

One morning there was heard about the kitchen door an important, defiant cluck! cluck! accompanied by the appealing peep! peep! of a baby chicken. Cook looked out. There was Toppo, striding and strutting over the earth, and running after her, with twinkling little feet, was a solitary chick,—a downy-white little thing, that seemed draggled and cold. How lonely it looked! Cook called Clough to come and see, saying: "Here's your white pullet come ag'in, and it's got the homesickest-looking chick at its heels that ever I set eyes on." But Clough thought it was a beauty, and acted as proud over it as though it had been his grand-baby. Cook said.

Mamma suggested that Toppo, in her vanity

and inexperience, had left her nest with the first chicken that showed its head, abandoning all the unhatched young to perish; that if this favored chick could be taken from the foolish mother, she might return to her nest and save the rest of the brood. So Clough undertook to abduct Toppo's baby. My patience! you ought to have seen the outraged mother fly at him. Clough thought he was murdered. He ran trembling and crying to his mother, "Toppo's the hatefulest top-knot chicken I ever saw!" he declared, with tears in his astonished eyes. "I wish I did not have her!"

Mamma and cook and Clough went out to the vineyard, and found Toppo's nest in a basket that somebody had left hanging on a grape-post. The eggs were cold; the little chickens in them probably dead. But they concluded to make an effort to save the dozen lives, if possible. Toppo's chicken was taken from her, and she was put back on her nest, over which a piece of mosquito-netting had been stretched. But Toppo would not cover the eggs. She paced back and forth in the vacant part of the basket, clucking and looking askance at the eggs. All the folks went away, hoping that Toppo's nervousness would be sooner allayed if she were unwatched. An hour later, the net showed a most ghastly sight. Every egg except two had been picked and torn open by the ruthless young mother. She was released from her prison; the two unbroken eggs were taken to the kitchen and kept warm. In the evening, one of them began to peep. Clough was wild with delight when he heard the little voice shut up in the egg, as he said. Cook carefully pecked a little hole in the shell, and Clough saw that the chick had a red head.

He was so interested that they could n't get him off to bed, and after awhile he had the satisfaction of seeing a little blotched chicken staggering about, and cheeping as though it was *lost* in a great strange world. As it was without its mother's brooding wing, it was put with the white chicken in a basket lined with light, fleecy wool. Some more fleece covered them; a cloth was spread over the whole basket, and it set behind the kitchen stove, which never got cold. Papa said the two chickens were as much trouble as a pair of twin babies.

The next morning the little things seemed well and bright, and were put with their mother. But, shocking to relate, Toppo pecked both of the innocents to death. Clough cried, and said he knew Toppo was crazy; she'd always acted like "a raving-go-stracted idiot."

Mamma thought she was wanting in the maternal instincts; that she'd never make a good mother, yet she'd be forever attempting the part of mother, and so would be a perpetual aggravation.

"We'd better make a Thanksgiving chicken pie of her," papa suggested.

"No," said Clough, stoutly; "she belongs to me, and I must have the good of her."

"There is n't any good of her; she's bad from her top-knot to her toe-nails. Clear case of total depravity," said papa, who was a funny man. "Besides, you may eat all the chicken pie at Thanksgiving."

"I can't eat a whole chicken pie to onct," said

Clough was delighted with the solution of the difficulty. He'd thus get the good of her, and he'd get rid of the bother of her, and yet do no violence to his feeling. He wanted to start right off to market with her, but papa said she was so worn by her family cares that she needed to be fattened.

So Clough rushed to the bread-box and crumbed up three biscuits, a rusk, and two ginger-snaps for Toppo's dinner. For the next few weeks he was



MR. MERRYMAN IS EXCITED ABOUT HIS GOLD DOLLAR.

Clough, pouting slightly. "'Sides, I could n't eat any of Toppo. I love her so."

"After all her *wicket puffawnances*?" said papa, imitating black Judy's pronunciation.

"Mamma loves me when I'm naughty as well as when I'm good; but she does n't love my naughty ways," Clough argued. "That's the way I feel about Toppo."

"Sell her for a spring chicken," said papa, snapping his brown eyes at the happy suggestion.

very industrious in throwing shelled corn at Toppo, and in scattering it under her nose, if she had one. Mamma said more was wasted on the pullet than it was worth, but papa suggested, "For every grain Toppo gets, she gives a peck." I don't think this was original with papa, but it pleased Clough very much when it was explained to him.

At length Toppo was pronounced in good condition, and the impatient Clough had permission to put her on the market. The Spitts family lived

in a village where a weekly paper was published. Clough wanted to advertise a splendid fat top-knot pullet for sale; but this, he was shown, would delay matters. Then he proposed posters with a life-size likeness of Topsy. That would be irresistible. But he finally decided that it would be jolly to go from door to door among the villagers until he should find a purchaser. As most of the villagers kept chickens, Clough had a weary tramp before he found even a bid. One came at length, from old Mr. Merryman, whose character did not harmonize with his name. He was an old bachelor who lived all alone in a shanty of two rooms, and did his own work. He was rich,—had thousands of dollars in bank, and might have lived in comfort if he had n't loved his money too well to part with it. When he examined Topsy, he found she was very fat, and would make him many nice gravies.

"She's awful fat," said Clough. "I most know she's et a hundred bushels of corn in two or three weeks, 'sides biscuits, cakes, and things."

"Don't tell lies, boy," said Mr. Merryman, severely. "How much do you want for your chicken?"

"Thirty-five cents," said Clough, remembering what his mother had told him to ask for Topsy.

"Too much!" grunted the miser. "I'll give you twenty-five cents for it; and that's enough, because I'll have to dress it myself."

By this time Tony Simpson had come up. He was a big boy who liked Clough, and who did not like Mr. Merryman. The old man had beaten Tony's dog Trip, one day. Indeed, none of the boys liked Mr. Merryman. He was hard on them, as well as on the village dogs and cats.

"No," said Clough, "I charge thirty-five cents for Topsy. Mamma said I must."

"And she's worth it," said Tony Simpson, determined to stand by Clough.

"I wont give thirty-five cents if I never eat another bite of chicken in my life," the miser declared. "Take a quarter, and be done with it"—and he opened his purse.

"Don't you do it," said Tony.

Just then a gold dollar from Mr. Merryman's purse fell into Topsy's basket. I have no doubt but that Topsy thought the coin was a grain of yellow corn, such as Clough had been in the habit

of throwing to her so lavishly. At all events, she snapped it up instantly, and swallowed it.

"She's swallowed my dollar!" cried the miser, excitedly. "I'll wring her neck. I'll have my dollar"—and he roughly seized poor Topsy.

"No you don't, though," said Tony Simpson, with determination. "You dar' n't harm a feather of her body till you pay for her. I'll call the judge, and the constable, and every lawyer in town"—and Tony forthwith began to shout to one and another passer-by to bring this and that officer of the law, till quite a crowd was assembled, when there was much laughing and chuckling at Mr. Merryman's expense.

"Of course he's got to pay for the chicken to get his dollar," said one.

"He's no right to the chicken's life till he pays for it," another remarked.

"The chicken's worth a dollar and thirty-five cents now. Make him pay a dollar for it," Pete Martin advised.

"Go for him!" cried Mr. Walters, who owed the miser a grudge.

In the mean time, Mr. Merryman was raving and whining by turns. The spectators were a pack of thieves who meant to rob him, a poor lone man. They wanted to bring him, their neighbor and fellow-citizen, to the poor-house; they'd like to see his gray hairs in a pauper's grave; he'd never harmed a living thing.

"'Cept dogs, and cats, and boys," put in a lad of twelve.

The crowd laughed and hooted at the miser's remarks, while some continued to urge Clough to demand a dollar for the pullet. Young as he was, the child saw that he had the advantage of the old man. But he also saw, in a vague way, that it would n't be noble to make use of his advantage. Besides, he meant to "mind his mamma." She had told him to ask thirty-five cents for Topsy. So he said resolutely, he did n't want a dollar; he wanted thirty-five cents. He got it, 'mid the cheers of the crowd. Then he started home, escorted by a squad of boys, such as always follow a small boy who has money of his own, as flies follow a honey-jug. At the first candy-shop Clough stopped and treated. He got home with a one-cent piece and two peppermint-drops.

## THE KING OF THE HOBBLEDYGoblins.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



His eyes are green and his nose is brown,  
 His feet go up and his head goes down,  
 And so he goes galloping through the town.

The King of the Hobbledygoblins!  
 His heels stick out and his toes stick in,  
 He wears a calabash on his chin.  
 And he glares about with a horrible grin,  
 The King of the Hobbledygoblins!

Now, Johnny and Tommy, you'd better look out!  
 All day you've done nothing but quarrel and pout,  
 And nobody knows what it's all about.

But it gives me a great deal of pain, dears.  
 So, Johnny and Tommy, be good, I pray!  
 Or the king will come after you some fine day,  
 And off to his castle he'll whisk you away,  
 And we never shall see you again, dears!

## READY FOR EUROPE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A GOOD many of you girls who read ST. NICHOLAS will go to Europe some day or other. Just now, perhaps, you don't think or care much about it; but by and by, when you are older, and hear people who have been there talk of their doings and seeings, the desire to go will strengthen, and you will wish it very much indeed. There are some persons who will tell you that this desire is foolish and wrong; that going to Europe is just now the fashion, and silly folks who like to follow the fashions go for that reason. But I think this a mistake. To travel anywhere, intelligently, has a great deal of education in it, and for an American to go to Europe, where is so much we cannot as yet have in our own country, is education of the very best sort.

I want, therefore, to talk about this journey which some of you are to take, and the way in which to get the greatest good and pleasure out of it. This is not to make any one discontented who cannot go. That would be a pity, indeed. But nobody knows beforehand what their chances are going to be; and as business, or sickness, or unforeseen changes of various kinds may bring the opportunity to any of you when it is least looked for, it will not be lost time to get ready to take advantage of it should it come. Then, if it never comes, you will at least have had the improvement of getting ready, which in itself is a very good thing.

First, then, let us decide what it is that makes it worth while to go at all. To be amused, to buy pretty things, and have what you girls call "a good time," is not enough. Good times and shopping and amusement are to be had in America; it would scarcely pay to cross the Atlantic in search of them, though they are nice things to catch at by the way. A great many do go with no other wish or idea in their minds; but something higher there must be, or the wise would not follow their example.

To begin with, then: there are better chances for study in certain branches than we can have at home. The most famous masters for music and painting live in Europe, and languages can be acquired there more readily and perfectly than with us. To pick up French or German by the ear as a little child does, is indeed learning made easy. It is thus that children on the Continent are taught. It is nothing uncommon to find a girl of eighteen who speaks and thinks equally well in four or five tongues. She has had a French nurse,

and a German and an Italian; or has gone to school in the different countries; and as people about her are using the languages continually, her chance for practice is perpetual, and a good accent comes without trouble. Each little Russian boy, when admitted to the Government schools, is required to speak French and German; and Russian parents often carry their families to spend a year or two in France and Germany, so that they may absorb languages, as it were, without knowing that there is any difficulty in the matter.

But apart from actual study,—for some of you will not have time for that,—there is great and constant instruction to be gained by what you see. We read in books about wonderful things, such as cathedrals, temples, Alpine scenery, Raphael's Madonnas; but, however hard we try, we cannot distinctly picture them until we see. One hour spent in a real cathedral teaches more of the true meaning and glory of architecture than weeks spent over books. One glance at a snow-peak sets an image in our brain which never could have been there without that glance. I once heard a lady say that she was sure she knew just how Mont Blanc must look, because it was just twice and a half as high as Mount Washington, and she could easily imagine two and a half Mount Washingtons piled on top of one another, and covered with snow! But when she came to see the actual Mont Blanc, she found that none of her imaginary pillings-up had in the least prepared her for the look of the real thing.

Then, it is not only certain great objects which are made real to us by seeing them, but also everything, however small, which we have learned about or been told of. We read Hume and Gibbon, and that this or that happened in such a year or such a reign, but it is all dim and fabulous, and must be, so long as it is merely a statement on a printed page. One visit to the Tower or the Forum makes a sudden change. The fabulous becomes distinct. It is like sunlight flashing into a dusky corner. And the best of all is, that the sunlight stays; and facts never go off again into the vague distance where they were before, but remain near and clear forever to your mind.

I want to warn you of one disagreeable thing sure to happen, which is, that the minute you visit any of these celebrated places, a sharp and mortifying sense of ignorance will take possession of you. "Dear me, who *was* Guy, Earl of War-

wick?" you will ask yourself. "And Lady Jane Grey's father,—I can't recollect his name at all.—and why was it that they cut off her head?" Then the guide will lead the way into a dark cell, and tell you it was Sir Walter Raleigh's bed-chamber during his long imprisonment, and you will conjure up a vague recollection of the great Sir Walter, as a young man flinging his cloak down before the Queen, and will long to know more, except that the party is moving on, and you are ashamed to ask. Or, if it is in Rome that you happen to be sight-seeing, you will trip down the long steps which lead into the great Forum, and look at the beautiful groups of columns and the broken arches, and all at once it will come to you with a shock that you know nothing at all about the Forum; that up to this time it has only been a name in your memory. In a general way, you have gathered that it was the place where the Roman Senators and people met to discuss public matters, but it does n't look in the least as you had expected it would; and besides, you hear of other Forums, many others, in different parts of the city, and instead of enjoying intelligently, you stand bewildered and confused, and listen helplessly while some one reads a few bald pages of Murray's guide-book; and the guide explains what he does n't know, in Italian which you don't understand. You long to go straight home, hunt up the proper books, study the subject well, and then come back and see the Forum again. But, alas! the books are in the home book-case in America, and the Roman Circulating Library seems to have nothing in it but novels; and even if it had, what time could you find to read where there is so much to be seen and done? All that is left is for you to put the matter aside, with a dull, unsatisfied feeling, and resolve to find out about it when you can; but before that time comes, the full, fresh interest will have worn off. And, oh! what a pity it was that you could not have been prepared before you went there!

Every traveler feels this want at times, even the best-educated ones, for no education is so complete as to prepare its owner on all points and against all surprises. What the ill-educated ones lose cannot be calculated! It is like voyaging with one eye blinded and the other half shut. You see, hear, feel only a little piece of things, impressions enter your brain only part way, and what with the puzzle and vexation at your own ignorance and the sting of a missed opportunity, you go about with so much annoyance in your mind that you but half enjoy the delightful chance which perhaps will never be yours to enjoy again.

So, dear girls, take my advice, and while you have libraries and leisure, and people ready to explain things, and a mind free to receive the

explanations, get yourselves ready to profit by what may come. You will be very glad afterward. Every subject carefully looked into, every bit of history tucked away into its proper place in your memory, every little interesting fact, every cell made ready for the reception of mental honey, will prove, when the right moment comes, a thing to be thankful for. Each scrap of French, or Italian, or German will find its place; each hard word which seems so dry now, will be useful then; every fragment of scientific knowledge—nothing will be lost or valueless, and the most casual and unlikely thing may turn out to be a friend at need and a friend indeed.

If you go in Rome to see the mosaic works belonging to the Government, you will find that the great pictures which you have admired on the walls of St. Peter's are made up of an immense number of small bits of stone and marble, chosen for their color, and fitted, each into exactly its prepared place. The mosaic workers who make the pictures would never think of beginning till the bits of marble were all ready, polished and sorted out. It would be awkward indeed to stop in the middle of the work, because there was no blue left with which to finish the Madonna's eye, or to leave a hole in the Saint's robe for the lack of half a dozen little red stones.

I want you to imitate their carefulness, and get ready these precious small bits of knowledge before the time comes to work them into the beautiful whole. Then, when the great chance arrives, your material will be ready, and fitting one with another, a valuable thing will grow of them, which will be yours for life. But don't let the pattern be spoiled for lack of a tiny scrap of this or that which you have not had the forethought to prepare in time.

And just one thing more. Let your minds grow as fast as they will, but let your souls grow too. Don't go about regarding the nations of the earth in general as "queer foreigners," who must be undervalued and scorned because their ways are not like our own. To us our own ways seem best, but there is good everywhere, and things are not necessarily ridiculous because they differ from those which we are accustomed to. And then, though you must n't think I want to preach, God has made all men of one family, and, in spite of varieties of complexion, tastes and habits, all have the same needs, the same human nature, the same death to die, the same Everlasting Father, and so all, in a sense, are brothers and sisters to each other. This thought going along with you, charity, patience, and kindness will go too, blessed fellow-travelers these, and good helpers on the road. Your mind will widen, your sympathies grow big, and all the world become wonderful and delightful,

as it must always be to people whose hearts are large enough to take it in. After a journey made in this spirit, you will come back, as American girls should come, not merely with Paris bonnets and Genoese filigree, but sweeter and stronger than when you went away; wiser, too, and better fitted

to see the meanings of things at home, and take your place as dwellers in a free land. For, beautiful, and instructive, and full of charm as Europe is, to be an American in the true sense of the word is better yet; and I hope you will all continue to feel that, however many times you go abroad.

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

"WAUGH! how I hate hog-meat!" exclaimed Barnard, looking into his plate of fried bacon, with an expression of extreme disgust.

"And no game since week before last," added Arthur, dolefully.

"When you can't get butter, you must make salt pork do, my old grandmother used to say," was Mont Morse's wise comment on this outbreak of discontent. "We enlisted for the campaign with hog-meat, boys, and you went back out now, will you?"

"But we did reckon on more game, you know," argued Barney; "and we have had precious little since we got out of the antelope country."

"You disremember the dogs and frogs," said Hi, with a grimace.

Both the Stevens boys laughed. When they were in the prairie-dog region, they had killed and eaten all of those animals they could get at. But Hi had steadfastly refused to "eat dog," as he expressed it, and his brother Tom had thought it necessary to follow his example. It was in vain that Mont had urged that "prairie-dogs" were not dogs at all, but a species of marmot; that they fed on roots and vegetables, and that their meat was as sweet and wholesome as that of rabbits.

"You need n't tell me," was Hi's constant reply. "They set up on end, and bark just like dogs. They live with rattlesnakes and owls, and they're not fit for a white man to eat. General Fremont may eat dogs, but I wont, until I'm starving."

His refusal to partake of this strange food, as he considered it, gave the others a larger share. The prairie-dogs, numerous though they were, were never plenty in the camp. They sat up cunningly on their haunches and barked at the hunters, very much in the squeaky fashion of toy-dogs; but,

when shot at, they tumbled into their holes and were seldom recovered, even though severely wounded. They posted themselves by the opening of their dens, each one a sentinel to warn of danger. When they fell over, their comrades below dragged them into the burrow, where the young hunters could hear them whining and crying, in a half-human fashion, over their wounds. They were good to eat, but tender-hearted Arthur, much as he desired a change from their diet of "side-meat," never could take pleasure in killing the pretty little creatures.

As for frogs, when the party occasionally reached a pond of melted snow-water, warmed by the summer sun and musical with frogs, Mont rolled up his trousers, and, armed with a thick stick, waded in and slew them, right and left.

"But Boston folks consider them a great luxury," he remonstrated, when Hi and Tom expressed their profound disgust at such proceedings. "Take off the hind-legs, skin them and fry them—what can you want better?"

"Hog-meat," replied Hi, sententiously.

But it must be confessed that Hi looked on with interest while Mont and Barnard daintily nibbled at the delicate bones of the frogs' legs, nicely browned and having all the appearance of fried chicken.

"Stands to reason," muttered Hi, with his mouth watering, "that frogs is vermin, and vermin aint fit to eat."

"Frogs is toads, and toads is insex," sneered Tom. "Dad told me so. Think yer know more'n dad, do yer?"

They were drawing near Salt Lake City now, and even the small game which Hi and Tom despised was no longer to be had. Occasionally, they shot a hare,—one of the long-eared, long-legged kind known as the jackass-rabbit. Sage-hens, too, had been plentiful in some localities, and, though the flesh of these was dark and bitter

with the wild sage on which they fed, the addition of a brace of them to their daily fare was a great event. Now, however, they were reduced to their staple of smoked "hog-meat" once more.

They had been lying by for a few days, hoping that they might find some game while they rested their stock. John Rose and Mont had scoured the country with their rifles, but they brought back nothing to show for their long tramps. Flour biscuit, fried salt meat, and coffee without milk, formed their regular bill of fare now. The cows in the drove had ceased to give milk, and the boys were reduced to the "short commons" which they had been taught to expect.

Nevertheless, they were better provided than many emigrants whom they met on the way. A company of Germans, with whom they traveled, had nothing in their stores but smoked sausages, flour and coffee.

"No sugar?" asked Arty, in amazement.

"Nein," civilly replied the genial German.

"No baking-powders? no salt?"

"Nein. No kraut," responded the traveler, with gloom in his face.

Nevertheless, the light-hearted Germans had a merry camp. And, when they marched on by day, they locked arms over each other's shoulders, and kept step to the music of their own songs, chanting as they went.

"Queer chaps, those singing Dutchmen," mused Hi, as he watched them, day by day striding along and singing the marching songs of their native land. The boys heard one of their favorite pieces so often that Mont caught the words and wrote them down. So one day, to the astonishment of the rest of the party, Mont and Arty locked arms and marched down the trail, singing thus:

Wohlauf in Gottes schöne Welt!  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Die Luft ist blau, und grün das Feld—  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Die Berge glüh'n wie Edelstein;  
Ich wandre mit dem Sonnenschein  
In's weite Land hinein.  
Ade! ade!

Du traute Stadt am Bergeshang,  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Du hoher Thurm, du Glockenklang,  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Ihr Häuser alle, wohl bekannt,  
Noch einmal wink' ich mit der Hand,  
Und nun seitab gewandt!  
Ade! ade!

An meinem Wege fließt der Bach—  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Der ruft den letzten Gruss mir nach—  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Ach, Gott! da wird so eigen mir,  
So milde weh'n die Lüfte hier,  
Als wär's ein Gruss von dir—  
Ade! ade!

Ein Gruss von dir, du schlankes Kind—  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Doch nun den Berg hinab geschwind—  
Ade! ade! ade!  
Wer wandern will, der darf nicht steh'n,  
Der darf niemals zurücke seh'n,  
Muz immer, weiter geh'n.  
Ade! ade!

"But that 's Dutch!" exclaimed Hi. "Give us the English of it!"

"No; it 's German," said Arty, laughing at his success as a "Singing Dutchman."

"What 's the odds?" replied Hi. "It 's as Dutch as Dutch kin be. I don't see no difference between Dutch and German."

"Well," said Mont, "we will give you the English of it some day." And when, not long after, Mont read his translation of the verses by the night camp-fire, the whole party were loud in their praises of their marching-song.

"It 's a great thing to be a scholar," sighed Hi, with a glance of envy at the rude verses of the young "Boston feller." And he murmured, with a thrill of honest admiration: "And that thar feller kin set a wagon-tire with any man on the plains. It do beat all how some folks is gifted!"

They overtook the "Singing Dutchmen," one bright day soon after this, and great was the delight of those sturdy trampers to see our boys marching by, sedately singing as they went Mont's free translation of their own song, something like this:

Forward in God's beautiful world!  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
The sky is blue, and green the fields—  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
The mountains gleam like jewels bright;  
I wander in the warm sunlight,  
Far into distant lands.  
Farewell! farewell!

Dear village by the mountain-side,  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Thou lofty tower, ye chiming bells,  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Ye happy homes, well-known to me,  
Toward you once more I wave my hand,  
But turn away mine eyes!  
Farewell! farewell!

Beside my pathway flows the brook—  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Which calls to me a last farewell—  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Ah, Heaven above, so sad am I!  
The zephyrs float so softly by,  
As if they brought from thee a sigh—  
Farewell! farewell!

From thee a sigh, thou fairest maid!  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
But down the hill-side now I speed—  
Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
For he who wanders must not pause,  
Nor once behind him cast his glance,  
But forward, forward march.  
Farewell! farewell!



"Ach! it is better as never was," cried the honest Germans.

"Where get you so much good song, mine friend?" asked one of the party, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"We borrowed it from you," said Mont, modestly. "I hope you don't think us rude."

"Rudt? It is a what you call a compliment, and we to you are much obliged," was the hearty reply.

"He did it, all by himself," said Hi, proudly. "He turned it into English from Dutch, and he sings it both ways like a reg'lar medder-lark—so he does."

"Yaw," answered the German emigrant, as if in doubt whether he understood Hi's explanations.

Barnard, not to be outdone, drilled Arthur and Tom in a marching song of his own, and one day produced this novelty.

"When we lived in Vermont," said Barney, "there was a military company in our village. There were not men enough to make two companies, the place was so small. So the same men appeared as an infantry company one month, and as an artillery company the next. They had a snare drum and a bass drum when they turned out as infantry; but when they paraded as artillery, with one cannon, they had a spare man, so they used to carry two bass drums and the snare drum.

marching tune to the staterier music of the artillery band.

"Here go the two bass drums and the tenor," cried Arty."

"Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!  
How's your marm?  
Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!  
How's your marm?  
Oh, she's boozy, boozy, boozy, boozy!  
Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!"  
&c., &c.

"Ho! ho! what nonsense!" roared Hi. "But it's just like a couple of bass drums. I think I hear 'em now"—and, lying back on his pile of blankets, Hi laughed again, Mont and the rest joining in the chorus.

The boys practiced this marching song as they had the others, and their fellow-travelers were often thereafter edified with the rough music which the party made as they stepped out with alacrity, chanting—

"Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!  
Boom! boom! boom!"

Or they assumed a more funereal gait as they walked, and sung—

"Boom dum dardy! Boom dum dardy!  
How's your marm?"

Their laughter was hushed when Nance, whose family had come up with them lately, marched up to their tent one night with the solemn announcement of "The baby's dead!"

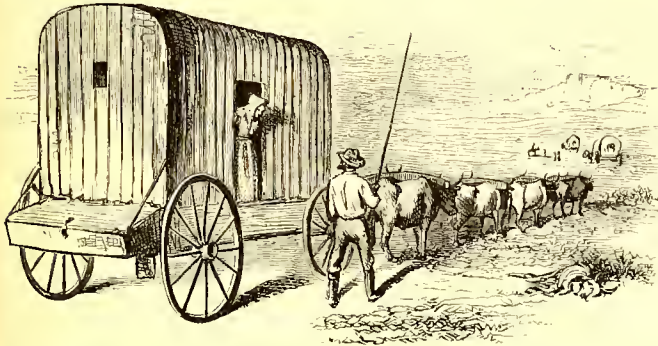
"What baby?" they asked, with a startled air.

"Just like stoopid men-folks, you air!" replied the girl. But she added, with a softened tone: "Why, it's the Messer folkses baby. Them that was upst in Dry Creek and had a lovely bonnit along."

"It was the sick baby that we tended down there just this side of Papeses, yer know, Arty," said Tom, with solemnity.

Old Mrs. Rose, Captain John's mother, who sat near by, said: "I knowed she'd never raise that there child. It allus was a weakly thing. It's a marcy it's took away now"—and the good old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and sighed.

"Death in the camp," thought Barney to himself, and he looked around and wondered how it would seem if death was in their camp as it was in their neighbor's. His eyes rested lovingly on his brother's golden head, and he asked: "Can we be of any service, do you think, Nance?"



A FAMILY WAGON.

This is the way the infantry band went." And Barney got up and marched around the camp-fire, Arty and Tom following with—

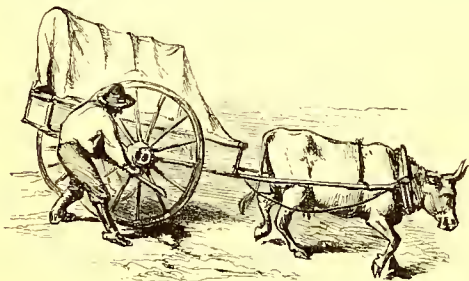
"Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!  
Boom! boom! boom!  
Boomer lacker! boomer lacker!  
Boom! boom! boom!"

Everybody laughed uproariously at the whimsical sight of the lads, who were half-undressed for the night, as they paraded about and about, chanting the odd melody of the village drum-corps. Then, with solemn step and slow, they changed their

"I reckon. The baby's to be buried at sun-up to-morrow; and dad said if one of you fellers would go down to the mouth of the cañon with him to-night, he'd help dig a little grave." And the girl turned away to hide her tears as she uttered the word so full of sadness to all ears.

The boys eagerly volunteered to assist in everything that was to be done; and by the edge of a dry ravine, under a lone tree, they hollowed a little cell before they slept.

Next day, before the camps were broken up, all of the emigrants on the ground gathered about the



BUSH'S GO-CART.

wagon of the Messers, where a little white bundle was lying on a square pile of yokes, covered smoothly with a blanket. On this white shape was laid a poor little knot of stunted cactus-flowers, the only blooming thing which the arid plains produced. Near by sat the mother, crouched on the ground and moaning to herself, "Such a little thing!—such a little thing!"

"It's powerful rough to have to bury the baby out yer in the wilderness-like," complained the father. "I wished I had n't a-come."

"Don't take on so, ole man," said his wife. "He's better on't—he's better on't."

The youngest boys raised the burden at a signal from Captain Rose. They bore it to the open grave, all the company following with uncovered heads. Then the little white bundle was lowered tenderly into the earth. The tearful mother picked up the yellow cactus-flowers, which had fallen to the ground, kissed them and cast them in. Then stout branches of sage-brush were laid over the figure beneath, forming a shelter from the soil.

Now a white-haired old man, the patriarch of one of the companies, lifted up his hands and prayed by the open grave. There was a stifled sigh here and there in the little assemblage when he spoke of "the loved ones left behind," and of others "who had gone on before." Then he said a few pleasant and cheery words to the mourning parents, who were leaving their only child here alone in the heart of the continent.

"And yet," he said, "not here, but up yonder," and he pointed upward, where Nance, whose wondering eye involuntarily followed the speaker's, saw a little bird cheerily winging its solitary way across the rosy sky. She plucked her mother's sleeve and whispered: "I'm so glad I picked them posies!"

The grave was filled up, the simple ceremony was over, and each party betook itself to preparing for another day's journey.

"Poor little thing!" said Mont. "His journey is done early; and he rests just as well here as anywhere."

"I'm glad they buried it in the morning," added Arthur. "It is not nearly so sorrowful as it is in the evening, when the shadows creep and creep, just as if they would never stop creeping. Seems to me it's a good thing to bury children at sunrise. I don't know why, though."

"Neither do I, Arty," said Hi; "but a buryin' is a solemn thing, for all that. I allow it's the solemnest thing agoin'. I was a-thinkin' just now, when we was takin' down the tent, of a hymn my sister Pameley Ann used to sing. By gum, now! I've forgot the words, but they're powerful nice," added Hi, looking rather foolish. "Something about pitching your tent, anyhow."

"Oh, yes! I remember," said Arty, brightly; "it is this:

'Here in the body pent,  
Absent from thee I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.'

"That's it! that's it! Good boy, Arty!" said Hi, with shining eyes. "Now, d'yer know, I often have them thar words a-buzzin' through my head when we set up the tent, nights, all along this yere trail?"

"So do I, Hi," answered Mont. "And so I do when we take it down next day, because, somehow, the place where we have spent even one night seems like home when we leave it out of doors, as it were, and go on, knowing we shall never see it again."

"Well, we're getting really sentimental, Mont," said Barnard, "and all along of that little funeral."

"I allow that a funeral, big or fittle, is the solemnest thing out. Whoa haw! Star! whar in thunder are yer goin' ter?" And Hi drove on in the train that moved out of camp.

Nance trudged along in the dust behind the Missourians' wagon, holding on by one hand to the tail-board, by way of speechless sympathy. The poor mother sat looking out from the wagon-cover as the team moved slowly away. She saw the deserted camping-ground, where a few dying fires were smoldering in ashes. She even marked the lame and worn-out steer that some emigrant had

left behind, and which now stood looking wistfully after the departing train. But most she noted the little mound, fresh with yellow earth, and decently fenced about with broken wagon-tires, by the lone tree. The morning sun gilded the small heap of disturbed soil and deluged all the plain with un-supportable brightness. She shaded her eyes with her hand and moaned: "Such a little thing!—such a little thing!"

Nance's brown hand closed tenderly on the woman's gown, and a few gracious tears dropped in the dust as she walked.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### IN MORMONDOM.

THE way now grew more and more crowded. It seemed as if the teams sprang out of the earth, they were so numerous, and they collected on the trail so suddenly, day by day. Desperate characters, too, became more frequent as the tide of emigration drew near the city of the Great Salt Lake. There was much talk about hostile Indians. The boys had heard this before, when passing through the Rocky Mountains. Once or twice, they knew of Indian attacks before or behind them; and one day they had overtaken a party of emigrants who had lost three of their party during one of these attacks. They saw, with their own eyes, the bullet-holes in the wagons of this company, and they had helped to bury the men left dead on the ground, after the firing was over and the cowardly Indians were gone.

During that exciting and alarming time, they had mounted guard every night with the full consciousness that they might be fired upon before morning. The cattle were kept near the camp, and the wagons were placed close together, so that, in case of an attack, they could be arranged in the form of a circle, like a fort. In those days, while in a hostile country, they had plenty of company for mutual assistance, however, and they almost lost the pleasant little privacy of their own camp. They traveled with a crowd; they camped with a crowd. Nance's father, Philo Dobbs, and her mother, and Nance herself, formed one small party; and they were glad to keep along with the Roses and our boys, for the sake of better security from danger.

Now there were rumors of the Goshoots being about, and as the Goshoots were a marauding tribe of Indians, though not so warlike as the Cheyennes, then very unfriendly, the emigrants were uneasy. Between Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City, was a very bad section of road. The country was sandy and dry. Here and there were poisonous springs of water, and the undulating surface of the ground

was dotted with clumps of grease-weed and sage-brush; there was nothing for the animals to feed on, and no water fit to drink. To get through this desolate region, the emigrants traveled night and day, or, rather, one day and one night.

The moon was nearly at the full, and the night was pleasant and cool. As they drove on through the shadowy hollows and over the ghostly ridges, in the moonlight, utterly in the wilderness, even the cattle seemed to think something unusual was going forward. Tige turned his head, every now and then, and looked at Arthur, as much as to say, "Queer doings these, my boy." And Pete, who never barked except on great occasions, stalked along by the side of the team, growling with suppressed excitement. Everybody felt nervous and "scary," as Bush expressed it, but very little was said, and the company swept on, wagon after wagon, bands of cattle, men on foot and men on horseback, silently pressing on in the night, in the midst of a wild, strange country, with danger lurking near and an unknown and untrodden space before them.

About midnight, when the men were beginning to feel drowsy, when the women had climbed into the wagons to sleep, and the oxen showed their fatigue by lagging, a sudden panic seized the whole line. Instantly, and as if all agreed to scatter, the droves of loose cattle darted off in all directions, to the right and left of the road, scampering among the bushes, with their tails in the air. The yoked cattle followed them, jolting and bouncing in the wagons over the hillocks and rough ground, and shaking the women and children, who fell out screaming and terrified. All along the line was



AN EARLY SETTLER.

confusion and dismay. The men yelled at their cattle, but in vain. The animals ran like mad buffaloes, and careered through the sage-brush pursued by their drivers, who could neither stop nor turn them.

The ground was speedily strewn with camp-stuff, loose garments, and mining "traps." Here and there, a wagon was overturned, and the frantic oxen dragged it a little way and then stopped in sullen despair. Tige and Molly joined in the general stampede, and Arthur and Hi breathlessly pursued, Barnard having tumbled out of the rear end of the wagon, where he had been taking a nap. As Arty caught up with the team, and ran around their heads to turn them back, he suddenly saw a dusky figure rise up from behind a wild-sage bush,

was now broken and scattered in all directions. Some of the loose cattle had disappeared in the night, and not a few wagons lay overturned and half-wrecked among the bushes. People went wandering around seeking for their comrades or gathering up their goods and animals. But the panic was over.

"It was only a stampede, after all. Arty," said Hi, cheerily.

"Well, if that's a stampede, I allow I don't want any more of 'em," said Tom, with his teeth still



THE STAMPEDE.

within a few feet of him. He felt his hair rising on his head, and he instinctively reached behind him for his revolver. It was gone!

Just then, the figure stumbled and fell, rose again, and said:

"I just allow this yer is the ornerest, toughest piece of ground I ever traveled."

It was Messer, whose team had disappeared in the struggling mass which had now gathered at the foot of a rise of ground. Arty breathed freer, and, with Mont's help, he and Hi quieted their oxen, stopped them, and began to look about.

The long procession, which had been moving along so quietly and steadily a few minutes before,

chattering. "I own up that I was orful scared. Wha'—wha's that?" he exclaimed, starting back as he spoke.

"Nothin', nothin'; ye're scart of yer own shadder," replied Hi, who looked in the direction of Tom's fears, but with a little shake in his voice.

It was only Johnny, who was hunting about in the brush for Arty's pistol.

"Come out of that thar brush, you young one," remonstrated Hi, with some asperity, as he began to straighten out the team before driving back to the road. "'Spos'n' yer'd be ketched by the Goshoots, who'd hev yer share of the outfit, I'd like to know? Haw there, you Tige!"

"D'yer 'spose there 's Injuns about, Hi?" said Tom.

"Could n't say—could n't say, Tom. Mont here allows that Injuns hev a way of stampeadin' a train like that, and then firing into the crowd and pickin' off the heft of 'em."

"Yes," exclaimed Mont, "they say that the Indians will sometimes scare cattle and make them stampe in that way, and then fall on the disordered train and destroy the people and capture the property. But we have seen no Indians. They had a chance to attack us just now, if they wanted to."

"Well, then, why did the cattle all run like that?" demanded Arthur. "They must have been scared by something."

"I just allow it was shadders. The cattle were skittish and scary-like," said Hi. "And I must say I was sorter panicky myself, before the stampede began. Shadders creeping along side of the road, shadders stealing along behind in the moonlight. Ouch! what 's that?"

Everybody started, and then everybody laughed. It was Pete who came bounding in from the sagebrush with Barney's cap, which he had picked up somewhere. Barney had not missed his cap, he had been so taken by surprise when he was shaken out of the wagon. Arty picked up his pistol near where the stampede began, and, after recovering the other things scattered along the path of their sudden flight, they went back to the road. Many hands make light work; the overturned wagons were righted, the cattle were gathered in, and the train moved on once more. As usual, however, the panic-stricken oxen did not easily recover their peace of mind. Once again in the course of the night, terrified by the weird shadows, perhaps, they bolted from the track; but they were soon recovered, and they plodded on until daybreak.

In a short time after this great scare, the young emigrants passed into Echo Cañon, then a famous resting-place for the gold-seekers. High walls of red, yellow, and cream-colored rock rose on either side. These walls were topped out with pinnacles, towers, and steeples. It was like a fairy scene. Below were charming groves, overshadowing a winding stream. Above were fantastic rocky shapes resembling castles, donjon-keeps, cathedral spires, battlements, and massive walls. Trailing vines grew in the high crevices of the precipices and swung in the breeze. The cañon was rich with grass and wild berries, and here the boys camped for several days, trying curious experiments in cooking the fruit which grew so abundantly about them. "Sass," as Hi called it, was the easiest to manage. They made a few pies, too; but the pastry was made with bacon-fat and lard, and Bar-

nard turned up his nose at it, with the remark that "it was hog-meat in another shape."

They attempted a berry pudding, and Nance lent them a cloth to boil it in. Arty would not permit the cover of the camp-kettle to be taken off, as that would "make the pudding heavy." Nance had said so. When the hungry company gathered about the kettle, at dinner-time, to see that famous pudding taken out, Arthur poked around in a thin purple broth with a long stick, only to fish out an unpleasant-looking cloth. The bag had been tied too tight. The pudding had burst, and was now a porridge of flour, water, and "sarvice-berries."

"I allow the proof of that pudd'n' aint in the eatin' of it," solemnly remarked Hi.

But Nance consoled Arty by informing him that this was an accident which happened to the very smartest folks, sometimes.

"It aint nigh so bad as scaldin' yer bread, Arty," said the girl, with a sly laugh.

When they reached the mouth of Emigrant Cañon, a few days later, one fine August morning, they gazed with admiration upon the city in the wilderness—Great Salt Lake City. The cañon opened to the west, high up among the mountains. Below stretched the broad valley, north and south. Above their heads rose snowy peaks; beneath, was a vast plain, belted with winding streams, and green and gold with grass, orchards, and grain-fields. In the midst of this lovely panorama shone the City of the Saints. It was like a fairy city, or like a dream. Nearly three months had passed since they had seen a town, and here was a great, well-built, and beautiful city. The houses were gray-tinted or white-washed, the roofs were red, and innumerable trees embowered the whole. The plain, in the midst of which the city was set like a jewel, rolled far to the westward, where it was bounded by the shining waters of Great Salt Lake. Beyond this towered a range of purple mountains, their sharp peaks flecked with silvery snow.

"This is a view from the Delectable Mountains!" murmured Mont, as he sat down.

"Putty as a picter," said honest Hi, leaning on his whip-stock, and gazing at the wonderful panorama. "But it minds me of the hymn—

'Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.'

They do say them Mormons will steal like all possessed."

It was a difficult and a zigzag road down the mountain-side. Many a wrecked emigrant-wagon lay by the side of the descent, now continually crowded with the trains of the gold-seekers. At one place, looking over a low natural parapet, they saw a wagon and four oxen, lying in a heap of ruin,

just where they had fallen from the dizzy height above. So, with much trembling and anxiety, they crept down by rocky slopes, beetling precipices, and foamy mountain-torrents, and reached the grassy plain at last. Here was comfort—an easy road, plenty of feed and water for the cattle, and fruit and vegetables growing in the neat farms by which they passed. It was like paradise.

Driving into the city, which was only a huge village, with orchards and grain-fields all about, they were directed to an open square where emigrants were allowed to camp. Fresh meat, vegetables, and new flour were to be had here, and in these unaccustomed luxuries the boys reveled with great delight. It seemed as if they were near their journey's end. The mishaps, discomforts, and perils through which they had passed, were far away now. Here were flower-gardens, people living in houses, and here were families abiding, not camping out for a night. Their tent, which had become their home, almost beloved as such, appeared frail and shadowy by the side of these substantial and comfortable houses, in which people actually lived.

"We must get up and dust out of this. I'm homesick," was Hi's plaintive remark.

"Lor!" said Nance, whose family was on the spot when they drove into town. "Lor! the wimmen is orful ornery. So old-fashioned, you can't think! Nothi'n' but sun-bunnits and caliker gownds. I aint seen a sunshade since I've bin here. Ugh! such a place, I want to git."

The boys thought that they never could "git," when they woke up one fine morning and found their cattle gone. They had been chained to the wheels of the wagon when they "turned in" to sleep the night before. Mont had waked in the night and heard Star, who was a restless creature, chafing with his chain. Now they were gone!

They looked in blank amazement, wondering how the thieves could have taken them away without disturbing anybody. It was useless to look for tracks. The turf was trodden by numerous hoofs, coming and going.

"Where's that rascal Pete that he did n't bark? If there had been a chipmunk about the camp, he'd have wakened up everybody," stormed Barnard, with great anger.

"Sure enough, where's Pete?" asked Arthur. He was not to be seen. The boy whistled for his old friend, but had no response. Pete had disappeared.

This was a great calamity, and, leaving the younger ones to get breakfast and watch the camp, Mont, Hi, and Barnard went out to look for the stolen cattle. They came back, late in the morning, one after another, without tidings. Everybody

had told them that the Mormons would steal the tires off the wagon-wheels; that it was more dangerous here than in the Indian country; and then, there were dreadful rumors of emigrants—"Gentiles," the Mormons called them—disappearing suddenly and never being heard of again. If strangers made trouble about being robbed, they were quietly "put out of the way," nobody knew how.

The boys looked at the useless yokes, left piled on each other by the wagon, thought of their stolen cattle, and sat down to a very gloomy breakfast. Sympathizing friends and acquaintances from neighboring camps came in with offers of help, but they could not give up all hope of finding their own again. Arty confessed to himself that he rather enjoyed the celebrity which the affair gave his party, though he was not pleased when some rough stranger laughed at "the youngsters who had their cattle stolen from under their blankets while they slept." But next day, after they had spent one whole day in hunting for their stock, they heard that another party, on the west side of the city, had been robbed of a horse and three yoke of cattle.

Mont went to a Mormon justice of the peace and stated his case. He was received with great grimness, and a constable was sent down to the camp. This official looked at the wagon, tent, and camp-stove, asked if they had any tea to sell, and went away. They never saw him again.

On the third day, Mont, Hi, and Arthur were prowling about on the outskirts of the city, where the denser settlement melted away into small farms. The boy had strayed away from his companions, and was attracted by a neat little cottage built of adobe, or sun-dried brick. The roof was of thatch, and in the trim door-yard bloomed marigolds, hollyhocks, larkspur, and other old-fashioned flowers. A cat purred in the sun, and a flock of white-haired children played on the low door-step.

"This seems like home," murmured the poor, dispirited and lonesome boy.

A sad-looking, sallow-faced woman, coming to the door, said: "Would you like to come in among the posies, my lad?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am," civilly replied Arthur. "But I should like a sprig of that lavender, if you can spare it."

As the boy spoke, a short, sharp bark, strangely like Pete's, sounded from the house. He heard a man's voice, then a whine, and, as the woman gave him the spray of lavender, a low-browed, dark-faced man put his head out of the window, and said:

"What are you tolling these tramps about the place for? Get out of that!"

Two more sad-looking and sallow-faced women now appeared in the door-way, and Arthur walked away, half-angry, but muttering to himself:

"That man's a Mormon! Those are his wives!"

This discovery aroused the boy from his gloomy thoughts, and his curiosity was stirred to find out how a man with at least three wives could live. Loitering down a lane by the side of the cottage, he passed by a neat hedge which inclosed a paddock behind the house. He stooped in an aimless way and peered through an opening in the bottom of the hedge. The inclosure was about fifty feet long and twenty-five wide. The upper end was bounded by a paling which separated the Mormon's garden from the paddock. The lower end opened, by a pair of bars, covered with cut boughs, on a common uninclosed space. In the middle of this cattle-yard, quietly chewing their cud, were eight or ten cattle. Among them, to his amazement, Arthur recognized Tige, Molly, Star, and his mate.

Scarcely believing his eyes, Arty looked once more, and then dashed away across the fields and over the ditches, to find Hi and Mont. They were sitting disconsolately by some wild raspberry bushes, making a poor pretence of picking the fruit, when Arty rushed up, his eyes sparkling, his face all in a glow, and his breath coming and going fast.

"What luck?" exclaimed Mont, whose quick eye saw that something had happened.

"Found 'em!—found 'em!" panted the boy.

"The whole lot are together in that corral with the hedge around it!"

"Gosh all Friday!" said Hi.

The three boys now walked rapidly back in the direction of the adobe house, which was about a mile off, but in plain sight. Arriving at the opening in the rear of the paddock, they reconnoitered through the brush which was ingeniously twisted into the bars, so that the hedge, from the outside, seemed unbroken.

"There's Tige, and Molly, and all hands," whispered Hi, with glistening eyes.

"We've two pistols among us. Let's march boldly in and drive them out," said Mont.

Without a word, Hi tore out the screen of boughs, let down the bars, and strode in. Just then, the back-door of the house opened and the dark-faced man appeared.

"Get out of that corral, or I'll shoot you!" he cried, and he raised a fowling-piece to his shoulder as he spoke.

"Don't be afraid, boys; it aint loaded!" called one of the sad-looking women, who suddenly came around the corner of the house. The man muttered an oath, and pursued her as she disappeared among the hollyhocks.

The boys hastily separated their cattle from the rest, and drove them down the paddock. Just then, the man, who had run around the hedge, appeared at the opening and began to put up the bars.

"Leave those cattle alone," said he, savagely.

"They're our cattle, and we are goin' to take 'em," was Hi's dogged reply.

The man went on putting up the bars. Then Mont drew his pistol,—a wicked-looking little machine,—and, pointing it directly at the fellow's head, said:

"Put down those bars, or I'll shoot you! Now then: One!—two!—three!"

The man turned and fled.

Arty ran down, dropped the bars, and the cattle passed out. The opening was closed behind them, and the little party, triumphant, but not without fears, took their way back to town. They were received at the camp with great acclamations, Barnard having returned in the worst possible spirits. The neighboring emigrants gathered in to congratulate them on their good luck, as well as their pluck.

"But suppose that chap takes it into his head to come down on us with legal documents, constables and things!" said Barnard.

Captain John Rosc took up his favorite rifle, which was lying in the sun, and remarked:

"If thar's Mormons enough in this yer city to capture the gang of Gentiles lyin' around loose in this yer squar', let 'em come on. No better fun than that fur me!"

As a matter of precaution, however, it was thought best to get out of town as soon as possible. The few necessary purchases had been made. Letters were written home; and, yoking up their recovered team, they hastily departed out of the city.

The affair had been noised about, and several Mormons came around them as they drove away, threatening dreadful things. The dark-faced man did not appear. "If he wants his property, let him come and take it," said Hi. Strange to say, he did not come. The emigrants were numerous, lawless, and angry.

The boys drove out to the north-west, their road leading them by a cluster of boiling hot-springs, across the Weber, and so on to Box Elder. The first part of their way was through broad fields thick with grass and yellow with wild flowers. Across these they saw behind them the City of the Saints, now no longer attractive, as they drove away. Something came bounding toward them across the grassy plain, now lost in the tall growth, and now springing into the streams which laced the plain. It seemed an animal, and yet it appeared like a man running on all fours with marvelous swiftness.

It came from the direction of an adobe house, on the edge of the city, in the midst of the fields. As it leaped nearer and nearer, it gave a joyful bark.

"It's Pete! it's Pete!" cried Arthur, and his tears must needs flow. In another instant, Pete, with a ragged rope about his neck, was in Arty's arms, on Hi's back, on Barnard's neck, and knocking little Johnny over in his paroxysm of delight.

"Whar hev yer b'en, old feller?" asked Hi.  
 "What a powerful shame it is that yer can't talk!"

"I just believe that the man who stole the cattle took Pete away," said Arthur. "I was sure I heard him in that house. He heard me outside talking with the woman, and he barked."

"But how could he get Pete away without poisoning him?" demanded Mont.

"Drugged him," suggested Hi.

"There's that knowing old Tige," said Arthur, playfully. "He looks around as if he could tell all about it."

But he never did.

(To be continua.)





## THE SPARROWS' MAY-DAY.

BY ALFRED NELSON.

SAID Mr. Sparrow to his wife,  
 One morning in the early spring :  
 " Dear Mrs. S——, upon my life,  
 I've come across the grandest thing—

" A brand-new house, with floors to let,  
 A mansard roof, and all complete !  
 We'll take a floor to-day, my pet,  
 And you must keep it nice and neat.

" The situation is tip-top—  
 None better wheresoe'er you hop,  
 And quite within the reach of all  
 The windows where the crumbs do fall."

So off they flew in haste, to see  
 The brand-new house ; and, deary me !  
 Did n't they flutter in and out,  
 Scarce knowing what they were about !

Good Mrs. S., with straw in mouth,  
 Picked out a room that faced the south ;  
 For, very prudently, thought she :  
 " The sun will warm both eggs and me."

But Mr. Sparrow did declare  
 The sun would surely scorch her there ;  
 And as the room was very high,  
 Their little ones would fall and die.

At last they settled with each other  
 The first floor front to be the best ;  
 And how they did help one another  
 To build a cozy little nest !

They both flew up, they both flew down,  
 With threads, and rags, and bits of straw ;  
 They were the busiest birds in town,  
 And each day busier than before.

At last, the nest is all complete,  
 And Mrs. Sparrow stays inside,  
 And keeps the house so nice and neat,  
 That Mr. S. looks on with pride.

And when the little birds appear,  
 Wont Mr. Sparrow hop and sing,  
 And sa' to Mrs. S. : " My dear,  
 Our grand-new house is just the thing !"

## ROBIN AND CROCUS.

BY EMMA BURT.

CROCUS peeped out of the earth, in the chill April weather. The sky was gray, and not a spear of grass was to be seen, nor a single green leaf ; a few old ones clung to the vines and trees, withered and brown.

But Crocus, brave and sweet, lifted its cup of gold out of the earth, close beside a patch of snow, and looked shyly about, contented and glad, though so quite—quite alone, and so cold

" Forward thing !" said a voice. Crocus started and shuddered—it was *not* alone.

" Forward thing !" repeated the voice, dismally. " It would be more becoming were you to wait until your betters had come—not flaunt out our prettiness uninvited."

Now, poor Crocus knew that the Pine-tree was

near, and had rebuked it ; and the Pine was tall, and old and great.

Just then Robin came hopping blithely along.

" How do you do, little Crocus ? Well met again !" said he. " Hey-dey ! What is the matter ? Why so sorrowful, dear ?" he gently added.

But Crocus was so very cast-down, it could scarcely reply. At last it told Robin how it came out of the dark earth so early, because the world was so very lonesome ; and that by and by, when the fast company of grand and lovely flowers appeared, so simple a flower as itself would not be needed.

" And when one means to do right, it is very bad to be thought wrong by those who are great and wise," added Crocus, sadly.

And Robin answered, he felt so sorry he hardly knew *what* to do:

"Those who are cruel are never great, though they reach to the very skies! But never mind, little Crocus. Let me tell you. Whenever I plume

North, to tell them the spring is coming—for fear they will all be discouraged.

"And is it not something to make people glad, even if we must be chided?"

Just then Claribel came down the path, and saw



"OH! THE FIRST ROBIN! I SHALL HAVE MY WISH!"

myself ready to flit away from the sunny South, every one says to me:

"'Foolish bird! Foolish bird! 'T is chilly and drear up there. Wait a little. You will find no leaves to hide away your nest.' But the more they say the merrier I sing; and away I fly to the chilly

the Robin and Crocus together. She sang out:

"Oh! the first Robin! I shall have my wish!" Then she paused with lifted hand, thinking which of all the delightful things in the world she now most wanted.

"It shall be a hat with blue ribbons, and a

flower like Crocus in the blue, for me to wear at Easter."

So Robin, when he heard this, soared away well pleased. And Claribel tenderly picked the flower,

saying: "Dearest blossom of all the year, you are like a drop from the sun, after the winter days. I will put you very near my heart." So she fastened the flower on her dress, and Crocus was comforted.

## A PEEP AT OLD LOMBARDY.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

As the traveler enters Italy from the north, he finds himself in the midst of a rich and fruitful valley, where olives, mulberries, and grapes abound, and the peasantry seem industrious, and most of them free from want. But as he passes along, although he finds large cities, in which the people seem as full of life as in ours, he notices continually evidences of great antiquity in their churches, public buildings, bridges, and monuments, and naturally wishes to know something of their history. But no doubt he is surprised, as you will be, to learn that the cities of Northern Italy are many of them older than Rome, some being so ancient that nothing is known of their foundation. Among them, Cremona is the most important, it having been taken by the Tuscans in the fifth century, who found it a great and powerful city. Then it was overrun and destroyed by the Gauls, after which it lay a ruin for two hundred years. Later, there came down from about the Danube a horde of Teutonic people, called Longobardi (or Longbeards), who swept over and took possession of Northern Italy, their king making Pavia his capital and giving their name to the country, which they held one hundred and fifty-seven years. Then, when Lindprand, their greatest king, tried to extend his territory too near Rome, the Pope, Gregory II., called upon the French to aid him, and, crossing the Alps twice, they conquered Lindprand, and placed his kingdom under control of the Pope, who ruled by exarchs (or governors).

The cathedral, of which we have a view, was begun in 1107, just after a sharp struggle with a neighboring city; but soon after, the Normans, under Hastings, crossed the Alps, and the Hungarians came over from the east, so that between their conflicts the Cremonese only finished the nave and aisles ninety-seven years later, when it was consecrated. Then came the German emperor Frederick Barbarossa, or "Redbeard," claiming these cities as his: and as some of them joined

him, and others adhered to the Pope, a new war broke out, which lasted until he had destroyed so many cities that the people formed a league against him while he was gone to Rome, and on his return he was stopped by a new fortified city—which, although he called it a town of straw, was strong enough to keep him in check—and an army before the gates of Milan sufficient to entirely defeat him. The "Lombard League" was formed in 1167, but it was eighty years before there was a lasting peace, which the tower beside the church was built to commemorate. Being the highest in any city of Northern Italy, it was called the Great Tower, and all the cities joined in paying for it. The Cremonese are so proud of it, that an old Latin rhyme is repeated by them to this day, which says:

Rome has *the St. Peter's,*  
Cremona *the tower.*"

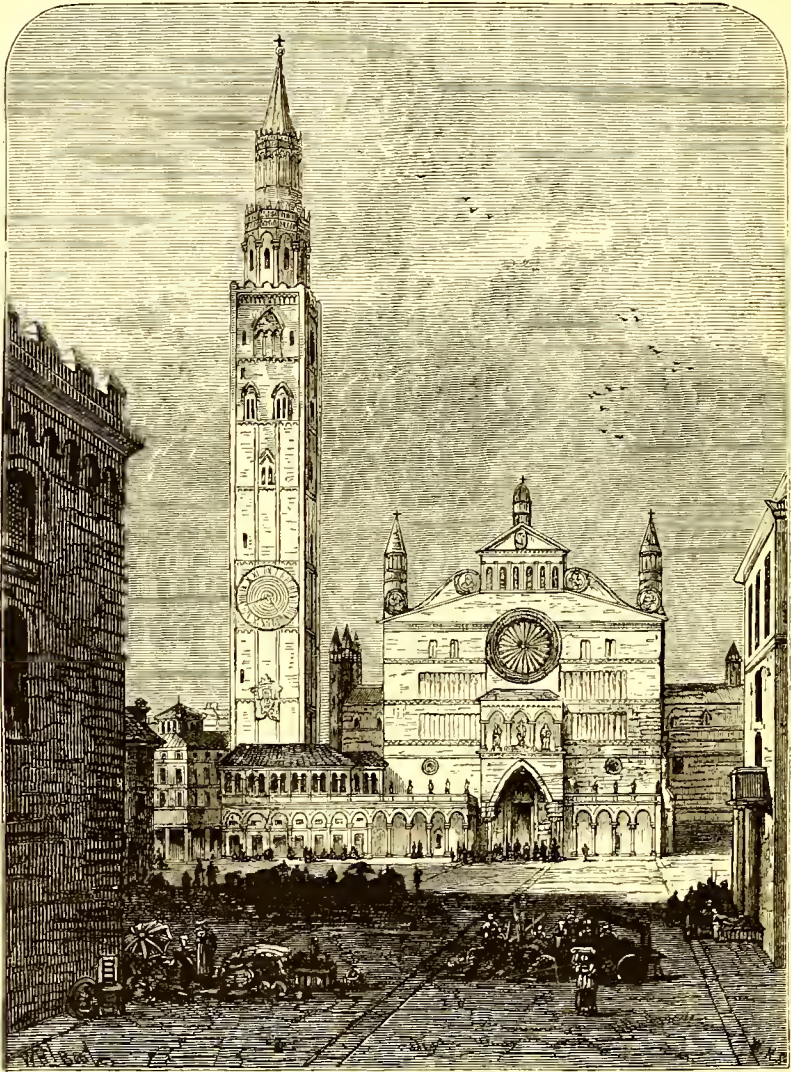
It is three hundred and ninety-six feet high, and in two years was carried up to where the square portion terminates, while the top was not added until 1518, when it was needed to cover the great bells; and the enormous clock was placed in the third story in 1594. It is of brick, and has a stairway of four hundred and ninety-eight steps leading to the highest cupola; and the old watchman who lives away up in some of the dark nooks, is always ready to point out the beauties of the landscape to any visitor who has the courage to mount to his eyrie.

A story is told that, in 1414, the Emperor Sigismund and the Pope came to Cremona to consult with its ruler—a cruel, treacherous man, but wise and crafty, who, after gaining all he desired, invited his guests to mount to the top of the tower, to see the magnificent prospect. He went up alone with them, and they all came down in safety. But a few years later, when brought to the scaffold at Milan, he said the one thing he regretted most of all in his life was, that he had not had courage enough to

push the Pope and Emperor over the battlements of the tower at Cremona, which he had then planned to do, and make himself emperor.

But to go back to the church. After the tower was raised, and an arched loggia connected it with the cathedral, the front, as you see it here, was

time; and the pillars in the arched door-way are supported on the backs of lions and griffins, while all about on the sides are sculptured strange figures, all of which were peculiar to the Lombards, and belong especially to their churches. But the glory of gilding and painting in the interior makes



THE CATHEDRAL OF CREMONA.

commenced, but was not finished for three hundred and thirty years; and although all of marble, is, of course, of many different styles, according to the tastes of those who carried it forward. The great rose window is surrounded by a rich molding, with delicately carved vine, executed in 1274 by Porata of Como, one of the most famous workmen of that

up for all the dimness and want of beautiful exterior. To perfect it cost one hundred and thirty-five years of labor, and it has long been considered a rival of the Sistine Chapel at Rome in magnificence, being very lofty and almost covered with frescoes by great artists, most of them representing Bible scenes.

The dome of the choir is especially beautiful, illustrating the life of Christ from the manger to the cross; and the south transept fairly glows with pictures from the Old Testament, painted by Giorgio Caselli in 1383. The beautiful wood-work in the choir, too, which all visitors admire, was executed nearly three hundred years ago; and all about are fine pieces of ancient sculpture.

The baptistery is very interesting also, having been built about 800. It is octagonal, and has high small windows, like those of a Norman castle. The great font in the center is a curiosity, being formed of a single block of marble.

Besides these, there are all about the city interesting buildings, affording perfect specimens of middle-age architecture, and highly ornamented with terra cotta statues, vases, and plants. The municipal palace, begun in 1206, is supported on lofty arches, has two fire-towers, and is even now occupied by the government. The market, as you see, is held in the great square in front of the cathedral, and although it seems rather a strange

place for it, we find the same custom in most of the cities of Europe. And if one rises early enough to see the peasants as they come in from the country, I assure you he is fully repaid by novel sights. Their carts, of the rudest pattern, are drawn by—what shall I say?—sometimes a pair of oxen, sometimes one ox, then by a cow and donkey, and again by a cow or donkey and a woman; in such cases, one is fastened between the shafts and the other pulls at the side. Dogs, too, are used, but not so much as in the north of Europe; and it is not uncommon to see a man or woman hauling into town a very large load. There are no booths, but the produce is arranged on tables or in baskets, and large umbrellas keep off either the sun or rain. The articles for sale are wonderfully like those in our markets, excepting silkworms, figs, olives, and flax; and the climate is so warm that our summer vegetables abound there in winter.

Thus there is at Cremona, as everywhere in Italy, a mingling of ancient and modern things, and every spot is full of interest for old and young.

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## YACOB AND HIS DONKEY.

BY ALBERT RHODES.

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YACOB was the name of an Arab boy in the Oriental city of Cairo. He was poor, and, like most of the poor boys of that city, his chief ambition was to own a donkey and hire him out to the travelers to go to the pyramids and other places of interest in the neighborhood of Cairo. As it was, he was only the driver of another man's donkey; that is, when the animal was mounted by the traveler, he ran behind, poking the quadruped with a sharp stick to keep him in a brisk trot.

One day, while Yacob was standing in front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, wishing he had a donkey of his own, an English traveler on the veranda beckoned to him and asked him why he looked so wistful, and Yacob answered that he was unhappy because he had no donkey.

And when the Englishman heard his story, he called his servant and told him to bring up Mafish, which was an old sleepy donkey. Then he said to Yacob:

"Would you be happy if you owned that donkey, my lad?"

"Oh, master, I would be happy with any donkey!" said Yacob.

"Then," said the Englishman, "he is yours—I make him a present to you."

When he said this, the other travelers gathered around, with smiles on their faces, for it appeared that the Englishman was a man much given to making fun. He told Yacob to get on the donkey and ride him up and down in front of the hotel a few times, to show his gait. Yacob got astride of him, and found that he was stiff in the legs and moved slowly, notwithstanding the sharp pokes he gave him with his stick.

"I shall give the donkey a name that will draw custom for you," said the Englishman as the lad rode up to the veranda.

Yacob was much pleased that his benefactor should give the donkey a name, for he had seen some of his companions who hired their donkeys more easily than others, on account of fortunate names given to them by travelers.

"I shall be much glad to call him what my master pleases," said Yacob.

"Then his name shall be Lightning," said the Englishman, and the other travelers laughed.

Yacob did not know what Lightning meant, and

he continued to call his donkey by that name after the Englishman went away. He did not have much difficulty in hiring his donkey; but when the travelers started on their journey, they told Jacob he was a humbug, and that he had imposed on them with his animal. So that they only kept Lightning for a few minutes, and the same people never hired him twice.

One day, as he led his old donkey toward the hotel veranda, after being called a little humbug by an angry traveler, who refused to pay him for hire of half an hour, he was spoken to by a fat man in a long black coat, who told him he ought to call his donkey Slow-coach.

After that, Jacob called him Slow-coach, not knowing any more about that name than he did about Lightning. But this change of name, instead of mending matters, made them worse. In short, no one would hire his donkey any more on any condition, and Jacob and Slow-coach were a rueful pair, as they stood idly before the hotel.

One day, as he stood thus, the Prince of Wales came out from the veranda (the Prince was then on his way to the East Indies), mounted Slow-

coach, and rode him two or three yards, and then got off and took another donkey. Thereupon Jacob bemoaned his bad luck in hearing of an American sitting on a tilted chair on the veranda.

"Jacob," said the American, "your donkey shall be hired as much as any other, but hereafter his name must be the Prince of Wales."

The American had a certificate drawn up and sworn to before the American Consul in Cairo, to show that the Prince of Wales had, without any doubt, mounted Jacob's donkey; and when the lad wanted to hire the animal to any man, woman or child from England, all he had to do was to show this certificate, and they straightway engaged him, notwithstanding his moping gait and stiff legs. They engaged him for whole days, fondled him, and begged Jacob not to poke him up too sharp from behind. They fed him with whatever he would eat, and the only drawback to the donkey's pleasant life was that his tail was plucked a good deal for mementos.

Yacob said, and says still, that the luckiest day of his life was when he was spoken to by the American gentleman on a tilted chair.

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## SNOW-FLAKES.

BY M. M. D.

WHENEVER a snow-flake leaves the sky,  
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye!  
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!"  
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snow-flake finds a tree,  
Good-day!" it says—"Good-day to thee!  
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,  
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snow-flake, brave and meek,  
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,  
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!  
'T is summer!"—and it melts away.

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## MAY-DAY INDOORS; OR, THE YOTOPSKI FAMILY'S REHEARSAL.

(For Home Representation.)

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

### CHARACTERS.

William Tell . . . . . ARTHUR. | *Tell's Son* . . . . . TOMMY.  
*The Tyrant* . . . . . NED. | . . . . . GEORGE.  
*Girls of the May Party* . . . . . CAROLINE, LUCY, ANNA, POLLY, KATE.

(Girls are dressed in white, with bright sashes, and have little flags. George has a larger flag.)

### SCENE.

Room in residence of Ned, Polly, and Tommy. Lunch-baskets, &c., on chairs. Polly sits, holding her hat, shawl, and sack. Tommy is seated on the floor, playing with marbles. Ned, a much larger boy, leans over a chair back.

*Ned* [*dolefully*]. We shall have to give it up, Polly. No May-party to-day! [*Goes to window.*  
*Polly* [*earnestly*]. Oh, *don't* you think the clouds will blow over?

*Ned*. The whole sky will have to blow over. It's all lead color!

*Polly* [*sighing*]. O dear, dear, *dear!*

[Voices heard outside. Enter, with a rush, Caroline, Lucy, Anna, Kate, George, and Arthur, with baskets, tin pails, &c. The boys' hats are trimmed with evergreen, the girls' with wreaths and posies. The girls have baskets of flowers. Tommy leaves off playing with his marbles, to watch the new-comers.]

*George* [*throwing down a long coil of evergreen*]. Here we come!

*Lucy* [*almost out of breath, and speaking fast*]. Yes, here we come, pell-mell! It's going to pour!

*Caroline* [*speaking before Lucy finishes*]. Oh, how we *have* hurried! I felt a great drop fall on my nose.

*Anna* [*speaking before Caroline finishes*]. And think of our dresses! Spand-elean, white dresses?

*Kate* [*speaking before Anna finishes*]. No procession to-day! No dancing around the May-pole! [*Arthur throws up his hat and catches it. George does the same.*]

*Lucy*. They got all that evergreen to trim the Maypole! and George brought his flag!

*George*. If it had only been pleasant to-day, I'd have let it rain a week afterward!

*George* [*stepping to the window*]. There! It pours! It's lucky we hurried.

*Polly*. Now all of you stay here and keep May-day with us [*clapping hands*]. Do! Do!

*Caroline*. Will your mother like it?

*Polly*. I'll go ask her [*runs out*].

*Ned* [*walking to the window*]. Anyway, you can't go till it holds up. [*Girls go to the window.*]

*Arthur*. That may not be for a week. [*Enter Polly, in haste.*]

*Polly*. She says we may do *anything* but make asses candy!

*Ned*. The last time we made it, father said he found some in his slipper-toes.

[Girls take off hats and shawls, which, with baskets, etc., are placed in a corner. Some take seats, with some confusion, others remain standing.]

*Arthur*. Now what shall we do with ourselves?

*Ned*. Let's get up an entertainment. Tickets, ten cents; grown folks, double price.

*Kate*. So I say. And call ourselves a "troupe," or a "family," or something.

*George*. Something that has a foreign sound.

*Arthur*. How would "Yotopski" do?

*Caroline, Lucy and Anna*. Splendid!

*Anna*. Let's call ourselves "The Yotopski Family."

*Lucy*. But what shall we have for our entertainment?

*Polly*. I think *tableaux* are perfectly splendid!

*Anna*. Oh, I'll tell you! Have the kind that winds up!

*George*. Why, all entertainments wind up when they are done!

*Anna*. I mean, have each one wound up with a key, and then they move.

*Arthur*. She means Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks.

*Ned*. All right. We'll have the winding kind!

*Caroline*. What Waxworks shall we have?

*Ned*. We might have William Tell shooting the apple, for one.

*Tommy*. I've seen that! 'T will take three to do that! Mr. Tell, and his son, and the cross tyrant.

*George*. And the apple makes four.

*Anna*. Who'll be Mr. Tell? You, Ned?

*Ned*. No. I'd rather be the cross tyrant; I feel just right for that. Arthur'll be Mr. Tell.

*Arthur*. Oh, yes, I'll be Mr. Tell; and Tommy can be the boy. [*Tommy moves toward the door.*]  
 Where you going, Tommy?

*Tommy* [*going out*]. After my bow 'n' arrow!

*Lucy* [*bringing an apple from her basket*]. Here's the apple.

*Caroline*. What shall we do for a feather? Mr. Tell's hat must have a feather.

*Kate*. Twist up a piece of newspaper. [*Turns Arthur's hat up at one side and fastens it with a twist of paper, left open at the top.*]  
 There you have it. And Polly's sack, turned wrong side out, will do for a tunic.

[Arthur puts on hat and sack. Sack is lined with a bright color; or with different colors.]

*Polly.* He ought to have a wide sash.

*Lucy* [taking off hers]. Here, take mine!

*Polly, Anna,*  
and *Caroline.* { Not that kind of a sash!  
Oh, that won't do!  
Funny sash for a man!

*Ned* [tying sash, at the side, around Arthur's waist]. Oh, never mind. We're only rehearsing.

*Lucy.* How must the cross tyrant be dressed? Who knows?

*Anna.* The tyrant I saw had a cape hung on one shoulder. A shawl will do for that. [Brings shawl, which Ned hangs over his left shoulder.] Now what must he wear on his head?

*Lucy.* I should think a tyrant ought to wear a tall hat.

*Polly* [going]. I'll get father's.

*Anna* [to Polly]. And something bright to put on it. I remember that part, plainly.

*George* [calling after Polly]. And something long, for a sword! [Exit Polly.]

*Caroline.* If the boys do that, can't we girls make ourselves into wax-works?

*Anna.* Let's be a May-day wax-work, singing and dancing round a May-pole.

*George.* I'll be the pole.

*Caroline.* But you're not long enough.

*George* [mounting a chair]. Now I am!

*Girls* [laughing and clapping]. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! He'll do! Trim him up! Trim him up!

*Ned* [to George]. Yes. Come down and be trimmed up!

[George steps down, stands erect, arms close to his body. Girls hand garlands. Ned winds them around George.]

*Kate.* Shall we hoist the flag?

*Ned.* Oh, yes! bring the flag! And here's a string [taking ball of string out of pocket] to fasten it on with. [Ned fastens the flag-stick to George's head by winding the string around, then helps him mount the chair.] Three cheers for the flag! Now, one, two, three! [All cheer and clap.]

[Enter Polly with an old hat and a paper.]

*Polly.* Won't this hat do? Mother can't have father's good one banged about.

*George.* Oh that's good enough. We're only rehearsing. Did you get something bright?

[Ned puts on hat.]

*Polly* [taking out yellow bandanna handkerchief]. Mother said this was quite bright.

*Anna.* Why, I meant something shiny, like a clasp, or a buckle.

*Kate.* No matter, we're only rehearsing.

[Ned ties handkerchief round the hat so that the corners hang down.]

*Polly* [hands the poker]. Here's your sword. That's the longest thing I could find.

[All laugh. Ned seizes poker and strikes a military attitude. Enter Tommy, with bow and arrow.]

*Tommy.* Where shall I stand up?

*Arthur.* Come this way [leads Tommy to one side the stage; Ned follows]. Ned, you must scowl and look fierce. Tommy, fold your arms and stand still as a post.

[Puts apple on Tommy's head, and takes aim with bow and arrow.]

*Tommy.* Oh, I'm afraid! Look out for my eyes! The arrow might go off!

*Arthur.* Turn your back, then.

[Tommy turns around with apple on his head; Arthur aims at apple; Ned stands by with drawn sword; then all three resume their former positions.]

*Kate.* Now, we girls, must stand around the May-pole [they gather around the pole]. Who'll wind?

*The girls.* You! You! You!

*Polly.* What a little circle! I wish we had more girls!

*Kate.* So do I! [To Anna] How shall I wind up the waxworks?

*Anna.* The ones I saw all stood on a string, and the string led to a box, and when the box was wound up, the waxworks began to act their parts. A door-key will do to wind with.

*Kate.* We'll manage in the same way.

[Lays a long string on the floor, passes it under the feet of the waxworks, and drops the end of it in a work-box upon the table.]

*Arthur.* Don't you think you girls ought to be holding your posies, and your flags, and your flower-baskets, and wearing your wreaths? They'll make your waxwork look handsomer.

*Caroline.* So they will.

[Girls get their posies, little flags and baskets, take wreaths from hats and put them on their heads.]

*Anna.* You must take a key and pretend to wind up the machinery. What song shall we sing?

*Lucy.* "The merry month of May" is perfectly splendid!

*Caroline.* I wonder if we know the words? Let's try. [They sing a May song.]

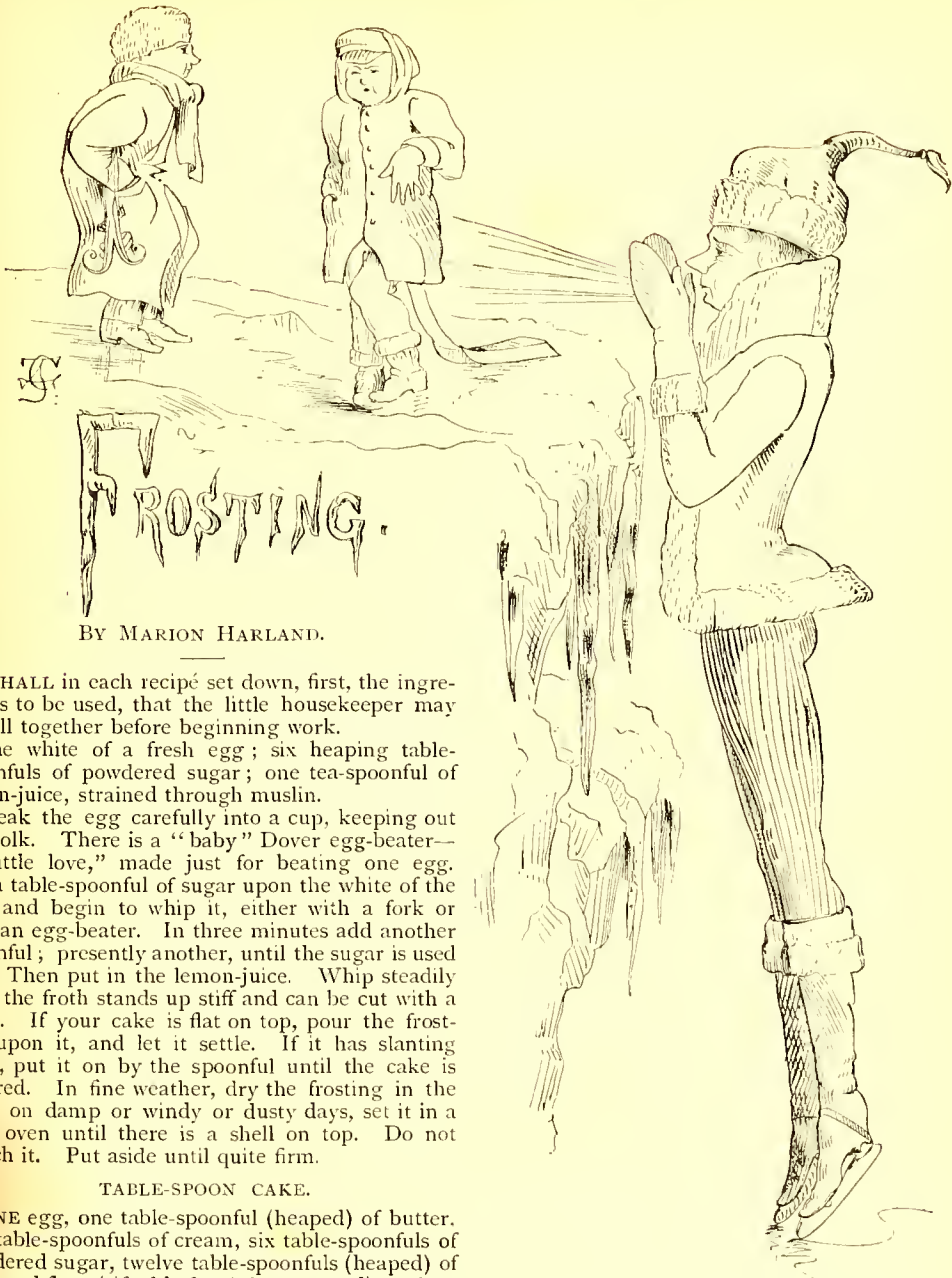
*Kate.* That's a good song. Now then! All ready! Stand in your places [gets the door-key]. Arms folded, Tommy! When I've done winding up, Arthur will begin to take aim, Ned will begin to scowl and to hold up his sword, and you girls will begin to sing and dance around. Can't you hold your hands high, so the flowers and flags will show? [Girls raise their hands.] That's prettier. Now all stand just as still as real waxworks, till the machinery is wound up, then begin. We'll play that when I throw up my handkerchief, the curtain falls. Now!

[Kate winds the machinery, the actors remaining quiet. When the winding stops they begin to perform their parts. When the dancers have danced twice around the circle Kate throws up her handkerchief.]

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

[If desirable, more singing and dancing can be introduced under pretense of practicing.]





BY MARION HARLAND.

I SHALL in each recipe set down, first, the ingredients to be used, that the little housekeeper may get all together before beginning work.

The white of a fresh egg; six heaping table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar; one tea-spoonful of lemon-juice, strained through muslin.

Break the egg carefully into a cup, keeping out the yolk. There is a "baby" Dover egg-beater—a "little love," made just for beating one egg. Put a table-spoonful of sugar upon the white of the egg, and begin to whip it, either with a fork or with an egg-beater. In three minutes add another spoonful; presently another, until the sugar is used up. Then put in the lemon-juice. Whip steadily until the froth stands up stiff and can be cut with a knife. If your cake is flat on top, pour the frosting upon it, and let it settle. If it has slanting sides, put it on by the spoonful until the cake is covered. In fine weather, dry the frosting in the sun; on damp or windy or dusty days, set it in a slow oven until there is a shell on top. Do not scorch it. Put aside until quite firm.

#### TABLE-SPOON CAKE.

ONE egg, one table-spoonful (heaped) of butter, two table-spoonfuls of cream, six table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, twelve table-spoonfuls (heaped) of prepared flour (sifted before it is measured), a piece of nutmeg grated. Work butter and sugar together in a bowl with a spoon until they look like soft putty. Beat your egg, till it is thick and smooth, in another bowl. Stir the egg, butter, and sugar together; then add the cream, and beat hard. Then the nutmeg; lastly, the flour, and stir this in lightly with a wooden spoon. Butter your pans, and divide the mixture equally between them. Small

shallow tins, as large around as a saucer, are nice for jelly-cake. Do not have too hot an oven for cake. Should it brown too fast on top, cover with white paper. Do not take it out of the oven until a clean straw, thrust into the thickest part, comes out perfectly dry and clean. Move it while baking as little as possible. Leave it in the pan until nearly cold. Do not ice it while warm.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ANOTHER month here? Well, well; they use themselves up so fast, these months, that, if they don't take care, they'll not last the year out. A pretty piece of business that would be—and a centennial year, too!

Hurrah for Deacon Green! I hear he is coming out handsomely this month in behalf of centennials, and youngsters, and so on. I knew he would, sooner or later. You can't do better, my chicks, than to stand by the Deacon.

## MUD PIES.

THERE is great sport in making mud pies, I'm informed. Well, let me tell you that Jack has heard of a city—St. Petersburg it is called—where the principal ingredient of that sort of pastry is regularly prepared in great piles in the public parks, and all the children of the city are invited to come, with pails and shovels, and dig and play and make mud pies all day. At night, the clean sand is carefully swept up again into high, smooth piles, ready for another day's sport.

Sensible city fathers those—eh?

## MAY BASKETS.

I SUPPOSE the children of the red school-house will be bringing May baskets to the little school-ma'am and to each other this year as they did last season. It's a pretty custom, but the birds tell me it is not so common as it should be. A May basket is the sweetest and freshest thing I know of, always excepting the little schoolma'am. Sometimes it is hardly more than a tiny white paper box with ribbon handles, filled with violets, but it is always lovely, with its white or blue ribbon streamers, and its moss and early wild flowers. I hope all little lame children, who can't go out and play, and children in hospitals, will have May baskets sent

them this year. May baskets are such simple little things, they can be made and filled in any way one pleases—and, what is more, they grow like a flower, right out of loving hearts!

## EATING INSECTS.

HAVE you heard the shocking story that Mr. Darwin and Mrs. Treat have been telling about certain plant-relatives of mine—the sundew and others—that they actually catch and eat insects?

Between ourselves, your Jack is very much concerned about this, and I intend to ask the rice-birds—who are well acquainted in North Carolina, where that naughty plant lives—what they know about it. The proofs are very complete, to be sure; but we'll see what the birds say.

## CRYING TREES.

"YES, sirs," said the Deacon to the little boys, "I've seen them often—crying trees: that is, trees that shed tears. The tears are not salt like yours, but they are very respectable tears, and the poor tree weeps from morning till night, and from night till morning. It's called the miningo-tree, and you can find out all about it if you look into your encyclopedia.

## AN UNHAPPY TRAVELER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you ever hear of a quail living for three days and nights without food or drink? A few days ago, my father, who is in the produce commission business in this city, received a box of quails (supposed to be dead, of course) from Whitesburg, Tenn. The time taken in transporting them was about seventy-two hours. When the porter opened the box, you may imagine his surprise when one of the quails jumped out and made a weak attempt to escape. The bird was taken and put into a basket and supplied with rye and water. These quails had been trapped, and their necks then wrung; but, in some way, this little fellow had escaped injury, for he was in perfect condition, and soon revived.

Yours truly,

JNO. C. W., New York city.

## THE GREATEST TOOTHACHE EVER KNOWN.

IF ever any of you should have a toothache, my poor children, and it's very likely that you will, just look into the brook, or any other mirror, with your tear-dimmed eyes, and notice how small is the little white tormentor that is causing so much pain. Then, by way of comfort, I want you to reflect how much worse it would be if this tiny white thing were an elephant's great tusk, with toothache all through it.

Perhaps you will say that elephants can't have toothache? Then listen to the sad story of Chuneey, the elephant of Exeter Change.

At Exeter Change, in the great city of London, there was, many years ago, a menagerie in the second story of a building. Here the elephant Chuneey by name,—a very quiet, well-trained beast—was confined in a cage, under which the floor had been strengthened to support his weight. Chuneey never came out, but seemed very happy, for all that. Suddenly he became raving mad, and screamed and trumpeted, and endeavored vigorously to tear away the iron bars of his cage.

Now, if he had succeeded in getting out upon the floor, Mr. Chuneey would have immediatly

dropped through into an apothecary shop below. If he had fallen into the scales, his exact weight might have been ascertained, after a fashion; but, in other respects, a mad elephant in a drug-store would have been far worse than a bull in a china-shop. If he had been sane, he might have had a nice time, eating the liquorice and cough-lozenges and sugar-coated pills and candy; but as he was n't sane, the accident was not to be desired.

Well, Chunee grew more and more wild and dangerous, until, at last, the "Beef-eaters," who are the keepers of the Tower of London, were called upon to destroy the poor beast. They discharged many balls from their old-fashioned muskets into his body, but loss of blood seemed to increase his fury, and not lessen his strength. There were no rifle teams in those days, to reach his brain with a single shot, so a piece of artillery was actually brought up, and poor Chunee, obeying his keeper's voice, even in his rage, kneeled down, and was shot to death with a cannon-ball.

Then the surgeons discovered that the elephant had been suffering from the greatest toothache ever known. His tusk, preserved in the warehouse of the East India Company, shows this.

Now just think of what an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been, and pity poor Chunee!

#### CLEANING FLOORS WITH ORANGES.

THAT'S shocking, is n't it? But, then, they have more of them than we do, for it is in Jamaica that they make scrubbing brushes of oranges, and you may be sure it's true, because Mr. Gosse saw them do it. The floor was of hard, polished wood, and, before the family were out of bed, two or three colored servants scrubbed over the whole of it with sour oranges, cut in halves. When the juice was rubbed out of one piece, they would take another, and so they used up a big trayful of them. A polish was put on by rubbing with cocoanut husk, and the floor looked as if it had been waxed.

#### MURRE EGGS.

THE murre is a queer bird. It is of about the size of a small duck, and it sits on only one egg at a time. If her nest is robbed, the mother murre lays another egg and sits again. The strangest

part of the story is that the eggs are not alike; in fact, it would be almost impossible, among thousands of them, to find a single pair that matched in color. They are brown, green, white, blue, or gray, as the ease may be, with streaks or spots of blue, black, green, olive, or brown. But all these fancy styles are only shell deep. The little murrets that come out of the eggs are all after the same pattern, and in time they take after their parents in a way that is beautiful to behold.

If you want to see them, go to the Farallone Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. Climb the first cliff you come to, and turn to the right.

#### HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS.

WELL, now! Here's news for the birds and beasts and insects! I wish they all could go to India to live, though I should be lonely enough without them. In India there is a religious sect whose members make it their peculiar business to care for and nurse wounded and sick animals, from oxen down to flies. Hospitals have been built in Bombay, and are full of disabled cattle, dogs, cats, birds, rats, and sparrows sent there for treatment. It must be an odd sight to see cows with their eyes bandaged, and fowls strutting around with one wooden leg, and men feeding and waiting on them. But it is much pleasanter than to see boys teasing a cat, or throwing stones at a bird. I wish a few dozen of those pious Jains would come to America—don't you?

#### A CHURCH BUILT OF PETRIFIED WOOD.

AT Mumford, in Napa County, California, there is an unfinished church, I'm told, which is built of petrified wood (all of you who do not know what petrified means, may have five minutes' recess for hunting up the word in your dictionaries). Already it has become famous, and strangers from various parts flock to see it. I am told that in the stone of its walls and tower various objects may be clearly traced. Besides different kinds of wood showing the grain perfectly, there are leaves, ferns, twigs, tendrils, berries, and mosses, all perfect and beautiful in form, and grouped together in wonderful variety.

### THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

#### TWENTY PRIZES OFFERED BY DEACON GREEN.

YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS! The dear little schoolma'am has had the pleasure of giving you good work to do and of awarding prizes for the same, and now ST. NICHOLAS says I may take my turn. Therefore be it understood that I, Silas Green, hereby request all boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS, of twenty years and under, to send me clearly written copies of the *Declaration of Independence* of the United States of America, as finally adopted and signed (the same to be the work of their own hands), with the names and States of all the signers. To the best five copies sent in by children from ten to fifteen years of age, I shall award and deliver five beautiful inkstands modeled after the Old Liberty Bell, crack and all. Also, to the five best copies sent in by young folk from fourteen to twenty years of age, five beautiful inkstands as above described. These inkstands will be fine historic mementos of this centennial year, suitable for any library or parlor, and I wish I could afford to offer a hundred of them. Besides these, I hereby offer second prizes of five Swiss flagons in miniature (card-board models of Swiss architecture), to the

next best five by children from ten to thirteen years of age, and five prize books to the next best five to those from fourteen to twenty years of age. Besides this there will be a Roll of Honor, which is a capital place of satisfaction outside of the prize list.

Now, my young friends, these are the conditions which are required of all competitors: All "Declarations" to be sent in by June 1st. They must be neatly and plainly written, word for word (no illegible copy will be examined), and the full name, age, and Post-office address of the writer must be given both on the "Declaration" and on a separate slip of paper. Direct your letters and "Declarations" to Deacon Green, care of ST. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, N. Y. Be careful, my friends, to make no mistake in copying. Accuracy, correct spelling, neatness, penmanship and promptness all shall be taken into account in awarding the prizes, which are to be decided by a committee of five, including

Your friend and well-wisher to command,

SILAS GREEN.

## THE FATE OF A GINGER-BREAD MAN.



HERE'S a nice brown ginger-bread man,  
Freshly baked in the baker's pan,  
Spiced and sugared, and spick and span;  
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie—  
Oh, what a nice sweet man to buy!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
Looking in at the ginger-bread man  
(Spiced and sugared, and spick and span,  
Cloves for his eyes and paste for his tie),  
Wondering whether the price is high.



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
Going home with the ginger-bread man  
That was baked in the baker's pan.  
"Far too nice to be eaten," they said;  
"Keep the man for a dolly, instead."



Here behold the ginger-bread man,  
That was baked in the baker's pan,  
In the doll-house of Mary Ann.  
See him stand, with his round, fat face,  
Among the dolls in silk and lace!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
Sleeping sound as ever they can,  
Dreaming about the ginger-bread man  
Left in the doll-house, set away,  
Till they wake in the morn to play.



See this rat; since the night began  
He has prowled to get what he can.  
Ah, he smells the ginger-bread man!  
There's the doll-house under the shelf,  
Just where the rat can climb himself!



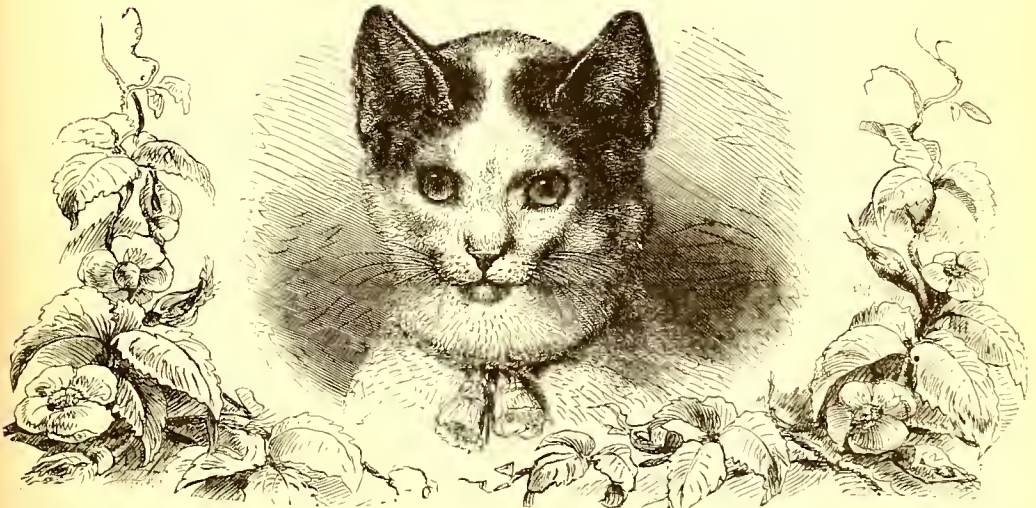
Every rat will get what he can.  
 Ah, the poor, sweet ginger-bread man!  
 Wake, O Felix and Mary Ann!  
 There's a patter, a jump, a squeak—  
 Ah, if the ginger-bread man could speak!



See the rat, as quick as he can,  
 Climbing up for the ginger-bread man  
 In the doll-house of Mary Ann!  
 Ah, if the ginger-bread man could run!  
 Oh, to see what the rat has done!



Here are Felix and Mary Ann  
 Come to play with the ginger-bread man,  
 Spiced and sugared, and spick and span.  
 Ah, behold, where he stood before,  
 Only crumbs on the doll-house floor!



THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S REPORT  
ON "A SHORT TALE."

AWARD OF PRIZES.

AGAIN the children have come out superbly in behalf of ST. NICHOLAS work! This time only girls and boys of thirteen years of age or younger have competed for the prizes, and yet two thousand and nine of these, from all parts of our continent and from England, have sent corrected copies of this "Short Tale" (published in February number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 260).

So very many sent in absolutely correct renderings, that we must have a very long Roll of Honor to do them justice. Not one whose version contained a single mistake in spelling is admitted upon this list; therefore, those who did not win prizes may be well content to find their names on the Roll of Honor.

As for the prizes, it was so impossible, taking all the conditions into account, to pick out the best twelve correct versions without doing injustice to two or three, that finally we, the committee, were constrained to award fifteen prizes, as follows:

PRIZE LIST.

Fanny Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mary Sloan, St. Paul, Minn.  
Wm. Proctor Gould Harding, Tuskalooosa, Ala.  
Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.  
Charlotte Ethel Brown, Yarmouth, N. S.  
Glenn R. Gardner, New Oxford, Pa.  
Robert B. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Lizzie Shepherd Pitman, Fair Haven, Ct.  
Nellie Collins, Dallas, Oregon.  
Fred. M. Pease, Rockland, Maine.  
Alice Maud Thackray, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Maggie Cady, Nichols, N. Y.  
Katharine Gibbs, Gillwell Park, Sewardstone,  
Essex, England.  
Frank D. Kemp, South Hadley, Mass.  
Carrie W. Mitchell, Daytona, Florida.

Our hearty congratulations to you, young friends! The prizes already are on their way, and we shall be glad to hear of their safe arrival. Two large envelopes containing, in all, sixteen colored pictures with sixteen stories by Aunt Fanny, author of "Night-cap Stories," go to each prize-winner. These stories were written expressly for Scribner & Co., and have never been published in any other form.

THE STORY CORRECTED.

One day last week, I set forth to roam o'er the plains and through the vales. The sky was fair and blue, and the low sun threw his pale rays o'er the scene. Deer, ewes, and hares were gamboling on one side, while on my right rose long, straight rows of maize, eight feet high or so, and as fresh as rains and dews could make them.

"Oh," said I, raising one of the sweet kernels to my nose, "surely this plant has no peer among the cereals! See the rich hue of its waving leaf—its flower like a lock of silken hair—its golden seed in rows of kernels, which, made into flour and then into dough or bread, charm our palates. It feeds not man alone, but the fowl of the air and fish of the seas."

I might have continued in this style an hour, but I saw the sun had set and the night was coming fast, and it began to rain. My way lay through a lone wood of firs, yews, and beeches. The clouds rose higher, the lightning shone, and the thunder pealed aloud, till my whole soul was faint with fear. I flew on my course, though my feet hardly could bear my weight, till my toe was caught by a decayed limb and I was thrown down, striking my heel on a rock, which was the cause of a great pain. I had no sense left. I heard something in my head like the ringing of a knell, or like the thrill of the air after a bell is tolled. It took some time to climb back to the road, but then the rain was done, and the stars shone forth. I knew the way, and soon reached home. My aunt was at the gate, waiting, and she hid to meet me. She led me in, took off my wet wraps, gave me hot teas and a supper of fried soles, with new rye bread, so sweet that it needed no praise. I soon retired to my pallet, glad to lie down in peace and rest.

Before giving the Roll of Honor, let me say a few words to all who sent in corrected versions of this "Short Tale."

In the first place, my boys and girls, every single answer, whether correct or not, has been read with interest, and its points carefully noted. Some of you have worked under disadvantages which would

have discouraged many older heads, and all of you have shown a zeal and intelligence which make me the proudest and happiest little schoolma'am in the world. Whole schools have sent in answers, and budgets have been forwarded by families of brothers and sisters, from the big boy of thirteen years, who can write like a book-keeper, to the little tot who can only print. Some who have tried very, very hard to be correct, have made one or two mistakes, which, though excluding them from the prizes and Roll of Honor, need not by any means discourage them from future effort. I am not sure that I do not at heart think most of the dear little folks who have tried and failed. The successful ones, you see, can take care of themselves.

Now I shall point out the most common errors, so that you all may avoid them in future. Many have written the plural of nouns with an apostrophe, as though they were meant to be in the possessive singular, as *deu's, tea's*; others have divided words of one syllable, such as *fai-nt, thri-l-l, cli-mb*, placing part on one line and part on the next; others, in copying, have accidentally left out words and phrases, and many have tripped on the following words: *wav'ing, light'ning* (for lightning), *gambl'ing* (for gamboling), *cerials* and *serials* (for cereals), *strait* (for straight), *o're* (for o'er), *waive* (for wave). Spelling according to either Worcester or Webster was, of course, allowed; but when the wrong word was used, as *strait* for straight, we could not let it pass. As a great many gave the interjection "O!" when they should have written "Oh!" I call attention to the proper distinction between these exclamations as given in Worcester's *Unabridged*.

In conclusion, with a full heart I thank you, one and all, parents and children, for your good letters and the hearty love you show for dear ST. NICHOLAS. And now for the grand

ROLL OF HONOR!

Jeanie J. Sprunt	Kittie H. Hoyte	Minnie H. Bridgman
Jessie M. Meeker	Sarah W. Learned	Annie Grace Allyn
Augustus P. Murdoch	Cally Comstock	Mamie A. Morse
Howard G. Tutthill	Silas H. Elliot	Mary Lillie Keyes
Glover E. Sanford	Lillie H. Vandegrift	Philo P. Safford
Nellie Divclbiss	Mabel Wilder Baldwin	Alma Bertram
Annie May Christian	May P. Elden	Alice Bartow Moore
Julia C. Perry	Hattie T. Remington	E. W. Grabill
Max Ulrich	Wm. H. Hollister	Harvey B. Dale
Alfred E. Forstall	Jack S. Sturtevant	Winnie Louise Bryant
Daisy Hunt	Maude Merriam	Sophie C. Johnson
Lulu Thorburn	Mina Adams	May T. Worcester
Helen Baldwin	Charles D. Rhodes	Gertrude Frances Van
Alice Steger	Alida Mitchell	Duzen
Ethel Merington	Amos Russel Wells	Fanny Eliz. Cushing
Annie Laurie Adams	Katharine Nash Noble	Laurie T. Sanders
Willie T. Jenney	Clara L. Monroe	Bessie Beebe
Wm. P. Illensworth	Jennie F. Draper	Eugenia B. Knight
Sadie E. Prescott	Annie C. Ray	Louise Rankin Albee
Julia Bradbury	Birdie Lodge	Bessie Israel
Mary Alice Reiff	Susie H. Cooper	Nellie A. Merrill
Emma Howard	Annie Louise Wright	Grace Ellery Channing
Nellie P. Harris	Tommy W. Fry	Eddie H. Eckel
Lilian Graves	Martha S. Davis	Haldane Williams
Maggie C. Elmer	Anna P. Coffin	Clara Louisa Thayer
Annie DeWasle Hanks	Gertrude H. Abbey	Helen Ristan
Ethel Carmalt	Lucile Gex Freeman	Grace M. Newhall
Albin P. Ingram	Louise Vreeland	Edward H. Tower
Sanford Norris Knapp	Josie W. Myers	Jessie Baldwin
Hattie Frazier	Walter G. Hanks	Lucy F. Soule
Thornton M. Ware	Helen W. Clarkson	Allen Hastings
Susan Eliz. Murray,	Frank and Chas. Alex-	Grace L. Furness
England	ander	Bessie R. Vroom
George F. D. Trask	Annie May Keith	Merton L. Barker
Edward S. Anderson	Jas. E. Whitney, Jr.	Willard G. Lake
Gertie B. Adams	Lucy E. Maxwell	Mary Bowditch Whit-
Cora M. Lundy	Ida E. Decker	ney
Florence Graham	Mary B. Sands	Maribell Woolman
Jennie B. Priestley	Lucy Amelia Barbour	Allie Anthony
Ethel A. Reynolds	Mary Chase	Louie McMynn

Mattie Esther Cobb	Maggie Lyons	Violet Crane	J. Willie Hart	Alice Austin Eager	Gracie H. Greene
Lilian May Heath	Lucy Hoyt	Julia B. Ashley	Mary H. Wilson	Lucia D. Lane	Arthur Mitchell
Nettie Cobb	Jenny Amidon Seaman	Freddie S. Goodrich	Lizzie Aikens Stone	Annie Isabella Earle	Bertie Seager
Frank D. Russell	Fanny T. Bachman	Nellie C. Beckwith	Ernest F. Tabor	Addie S. Ketchum	Fannie F. Buck
George G. Bradford	Willie Henry Frater	Florence Stockstill	Geo. Waller, Jr.	Walter Lyon Jenks	Libbie Thomas
Helen H. Morris	James N. Ballantine	Idas D. Schermerhorn	Alice E. Clark	Alice E. Clark	Clara Woodbury
E. A. Law	Mark W. Collet	Hubbard K. Hall	Arthur Boswell	Martin F. Bartlett	Hattie C. Allen
Dorsey Ash	Lunette E. Humphrey	Ernest J. Messmore	Mina Snow	Lucy Sherman	Mamie F. Gibson
Nellie H. Suplee	Jenny Spence	Roland Leonard	Stella T. Pabodie	Austin E. Duckminster	Eliz. B. Leggett
May Royer	Julia Etta Frisbie	Fred Kerr	Chas. G. Macarda	Rebekah G. Henshaw	N. F. Pierce
Jennie M. Ackley	Virginia Bagby	Lulu and Archie Wood-	Millic J. Heroy	Abbie H. Fairfield	Mary Farrar
Arthur Edwin Smith	Hattie C. Fernald	ruff	Edward A. Page	Edward G. Keen	Eddie E. Slosson
Eugene L. Lockwood	Henry J. Warren	Mary Albert	E. May Stedman	Anna S. Catlin	Josie Sloan
J. Aug. Gaylord	Nellie L. Green	Henriette Vallet	Bessie Hampson	Sarah Ashley	Harry C. Howland
Edward A. George	Miriam Kellogg	Nelson C. Haskell	Grace B. Stearns	Geo. Ernest West	Hannie and Jimmie
Minnie E. Tibbals	Helen W. Rice	Bessie M. Rutherford	Frank Mabel Webber	Alice Maud King	Humphrey
Louis H. Watt	Alice Brown	Minnie H. Huntley	Fanny R. Fearon	Ella M. Stanger	Nellie J. French
Carrie J. Graves	Mary B. Stebbins	Carrie Broadus	Marion Taylor	Ralph Blaisdell	Esther Hazard Clift
Cora Nafes	Willie V. A. Catron	Mary L. Featherston	Jamie S. Safford	Fred Wilson	Mary E. Hale
Mattie O. M. Carer	Nettie M. Stevens	Fred L. Blodgett	Fannie H. Smith	Edgar Stiles Eldridge	Julia C. Cutler
Frederick H. Wolcott	Lillie B. Todd	Bessie Head	Mary Fitzgerald	Lizzie Neuhaus	Geo. M'Cauley Reese
Lizzie S. Wills	Montie Horton	Louise F. March	Daisy L. White	Annie S. C. Bean	Lulu D. Greene
Willie Lighton	Anna Holmes	Mary O. Hammond	Lefferts Knox	Aurelius E. Mestro	Gertrude D. Savage
Clara B. Presbry	S. Lizzie Dolc	Agnes Vail	Harriet L. Lagowitz	Harriet B. Townsend	Theodore H. Bardett
Lucie Gardner	Lulu E. Danforth	Fred A. Very	Fanny Chilcott	Rufus Story Paret	Nellie Fairbairn
Lucy M. Speakman	Walter S. Burdett	Lottie Overacker	Elsie Louise Shaw	Susy Duntion Rice	Willie W. Earnest
Eva Cox	James Suydam Strang	Mary H. S. Swobds	Annie C. Stearns	Alden H. Alvord	Bertha Colt
Mary C. Creswell	Maria M. Parker	Jacob S. Robeson	Harry H. Bennett	Keyes Becker	Lilian Hyde
Philip Havens	Sarah Gray Marshall	Perlee R. Bennett	Katie T. Hughes	Mary O. Gliddon	Lucy W. Spaulding
Kate Trauchot	Adelma S. Ward	Harry C. Powers	Wm. Russell Fearon	Edith Carpenter	Lillie Sherman
Herbert Sweetzer	Addie W. Proctor	Maggie Hays	Norman Hascall	Lemuel C. Willard	Edith N. Spear
Charlie C. Johnson	Marian E. Griswold	Ellen F. Whitesly	Ethel A. Littlefield	Arnold G. Cameron	Georgina Curtis
Hattie A. Thomas	Emma M. Sawyer	Hattie L. Hamilton	Emily Ray Gregory	Edward F. Weld	Lottie M. Sharpe
Ruthie B. Franklin	Agnes May Lewis	Mamie Fariss	Marshall R. Pugh	Carrie W. Bailey	Elmer G. Furbush
Agnes Kennedy	Fanny Rose Calhoun	Minnie Eliz. Clinton	Florence E. Benedict	Ida Weaver	John W. Potter
Frank A. Hutchins	Ida E. Bay	Milton R. Hall	Mary J. Wellington	Frank D. Leffingwell	Hannah J. Powell
Edith Emily Edwards	Mary F. Knox	Belle Ross Andrews	Cora Mabel Wesley	Virgie Castleman	Charlie G. Gawthrop
Nellie T. Seymour	Ethel Todd	Kittie H. Blair	Grace Lee Williams	Nannie F. Richardson	Gertrude Ross
Margaret Miller	Evelyn M. Gill	Mamie Newell	Fanny Eliza Conner	Alfred Mitchell	Klyda Richards
Edwin R. Furness	Wm. Bates Greenough	Albert E. Putnam	Florence Wicklin	Charles E. Smith	Lucy Huntin
Belle Hyde	Mary S. Corsee	Anna Kate Barkley	Alma L. Dunlap	David C. Gilmore	Clarence A. Kemp
Hattie D. Hoppin	Walter Cheney	Tracey L. Newton	Lizzie Meredith	E. Gertrude Moore	Lunette E. Lamprey
Mary Virginia Miller	Louisa S. Patterson	George L. Richardson	Mary G. Blanchard	Thos. H. Curtis	Howard G. Thompson
Nellie F. Jenkins	Fannie Edith Blake	Abbie E. Bemis	E. B. Hart, Jr.	John H. Curtis	Willie W. Young
Mary S. Kennedy	Alice P. Doughty	Carrie E. Olds	Francis Dana	Hattie F. Ford	Hattie Bryant
Fannie Bell Peck	Bertha H. Vaughan	Bertha L. Kirby	Charles P. Topping	Addie B. Smith	Arthur H. Brown
Philip S. Taylor	Harry C. Wood	Martha C. Rockwell	Josie M. Taft	Fannie B. Johnston	Clarence A. Fowler
Lilian E. Baldwin	Frederic Eastman	Nellie T. Kitchell	Lilian W. Lewis	Kate Friend	Amy Dexter Sharpe
Nelly Chase	Gertie L. Huntington	Wm. L. Ireland	Gertrude Howe	Grace Williamson	Alice Peppoon
Mary L. Flint	Jeanie S. McCreery	Nellie Goodhue	Kittie L. Campbell	John P. Jarvis	Helen P. Clark
Charlie C. Gibson	Emma L. Knowlton	Lizzie S. Warren	Mamie H. Smith	Sarah Gallett	Agnes E. Deane
Leila M. Crandon	Willard Placide Reid	Flavius M. Crocker	Edith Wise	J. Couch Flanders	Jennie B. Cumming
Anna Ward	Berne Lay	Belle C. French	Walter D. Spaulding	Emily Isabel Wade	Francis A. Gould
Grace M'N. Stülwell	Isabella McIntosh	Mamie E. Koons	Marion F. Manchester	Morrison Swanwick	Lizzie M. Cone
Bailey Brown	Emily N. Titus	Mary Galbraith	Anna Ford	T. J. Spencer	Harry W. Weeks
Florence M. Easton	Mary Eliz. Banning	Marion Peers	"Allie"	Oliver Field	Bertha L. Deane
Grace S. Dewey	Celia Frederica Hill	Charlie C. Smith	Lucia D. Leffingwell	Lydia Buckingham	Mary A. Brush
Mary Alice Littlefield	Isaac W. Van Buskirk	Maggie B. Boardman	Ida Diserens	Charles F. Bradbury	Lucia Lee Bates
Harry L. Ford	Minnie W. Garfield	Willie C. De Witt	Edith S. Warner	Margie A. Brewer	E. K. Ballard
Robt. H. Birdsall	Charlotte M. Wayland	Edith Wight	Howard Vanderbilt	Carrie Thompson	Harry H. Bemis
Charles Lewis Griffin	Alice McClure Platt	Florence G. Yeomans	Willie S. Brazelton	Willi Hays	Etta Beckman
Ned Jones	Charles Lawrence	Clara Ellen Holloway	Nellie G. Du Puy	Geo. Arthur Allen	Mamie N. Parsley
Louie and Allie Smith	Mary Emerson	Norman W. Dederick	Martha G. Barr	S. B. Smith	Marion W. Woodrow
Laura E. Trysinger	Cora Clare Enos	Willie E. Dederick	Gertrude E. Tyler	Minnie E. Blass	Annie H. Escott
Albert T. Bixby	Carl R. Hinkle	Harriet Eames	Charles Losee	Charles C. Rice	Winifred Mitchell
Frederic Davis	Lizzie K. Shelby	Louie M. Wilson	George Webster	Emma C. Tryon	Ned C. Fellows
Thomas W. Ross	Ernest Andrew Thearle	Carrie Bryant	May Brown	Katharine L. Green	"Titan"
Louie E. Brown	Florence V. Hughes	Rosie B. Granger	H. Rebecca Ashburn	Wm. Allen Chapin	James Alexander, Jr.
Warren H. Frantz	Annie Pryor	Alice P. Baker	Dollie W. Kirk	Jerusha M. Coult	Julia C. Walsh
Hattie R. Rockwell	Clara Louisa Shattuck	Harry W. Hogue	Gracie A. Tripp	Maggie Belville	Mabel Shuppie
Sallie Wilson	Harry Chapman	Annie R. Estill	A. Bradford Wallace	Mamie L. Rowland	Frances Julia Parker
Mary Shaw Grinnell	Anne J. Thomas	Sarah F. Worthington	Aggie H. Smith	Robt. S. La Motte, Jr.	Alice P. Winchester
Willard R. Douglass	Georgie Bates	Bella B. Tuthill	Edward E. Rushmore	Percy S. King	Edith Frances Foster
Launcelot M. Berkeley	Nellie Kellogg	Alice Maud White	Emma Rhodes	Oliver Clark Kingsley	Robt. H. Laird
Rachel E. Hutchins	Lilian M. Chambers	Fannie Eaton	Evelyn Matz	Grace E. Young	Ethel Willits
Annie Dean Stratton	Mamie Grasselli	Emma J. Smith	Lulu B. Monroe	Mary Deering Davis	Mina Hayes Goddard
Edward K. Butler, Jr.	Fanny Ellenwood	Rollin N. Larrabee	Elsie Maud McLaurin	Minnie May Curtis	Laura G. Jones

Susie S. Brayton	Johnnie P. Montross	Willie L. Macauley	John W. Wells	Hattie T. Bush	Carrie Chancellor
Clara A. Sawyer	Minnie J. Conrad	Minnie Warner	Eleazar B. Homer	Nannie Day Meech	Sadie W. Alvord
Walter D. Loring	James H. Skinner	Mary R. Boardman	Hattie Winfield	Clara de RussyNichols	Belle B. Roberts
Annie C. Lufburrow	Alice Robinson	Carrie E. Bartlett	Amy H. Franklin	Hiram B. Morse	James Laubri
Ida M. Chase	Chas. H. Green	Philip S. Rust	Bertha Lee	Kate L. Dana	Alice M. Getchell
Ida Lee Hill	Harold B. Wood	Willie F. Bailey	Mary-Grenville	Nannie G. Coulter	Virginia Macmurry
Clara L. Welles	Lucy Kittredge	Nellie Eichholtz	Alice Victoria Blake	Arthur Stockin	Grayson G. Knapp
Georgia M. Neal	Mynna Thurston	Wm. A. Henry	Mary A. Manley	Nellie Washburne	Minnie Howard
H. Rebecca Ashburne	Edward H. Lee	John C. Chandler	Mary C. Smith	Freddie Buell	May C. Burtzell
Maggie L. Hunt	Claire Beach	Percy Chase	Mary Shattuck	Marion De Forest	Arthur P. Hosmer
May L. Hersey	Willie W. Jones	Minnie Mosher	Edmund D. Howe	Thomas Neal Pace	Helen H. Carter
Julia Locke Dennett	Frankie Maxwell	Fred E. Murphy	Louise H. Norton	Emmeline A. Mac-	Laura Lyon
Isabel H. Bend	Ellie Stilwell	Mamie L. Lane	Katie E. Gilligan	Knight	Herbert F. Rising
Kittie R. Beach	Ed. H. Smith	Willie A. Brown	Susan E. Sutherland	Evie C. Richardson	Herbert R. Palmer
Kate I. Arnout	Fred Faville	David H. Shipman	Lizzie A. Milligan	Harry H. Newcomb	Helen A. Greeley
Anna C. Felton	Minnie C. Adams	Charlote C. B. Hatch	Fred R. Kimball	Tazie Tupper	May Denman
Fannie Waterhouse	Fred M. Jones	Annie F. Popham	Abbe Bailey James	Emma Hanford	Wm. L. Clark
Helen H. Galloupe	Grace D. Baldwin	Katie Haynes	Bettie Chancellor	Lulu M. French	Claudine G. Rowan
Bessie M'Elhinny	Alice W. Bailey	Marion G. Lee	Frank H. Wells	Arthur E. Gazeley	Mary Morgan Smith
Newcomb G. Halsey	Ella Lawrence	Louisa Anderson	Harry P. King	Leila Beare	Fred H. Adams
Laura E. Benjamin	Ellen Sabina Howie	Hattie F. Roberts	Willie Alrich	Mary C. Deane	Emma Elliott
May Finley	Jennie A. Smith	Louise D. Ferriss	Anna C. West	L. D. Gaston	William B. & Courte-
Annie Gibbons	Olive B. Morrison	Howard F. Boardman	Anna M. Reed	Kittie G. Brewster	nay H. Fenn
Carrie W. Fellowes	Katie A. Howe	Mary K. Metcalf	Mabel S. Fay	John Scott Sayre	Constance Furnan
Emily Getty	Herbert W. Shute	Hannah B. Rollins	Louisa B. Yeomans	Mattie Wayne	Sidney M. Powell
May H. Rogers	Virginia Lee Benson	G. Eustis Potts	Fred Erburn Keay	Willie Carter	Leslie L. Ashley
Sallie Fox	Alice L. Hull	Josie Hartman	A. Blanche Nichols	Clara Morehouse	Anra J. Conkling
Lester A. Boyce	Naomi Carter	Marion L. Works	J. Florence Holden	Madge Reynolds	Amie Chubb
Arthur L. Giblin	Annie R. Paul	Kittie L. Brainerd	Emily D. Garretson	Abba L. Briggs	Arthur F. Stone
Herbert A. Howland	John E. Townsend	Eolith L. Robinson	Lulu Clinton	Henry Dakin	Clara Louisa Beesley,
Charles D. Pickard	Cora A. Lock	Alice T. Learned	James D. Davis	Constance Hallett	England
Arthur Remington	Helen Marshall	Fred H. Day	Alice C. Vose	Wm. O. Hand	Carrie Drey

## THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month will, we think, be sure to interest you. All of these queer head-dresses are worn at the present day. When you travel about among the old cities and towns of Europe, you will find just such as these in the market-places, where the old women, who still cling to old fashions, assemble on market-days from all parts of the country with their vegetables and poultry. Or, when you step into some grand cathedral you may see praying in dark corners peasants with strange, high caps, such as that in the middle of the page. This woman was at prayer in the Cathedral of Coutance, little dreaming that our artist was taking her coiffure. Then, on the Cornice road, you will see hats like that at the top of the picture worn by all the brown, dark-eyed girls. The four or five queerest of all (except the one that looks like an inverted flower-basket, which is seen in Maçon) are to be met in Brittany in those little towns near the sea. There the fashions never change, and the same high, starched cap may be worn by many generations.

Do you see the two German women on the right hand side of our page? These country women have on their holiday clothes, and are from the depths of the Black Forest. How different they look from the smiling Spanish lady at the bottom of the page! She needs no hat. The graceful black mantilla fastened to her comb, and the red rose coquettishly placed in her black hair, are quite enough for her.

St. Helena, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will send you some violets from my garden. This is a new home, and much pleasanter than my old home in Massachusetts, but I miss my little friends very much. We have many pretty flowers in our garden; the wild flowers here are beginning to bloom, too. I wish all the ministers preached as interesting sermons as Jack-in-the-Pulpit does.—Your loving valentine,

BESSIE M. RUTHERFORD.

Chelsea, London, Great Britain.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: Will you allow a little English girl, eleven years of age, to try for one of your prizes offered in the February magazine? Papa takes the magazine in for Amy and me,

and baby is very fond of looking at the pictures. Papa says it is the best book for little girls in the world. Amy is nine years old, and goes with me to Whitelands College School, where there are over 200 scholars, all girls. Papa goes to the city every day. In summer he goes by steamer down the Thames, and in winter he goes by the Underground Railway. He comes home very late at night now, because he goes to the House of Commons and writes down the speeches of members of Parliament. But papa writes books as well, and he gives us children a copy of every book of his published. The last was called "Dick Whittington;" it was such a thick book, with plenty of pictures! We live not far from the great Thomas Carlyle, and I often see him. One day I was wheeling baby in the perambulator, and Amy was with me, and we met Carlyle. He stopped us, patted baby on her cheeks, and said, "Well, Tommy, how are you?" So we call her "Tommy" now, although she is a little girl, named Lena. Mr. Carlyle looks such an old man! he stoops as he walks, and his hair is nearly white.—I remain, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your loving child,

LILY VERNON MARSH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to put a question through you to the Bird-defenders. It is this. Would you see the army of Bird-defenders thinned in numbers and yet stand by without raising a finger to help it? P—, T—, acted basely and treacherously in this matter, and I think ST. NICHOLAS did quite right in not giving him an answer. Long live the Bird-defenders, and down with those who oppose them!—Yours truly,

J. B. THOMPSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a copy (written with my "type-writer") of some "Home Rules," which I saw in a western paper. I am trying to follow these rules myself, and I have not violated one of them as yet. I intend to keep them as long as I can, and I think that if the readers of ST. NICHOLAS were to do the same, everybody would regard them as very well-behaved children.—Yours respectfully,

CHARLES A. R. (aged 12).

### HOME RULES.

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to them.



3. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would often do the same to you.
4. Tell of your *own* faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
5. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
6. Be prompt at every meal hour
7. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
8. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait your turn to speak.
9. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
10. Let your *first, last, and best* confidant be your mother.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your description of the Fighting Fleet you had your deck above the guns; how can you reach the guns to fire them off?  
A. W.

It is not necessary to reach the guns on the ship, as they are merely little sticks, and cannot be fired. Each stick represents two cannon, when passed through the vessel from port-hole to port-hole, and it would not do to have them *above* the deck, where they would be seen. The firing is done by the guns described in the first part of the article.

Washington, D. C.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a Latin sentence for the boys and girls to translate: "SATOR ARIFEO TENET OPERA ROTAS." As you can see, it spells backward and forward the same; and, besides, the first letters of each word spell the first word, the second letters the second, and so on.—Yours respectfully,  
FANNIE B. JOHNSTON.

Eastford, Ct.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tell the Little Schoolma'am I wish she was my truly schoolma'am. We take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like it very much. I was seven years old the 8th of last January. My name is Lizzie Kingsley Jones. I go to school in the warm weather. I can print some, but my mamma has to write for me. I can spell all the words in that funny "Short Tale," and mamma has written it from my printing, and I send it to you. I live in a white house, on a hill, and we have a great, big elm-tree in our yard. I have one brother and two sisters. My papa is a minister, and he reads the ST. NICHOLAS, too. I can't think of anything more to say—so, good by,  
LIZZIE K. JONES.

A PRACTICAL reader thus rebukes Dr. Eggleston's fancy touches in the Hoosier Fairy story in our January number:

Portland, Maine.  
EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: In reading in your January number "Bobby and the Key-hole," by Edward Eggleston, I should like to correct a slight mistake. I find the common names given by him (according to Samuels) belong to different birds. Samuels' "Birds of New England" gives, p. 405, *Botaurus lentiginosus*, the bittern—*stake-driver*. He also gives, on page 406, *Butorides virescens*, the green heron—*fly-up-the-creek*. I have in my collection mounted specimens of each. The green heron measures 1.11 by 1.32 inches; the bittern measures 1.51 by 2.10 inches.  
K. R. LONGFELLOW.

Wilkesbarre.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your book, and I like "Eight Cousins" ever so much. "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid; I don't like Tom a bit, but I like all the rest.—Your affectionate reader,  
DAISY HILLARD.

WE are sure that all our readers, young or old, will welcome with delight our new serial, translated by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and its fascinating illustrations by Mr. Hopkins. The latter, indeed, are such gems in their way, and show so clearly to what wonderful expressiveness the art of silhouette drawing may be brought, that a word or two about the history and meaning of the term will probably interest all.

The word *silhouette* is really a proper name. Etienne de Silhouette was the French Minister of Finance in 1759. He managed affairs with the strictest economy, and, as the people followed his example, all the fashions became plain and simple. All adornments and trimmings that could possibly be spared were given up, and to dress cheaply was the approved "style." As the system of economy progressed, it soon included portraits, drawn in outline, and filled up with India ink, instead of being painted in detail. And as fashions must have names, these new ones were called *à la Silhouette*, in honor of the economic minister. But the term has narrowed, as the

fashions have changed, since that time, and is not now applied to anything but the little black pictures with which we are familiar, and of which Mr. Hopkins has given us excellent and beautiful specimens.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an "old boy," but, for all that, very fond of you and of little folks; and, as I have often interested myself in their questions addressed to you, I want now to ask those same little folks to help me.

The other day a friend came to me and asked where he could find the line—"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"  
I told him, in Shakespeare, but he said he could n't find it there; so then I looked myself, and finally consulted Clark's Concordance, resulting in my being convinced that Shakespeare never wrote the sentence. Then I referred to Allibone's Dictionary, and to Familiar Quotations, and to ever so many other books, and I can't find what I want! Everybody that I ask about it says at once, "Shakespeare," and passes on, with contempt for my ignorance; but it isn't there, nor in Pope, nor Byron, nor—nor—anywhere, I begin to think; and yet I hear it used as a quotation so often, that it seems as if there must be authority for it somewhere.

There is my trouble; and if some of your bright little friends will help me out, I shall thank them very much.  
H. E. H.

A. L. R.'s drawings are very good indeed for a girl of twelve, but the young artist must practice for some time yet before she can draw well enough to have her pictures engraved. But if she *studies* and *practices*, she will be surprised to see how she will improve, as she grows older.

Agency City, Wapello Co., Iowa.  
EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will not "Jack" or somebody answer the following queries?

1. How was the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic to Venice performed by the Pope?
  2. Was the same ring used on each occasion?
  3. Did the Pope furnish the ring?
- "Fast Friends," "The Young Surveyor," and "The Story of Seven" have been read in my school to eager listeners—Respectfully yours,  
G. G. SAMFSON

London, Eng., 27 Ovington Square, Brompton, S. W.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enclose you "a short tale" corrected, and hope that you will find that it is really correct. It has been an amusement to me this dreadfully foggy afternoon. It is what the English people call "beastly." We tried to go out this morning, but found we could hardly see our hands before our faces, and the smoke nearly strangled us. You could not see people until they were close upon you, and every passer by had on a respirator, or was holding a handkerchief to his mouth. Men had to get out of their cabs and wagons and lead their horses, shouting all the time to let each other know where they were. This evening the house is full of the smoke and fog. I assure you that I shall be glad to get back to the blue skies of my native land.—I remain, yours truly,  
PHILIP RICHARDSON.

OUR readers will excuse the absence of the "Young Contributors' Department" this month when they learn that it was omitted to make room for Mrs. Diaz's lively parlor-play, "May-Day Indoors."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a hen once with a brood of young chickens; and one day a hawk got hold of one of the chickens, and the hen got on his back before he could fly away, and pecked him so hard that he had to let the chicken go.  
ARTHUR S. HODGES.

Fort Ripley, Minn.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just straightened your misspelled story. Mamma excused me from my other lessons to give me time to write it. She says it has been an excellent spelling and writing lesson for me. You have come to our house every month since you were born, and we like you better as you grow older.  
My papa is an officer in the regular army, and so we live in a fort, and seldom see any citizens. I do not think that many of your readers would like it, as there is no school to attend. It is very cold here in the winter, but in the summer the woods and prairies abound in beautiful flowers and the lakes, which are numerous, are filled with fish. Papa keeps a hunting dog of whom I am very fond; his name is Dash; he is just splendid to point prairie chickens, which are very nice to eat.

When we go out to any place from the fort, we ride after four miles in a big, clumsy, canvas-covered wagon.

I will write no more at present, but perhaps will tell you more about the soldiers another time if you would like to hear it.

MARY A. MANLEY.

New Orleans.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you or sent you any answers to your pleasant riddles, although I have found out a good many of them; so I thought I would send you answers to some of those in the February number. I think our ST. NICHOLAS is splendid, and I am not the only one who thinks so. I read all the stories, and I like Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and Miss Alcott's stories best of all. Long life and success to dear old ST. NICHOLAS.—Your loving reader,  
ORA L. DOWTY.

Bloomfield, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much I can scarcely wait till it comes. I have a parrot my uncle brought me from South America. She talks Portuguese.—I am seven years old.  
MARY EICHENBERGER.

30 W. 53th Street, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and thank you for the pleasant entertainment you afford me every month. I think it would interest some of the girls and boys if I told them about the jewel-box of Catharine de Medicis, which is now in the Hotel de Cluny in Paris, and interested me a great deal. It is a large, square, steel box, about the size of a common trunk; the sides are beautifully carved, but the carving on the lid is the most wonderful, representing a bed of roses, each leaf and petal being distinct. In the middle of this bed, under a tiny rose leaf, is a hidden spring; when this leaf is pressed it slowly moves aside, disclosing a lock which has to be opened with two curiously carved keys. All the old plates which Pallissy made, with curious figures on them, are to be seen in this same Hotel de Cluny; also the golden rose which the Pope presented to Catharine de Medicis (when a French King was crowned the Pope almost always sent a golden rose), and a great many other interesting things.  
KATHARINE D. SCHAUS.

Jolon, Monterey Co.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl fourteen years old; I weigh only seventy-one pounds, so you can see by that I am very small for my age. I live one mile from the Post-office. My papa has a ranch of eight hundred acres; he has a thousand head of sheep. I like very much to go in the evening with mamma and watch the little lambs play. I do not go to school; it is three miles to the school-house. I do not like to live in the country; I like best to live in the city. I have two brothers, but no sister.—From your friend,  
LIZZIE WAGNER.

Sandwich, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few evenings ago, at the tea-table, my papa told me that he would continue to take ST. NICHOLAS for me only on one condition, and that is that I should write a letter which the editor of ST. NICHOLAS will think good enough to print in the "Letter-Box." The idea of losing ST. NICHOLAS almost took my breath away, and quite took my appetite, although I was so hungry a minute before. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS from the very first. The first piece I ever spoke at a Sabbath-school concert was selected from ST. NICHOLAS, called "A Cloud Picture."

My papa says he will do anything in his power that will improve my mind, he is so anxious to have me educated. I have "Rhymes and Jingles," by the dear editor of ST. NICHOLAS. I am studying Latin, and hope soon to be able to translate the interesting Latin stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

Now I anxiously await your decision whether I shall keep ST. NICHOLAS or not.  
WILLIE REYNOLDS.

Sacramento, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a late number I find a communication from E. S. and A. M. F., asking how to keep cats away from birds. I have a canary. One day my pet cat was found trying to get on the table where the bird was. My mother caught the cat before it could get away, and rubbed its nose against the bars of the cage. Since then it has kept away from the cages. It will even run if you take the cage and go toward it. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since it began and think it is splendid. I take it of a book-store.—Yours truly,  
WILLIE L. BROOKS.

Waupun, Wisconsin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Maggie and I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much. We have just received our March number. We live in a different place from most little girls. My father is the Warden of the Wisconsin State Prison, which is in the town of Waupun, 68 miles from Milwaukee, the largest city in Wisconsin. We have our private rooms, which are very pleasant. I would like to describe the prison better, but I cannot. There is one thing which is very pleasant for the prisoners. Papa has two or three times had concerts, or something of that kind, for them. The people of Waupun have given them two or three concerts. So the prisoners have organized a concert club for singing. There are some very fine singers here; two or three play the violin very nicely, and one plays the flute, and two the organ. They sing some very pretty songs. One of their solos is "Homeless and Motherless." It is an old song, but it is sung so sweetly; and a great many of their other

songs are very nice. There is one man here who is a splendid singer; his voice seems loud enough to fill two or three halls of that size, but it does not sound harsh. He can sing Negro songs nicely, and then sings beautifully when he sings a sad song. Isn't that queer for prisoners? They have a chapel for the prisoners, and a chaplain officiates every Sunday, and that is where they practice. Some other time I will try and describe the prison as well as a girl of twelve can.

Please publish this in the Letter-Box, and tell me whether girls can be Bird-defenders.  
LAURA G. SMITH.

Yes, indeed, girls can be Bird-defenders. There are many hundreds of them in our ranks already.

Fishkill-on-Hudson.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are two things I would like to tell you about. One is beef-tea. I read your recipe in the March number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and, as my mamma makes beef-tea in a different way, I thought, perhaps, the girls would like to have her recipe too. We have a very dear friend staying with us, who has been very sick, and has needed a great deal of beef-tea, and this is the way we make it for her: We cut the meat in small pieces, put it in an earthen bowl, cover with water, and let it stand two hours and a half. Then set it on the stove, and let it boil gently until the meat looks like rags. Then remove it, and let it cool; when cool, strain through a fine strainer. Salt to taste. We warm it as the patient needs it. A very pleasant change can be made by putting in a little celery or parsley, while the tea is boiling. My mamma says it is very important to use an earthen vessel. Our friend, who has tasted beef-tea made in both ways, says she prefers ours, as she does not tire of it so quickly.—Yours truly,  
M. G. YOUNG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A dear friend of ours has two birds, and I think they are the prettiest canaries I ever saw. One of them (Dot by name) is a cross between a goldfinch and a canary, and he sings beautifully; besides which, he is the cleanest little fellow imaginable. He loves his bath, and splashes the water about at a great rate, much to the disgust of little Goldie, who is a pure yellow canary, and whose cage stands just below Dot's. It is about Goldie I wish especially to ask your help.

We cannot make him take a bath. Once, in a long while, he will stand on the edge of his tub, shut his eyes, dip his bill into the water, and make a tremendous fluttering; but not a drop of water gets on him, except on the tip end of his beak. The consequence is, that his feet are all clogged and look horribly, and his nails are so long that he often tumbles off his perch, and gets his feet caught in the wires of his cage; and, too, his feathers, instead of looking smooth and bright, like Dot's, are rough-looking. We consulted a book on canaries, which said we must "catch the bird and hold him in tepid water;" but, when we tried to catch him, the poor little fellow nearly died of fright, and it was pitiful to see his terror and to hear him cry; and Dot was so afraid we were going to hurt his little companion, that he got terribly excited too.

Now, will you please ask if any of the Bird-defenders, or other readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, can tell us what to do for our little pet? We have not the heart to terrify him again by trying to catch him, and we don't like to see him looking so queer. He is a sweet singer, but we are afraid he is getting some disease.

We would be very much obliged for any suggestions on the subject, and, also, to our dear ST. NICHOLAS, for obtaining them for us.—Your sincere admirer, and devoted reader,  
MARY G. YOUNG.

Amboy, Ill.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since you have been published, and I think I love you better than almost anything else. And my father and mother are just as interested in you as I am.

I heard mother say to a lady that she "could utilize every word in the magazine." I looked in the dictionary to see what utilize meant; and I guess she can, for she always says "the reading matter is first-class; not only instructive to young folks, but to old folks too; and the illustrations are also very fine." I was thirteen years old last Monday. I like J. T. Trowbridge's stories best, but I am particularly interested in "The Young Emigrants," as I live in Lee County, Illinois, and only three miles from Lee Center. My mother said "there was no sugar grove near there," but I went to one of the old settlers and found out that there was. I have tried to correct the "Short Tail," and send it with this letter, and hope to be one of the lucky ones. Our family are all Bird-defenders, also cat and dog defenders. My mother picks up and cares for all the stray cats in the neighborhood, so our house is quite an asylum for cats. If this is worth printing, I hope you will put it in "The Letter-Box."—Ever your admirer,  
V. CARTER.

The promised account of "A Frog and his Neighbors" was unavoidably crowded out of this number, but will appear next month.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials form the name of an American general, and the finals that of an English general, of the Revolutionary war. 1. A low, dwarf tree. 2. A cap, or other head-covering. 3. A domestic animal. 4. A lake in the Eastern States. 5. An Oriental city. 6. A beautiful flower. 7. A flag or banner. 8. A kind of gun. ISOLA.

## LOGOGRAPH.

WHOLE, I am an animal. Change my head, and I am what we often step on in entering a house. Change again, I am what boys often use. Change once more, and I am the past tense of a verb. Change again to a nickname. Change again to an article of apparel. Change again to a plump condition. And, finally, change my head and make a light, quick blow. NIMBLE DICK.

## EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Fill the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word, beheaded.)

Oh, what pretty title —  
 Every one about three —  
 Long;  
 Every one rich music —  
 With a throat full of sweet —  
 Song.

J. F. B.

## NOVEL PUZZLE.

EACH sentence refers to a word of two syllables. Find the first word, drop the first syllable and add one to the second, to form the second word. Then drop the first syllable of the word thus made, and add another, to form the third word, and so keep on until you have all the required words.

1. To enrage. 2. A kingdom of Europe. 3. A place of sale. 4. A volcanic mountain. 5. Relating to ships. 6. A vale. 7. A city of the Netherlands. 8. Relating to the teeth. 9. A claw. 10. An assault. 11. A kind of seat. CYRIL DEANE.

## PICTURE-PUZZLE.

(Good advice.)



## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

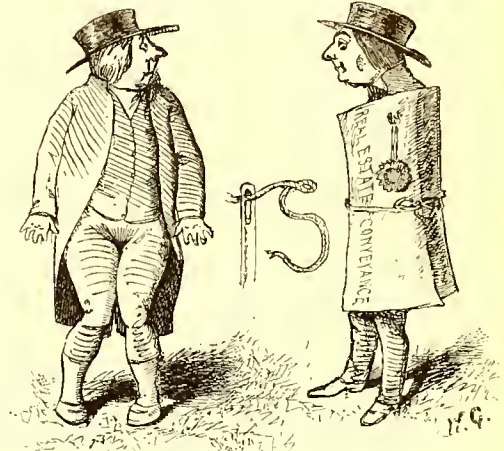
A boy put the 10, 11, 12, 13 of the fruit 14, 6 his 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 7, so he would not 8, 5, 15 it against a stone, as he wanted to show it to that wise little fellow, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.

D.

## DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD a mocker, and leave a money-chest; again, and leave to present. 2. Behead an act of making ready, and leave atonement. 3. Behead a word meaning to weary or vex, and leave a mineral. 4. Behead a boy's name, and leave part of the body. C. D.

## ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



## SYNCOPIATIONS.

1. SYNCOPIATE a bird, and leave a domestic animal. 2. Syncope an article of food, and leave an article of furniture. 3. Syncope a vehicle, and leave a domestic animal. 4. Syncope a coin, and leave a stamp. 5. Syncope distress, and leave a household utensil. 6. Syncope a water-craft, and leave a small animal. 7. Syncope a burden, and leave a boy. 8. Syncope an article of food, and leave an ornament. 9. Syncope a machine for measuring time, and leave a fowl. 10. Syncope an article of clothing, and leave a dwelling. ISOLA.

## DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. In time, not in day;
2. In earn, not in pay;
3. In leg, not in arm;
4. In kill, not in harm;
5. In Ada, not in Sue;
6. In Nancy, not in Lou;
7. In Druid, not in Jew.

These, two countries bring to view.

C. D.

## CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

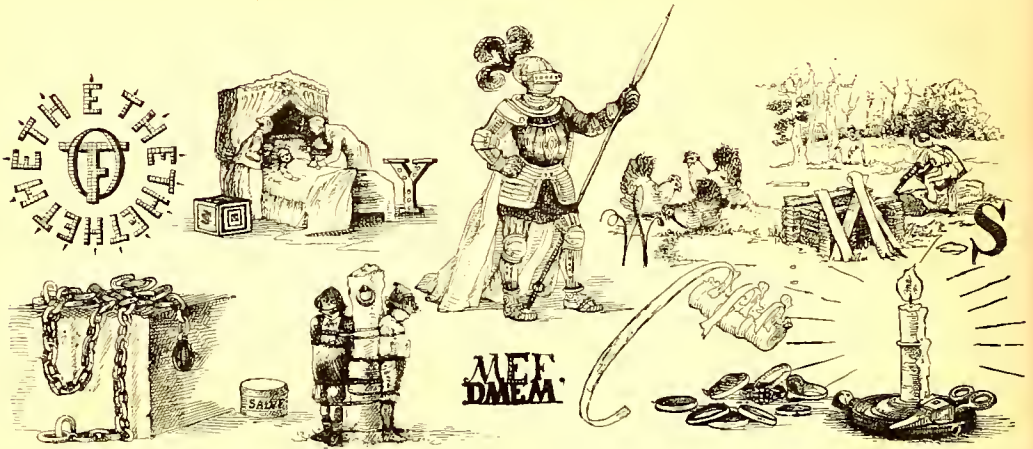
1. It was real annoy I saw. 2. It is so long to wait for a letter. 3. Otto led Oliver through the woods. 4. Did you crave Nora's pardon? 5. I hope rash feelings will not occur. 6. Meet me in the lane at nine o'clock. 7. Come, gather the fruit at once. 8. This apple is from a rare tree. 9. I miss Jane very much. 10. It is a poor oar, I imagine. Concealed in the above sentences are words having the following significations: 1. To frighten. 2. A song by one person. 3. A place famous for sword-blades. 4. A bird. 5. Musical dramas. 6. Clean. 7. The last. 8. To injure. 9. A girl's name. 10. A loud noise. These words, written down in order, will form a double acrostic, the initials of which name a person who "looks aloft." The finals form an appropriate anagram of the same. CYRIL DEANE.

## CHARADE.

My first may be filled with good cheer or great woe;  
 My second's pressed off by "light, fantastic toe;"  
 My whole is a favorite haunt of the mouse,  
 And a very convenient place in a house.

L. W. H.

REBUS.



DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A covering for the head. 3. A country. 4. A useful article. 5. A consonant. C. G. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS and finals form the names of two of Scotland's most famous men. 1. A periodical issued by Dr. Johnson. 2. The name of several German kings. 3. A strait in Asia. 4. One of England's noted advocates. 5. A famous Dutch admiral. 6. One of the early governors of Connecticut. 7. A hollow iron ball. 8. The man who purchased Maine for Massachusetts. 9. A French cardinal. 10. Initial letters of one of the United States. 11. A humorous American poet. L. W. H.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

The central words of the two puzzles, read together, make one word.

- First diamond: 1. In bread and butter. 2. Wicked. 3. A kind of staff or truncheon. 4. An animal. 5. In morning and evening.  
 Second diamond: 1. In fables and spirits. 2. Always on foot. 3. A word meaning red. 4. An edible. 5. In pies and cakes.  
 Connected: A town in Louisiana CYRIL DEANE.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SINGING bird. 2. A tropical plant. 3. A beautiful flower. 4. Part of a ship. ISOLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—

A— L —E  
 S— POT —S  
 P—L O V E R—S  
 S— T E A —L  
 A— R —T

CHARADE.—Fire-fly.  
 DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

H  
 B O Y  
 H O M E R  
 Y E S  
 R

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Clover, lover, over. Glowing, lowing, owing. Spinning, pinning, inning. Flashes, lashes, ashes. Women, omen, men. Smother, mother, other.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.— T E A  
 E A R  
 A R E

REBUS.— "Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.—1. Note. 2. Crotchet. 3. Staff. 4. Sharp. 5. Turn. 6. Bar. 7. Measure. 8. Chord (cord). 9. Brace. 10. Hold. 11. Flat. 12. Time. 13. Sharp. 14. Scale. 15. Run. 16. Natural.

17. Tie. 18. Slur. 19. Bass (base). 20. Bar. 21. Hold. 22. Shake. 23. Rest. 24. Close. 25. Signature.

CHARADE.—Pen.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

E —ea— M  
 E —ll— A  
 H —ill— S  
 E —lec— T  
 M —ari— O  
 O —d— D  
 T —omat— O  
 H —ele— N

PICTURE PUZZLE.—If in excellency you excel,  
 And any envy you,  
 Be easy, and essay to be  
 Benign and honest, too.  
 Oh, essay to extenuate,  
 Oh, essay to excuse,  
 Oh, pause before you deviate,  
 Oh, naught save kindness use!

SQUARE-WORD.—

R O B I N  
 O P E R A  
 B E G E M  
 I R E N E  
 N A M E S

EASY ENIGMA.—Miser—able. Miserable.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER were received, previous to MARCH 18, from Silas H. Elliott, Eugene Lockwood, Lillie M. Heath, Charlie James, W. H. P., Edgar G. Miller, Jr., John Haseltine, William Henry Rowe, Ray Marsh, Louie E. Hill, Brainerd P. Emery, "Cadiz," R. H. Downman, Jr., Daisy Hillard, Howard S. Williams, Francis H. Williams, Arthur Stuart Walcott, Marion Abbot, Maudie Paddon, Henry L. Bailey, Sargent P. Maslin, "Golden Eagle," Violet Graham, Prentiss Maslin, Willie Dibblee, Arthur Hodges, Agnes Hodges, Cora Hodges, Harry Dike, Mary S. Henry, "Tom Collins," Mary C. Goodwin, L. D. Schaeffer, Emma Elliott, John Hinkley, Henry O. Fetter, Florence Dow, C. W. Hornor, Jr., "Roderick," Edward Roome, G. Brady, Robert S. Parsons, "Lulie," John C. Robertson, Eleanor N. Hughes.





THE MAID OF DOMREMY.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

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No. 8.

## THE LITTLE MAID OF DOMREMY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IT is more than four hundred and fifty years, since, in the village of Domremy on the river Meuse, was born a little girl to whom they gave the name of *Jeanne* (in English, Joan or Jane). It is probable that her father, a poor and respectable peasant, was named Darc. Later, when the little girl had grown famous, people altered the name and called her Jeanne d'Arc (of Arc), which is as though one of you should be called Kate of Rochester, or Lucy of Minneapolis. France was not then the rich and powerful country which it has since become. For a long time it had been governed or misgoverned by a king who was insane, and first one party and then another, getting tired of his rule, had thrown it off, so that the nation was in a state of civil war. We know, from our own experience, what a sad and bad thing civil war is. Then, besides civil war, France had to contend also with an outside enemy, for the English, who were always fighting with France in those days, had sent a large army across the Channel, and captured many important French towns. Mrs. Oliphant told you something of these times in her "Windsor" paper of last month. Some of the people thought they would like to be ruled by the English, and offered the crown to the English king, Henry V., who accepted it gladly, and had, first himself, and then his little son, crowned kings of France. The rest of the nation were angry at this, and refused to acknowledge any king but their own. Great quarreling and bloodshed followed and went on for years; the people were heavily taxed, the fields remained untilled, there was famine and scarcity of all sorts, and the poor suffered greatly.

It was in the midst of these unhappy times that Jeanne was born, and grew to be, first a hardy lit-

tle girl, and then a vigorous maiden, with a noble, beautiful face, though its expression was thoughtful and sad. She had a rough, hard life, working in the fields and caring for the farm animals; and when feeding the oxen or tending the sheep in the dim twilight, she had plenty of time to think of the miseries amid which she lived. The peasants in that part of the country used to repeat an old prophecy that France, in her time of deepest distress, would be saved by a maiden. Nobody knew who made the prophecy, but every one believed it, for those were superstitious days, and people put great faith in legends and old sayings. There were no books and newspapers, as there are now, to make persons wide-awake and intelligent. Jeanne believed with the rest. And when she felt sad and hopeless at the sufferings she saw and the worse sufferings she heard about, she thought a great deal about this prophecy, and wondered when the wonderful maiden would come to aid them. "For surely," thought she, "France can never be worse off than she is now, with the wicked English having their own way everywhere, and our poor king shut up like a prisoner in his own land."

She dwelt so much upon these things that at last it seemed to her that a voice spoke, whether from within or without she could not be sure, and said that *she* was the maiden appointed to save the land from its troubles. Just then the crazy king died, and his son, Charles VII., a young man of twenty, succeeded to the throne. It was a miserable inheritance truly, for few acknowledged his authority, and he was too poor to pay for soldiers, who in those days were always to be had for pay. He and the little army which he contrived to get together, fought two or three times with the Eng-

lish and were beaten, and at last the only important city left him, the city of Orleans, was closely besieged by the enemy. For months it held out, but little by little the foe gained, till it became evident that before long Orleans would be forced to yield, and with it would go the last hope of the royal family of France.

Jeanne Darc was eighteen years old at this time, and the "voices" which had been speaking to her for five years were growing each day louder and calling her to do something, she knew not what, to save the country. At last she became so certain of her divine mission that she could keep silent no longer, and she persuaded her uncle to take her to Baudricourt, one of the king's officers, who was governor of the town of Vaucouleurs. To him she explained about the voices, and begged him to send her to the king, promising that if he would do so she would raise the siege of Orleans, and that the king, in less than three months, should be crowned in the city of Rheims, which was at that time fast held by the English. The governor did not believe in her a bit at first, but matters had got so desperate that he was willing to try anything, so at last he sent Jeanne to Chinon, where the king was residing.

It must have been a singular sight, Jeanne in her simple peasant's garb in the midst of the gay court. But she was too much in earnest to think about herself or be frightened. The king stood among the other gentlemen, dressed exactly like them, but Jeanne went straight up and knelt before him without a moment's hesitation, which surprised everybody very much.

So eloquent was she, so full of enthusiasm and confidence in her own powers, that the king and his counselors believed in her at once. They gave her a suit of armor and a horse, which she knew very well how to manage, for she had often ridden the horses to water in Domremy. When they fetched the sword which belonged to her armor, she rejected it, and begged them to send to the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, where, buried in the ground, would be found a consecrated sword which it was meant she should carry. They did so, and, sure enough, the sword was discovered just as she had said, which made people believe in her more than ever. Thus equipped, with a white banner in her hand, she took command of ten thousand troops headed by the brave Dunois, and marched straight to Orleans. The news of this wonderful event spread everywhere. The English, who were as superstitious as the French, took fright. Whole regiments deserted "for fear of the Mayde," for there is nothing like superstition to make cowards even of brave men. Jeanne's own soldiers, fired by her noble courage, fought as

if inspired. In less than a week the siege of Orleans was raised, and the enemy in full retreat. Other battles followed, in all of which Jeanne was victorious. Rheims was given up without a blow, and there, in three months from the time of Jeanne's first appearance at the court, Charles was solemnly crowned king,—the "Maid of Orleans," as she was now called, standing beside him in full armor, with her white banner in her hand! She had kept her promise, and the work was done.

When the coronation was over, she knelt down before the throne and prayed the king to let her go back again to Domremy and tend her sheep. The "voices" which had led her so far, promised nothing beyond this day. She desired to return to her simple life, and be plain Jeanne Darc again, as she was before these great things came to pass.

But the king would not consent. He and the army had learned to look upon "the Mayde" as an inspired being, and they insisted that she could not be spared till all the English were driven across the sea. So Jeanne staid, though unwillingly. I wish they had let her go back to peaceful Domremy; then I should not have to tell of the sad and painful ending of her story.

For nothing went well with her or with the army that she led, from that day. She had ceased to believe in herself, and that is a fatal thing. More than once they were beaten, and at last, at the siege of Paris, Jeanne was wounded, dragged from her horse, and taken prisoner by a Frenchman, who, to his shame, afterward sold her for a sum of money to her mortal foes, the English. By the laws of military honor, she should have been regarded as a prisoner of war. But the English, who were all the more cruel because they had once been afraid of her, preferred to consider her as a sorceress, and called a court together to try her as such. The French king was too selfish and cowardly to interfere, and without a friend to help or advise her, deserted by the monarch she had served and the nation she had saved, poor Jeanne was left to her fate.

Poor, simple girl, puzzled and terrified, she could neither understand nor answer the charges they brought against her. When she told with simple truthfulness the story of the voices which had spoken to her in the fields, and bidden her go forth to find the king, they scoffed at her, and said that nobody but the devil would have anything to say to a sorceress. Weary, confused, and heart-sick, she even doubted herself at last, and when they brought a paper which stated that she had lied in claiming a mission from Heaven, and had purposely deceived people, she signed it, hoping that they would spare her life and let her go free. Her persecutors were sorry that she signed,



for what they wanted was an excuse to kill her. They were afraid to let her live, lest she should escape from them, and the French army rally round her again. It is never difficult to make an excuse when the strong desire to oppress the weak. They put a suit of armor in her room, and took away all her other clothes, and when the poor girl, not knowing what else to do, put on the armor, they declared that this was a sign that she took back her confession, and accordingly condemned her to be burned alive as a witch. It was a cruel and cowardly thing, but cruelty is always cowardice.

So in the market-place of Rouen, surrounded by a great crowd of priests and soldiers, Jeanne Darc was burned at the stake on the last day of May, 1431. The Seine carried her ashes down to the sea. She was patient and courageous to the last; and though her face was covered with tears, her constancy never wavered. She kept her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and, when the flames rose up about her, was heard to murmur, "God be blessed!"

So ended the wonderful life of the sweet maid of Domremy. The market-place in Rouen where she suffered is still called the "Place de la Pucelle," or "The Place of the Maiden," and on the

spot where the stake was erected stands a bronze statue of Jeanne in armor, holding her consecrated banner. The shame of her death lies heavily on all who took part in it; on the Frenchman who gave her up, the English who slew her, and the weak young king who did nothing to aid or avenge her, and who allowed ten years to go by before he reversed the verdict by which she was condemned, and proclaimed her the heroine and martyr which she undoubtedly was.

Better things than these, however, can be said about our Jeanne. Heroism and martyrdom are great, but to live purely and worthily is greater still. The character of the maid of Domremy was spotless. She was distinguished for her innocence and modesty; her hand never shed blood, and the gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect in all who came near her, and even restrained the violence of her rough soldiers. She did what we must call unwomanly things, but she did them at the call of duty, and in a truly womanly spirit, full of purity, self-sacrifice, and patience. So we, who live so many hundreds of years after, can afford to love as well as admire her, which we could not have done had she merely dreamed dreams and won battles.

IF a pretty fairy should come to me,  
And ask: "What thing would you like to be?"  
I'd say: "On the whole,  
I will be a mole."

Oh, that would be just the thing for me!  
I'd go straight down, and not care a fig  
What squirming things in the ground I'd meet;  
For if I were a mole, I'd dig and dig  
Till my nose should tickle the Chinamen's feet!



## THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

*(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIERE.)*

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE CAT DISPLAYS INTELLIGENCE BEYOND HIS STATION IN LIFE, AND BEHAVES HANDSOMELY IN ADVERSITY.



HE lost sight of Moumouth at the moment when, precipitated from the parapet of the bridge of Notre Dame, he found himself struggling in the water.

Luckily for him, the piles of the principal arch had a wide ledge, to which he was able to attach himself. From this place he cast a glance around him. The Seine appeared to him a boundless ocean, which it was beyond his strength to cross; rather than attempt to reach the shores that seemed to recede before him, he prepared to stay where he was, at the risk of perishing with hunger or cold, or being swept away by a wave. He mewed at first in sign of distress, but very soon, believing himself hopelessly lost, he judged it useless to tire his lungs, and awaited the end with a resignation which formed the basis of his character.

Toward five o'clock in the morning, two gentlemen from the island of Saint-Louis,—two very skillful amateur fishermen,—came to throw their lines from the top of the bridge of Notre Dame.



“AGREED!” SAID M. GUIGNOLET.

“You are early, neighbor Guignolet,” said the person who arrived last; “it appears that we have both had the same idea.”

“And we have done well, neighbor Groquemouche; there was a rise in the river last night, great numbers of fish have descended from the upper Seine, and one will have to be dreadfully awkward not to take them.”

“Will you enter into an agreement, neighbor Guignolet? Let us fish in partnership, divide the catch, and dine together to-day.”

“Agreed!” said M. Guignolet, and as each held his line in his right hand, they clasped their left hands together in token of the treaty.

On seeing the two cords descend, Moumouth conceived some hope. As soon as they were within his reach he grappled them, and the fish-

ermen, feeling the unusual weight, cried out with one voice, “A bite! a bite!” and hastened to haul in their lines.

“I bet I have caught a wattle,” said M. Guignolet, regretting that he could not rub his hands together to testify his satisfaction.

“I must have an immense carp,” replied M. Groquemouche. He had scarcely finished the sentence when Moumouth leaped over the parapet.

“Treason!” cried the two fishers, who started in pursuit of the quadruped that had come so miraculously out of the water; but Moumouth ran faster than they did and easily escaped them.

When he was alone, he took breath, examined the houses, and, not finding one that resembled his, naturally concluded that it was not there. It was necessary, however, to find shelter; shivering with cold and panting with his exertions, he could not remain a moment longer in the street without exposing himself to an inflammation of the chest. Guided by a light, he made his way into the basement of a baker's shop, and, hiding himself behind a pile of bread-baskets, went quietly to sleep.

He was awakened by hunger.



MOUMOUTH GRAFFLES THE LINES.



THE FISHERMEN PURSUE THE CAT.

Moumouth was born of poor parents, who had abandoned him in his earliest infancy; he had been brought up in the streets, obliged to procure his own living, and trained in the school of adversity. Thus he was very skillful in the art of catching rats and mice,—a useful art, too often neglected by cats belonging to the first families.

He placed himself on the watch, and surprised a mouse that had stolen out of its hole to eat some flour. He dropped upon the imprudent mouse, in describing what is called in geometry a parabola, and seized it by the nose, to prevent it from crying out. This feat, although performed with address and in silence,



THE IMPRUDENT MOUSE.

attracted the attention of the baker's boy. "Hi! a cat!" cried the apprentice, arming himself with a scoop.

The master-baker turned his eyes toward Mou-



"DON'T HURT HIM," SAID THE BAKER."

nouth, saw him devouring the mouse, and said to the boy:

"Don't hurt him; he is doing us a service."

"But where did he come from?"

"What does that matter, provided he is useful here?" answered the baker, who was a man of intelligence. "Eat, eat, my friend," he continued,

"Wait a minute!" he said. "I wanted a good cat; Heaven sent me one, and I shall not forgive myself if I let him escape. Hulloo! Jacques, shut up all the openings, and if this rogue makes a show of running off, give him three or four smart blows with the broom."

Thus the host of Moumouth became his tyrant; so true is it that personal interest depraves the best natures. Our cat, as if comprehending what was passing, leaped without hesitation upon the shoulders of the baker's boy, and thence into the street.



MOUMOUTH JUMPS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

There a new danger awaited him. Surprised by this unexpected apparition, an enormous bulldog planted himself directly in front of Moumouth. Moumouth had a lively desire to avoid an unequal contest; but the dog kept an eye on him, and did not lose one of his movements,



HE MEETS A BULL-DOG.

going to the right when Moumouth went to the left, and to the left when Moumouth moved to the



ALL THE STREET-DOGS PURSUE MOUMOUTH.

right, and growled all the while in a malicious fashion. For an instant they stood motionless, observing each other,—the dog with paws extended, teeth displayed, and body drawn back, and the cat with open mouth, his back arched and his head thrust forward.

Neither seemed disposed to begin hostilities. Finally the dog rushed upon his adversary, who avoided him adroitly, passed underneath him, and fled in the direction of the quay, the bull-dog giving chase. Away they went, darting among the crowd of pedestrians and in and out between the carriages. In a natural spirit of imitation, the wandering dogs that encountered them running

and scrambles to the top of the wall. He is soon beyond the reach of the dogs, but he is not yet in safety; if he makes a false step, if his strength gives out, if the plaster crumbles under his claws, twenty yawning mouths, hungry for slaughter, are there to tear him to pieces!

In the meanwhile, Mother Michel had passed the night in lamentation. She could not control her grief for the loss of Moumouth; she called him continually in a plaintive voice, and—if we may credit the popular song—the neighbors heard her cry at the window: "Who will bring him back to me?"

The next morning, at the rising of the smiling sun, the perfidious Lustucru presented himself before Mother Michel in order to say to her:

"Well, my dear companion, have you found him?"

"Alas, no!" she murmured. "Have you any news of him?"

"Nothing positive," replied the steward, who wished to torment the poor woman; "but I dreamed of him all night long; he appeared to me

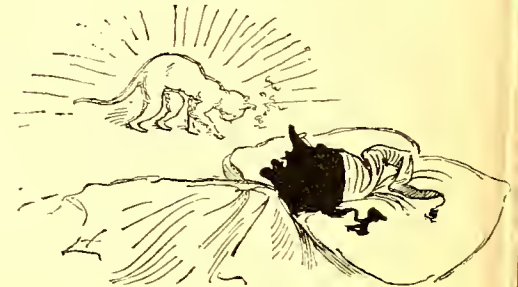


HE CLIMBS A WALL.

joined in the race, and at the end of a minute Moumouth had more than thirty-seven dogs in pursuit of him.

"I am lost," he says to himself. "but at least I shall sell my life dearly."

He backs against a wall, and braces himself haughtily on his feet; his teeth gnashing, his hair bristling, he faces his numerous enemies with so terrible an eye that they recoil like a single man. Profiting by their hesitation, he turns suddenly



FATHER LUSTUCRU DREAMS.

in a dream, with his face pale and an exhausted air, like a cat who did not feel very well."

"In what place was he?"

"He seemed to be in a garden, at the foot of a lilac-bush."

Mother Michel instantly ran to the garden, where, as you may imagine, she did not find Moumouth.

During the whole day Lustucru amused himself by giving her false exultations, which were followed by increased despondency.

"Mother Michel," said he, "just now, in passing the store-room, I thought I heard a kind of meowing."

Mother Michel hastened to visit the store-room.

Presently he came to her out of breath, and said:

"We have him at last! I am nearly certain that he is rummaging in the cellar."



MOTHER MICHEL ENCOUNTERS  
NOTHING BUT RATS.

And Mother Michel ventured into the gloomy vaults of the cellar, where she encountered nothing but rats.

It was near the close of the day that Lustucru pronounced these words, which a popular song has happily preserved for us:

"Oh, Mother Michel,  
Your cat is not lost;  
He is up in the garret  
A-hunting the rats,  
With his little straw gun  
And his saber of wood!"

The words were full of a bitter raillery, which Father Lustucru was unable to disguise. To pretend that Moumouth was hunting rats with his little straw gun and his wooden sword, was to suppose



SHE SEARCHES THE ATTIC.

something quite unlikely, for nobody ever saw a cat make use of such arms. But the agonies of Mother Michel had so confused her mind, that she noticed only what could give her a gleam of hope.

"He is in the garret!" she cried, without paying attention to the rest of the verse. "Let us hasten there, my dear sir; let us search for him. Give me your arm, for I am so nervous, so troubled, so harassed by fatigue, that I have not the strength to get up alone."

The two mounted to the garret, and Mother

Michel, lantern in hand, searched in the attic and under the roof. Silence and solitude reigned everywhere.

"You are again mistaken," murmured Mother Michel.

"No, no," replied the malicious man; "let us continue to hunt, we shall finish by finding. We have n't looked there—behind those fagots."

The credulous Mother Michel advanced in the direction indicated, and—to the great stupefaction of Lustucru—the cat, which he believed drowned, appeared in full health and strength, and fixed its gaze upon him indignantly.

"It is he! it is he!" cried Mother Michel, seizing Moumouth in her arms. "Ah, my dear



"IT IS HE! IT IS HE!" CRIED MOTHER MICHEL."

Lustucru! my good and true friend, how I thank you for conducting me here!"

The steward had scarcely any taste for compliments which he so little merited. Pale-faced and cold, he hung his head before his victim, whose preservation he could not explain to himself. It was, however, a very simple thing: Moumouth, pursued by the dogs, succeeded in leaping from the wall, and, passing from gutter to gutter, from garden to garden, from roof to roof, had reached his domicile; but, dreading the resentment of his enemy, he had not dared to appear, and had hidden himself in the garret.

"Am I the dupe of a nightmare?" said Father Lustucru to himself. "Is it really that rascal of a Moumouth that I have there under my eyes, in flesh and bone? Is n't it his ghost that has come back to torment me? This cat, then, is the evil one in person!"

The cat was not the evil one—Providence had protected him.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN WHICH THE CAT CONTENTS SUCCESSFULLY AGAINST HIS ENEMY.

THE events we have recorded indicate very clearly the position of our personages. Fearing to lose both the well-beloved cat and the advantages

she was ambitious to obtain, Mother Michel redoubled her vigilance and attention.

Moumouth, knowing henceforth with whom he had to deal, promised himself to avoid the steward, or to fight him, if need be, with tooth and nail.



LUSTUCRU MEDITATES.

As to Father Lustucru, it was enough that his projects had been defeated, in order that he should persist in them with desperation. He now wished the destruction of the poor and innocent cat, not only on account of his jealousy of Mother Michel, but because he hated the cat itself.

"Oh, what humiliation!" he said to himself, with bitterness. "I ought to hide myself, retire to a desert, and bury me in the bowels of the earth! What! I, Jérôme Lustucru, a grown man, a man of knowledge and experience, a man—I dare say it—charming in society, I am vanquished, scoffed at, taken for a dupe, by a cat of the gutter! . . . I leave him at the bottom of a river, and find him at the top of a house! I wish to separate him from

joy! The cat I believed dead re-appears to defy me! . . . He shall not defy me long!"

And Father Lustucru remained absorbed in deep meditation.

Moumouth had not yet dined that day, and he made it plain by expressive miau-ing that he would very willingly place something under his teeth. Presently, Mother Michel said to him—for she spoke to him as if he were an intelligent being:

"Have patience, sir; we are going to attend to you."

She descended to the parlor, which she habitually occupied since the departure of Madam de la Grenouillère, and the cat, who accompanied Mother Michel, was clearly displeased at seeing her take the road to the chamber of Lustucru. Nevertheless, he went in with her, persuaded that in the presence of that faithful friend, the steward would not dare to undertake anything against him.

At the moment she knocked at the door, Father Lustucru was taking from the shelf a green package which bore this label: *Death to Rats*.

"This is the thing," he said to himself, thrusting the paper into his vest. "*Death to Rats* should also be *Death to Cats*."

Our dear Moumouth shall make the trial. . . . What can one do to serve you, my good Mother Michel?"

"It is five o'clock, M. Lustucru, and you forget my cat."

"I forget him!" cried the steward, clasping his hands as if very much hurt by the suspicion; "I was just thinking of him. . . . I am going to prepare for him such a delicious hash that he will never want another!"

"Thanks, Monsieur Lustucru; I shall inform madam, the Countess, of your care for her favorite. I have received a letter from her this very day; she sends me word that she shall return shortly, that she hopes to find Moumouth in good condition, and that she has in reserve for me a very handsome reward. You comprehend my joy, Monsieur Lustucru! My sister is left a widow with four children, to whom I hand over my little savings each year. Until now this assistance has not been much; but, thanks to the gifts of madam, the Countess, the poor children will be able to go to school and learn a trade."

In pronouncing these words, the eyes of Mother Michel were moist and bright with the most sweet joy,—that which one experiences in performing or meditating good actions. The steward, however, was not affected. He had so given himself up to



THE GREEN PACKAGE.

his guardian, and I am the means of bringing them together! I lead Mother Michel to the garret to torture her, and there I witness her transports of



"COME, LET US GO!"

his evil passions that they completely mastered him, and had by degrees stifled all generous sentiments in his soul, as the tares which one lets grow choke the good grain.

One would have said that Moumouth understood this man. The cat approached Mother Michel, who had seated herself to chat awhile, and looking at her with supplicating eyes, pulled at the skirt of her robe, as if to say to her:

"Come, let us go!"

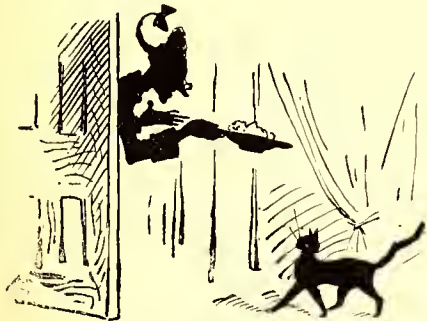
"Take care!" said the good creature; "you will tear my dress."

Moumouth began again.

"What is it? Do you want to get out of here?" asked Mother Michel.

Moumouth made several affirmative capers in the air.

"Decidedly," she added, "this cat is not contented anywhere but in the parlor."



MOUMOUTH IS PLEASED TO SEE THE HASH.

She rose and withdrew, preceded by Moumouth, who bounded with joy.

A quarter of an hour afterward the steward prepared a most appetizing hash, composed of the breast of chicken, the best quality of bread, and other ingredients justly esteemed by dainty eaters. After adding a large dose of the "death to rats," he set the hash down in an adjoining room, and, opening the parlor door, cried:

"Monsieur is served!!"

On beholding this delicate dish, Moumouth thrilled with pleasure, for, to tell the truth, he was rather greedy. He stretched his nose over the plate, and then suddenly retreated, arching his back. A sickening and infectious odor had mounted to his nostrils. He made a tour round the plate, took another sniff, and again retreated. This animal, full of sagacity, had scented the poison.

"Well, that is very extraordinary," said Mother Michel; and, having vainly offered the food to her cat, she went to find Lustucru, to inform him what had occurred.

The traitor listened with inward rage.

"What!" said he, "he has refused to eat it? It is probably because he is not hungry."

"So I suppose, Monsieur Lustucru; for your hash looks very nice. I should like it myself, and I've half a mind to taste it, to set Moumouth an example."

At this, Father Lustucru, in spite of his hardness, could not help trembling. For a minute he was horrified at his crime, and cried hastily:

"Don't touch it, I beg of you!"

"Why not? Is there anything wrong in the hash?"

"No, certainly not," stammered Father Lustucru; "but what has been prepared for a cat should not serve for a Christian. It is necessary to guard propriety, and not trifle with the dignity of human nature."

Mother Michel accepted this reasoning, and said, a little snappishly:

"Very well; Moumouth may suit himself! I do not wish to yield to all his fancies, and I shall not give him anything else."

The following day the hash was still uneaten.

The steward had hoped that the cat, pressed by hunger, would have thrown himself upon the poisoned food; but Moumouth knew how to suffer. He put up with abstinence, lived on scraps and crumbs of bread, and recoiled with terror



HE SNIFFS WITH DISGUST.

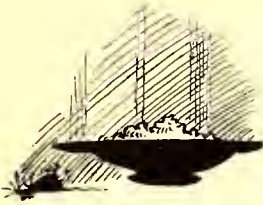


"DON'T TOUCH IT, I BEG OF YOU."

every time that his guardian offered him the fatal plate, which finally remained forgotten in a corner of the closet in the antechamber.

Father Lustucru, seeing that his plot had not

succeeded, was more irritable than ever. The desire to rid himself of Moumouth became a fixed idea with him, a passion, a monomania; he dreamed of it day and night. Each letter in which Madam de la Grenouillère demanded news of the cat and repeated her promise of recompense to Mother Michel, each sign of interest given by the Countess to her two favorites, increased the blind fury of their enemy. He thought of the most infernal plans to demolish Moumouth without risk to him-



THE FATAL PLATE REMAINS FORGOTTEN.

self, but none of them seemed sufficiently safe and expeditious. Finally he decided on this one:

On a heavy pedestal, in the chamber of Mother Michel, was a marble bust of Louis XIV., represented with a Roman helmet and a peruke interlaced with laurel-leaves. Behind this bust was a round window, which looked upon the staircase; and just in front of the pedestal was the downy cushion that served as a bed for Moumouth, who would certainly have been crushed if the bust had taken it into its head to topple over.

One night Lustucru stole noiselessly into the chamber of Mother Michel, opened the round window, which he was careful to leave ajar, and retired silently. At midnight, when everybody was asleep in the house, he took one of those long brooms, commonly called a wolf-head, placed himself on the staircase opposite the small window,



LOUIS XIV.

rested his back firmly against the banister. and, with the aid of the wolf-head, pushed over the bust, which tumbled with a loud crash on the cushion beneath.

The wicked man had expected this result of his movement; it was for him the signal of his triumph and the death of Moumouth. However, when he heard the bust roll heavily on the floor, he was seized by a panic, and, with trembling

steps, regained his chamber. Mother Michel awoke with a start; she was in complete darkness, and unable to procure a light, for German chemical

matches were not yet invented. Surprise and fright had taken away her faculties for an instant, then she cried, "Stop thief!" with all the strength of her lungs. Very soon the whole house was roused, and all the servants came running in to learn what was the matter.

Lustucru appeared last, with a cotton night-cap on his head, and, for the rest, very simply clad.

"What has happened?" he demanded.

"I see now," answered Mother Michel; "it is the bust of Louis XIV. that has fallen down."

"Bah!" said Father Lustucru, playing astonish-



DOWNFALL OF LOUIS XIV

ment. "But, in that case, your cat must have received it on his head."

As he said these words, Moumouth came out from under the bed and threw himself before Mother Michel, as if to implore her aid and protection. Lustucru stood amazed.

Everybody knows how light is the slumber of cats. Moumouth, who had the habit of sleeping with only one eye, had risen quickly on hearing a rustling behind the round window. Like nearly all animals, he was curious, and sought to understand anything that astonished him; so he camped himself in the middle of the chamber, the better to observe with what intention the wolf-head advanced at that unseasonable hour by so unusual a route. Startled by the fall of the bust, he had fled for refuge to the bottom of the alcove.

They gave Mother Michel, to revive her, a glass of sugar and water, flavored with orange-flower; they picked up the great king, who had smashed his nose and



LUSTUCRU APPEARS.



chin, and lost half of his beautiful peruke; then everybody went to bed once more.

"Saved again!" said Father Lustucru to himself. "He always escapes me! I shall not be able, then, to send him to his fathers before the return of the Countess! Mother Michel will get



MOUMOUTH COMES FORTH.

her pension of fifteen hundred livres, and I shall remain a nobody, the same as before. That rascally cat distrusts me; everything I undertake alone against him fails. . . . Decidedly, I must get somebody to help me!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW FATHER LUSTUCRU CONFIDES HIS ODISIOUS PLANS TO NICHOLAS FARIBOLE.



FATHER LUSTUCRU searched then for an accomplice. He at first thought of finding one among the domestics of the household; but he reflected that they all were devoted to Mother Michel, and were capable of betraying him, and causing him to be shamefully

turned out of the mansion, in which he held so honorable and lucrative a post. However, he had great desire for an accomplice. In what class, of what age and sex, and on what terms should he select one?

Occupied with these thoughts, Lustucru went out one morning at about half-past six, to take a walk on the quay. As he had crossed the threshold, he noticed on the other side of the street a large woman, dry and angular, clothed in cheap, flashy colors. This woman had sunken eyes, a copper-colored complexion, the nose of a bird of prey, and a face as wrinkled as an old apple. She was talking with a boy of thirteen or fourteen, covered with rags, but possessing a sharp, intelligent countenance.



MOTHER MICHEL IS REVIVED.

Father Lustucru thought he recognized the old woman, but without recalling where he had seen her. If he had been less occupied he would have searched longer into his memory; but the idea of making away with the cat absorbed him entirely, and he continued his route with a thoughtful air, his head bent forward, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if the accomplice he wanted might possibly spring up out of the earth.

Thus he wandered for some time; the breeze of the morning failed to cool his blood, heated with evil passions. Neither the spectacle of the pure skies, nor the songs of the birds, who enjoyed



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE BOY.

themselves on the border of the river, awoke in him those calm and sweet emotions with which they inspire honest people.

At the moment when he returned, the old woman was no longer to be seen; but the boy remained in the same place, seated upon a stone post, with his nose in the air, regarding the mansion of Madam de la Grenouillère very attentively. Lustucru approached him and addressed him in these terms:



LUSTUCRU IS ABSORBED.

“What are you doing there, youngster?”

“I? Nothing. I am looking at that mansion.”

“I believe that without difficulty; but why do you look at it?”

“Because I find it handsome, and would like to live in it; one ought to be happy there.”

“Yes, indeed,” answered the steward, with emphasis; “they pass the days there happily enough. Who is that woman with whom you were speaking awhile since?”

“It was Madam Bradamor.”

“Madam Bradamor, the famous fortune-teller, who lives below, at the other end of the street?”

“The same.”

“You know her?”

“A little; I sometimes do errands for her.”

“Ah, ah! . . . And what did the old wizard say to you?”

“She said that if I could enter that house as a domestic, I should have a very agreeable existence.”

“Madam de la Grenouillère is absent, my little friend; and, besides, her house is full.”

“That is a pity,” said the boy, drawing a deep sigh.

Father Lustucru made several steps as if to re-enter, rested his hand upon the knocker of the door, then turned abruptly and walked up to the boy.

“What is your name?”

“Nicholas Langlumé, the same as my father’s; but I am more generally known under the nickname of Faribole.”

“What do you do?”

“Nothing; my father works on the quay, and



THE BOY ON THE STONE POST.

I,—I live from day to day, gaining my bread as I can. I run errands, I sell May-bugs and black-

birds and sparrows, I pick up nails in the gutters and sell them, I open the doors of carriages, I fish for logs in the Seine, I sing verses in the streets, I light lamps, and sometimes I play in the pantomimes at the theater of Nicolet. These trades, sir, are not worth much; and I have all I can do to get something to eat every day.”

“You interest me,” replied Father Lustucru, “and I’ve a wish to help you on in the world. Tell me, Faribole, have you a taste for cooking?”

“Rather! I love the tid-bits, but my means do not allow me——”

“I did not ask you if you were fond of eating, stupid! I asked you if you had the taste, the inclination to do cooking.”

“I don’t know; I never tried.”

“Well, then, Faribole, I will give you lessons. Come, follow me; I will clothe you and take care of you at my own expense, in awaiting the arrival of Madam de la Grenouillère. She is a good lady,



THE STEWARD ENGAGES FARIBOLE.

and will doubtless retain you; but if she does not, your education will be commenced, and you’ll be able to place yourself elsewhere.”

“You are, then, in the service of the Countess?”

“I am her steward,” said Father Lustucru, with dignity.

The eyes of Faribole sparkled with pleasure; he bowed respectfully before the steward, and said with warmth:

“Ah, how much I owe to you!”

Faribole was installed that same day, and cordially received by the other servants of the household. He was a good-natured boy, serviceable and quick, and, although a little awkward in his new clothes and at his new duties, he showed plenty of willingness.

“Faribole,” said the steward to his protégé, several days afterward, “it is well to let you know the ways of the house. There is an individual



A LITTLE AWKWARD AT FIRST.

here, all-powerful, who reigns as sovereign master, whose will is obeyed, whose whims are anticipated,—and that individual is a cat. If you wish to make your way in the world, it is necessary to seek to please Moumouth; if the cat Moumouth ac-

“The cat shall be my friend, and I will be the friend of the cat,” responded the young fellow, confidently.

In effect, he showered on Moumouth so many kindnesses and caresses and attentions, that the cat, although naturally suspicious, conceived a lively attachment for Faribole, followed him with pleasure, teased him, and invited him to frolics. Mother Michel was nearly jealous of the small boy; Father Lustucru, who had ideas of his own, laughed in his sleeve, and rubbed his hands together.



THE CAT AND THE BOY BECOME FRIENDS.

ords you his affections, you will also have that of Madam de la Grenouillère and her companion, Mother Michel.”

(To be continued.)

## THE FIRST CUCUMBER.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

LOOK, little Tom! Come, Nellie, look!  
Here's something to be seen—  
Down underneath these yellow flowers,  
Green hiding in the green.

I am so glad to have them back!  
The cucumbers have come!  
See, here's a funny baby one,  
No bigger than my thumb!

And here is one that's fully grown!  
Come, let me have your knife;  
I'll take it off; you never saw  
One finer in your life.

But yesterday, for me to pluck  
It was too hard and small;  
To-morrow, it will be so old  
'T will not be good at all.

But if we gather it to-day,  
We get it in its prime.  
The way to have good cucumbers  
Is, “Cut them off in time.”

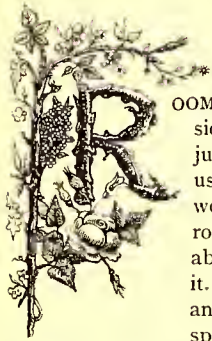
Oh, if this little cucumber  
Could speak to you and me,  
And give to us some good advice,  
I know what it would be:

“Be sure you never hurry when  
'T is wiser to delay,  
Nor put off till to-morrow what  
You ought to do to-day.”

For better things than cucumbers  
As quickly pass their prime,  
And nothing in the world succeeds  
Like taking them in time.

## THE EXPRESSION OF ROOMS.

By H. H.



ROOMS have just as much expression as faces. They produce just as strong an impression on us at first sight. The instant we cross the threshold of a room, we know certain things about the person who lives in it. The walls and the floor, and the tables and chairs, all speak out at once, and betray some of their owner's secrets. They tell us whether she is neat or unneat, orderly or disorderly, and, more than all, whether she is of a cheerful, sunny temperament, and loves beauty in all things, or is dull and heavy, and does not know pretty things from ugly ones. And just as these traits in a person act on us, making us happy and cheerful, or gloomy and sad, so does the room act upon us. We may not know, perhaps, what it is that is raising or depressing our spirits; we may not suspect that we could be influenced by such a thing; but it is true, nevertheless.

I have been in many rooms in which it was next to impossible to talk with any animation or pleasure, or to have any sort of good time. They were dark and dismal; they were full of ugly furniture, badly arranged; the walls and the floors were covered with hideous colors; no two things seemed to belong together, or to have any relation to each other; so that the whole effect on the eye was almost as torturing as the effect on the ear would be of hearing a band of musicians playing on bad instruments, and all playing different tunes.

I have also been in many rooms where you could not help having a good time, even if there were nothing especial going on in the way of conversation or amusement, just because the room was so bright and cosy. It did you good simply to sit still there. You almost thought you would like to go sometimes when the owner was away, and you need not talk with anybody but the room itself.

In very many instances the dismal rooms were the rooms on which a great deal of money had been spent, and the cosy rooms belonged to people who were by no means rich. Therefore, since rooms can be made cosy and cheerful with very little money, I think it is right to say that it is every woman's duty to make her rooms cosy and cheerful. I do not forget that, in speaking to

the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I am speaking to girls who are for the most part living in their parents' houses, and who have not, therefore, the full control of their own rooms. But it is precisely during these years of life that the habits and tastes are formed; and the girl who allows her own room in her father's house to be untidy and unadorned, will inevitably, if she ever has a house of her own, let that be untidy and unadorned too.

There is not a reader of ST. NICHOLAS, I am sure, who does not have in the course of the year pocket-money enough to do a great deal toward making her room beautiful. There is not one whose parents do not spend for her, on Christmas and New Year's and her birthday, a sum of money, more or less, which they would gladly give to her, if she preferred it, to be spent in adorning her room.

It is not at all impossible that her parents would like to give her also a small sum to be spent in ornamenting the common living-room of the house. This is really a work which daughters ought to do, and which busy, tired mothers would be very glad to have them do, if they show good taste in their arrangements. The girl who cares enough and understands enough about the expression of rooms to make her own room pretty, will not be long content while her mother's rooms are bare and uninviting, and she will come to have a new standard of values in the matter of spending money, as soon as she begins to want to buy things to make rooms pretty.

How much better to have a fine plaster cast of Apollo or Clytie, than a gilt locket, for instance! How much better to have a heliotype picture of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas, than seventy-five cents worth of candy! Six shillings will buy the heliotype, and three dollars the Clytie and Apollo both!

No! It is not a question of money; it is a question of taste; it is a question of choosing between good and beautiful things, and bad and ugly things; between things which last for years, and do you good every hour of every day, as often as you look at them, and things which are gone in an hour or a few days, and even for the few days or the hour do harm rather than good.

Therefore I think it is right to say that it is the duty of every one to have his or her rooms cheerful and cosy and, as far as possible, beautiful; the

duty of every man and woman, the duty of every boy and girl.

To give minute directions for all the things which help to make rooms cosy and cheerful and beautiful, would require at least twelve numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Volumes have been written on the subject, and I often see these volumes lying on tables in very dismal rooms. The truth is, these recipes are like many recipes for good things to eat; it takes a good cook, in the beginning, to know how to make use of the recipe. But there are some first principles of the art which can be told in a very few words.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a south-east or south-west corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright color. Don't be afraid of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or of crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair-cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book, everywhere you put it, it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest, most triumphant color everywhere.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best

and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut, or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark-brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern, either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly. If one is so unfortunate as to enter on the possession of a room with such a carpet as this, or with a wall-paper of a similar nature, the first thing to be done, if possible, is to get rid of them or cover them up. Better have a ten-cent paper of neutral tints, and indistinguishable figures on the wall, and have bare floors painted brown or gray.

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cosy, cheerful, and beautiful, come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all intents and purposes as good as an engraving). of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas. But you can buy pictures much cheaper than that. A Japanese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color too. They cost anywhere from two to six cents. There are also Japanese pictures, printed on coarse paper, some two feet long and one broad, to be bought for twenty-five cents each; with a dozen of these, a dozen or two of fans, and say four good heliotypes, you can make the walls of a small room so gay that a stranger's first impression on entering it will be that it is adorned for a festival. The fans can be pinned on the walls in endlessly picturesque combinations. One of the most effective is to pin them across the corners of the room, in overlapping rows, like an old-fashioned card-rack.

And here let me say a word about corners. They are woefully neglected. Even in rooms where very much has been done in way of decoration, you

will see all the four corners left bare—forcing their ugly sharp right angle on your sight at every turn. They are as ugly as so many elbows! Make the four corners pretty, and the room is pretty, even if very little else be done. Instead of having one stiff, straight-shelved book-case hanging on the wall, have a carpenter put triangular shelves into the corners. He will make them for thirty cents apiece, and screw them on the walls. Put a dozen books on each of the lower shelves, a bunch of autumn leaves, a pretty vase, a little bust of Clytie, or a photograph on a small easel, on the upper ones, and with a line of Japanese fans coming down to meet them from the cornice, the four corners are furnished and adorned. This is merely a suggestion of one out of dozens of ways in which walls can be made pleasant to look at without much cost.

If the room has chintz curtains, these shelves will look well covered with the same chintz, with a plaited ruffle tacked on their front edge. If the room has a predominant color, say a green carpet, or a border on the walls of claret or crimson, the shelves will look well with a narrow, straight border of billiard-cloth or baize (to match the ruling color of the room) pinked on the lower edge, and tacked on. Some people put on borders of gay colors, in embroidery. It is generally unsafe to add these to a room, but sometimes they have a good effect.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cosey, cheerful room, I put order. This is a dangerous thing to say, perhaps; but it is my honest conviction that sunlight, color, books and pictures come before order. Observe, however, that while it

comes fourth on the list, it is *only* fourth; it is by no means last! I am not making an exhaustive list. I do not know where I should stop if I undertook that. I am mentioning only a few of the first principles,—the essentials. And in regard to this very question of order, I am partly at a loss to know how far it is safe to permit it to lay down its law in a room. I think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order, as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order, which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side the inscription: "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."

I read once in a child's letter a paragraph somewhat like this:

"I look every day in the glass to see how my countenance is growing. My nurse has told me that every one creates his own countenance; that God gives us our faces, but we can make a good or bad countenance, by thinking good or bad thoughts, keeping in a good or bad temper."

I have often thought of this in regard to rooms. When we first take possession of a room, it has no especial expression, perhaps—at any rate, no expression peculiar to us; but day by day we create its countenance, and at the end of a few years it is sure to be a pretty good reflection of our own.

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## GOOD NIGHT!

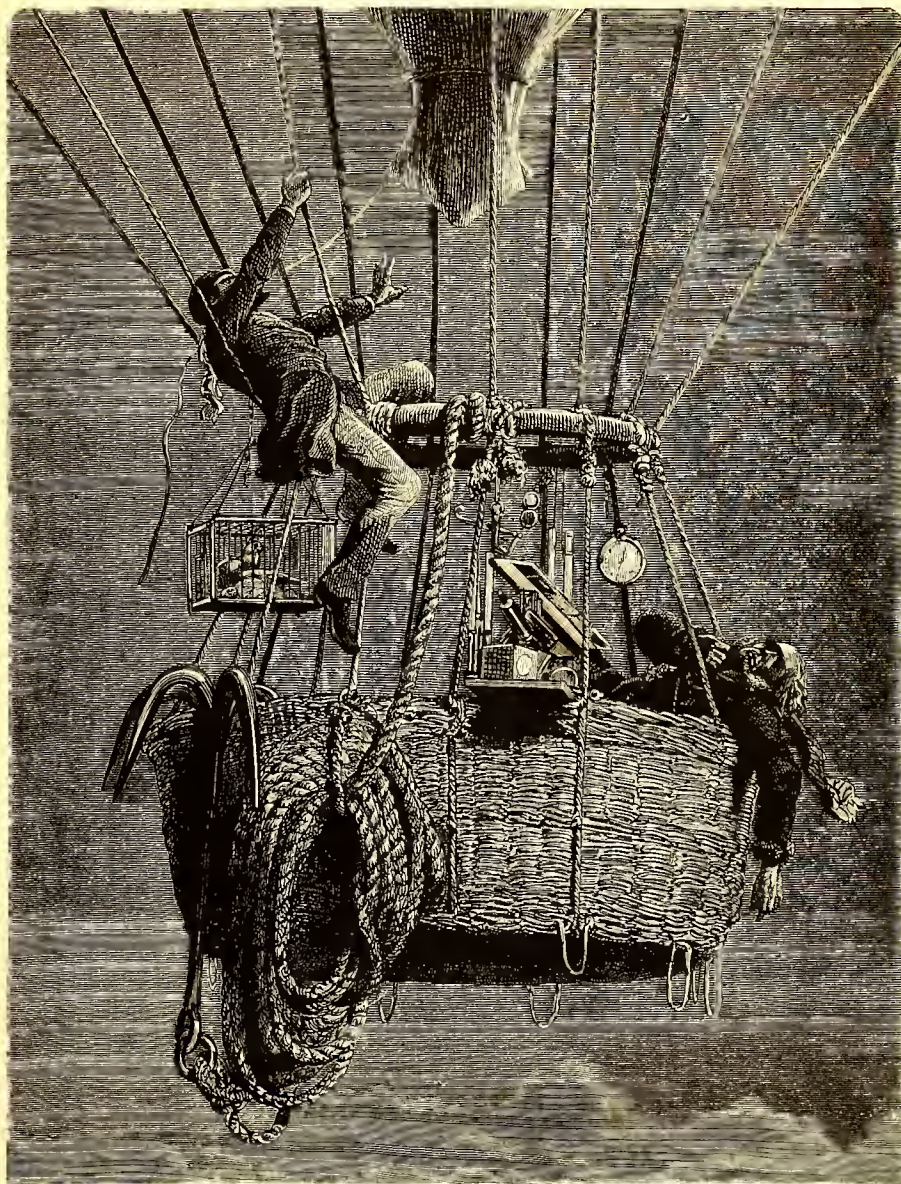
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WHAT do I see in Baby's eyes?  
So bright! so bright!  
I see the blue, I see a spark,  
I see a twinkle in the dark—  
Now shut them tight.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?  
Shut tight—shut tight.  
The blue is gone, the light is hid—  
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.  
Good night! good night!

## SEVEN MILES UP IN THE AIR.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON.



TOO HIGH FOR COMFORT.

ON the fifth day of September, 1862, two English aeronauts, Glaisher and Coxwell by name, made one of the most remarkable ascents recorded in the

history of ballooning. They started from Wolverhampton, England, and the elevation reached was the highest ever attained by man—nearly or quite

seven miles above the earth. Last summer, three scientific Frenchmen rose to nearly as great a height, but only one returned alive; the other two were suffocated in the thin air so far above the clouds.

Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell were more fortunate, but their escape was a narrow one. Mr. Glaisher had already lost his senses, and Mr. Coxwell the use of his hands, when the upward course of the balloon was stayed by Mr. Coxwell, who succeeded in grasping the valve-rope with his teeth, and by ducking his head was able to open the safety-valve and allow some of the gas to escape.

Mr. Glaisher has given a modest yet thrilling account of this almost fatal adventure. The balloon left the earth at three minutes past one P. M. Nothing important occurred until the party, at forty minutes past one, reached the altitude of four miles from the earth. Discharging sand, they rose to the height of five miles during the next ten minutes. Up to this time Mr. Glaisher had taken observations with comfort, though Mr. Coxwell, having more to do, found some difficulty in breathing. More sand was discharged, and the balloon shot rapidly upward. Soon Mr. Glaisher's sight failed, and he could not read the fine divisions on his instruments. All the time the balloon had been spinning round and round, and the valve-line had become so entangled that Mr. Coxwell had to climb into the ring above the car to adjust it.

At this moment (one o'clock and fifty-four minutes) Mr. Glaisher looked at the barometer and found its reading to be  $9\frac{3}{4}$  inches, implying a height of over 29,000 feet. Wishing to record the observation, he found his right arm powerless. He tried to move the other arm, and found it powerless too.

"Then I tried to shake myself, and succeeded, but I seemed to have no limbs. On looking at the barometer, my head fell over my left shoulder; I struggled and shook my body again, but could not move my arms. Getting my head upright for an instant only, it fell on my right shoulder; then I fell backward, my back resting upon the side of the car and my head on its edge. In this position my eyes were directed to Mr. Coxwell in the ring. When I shook my body I seemed to have full power over the muscles of the back, and considerably so over those of the neck, but none over either my arms or my legs. As in the case of the arms, so all muscular power was lost in an instant from my back and neck. I dimly saw Mr. Coxwell, and endeavored to speak, but could not. In an instant intense darkness overcame me, but I was still conscious, with as active a brain as at the present moment whilst writing this. I thought I had been

seized with asphyxia, and believed I should experience nothing more, as death would come unless we descended speedily; other thoughts were entering my mind, when I suddenly became unconscious as on going to sleep."

Meanwhile, Mr. Coxwell was in quite as critical a condition. Hoar-frost was all around the neck of the balloon, and the ring was piercingly cold. He attempted to leave the ring, and found that his hands were frozen. He dropped to the car almost insensible, and discovered that his companion was apparently dead. He tried to go to him, but could not. He wished to open the valve, but his hands were frozen and his arms powerless. Feeling insensibility coming rapidly over him, he made a desperate effort, caught the valve-line with his teeth, and held the valve open until the balloon took a decided downward turn.

In a few minutes Mr. Glaisher began to revive, and soon became conscious that Mr. Coxwell was trying to rouse him.

"I then heard him speak more emphatically, but could not see, speak, or move. I heard him again say: 'Do try; now do.' Then the instruments became dimly visible, then Mr. Coxwell, and very shortly I saw clearly. Next I arose from my seat and looked around as though waking from sleep, though not refreshed, and said to Mr. Coxwell, 'I have been insensible.' He said, 'You have, and I too, very nearly.' I then drew up my legs, which had been extended, and took a pencil in my hand to begin observations. Mr. Coxwell told me that he had lost the use of his hands, which were black, and I poured brandy over them."

What if Mr. Coxwell had lost the use of his neck also!

It has been said that during the critical moments when Mr. Glaisher was unconscious and Mr. Coxwell nearly so, the balloon reached the fearful height of seven miles; and some of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS may wonder how two half-dead men could tell that.

As you have already been informed, the barometer, when Mr. Glaisher's last observation was made, showed that the balloon was 29,000 feet, or about five miles and a half, above the earth. The observations he had been making from minute to minute showed how fast the balloon was rising when he lost his senses. His first act on recovering was to look at the chronometer and barometer before him. The one showed that he had lost several minutes, the other that the balloon was falling. In a minute or two he was able to tell how fast they were falling. From these data he was able to calculate closely how long the balloon must have continued to rise before Mr. Coxwell was able to arrest its upward course, and from



that he could estimate the probable height it had reached.

But this was not their only means of telling how high they had gone. Mr. Glaisher had before him, among the instruments partially seen in the engraving, a very sensitive spirit thermometer, so made as to leave a mark at the lowest point the spirit reached in the tube. The observations made during the ascent had told him just how rapidly the temperature fell that day as the balloon rose: you know that the air grows cold very rapidly as one ascends. Now the thermometer recorded nearly twelve degrees below zero as the coldest temperature experienced; this, at the rate of decline observed—so many degrees for each thousand feet of ascent—indicated an elevation corresponding to that obtained by calculation, that is, about 37,000 feet.

Again, when Mr. Coxwell dropped from the ring into the car, he noticed that the hand of the aneroid barometer they carried stood at 7, indicating an air pressure of only seven inches, which corresponds to a height of 37,000 feet. The agreement of these three different methods of estimating the height of the balloon is so close that there can be little doubt of their united testimony.

What has air pressure to do with the height of a balloon?

Everything. It would n't go up at all if the air did not press it upward. Besides, by measuring the pressure at any point by means of a barometer, one is able to tell how much of the atmosphere is below him,—in other words, how high he is above the earth.

That the air does press upward, as well as in every other direction, can be easily proved. This is one way. Fill a goblet to the level with water, and cover it nicely with a piece of writing-paper, rubbing the rim of the goblet well to make a snug joint. This done, turn the goblet upside down. The pressure of the air against the paper will hold the water up, and if the experiment be dexterously made, not a drop will fall out. If the goblet were thirty feet high, the water would be supported just the same; in other words, the upward pressure of the air will support a column of water thirty feet high, and a little more, *at the level of the sea*. As one rises above the sea the pressure is less, because less of the air is left above. By rising three miles and three-quarters, half the atmosphere is passed, and the air pressure is then sufficient to support only about fifteen feet of water; or, as mercury is about twelve times as heavy as water, about fifteen inches of mercury, as in a common barometer. At a height of between five and

six miles, the barometer reading is only ten inches; at twenty miles it would be less than one inch—the height of the recording column of mercury decreasing very rapidly with the elevation.

Thus the barometric readings tell the mountain climber or the aëronaut very nearly his exact height above the sea, at any moment. Combined with other observations familiar to men of science, the height can be told with great precision.

I can hear many of you asking: What made Mr. Glaisher lose his senses? And why were the unlucky Frenchmen suffocated?

Two very grave evils are encountered on ascending to great heights above the earth, both due, directly or indirectly, to the diminishing pressure of the air. Our lungs are used to working under a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and to air of corresponding density. Every time the lungs are filled in ordinary breathing, a quantity of air of this density is brought to act on the blood in them, purifying it so as to make it fit to sustain life. But when the aëronaut has risen, say to a height of four miles, the atmosphere is less than half as dense as the air he is used to breathing; its pressure upon the body and the lungs is only half as great as that which by use they are fitted to withstand; and the machinery of breathing and the circulation of the blood are more or less disturbed in consequence. At the height of five or six miles this disturbance may seriously interfere with health and comfort. Besides, the air is so very much thinner up there, that when the lungs are filled with it a much smaller quantity of air than usual is brought to bear on the blood. The blood is consequently less completely purified; its color darkens; the impurities retained in it act like poison; and in a little while, unless a descent is made into a denser atmosphere, the victim may be suffocated past recovery, as the two Frenchmen were who lost their lives in a balloon ascent last summer.

One of the pigeons taken up with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell died from this cause, and another lost its senses but recovered. There were six in the cage when they started. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, going up; it spread its wings and dropped like a piece of paper. The second was thrown out at the height of four miles; it flew vigorously, but the air was too thin to sustain it. The third, thrown out between four and five miles up, fell downward like a stone. The fourth was thrown out at four miles, coming down, and took refuge on the top of the balloon. The fifth, as already noticed, was dead; and the sixth was so stupid that it could not fly for some time after reaching the ground.



"IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS."

## THE PEPPER-OWL.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

THE Pepper-owl and the Fluffy-owl, and little Patty,—that is the whole name of the story. And first, you must hear about the pepper-owl. He was made of silver, and thought a great deal of himself on that account. Patty's father brought him home one afternoon, and stood him on the dinner-table beside his plate, and waited to see if the children would notice him. The pepper-owl expected attention, and began to feel cross because the children were hungry, and were so busy with their soup that they did not look beyond their own plates until they were empty, and did not stop eating for even one glance at him. "They are so impolite to strangers, these people!" said he to himself; but for all that, he kept his yellow eyes

wide open, and his silver feathers glistened bravely. There was a tumbler near him, in which he could see himself, and that was a great pleasure.

In a few minutes one of the children saw him and shouted, for she thought he was a new plaything. "Oh, please let me take that dear little fat silver bird!" said she, and all the children looked around until they saw him too. Now, our friend the pepper-owl was proud of his figure, and he did not like to be called a little fat silver bird; but being polite as well as proud, he said nothing. Each of the children begged that he might be her own; but their father said he was not to be given away—he meant to keep him for himself. Then he showed them that the owl was not a plaything

at all; for he unscrewed his head, and holding it toward the light, they saw that the top was full of little holes, and the rest of the owl was hollow.

"He is meant to hold pepper," said papa.

"Can we take turns in having him stand beside our plates?" said Nelly.

"I think he is too pretty for pepper," said little Patty; and Kate asked if Bridget could not fill him with pepper at once, so that they might begin to use him that very day. "He will look so nice on the table!" said she; but Patty thought it would have been great fun to have kept him a day or two for a plaything.

It was some time before he was brought back to the table, for Bridget and Nora looked at him in the kitchen, and by this time the pepper-owl felt quite contented, and was sure he should like the family, they all thought he was so handsome. When he was brought back at last, Nelly had the first shake, because she was the oldest, and he sent a generous shower into her plate. Papa said, "Don't shake him so hard, my dear; you know I don't like your eating too much pepper,"—but it was not Nelly's fault, it was the owl's. "I might have known better," said he to himself; and when Kate had shaken him, and it came Patty's turn, she could hardly see a grain of pepper fall on her potato; but she was glad, for she did not like anything biting to the tongue, and only wished to shake the owl because her sisters had done so, and she liked to do as they did. One does not like to be left out of any pleasure.

After this, Nelly stood him just in front of her plate, and could hardly eat her dinner, he was so beautiful.

Now I will tell you about the fluffy-owl.

Only the week before this, all three of the children had spent an afternoon at the natural history rooms, and while the other girls had walked about with their father, little Patty had lingered a long time before a case of stuffed owls. She had never seen but one before, and that was in a shop-window when she was out walking one day with Nancy. Here there were brown owls with feather horns and brown owls without, and gray owls and white owls, large and small, from the great Arctic owl down to one little fellow hardly larger than the pepper-owl himself. He sat all by himself in the lower left-hand corner of the case, seeming very lonely and dismal, and his soft little gray feathers were almost like fur. Patty looked at him a long time by herself, and then she brought her father here to see the owl, and asked him to buy it; but papa said he could not buy any of the things in the cases, though perhaps he could find her just such a fluffy-owl in a shop some day. Patty went back four or five times to look at the little owl once more,

and wished for him with all her heart; and, to tell you the truth, the fluffy-owl knew it, and he promised to make her a visit some time; but she did not hear him. And the pepper-owl also knew when he came that Patty liked him, and said that he would call upon her that very night; but Patty did not hear that either.

Now I will tell you a little more about Patty.

Her two elder sisters, Nelly and Kate, were very apt to think that little Patty was too young to know a great deal; but, in fact, she knew much more about some things than they did, just because she was young.

That day when they were to go to the natural history rooms, they both thought she would be tired, and would not understand, and that it would be best to leave her at home with Nancy, who was taking all the care of them while their mamma was away. Kate said that Patty did not know anything about animals; but, though Patty could only read the very least little bit, she had used her ears in hearing Nancy read, and had used her eyes in seeing the pictures in books; so she had grown wiser than anybody suspected, and insisted upon going with them. Papa did not mind taking her, for she was a good little girl, and did not give him trouble; so she went, and enjoyed herself very much. She had been there some time before she saw the fluffy-owl on his perch, and, as I have told you, she liked him, and pitied him so much that she could not help going back four or five times to look at him. She felt that he liked to have her come back, and he did not look cross like the great owls in the case. She was almost sure he was alive, though papa had told her all the birds were dead. But the fluffy-owl's eyes were bright, and he seemed to look after her.

Now the story begins to be about the Pepper-owl, the Fluffy-owl, and little Patty—all together.

It was that very night after Pepper-owl had come. Patty had gone to bed, and Nancy had gone downstairs. Soon after this, our little friend heard something scratching at the window; so she sat up in bed, and looked that way. There was certainly something trying to get through the mosquito-bar, and in another minute it had torn a little hole, and was poking its head through the netting. Finally, it came flying across the room, and lit on the foot-board of the bed. It sat there, round and trig, and little Patty knew at once that it was the fluffy-owl from the natural history rooms.

"You are very kind to come so far to see me, you dear owl!" said Patty.

"I have not been out before for several weeks," said the fluffy-owl; "and I assure you this is a great pleasure, only my wings are stiff. The people who dust the case open when they went

away to-night, so I have escaped for a time; but I must be back before morning. It is a very stupid place sometimes, though, to be sure, one may learn a great deal in such fine society from all parts of the world."

"You poor thing," said little Patty, "I have a great mind to keep you; I can shut you up in the garret of the baby-house in the day-time, and you can go where you please at night. I truly will not forget to feed you."

"But that would be stealing me, you know," said the fluffy-owl.

"I did n't think of that," said little Patty, who felt much mortified.

Now there was another scratching, and this time it was at the door which led from the hall into Patty's room. It was not a minute before the door swung open a little way, and in marched the kitten, and after her something that glistened. It was the pepper-owl. The kitten hurried across to the big chair where Nancy sat and sewed in the day-time, and after turning round and round on the cushion, she settled down and went to sleep. Patty laughed aloud,—it was such fun to see the silver owl walk along the floor. His legs were too short altogether, and so he moved slowly, and then he had to make three attempts to fly as high as the foot-board, where the other owl sat. Finally he succeeded, and perched himself beside the fluffy-owl, who turned and shook claws with him, and then they kissed each other with affection.

"How nice that you know each other!" said Patty. "I am so glad to see you both!" And here both her guests made an elegant bow, though the pepper-owl's claws slipped on the smooth, hard wood, and he nearly fell head-foremost. Some pepper shook down on the bed, and Patty and the other owl both sneezed twice; and after this the fluffy-owl held up first one foot and then the other, and winked his eyes and ruffled up his feathers, until he was more like a ball than a bird. He looked softer and fluffier than ever, and Patty asked him to fly down and let her smooth him with her hand, which he kindly did. The pepper-owl came down with a bounce, and told Patty she might smooth him too; but he could not fluff up his feathers at all, and he was sprinkled with grains of pepper, so she did n't care to have him too near.

"Dear Patty," said the fluffy-owl, "we both like you dearly, and we have come to play with you. Don't you think it would be nicer if you were about as tall as we are?"

"If you will make me grow tall again when you go away," said Patty; "for you know none of my clothes would fit me, though I could borrow from the dolls."

"That will be all right," said the owls; and each took hold of one of her hands and pulled, and in a few minutes Patty was only three or four inches tall. And she saw some of the dolls' clothes near by; so she dressed herself in them, and then she and the pepper-owl and the fluffy-owl danced around the room together. The pepper-owl was a clumsy creature, and the others laughed until they could laugh no longer at his capers, though they were much troubled because he would persist in carelessly spilling his pepper, and they sneezed and sneezed until Patty had to hunt up one of the dolls' pocket-handkerchiefs for herself, and one for the fluffy-owl.

"Now what shall we do?" asked the pepper-owl. "It shall be anything Patty chooses."

"I always thought I should like to go to the place where the white clouds live," said Patty; "and if one were just starting we could have a ride, you know."

"That is too far," said the pepper-owl. "I could n't fly there in a year."

"And are the stars too far?" said Patty.

"The stars are beyond the clouds," said the fluffy-owl; "only the great owls can fly so far as that. You must choose some nearer place."

"Suppose we go to see the dolls in the baby-house," said Patty; "you know I am just the right size, and it will be such fun!" So they all went to the baby-house door and knocked. Black Dinah, the kitchen doll, came at once, and was very glad to see them. She had on her new bright turban, which Patty had given her the day before. She said the ladies were at home, and had been wishing somebody would come in. Before they went upstairs to the parlor, Patty showed the owls her baby-house kitchen and the cellar where the provisions were kept. It seemed funny to Patty to be going up the baby-house staircase herself, and to be just the right height to take hold of the railing; and the steps were just high enough, too. The owls hopped up after her with both feet at once, and followed her into the parlor, where all the dolls sat with their very best dresses on. "That is the reason their nice clothes wear out so soon," thought Patty; "they wear them at night." But she did n't say anything, for they looked so pretty; and it would not have been polite to have scolded them before the owls.

The owls perched themselves on two little ottomans which Patty had made out of small blocks of wood, with blue paper pasted on; they said they preferred them to chairs. The dolls evidently thought the pepper-owl very handsome; and, indeed, he did shine gallantly, and his eyes seemed to grow larger and larger. The fluffy-owl puffed up his feathers several times and settled them again,

and the dolls thought it was very funny, and did not hesitate to say that they were the most interesting visitors who had ever been in the baby-house.

Patty thought now that it would be best for her to go upstairs to see two of the dolls who had been taken very ill with scarlet fever the day before, and asked her favorite doll Bessie to go with her. It was so nice to walk upstairs arm-in-arm with Bessie, and they stopped and kissed each

went in, the other dolls had pulled a table to the middle of the floor, and all sat round; the owls, however, being still perched on the ottomans, which they thought very comfortable. The dolls had been trying to learn them to play dominoes, as they had had a present of a new box just the right size, and hardly larger than Patty's thumb before she had grown small. But the owls were dreadfully stupid, and could not be made to learn; so one of the dolls proposed that they should all



FATTY HAS A DANCE WITH THE PEPPER-OWL AND THE FLUFFY-OWL.

other half-way, and gave each other such a hug! Bessie said she wished Patty need never grow large again, and that they could always live together; and our friend herself thought it would be pleasant. She had never known what a nice place the baby-house was. The sick dollies seemed to be much better; in fact, when Patty pulled off the bits of red silk she had tied over their faces to show what the matter was, they looked as well as ever. She had had to stay in bed a long time when she had the scarlet fever, so she had to say no to the dolls when they wished to be dressed and to go down to see the owls. Bessie and Patty had a long talk before they went back to the parlor, sitting by themselves on the stairs; and when they

sit round the fire and tell stories. There was a beautiful fire in the little grate, made of bits of real coal, and a great deal of red tinsel which had come off a card of pearl buttons; and though this was in summer, the dolls always kept the fire burning, and did not feel too warm.

The dolls passed round some candy which Patty had left in the baby-house closet the day before; but the pieces were hard, and altogether too large. Patty said to herself that she must always have something for the dolls to give their friends who came to see them at night; they must have felt badly to have no refreshments for them. But Patty never had known before that they were not sound asleep all night like herself.

The pepper-owl was now requested to tell a story. So he said he only knew one, and he should like to tell it very much. It was about seven kittens; and, first, they should hear an interesting story about each little kitten separately, and then there was a nice long story about all the family together.

"Don't you know a shorter story?" asked the other owl, "as we cannot stay much longer—at least I cannot."

Strange to say, the pepper-owl was very angry, and would not tell any story at all; and all the dolls tried to persuade him to change his mind, and even asked him to tell about the seven kittens; but he looked cross, and was certainly disobliging, though one of the dolls, whose name was Adeline, made up this little poem, hoping it would please him, which it luckily did:

"Tell me about the kittens, love!  
I long to hear you speak.  
Oh, tell me everything you know!  
Unclose that silver beak.

"Oh, do not look so sad, my dear!  
And cease that dismal scowl;  
Smile gently with your yellow eyes,  
My useful pepper-owl!"

After this, I have no doubt that he would have told the story; but the fluffy-owl said it was time for him to go home. Patty and her doll Bessie were very sorry to say good-bye, though they could see each other in the morning. They had been sitting on the baby-house sofa, holding each other's hand, and had grown much fonder of each other than ever they had been before.

All the dolls urged their visitors to stay longer;

and as they could not do that, they promised to come again very soon.

Before the owls could go away, they had to pull Patty up again, and make her tall; but this did not seem much trouble. First, they stood on a book which had fallen on the floor, and pulled from that; next, they mounted a cricket, and next a chair, and afterward the bed. They made her a little taller than she had been in the first place, and several people said, during the next week: "How fast Patty grows!"

The fluffy-owl went out through the hole in the mosquito-bar, and pulled it together afterward so that nobody would know there had been a hole. The pepper-owl stood on the window-sill, and said, "Good-night—come again!" in the most good-natured way. That was one good thing about the pepper-owl—his fits of anger were very short, and he was always sorry afterward. Perhaps it was the pepper which made him lose his temper, poor thing! He waked the kitten, for she had to show him the way to and from the dining-room. You know he had only come to Patty's house that day.

In the morning, it was Patty's turn to have the pepper-owl stand beside her plate, and she told him softly that she wished he would come upstairs again and tell her that story about the seven kittens. He looked very stupid, and said nothing; but the light was shining in his eyes, and owls do not like that. Patty thought it would be nicer to have Fluffy-owl, and was just going to tell her father so; but she remembered it would be likely to hurt Pepper-owl's feelings. I dare say our friends will go calling again some night, and if they do, of course I shall tell you about it.

## "SEE, SAW, MARJORIE DAW!"

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

I THINK of a pictured saint,  
With a halo round the hair,  
As she sits, so motherly, grave and quaint.  
In her little rocking-chair.  
Her dolly is on her breast,  
And her tender-lidded eyes  
Gaze softly downward on its rest—  
Loving, Madonna-wise.  
What is the lullaby she sings  
As back and forth she swings and swings?  
"See, saw,  
Marjorie Daw!"

Not a dimpled baby at all  
 Is this which her arms caress,  
 But it bears the mark of many a fall,  
 And is sadly scant of dress.  
 And the washed-out cheeks display  
 Proof that it must have lain,  
 After some tired summer play,  
 Out overnight in the rain.  
 Yet doth the little mother sing  
 Tenderly to the battered thing—  
 " See, saw,  
 Marjorie Daw!"



What words for a cradle song!  
 But I know the sleepy sign:  
 She will croon awhile, and then ere long  
 Will leave her chair for mine;  
 And her voice will sink away  
 To a feeble nestling's caw,  
 Till the little tongue can scarcely say—  
 " See, saw, Marjorie Daw!"  
 Now, back and forth we swing and swing,  
 But it is only I who sing—  
 " See, saw,  
 Marjorie Daw!"

## A FROG AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

BY W. K. BROOKS.

HE was not the frog that "lived in a well," nor "the frog who would a-wooing go;" in fact, he was not a frog at all at the time I first knew him. He had a tail, and a name very much longer than "frog," although he himself was very much smaller than any frog that I ever saw or heard of; but as he grew larger his name and his tail grew shorter, until, when he was full grown, he had no tail at all, and his name had only four letters instead of the eight that it had at first.

When he was very small indeed, he had a great many long, funny names. "Polliwog" was the one he was called by most, but sometimes he was called polliwiggle, and purwiggie, and purwiggle and polliwig.

When he was a little larger, and had got past being a baby, they called him "Master Tadpole;" and when he was full-grown they called him Mr. Frog.

He lived in a little pond at the edge of a wood—a mud-puddle some folks would call it, for it was rather a dirty pond, and as you passed it, you would not think there could be anything worth looking at in it. It was not very deep; the bottom was covered with leaves and sticks that had fallen from the trees, and in one place there was half of a crockery plate that a picnic party had broken and thrown away.

This old plate was covered with a little plant that grew all over it. The plant was not a bit like any of the trees or plants that grow in the woods or gardens, or even like anything in a greenhouse.

It did not have any stem or leaves, and it was not fastened to the ground by roots, and it never had any flowers or fruit. It looked more like a coat of dirty green paint than like a plant.

In some places it was cleaned off from the plate in narrow, zigzag lines, as if some one had been poking the plate with a stick, and had scraped it off in this way. At the end of one of these lines was a snail eating his dinner off the plate, and his dinner was this little plant. As he ate it, he crawled along, eating all the time, so that behind him the plate was white and clean, and this is what made the lines on it. Each line was a path the snail had crawled over, trying, like Jack Sprat and his wife, to eat the platter clean.

Then there was an old tin can that had been thrown into the pond, and was nearly buried in the leaves that had fallen into the water. There was a

plant fastened to this, too, but not a bit like either the one on the plate, or any of the common land-plants.

It was made of long green threads, tangled and twisted, so that it made a large green bunch that floated under the surface of the water, over the tin can; and a few of the threads had become twisted around the cover of the can, so that the bunch was anchored and could not float away.

It looked quite large as it floated in the water, but it was really very small, and might easily have been squeezed into a coffee-cup. It was not a pretty plant, for part of it was dead and brown, and it was covered with dust and pieces of leaves and sticks that were tangled in with the threads of the plant; but it was a very useful plant, and was at work all the time.

Its work was to make fresh air for the fishes and polliwogs, and other animals that lived in the water; for water animals need fresh air as much as we do, and die very quickly if they cannot get it; but they cannot go out of the water for it, and they cannot breathe it unless it is mixed with water.

When a fish is taken out of the water he dies, and we say that he dies for want of water; but he really dies from want of air. A fish breathes with its gills, and as soon as it is taken out of the water its gills stick together, and become dry and hard, so that it cannot breathe, although there is plenty of air all around it.

When water is boiled, the air that is in it bubbles up to the top, and goes away; and if you let it cool, and then put a fish in it, he will die about as quickly as if he were out of water; but if you shake it up well and pour it back and forth through the air from one dish to another, so that the air may get mixed with it, the fish will be able to live in it.

This shows that the fish does not breathe the water, but the air that is mixed with it; so this plant worked all the time to make pure air for the fish, and as fast as it was made the water soaked it up, as it soaks up sugar.

You could not see the air in the water, any more than you can the sugar dissolved in tea or in water; but you can find the sugar by tasting, and the fish can find the air by breathing.

You know that if you put too much sugar into a cup of tea, some of it does not dissolve, but sinks to the bottom, and is wasted. So sometimes, when the weather was very warm and the sun was shin-



ing brightly, the plant would make air faster than the water could take it up, and it would bubble up to the top; but some of the bubbles would get caught among the threads of the plant, and at last there would be so many of these that the whole bunch would go up, like a balloon, to the top of the water, and spread out like a green cover, so that you could hardly see the water under it.

People call this plant frog-spit, sometimes, and think it is a very useless thing; but you understand now that it is very useful to the fish and polliwogs, if it is not very handsome. The things which look the best are not always the most useful.

At one side of the pond the water was very shallow, and the bottom was muddy; and this part of the pond, the part farthest from the trees, is where I first saw our frog. He was lying on the muddy bottom, with his brothers and sisters.

I am afraid to tell you how many there were, but it was a very large family. There were more than there are children in the school you go to, and the ground was black with them, although each one

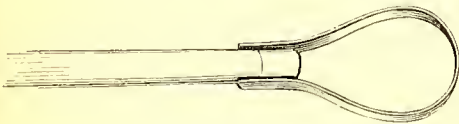


FIG. 1.—THE CANE AND THE WHALEBONE.

was not much larger than a shoe-peg or a carpet tack, and only a few feet off there was another family just as large. They were little black fellows with very big heads, very small bodies, and long, broad tails. When I saw them, all of them were wagging their tails very fast, but their heads were so heavy that the motion of the tails did not move them a bit. It looked very much as if all the tails wanted to go somewhere, but the heads were very comfortable where they were, and would not move.

Now I must tell you how I made the acquaintance of one out of this large family. While I was looking at them, I saw a friend of mine who owns a microscope, and often goes off wading in the mud with his pockets full of wide-mouthed bottles, and small vials, and pill-boxes, and magnifying-glasses, and forceps, and glass tubes, and a great many other strange things which he finds very useful.

He goes off into the swamps and ponds, and finds a great many strange plants and wonderful animals, and takes them home in his bottles to look at in his microscope, and to study; for he finds a great many things may be learned from each one of them.

He had a cane in his hand, and when he came to the little pond he took a long strip of whalebone out of one of his deep pockets, and bending it in a

loop around the end of the cane, like Fig. 1, he slipped two rubber rings around it to hold it. Then

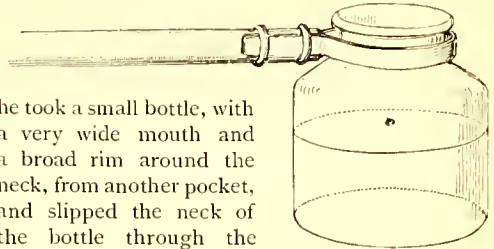


FIG. 2.—THE SCOOP.

he took a small bottle, with a very wide mouth and a broad rim around the neck, from another pocket, and slipped the neck of the bottle through the whalebone loop; and when he had pulled the whalebone tight around it, he had a very good ready-made scoop on the end of his cane, as you see in Fig. 2.

With this he reached out to where the polliwogs were lying on the mud, and scooped up three or four of them, and put each one into a little vial of water and handed me one to examine; and this is the way I made his acquaintance, for this is the frog I am to tell you about; for my friend said that if I would take it home and put it into a tumbler of water, with some of the mud and pieces of stick from the bottom of the pond, I could keep it, and watch it grow up, and lose its tail and get legs, and become a perfect frog.

As my friend the naturalist said he was hunting for frogs' eggs, I went around the pond with him after I had found a few pieces of wood covered with water-moss to keep with my young frog.

We soon found what looked like a large lump of jelly fastened to some grass that grew in the water a few feet from the shore. This, the naturalist

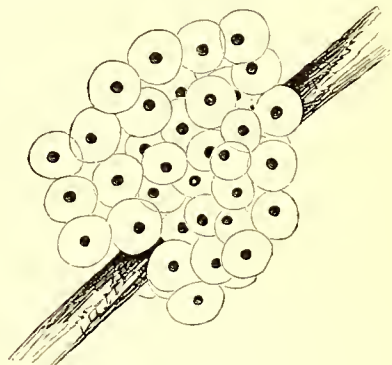


FIG. 3.—EGGS OF A FROG.

said, was a bunch of frogs' eggs, and he reached out and pulled it toward the shore with the handle of his cane; and as soon as it was near enough for me to reach it, I broke off part and put it into a bottle of water.

It looked very much like the white of a hen's egg, but it was firmer and stronger, and filled with little round black specks about as large as small shot.

These black specks are the real eggs, and the clear jelly is a cover to keep them from harm and fasten them together, so that they may not drift off and be destroyed or injured. The jelly also supplies food for the young animals when first hatched; for nothing is ever wasted or thrown away in nature, and the same jelly that is a blanket to wrap up the eggs and keep them from harm is used as food as soon as there is no more need of a cover. When the time comes for the young to leave the eggs, they very sensibly eat their way out through their nourishing blanket, and their child-life begins.

Fig. 3 is a rough sketch of some of the eggs, so that you may see how they look; but you may easily find some for yourselves in the spring, and keep them in water and watch them hatch, and see the young eat their way out.

After we had put this bottle of eggs away, we found another bunch, in which the eggs were older, and in these we could see the little polliwogs curled up; and in a few eggs around the outside of the bunch, the little animals were moving very actively, and seemed to be trying to break out and go away. Fig. 4 will give you some idea how they looked at this time, just before leaving the egg.

Besides these eggs, we found some that were not in bunches fastened to water-plants, but in long strings, floating in the water. These, my friend said, were the eggs of a toad. Then we found others on the plants, but not in bunches; these are the eggs of tree-frogs. The tree-frog lives on high trees all summer and catches mosquitoes and insects, and never goes into the water except in

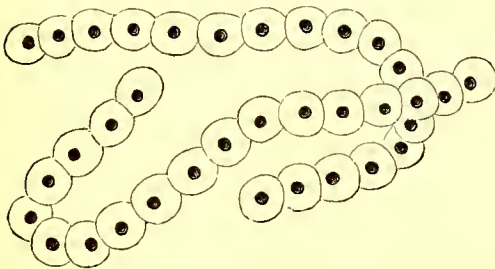


FIG. 5.—EGGS OF A TOAD.

spring, when it goes there to lay its eggs, and immediately returns to its life in the trees.

The young stay in the water until they become perfect frogs, when they leave it, and go to help

their parents catch mosquitoes among the branches of the trees. One kind of tree-frog does not even go to the water to lay its eggs, but fastens them to the leaves of branches which hang over the water, and as soon as the young polliwogs are hatched they fall into the water and grow up there; for nearly all frogs must live in the water while they are in the polliwog state, because they cannot then breathe unless the air is mixed with water, in the way that I have already explained to you.

While searching the pond, we found one more instance of an excellent way to protect the eggs from danger. I noticed several blades of grass that were bent so as to form loops, and in each loop was a little egg, perfectly protected on all sides by the piece of grass. These eggs were very much like those of a frog or toad, but smaller; and my friend said they were the eggs of the water-triton, an animal much like a frog.

I have now told you how I found my young frog and took him home with me, and I will go on and give you some account of the way I kept him and watched him grow up.

At first I put him into a tumblerful of water with the little plants I had brought home with me;

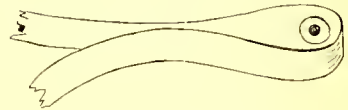


FIG. 6.—EGG OF WATER-TRITON.

but in a few days I made a much better home for him. I found an old glass candy-jar, and put in the bottom of it a layer of mud from the pond where I found the frog and eggs, with a few white pebbles and small shells on the mud, and then filled the jar with spring-water; and after all the mud had settled to the bottom, I laid in a few stones, which were covered with the little plant which looks so much like green paint; and I put in also a few threads of the other plant I spoke of, which floats in a large bunch in the water, and two or three of the little plants which float on the surface of the water. Then I set my jar on a large plate, and placed it in a window, so that the sunlight should strike it, and left it in the sunshine for a few days, until I could see little bubbles of air glistening on the plants and rising to the surface of the water.

I knew then that they would keep the water pure and fresh, and that, if I put a few animals into the water, they would not die, but would be healthy and contented. So I put in my polliwog, and then went back to the little pond and found two water-snails, a very small minnow, and a water-beetle, and brought them all home with me in bottles

of water, and put them into my jar and moved it away from the window, so that the sun should not shine directly on it and make the water too warm.

Then I filled the edges of the plate outside the bottom of the jar with dirt, and planted some



FIG. 7.—A FEW DAYS OLD.

grass-seed in it, that the grass might grow up and help to keep the water shady and cool, as well as hide the layer of mud in the bottom.

In a short time, after the grass began to grow up around the jar on the outside, and the water-plants had begun to grow nicely on the inside, I had a very pretty aquarium, and one in which my animals seemed very happy.

I kept my frog in this jar for more than four weeks, and watched him grow up; and during this time I noticed a great many remarkable things, but the most interesting were the changes that the frog went through while he was growing up; and we must let the other animals go at present, and give all our attention to him.

A few days after the young frog breaks from the egg, it looks, when viewed from above, very much



FIG. 8.—TWO WEEKS OLD.

as I have drawn it for you in Fig. 7, which is a view of its back.

It has a very large head, a small body, and a long tail; and as it has no legs or feet, it uses its tail to swim with, like a fish; for a fish, you know, swims with its tail, and not with its fins, which are only balancers. On each side of its head it has three little tufts, which are very delicate and soft; these are the gills, with which it breathes the air that is mixed with the water, just as a fish does; and if it is taken out of the water, it drowns like a fish, and if we did not know that it would at last grow up and get legs, and lose its tail and gills, and live on land and breathe air, we should probably call it a fish.

After ten days or two weeks it has lost its gill-tufts, but instead of them it has a new set on each side of its neck, but covered up by a lid or flap, so that you cannot see them from the outside; and about this time the fore-legs begin to grow, but as

they are covered up by the same lid that hides the gills, you cannot see them either. In Fig. 8 you have a side view of the animal at this time, and you can see the slit in the side of the neck, and the lid or flap that hides the gills and the fore-legs.

Very soon after this the hind-legs begin to grow, and as they are not covered up, they can be seen sooner than the fore-legs; and it is usually said in books on this subject that the hind-legs grow first; but books are not always right on every subject. The fact is, the fore-legs grow first, but are covered up so that the hind ones are seen first.

Fig. 9 shows you the animal at this time, viewed from above. The tail begins to grow smaller soon afterward, and lungs begin to be formed, but the animal still lives in the water, and breathes by gills like a fish.

In the next state (Fig. 10) the legs are fully formed, so that the animal can walk as well as

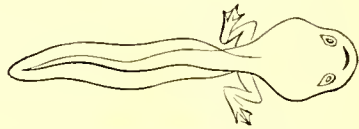


FIG. 9.—THE HIND-LEGS COME OUT.

swim, and the lungs are quite well grown, and the gills have nearly disappeared. The tadpole can now go on the land, but it still passes almost all its time in the water. As it has no gills, it cannot breathe under water, and is compelled to come up to the surface very often for fresh air.

At this time the tail is growing smaller very rapidly. It does not drop off, but is taken up a little at a time, and carried back into the body and used to build up the other parts, which are growing larger very fast, while the tail is growing smaller. It is very wonderful that a part of the body which

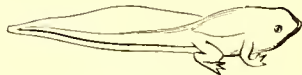


FIG. 10.—FOUR LEGS OUT.

is no longer of use can be built over into something else in this way.

About five or six weeks after the egg is hatched, the tail has almost disappeared, and the frog is perfectly formed and leaves the water to commence life on the land; and as very many of them reach this form at about the same time, and leave the water together, usually during a shower, some people believe that the great numbers of little frogs which they find on the land after a summer shower have rained down.



FIG. 11.  
TAIL ALMOST GONE.

A young frog might be carried up among the clouds by a water-spout or a whirlwind, and come down again in the rain, but this is not the reason they are so plentiful after a shower; for we know that they leave the water in great numbers when it rains.

In Fig. 11 you see how the young frog looks when the tail is almost gone.

Besides these changes in the body of the animal, an equally great change in its habits takes place while it is growing up. While it lives in the water and breathes by gills, it feeds upon small water-



FIG. 12.—A SALAMANDER.

plants; but when it grows up and has lungs, and the legs grow, it changes its diet and lives on insects and worms; and some of the larger frogs catch fish and smaller frogs, and the large bull-frog is said to catch small birds and eat them.

The way in which a frog catches flies and mosquitoes is very curious; and it is very easy to tame a frog or toad so that it will take flies from your fingers, and give you a fine chance to see how it is done, if your eye is quick enough.

Its tongue is fastened to the front of the mouth instead of the back part, and is turned backward and points down the throat, and the tip is covered with a very sticky substance like strong glue. The frog sits very still, watching for a fly to come near, and seems to be almost asleep, but it is really wide awake, as you may see by looking at its eyes, which are in constant motion watching for an insect to come within reach. At last a fly comes near enough, and the tongue is thrown out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow its motion, and the point strikes the fly, which sticks fast, and is drawn into the mouth and swallowed; and on a summer evening, when the flies and gnats are very abundant, one toad will catch them at the rate of ten or twelve a minute.

You see that the body of a young frog is not as much like that of an old one as a squirrel's body is like a man's; for a squirrel has four limbs like a man, and breathes with lungs as a man does, and would drown in the water just as a man would; but the young frog lives under water all the time, while the full-grown one is a land animal, although it often goes into the water, and nearly always lives near it, in damp places.

The young frog breathes by gills, and would die very quickly if taken from the water; but the old one has lungs, and would die if kept under water, just as a man would, only not so quickly, for it

can hold its breath for a very long time; and the skin of a frog answers the purpose of gills, and he can breathe a little under water with that, and thus go without fresh air for several days, if necessary, without drowning. Finally, the young frog lives on entirely different food from that of the full-grown frog.

There are a great many animals which are so much like a frog or a toad, that men who have studied them have placed them all in one class, and given them a name which means "living in water and on land;" because all of them, like the frog, pass the first part of their life in the water, and are able to breathe air without water when full-grown.

These animals belong to the class *Amphibia*, and are called amphibious animals. We have in our own country examples of most of the forms belonging to this class, and I wish to tell you a little about some of the more common ones, as it will help us to understand the meaning of the changes that the frog goes through.

If you go, in summer, to some cool ravine, where the dead leaves lie thick and damp, and sit down beside some old fallen tree or large rock, and carefully turn over the cool, wet leaves, you will find a great many curious and interesting animals. Do not be afraid, for nothing will hurt you; but handle every living thing carefully, for remember that, although snails or beetles cannot hurt you, you may easily kill them by a little roughness.

There is another reason why you must be very careful in turning over the leaves. The animal I wish you to find is very timid and very quick, and if you are not gentle you will drive it away, and will not see it at all. You must go down very deep, to the leaves which have lain on the ground

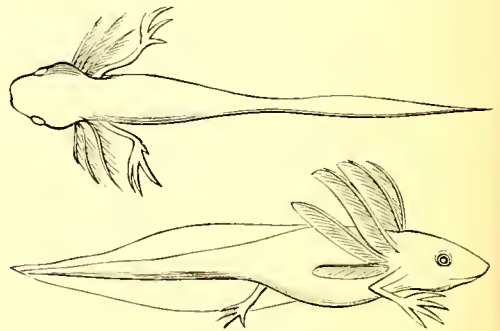


FIG. 13.—YOUNG TRITON, AT TWO OF THE EARLY STAGES OF GROWTH.

for several years, and are all matted together, and there you may find the little animal of which I have given you a sketch in Fig. 12. It is about

an inch long, covered with bright spots, and with very bright eyes.

Do not be afraid of it, for it is perfectly harmless to anything larger than a fly; but if you wish to catch it, you must be very quick, and hold your

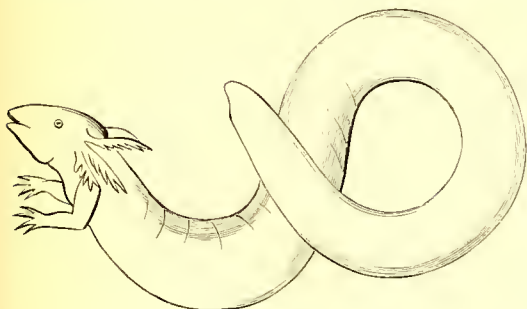


FIG. 14.—MUD-EEL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

fingers close together, for it can run out between them almost as easily as water. It moves so quickly, and is so delicate, that you can hardly catch it without injuring it; and, as it usually lies quite still in the day-time, when it is not alarmed, it is much better to take a good look at it without trying to catch it at all.

It has a long tail, and four legs that look very weak, and in shape it resembles a very small alligator, or a lizard; but alligators and lizards have scales, and this animal has none.

It is called a salamander, and was once supposed by ignorant persons to be very poisonous; but, as I have said, it is entirely harmless and very timid. It does not look at all like a frog, and you may be surprised to hear that it is very closely related to it.

It lives in the woods almost all the year, and comes out and catches insects every summer night, and hides under the leaves all day; for it dies very quickly in the hot sunshine. When fall comes, and all the insects die, it finds a warm place under ground, and sleeps till spring.

When it wakes up it goes to the water to lay its eggs, and wraps each one in a blade of grass to protect it, as is shown in Fig. 6. The eggs hatch into little polliwogs, which are almost exactly like those of a frog, and as they grow up they go through the same changes. They have gills at first, and live in the water, and swim with their tails, and feed on plants; but as they grow up the front-legs appear; then the hind-legs, and they lose their gills, and have lungs, and become air-breathers, and feed on insects. They never lose their tails, so that, although the full-grown animal is not a bit like a full-grown frog, it is very much like one just before

it loses its tail, as you may see by comparing Figs. 11 and 12.

Fig. 13 is an outline drawing of some of the changes that an animal very much like it, found in Europe, goes through; and you see how much like those of the frog they are.

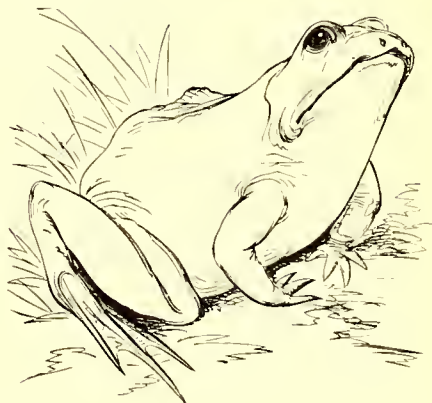
There is an amphibian found in the Southern States, and called the mud-eel; it is quite a large animal, and Fig. 14 will give you some idea of its appearance. It lives in the mud of the swamps and ditches of the South, and the negroes are very much afraid of it, and believe it to be very poisonous. I do not know of a poisonous amphibian in any part of the world, yet almost all of them are very much feared by ignorant persons in the countries where they are found.

Some reptiles are poisonous, and the amphibia look like reptiles; and this seems to be the reason why they have such a bad reputation.

The mud-eel resembles a tadpole at first, and passes through the same changes; but it has only one pair of legs, the fore pair, and when full-grown resembles the form of the frog shown in Fig. 8, where the fore-legs have begun to grow, but not the hind ones; in one respect it goes farther than the form shown in Fig. 8, for when full-grown it has lungs as well as gills.

I have now shown you that all the forms except the first that the frog takes as it grows up, are represented by full-grown animals; but the first state is so like a fish, that we should call it a fish if it did not grow up and become a frog.

You can now see the meaning of the changes of the frog; for who would suppose, unless he knew their history, that such animals as Figs. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 could be relations, or that they all were related to fishes?



MR. FROG GROWN-UP.



## THE FOUR LITTLE IMPS.

BY JOEL STACY.

FOUR little imps and four little birds  
Lived up in the self same tree;  
And the kindly ways of those four little imps  
Was a beautiful sight to see.

They fed and tended those orphan birds  
All through the blossoming days;  
And never were tired of sitting around  
And watching their comical ways.

Their pitiful squeak they took for a song  
As sweet as they ever had heard;  
And they sometimes laughed, and oftener sighed,  
In feeding each motherless bird.

So, gently they tended them, day by day,  
Till their four little pets had grown,  
And, longing to go to the beautiful sky,  
Each bird from the nest had flown.

And when all were gone, the four little imps  
Did wipe their eight little eyes,  
And scamper away to assuage their grief—  
Which seems to me rather wise.

## THE OLD SAW-MILL.

BY MARTHA J. LAMB.

AN enticing place it was for little folks. It stands now just where it stood then—over the knoll, a few rods from my childhood's home. The way to it was down a broad, straight, dusty road, bordered with rocks and raspberry-bushes. There was another and a more popular route, of which I will tell you presently.

I would like to sketch the old mill as it appeared to my childish eyes. It had a smooth pine floor with wide cracks, and many an hour have I passed peering through them into the deep waters of the flume beneath. It had a big beam with a piece of

china upon it, which I filled with nails and called my money-box. It had a wonderful saw, with two great arms. How I used to laugh when it fixed its sharp teeth into the end of a log! And after that, the log seemed to slide along itself just for fun, or for the sake of being split. I often got upon the log-carriage and took a nice ride. I was not at all afraid of bumping my head against the mill-roof, which sloped at one end to an acute angle with the floor. Neither did I see the slightest danger of losing my balance and falling through the timbers a hundred feet or more, into the abyss of water

below. When I hopped off, I was so delightfully near the back door that I never could resist the inclination to skip out upon the ragged edge of the mill-dam, to see how long I could stand there without getting dizzy.

My mamma was an invalid. She could not bear anxiety without serious injury. She passed a law to the effect that I should not visit the mill unless under the care of some older member of the family. This law lay very heavily upon my heart. But it would probably have never been transgressed had not my cousin Frank visited us, a daring little rascal about my own age.

"Come across lots," he whispered, with that persuasive eloquence so natural to boys.

So we crept through the bars, and the orchard and the clover-field, round the big rock and under the ash-tree, and, lastly, scrambled over the stone wall, which was surmounted by a rail fence. It was my first lesson in disobedience. But after that Frank and I often went secretly to the mill together.

The saw-mill belonged to a good-natured neighbor, whom we styled "Uncle Willard." He petted me, sometimes he gave me raisins, and called me a venturesome little girl. I was not very happy about it. I remember how a bunch came in my throat one night when I was saying my prayers, and how I asked my mamma, when she kissed me good-night:

"If God is everywhere, does that mean that He is in all the little places?"

"Yes, my darling."

I was silent for a few minutes. "In the orchard, and on the big rocks, behind the stone wall, and away down by the little bridge—and—and—and—in the saw-mill?"

"Yes, and he sees you at all times."

I said no more. I pressed my face into my pillow and thought to myself, "Oh, dear! then God knows all about it! I wonder what He will do to me! I s'pect He'll punish me with fire, and I shall be all singed up!" And I fell asleep and dreamed I had a new play-house with a saw-mill in the back-yard, and that my dolls were all getting ready to go to the moon on water-wheels.

The next day Alvey Stone came to visit me. We played tea; and dressed the dolls in their best clothes; and changed Violet's name to Esther, because the latter was a Bible name, and we agreed that it would make her a better doll; and trimmed Rosabella's new bonnet with the ends of Alvey's blue hair-ribbons, which she said were too long, anyway; and made soap-bubbles, and tried to set them on fire with the sickly flame of a tallow candle; and went to the carriage-house to play drive; and visited the hens and the geese and

the pigs and the calves and the pony; and ran along the great beams in the barn; and played hide-and-seek in the hay-mow. Finally, I said to Alvey:

"If you never'll tell—*never*, NEVER, as long as you live and breathe—I will take you somewhere."

She promised with satisfactory protestations. In a few minutes we had reached the fence near the mill. On the top of it Alvey stepped upon a teetering stone, and was thrown headlong into the briars and thistles on the other side. She shed a few tears over her bruises, and then laughed quite merrily, and said she could fall twice as far if she were a mind to.

"Uncle Willard" was haying in the lower meadow, and no one was in the mill. I was glad, for I had long coveted an opportunity of starting the saw myself. How surprised Alvey would be! Would n't she think I was grand if I could run a saw-mill?

I proceeded to my task proudly. The log was in the right place. "Uncle Willard" always fixed everything at night ready for the next day's work. It was necessary to push down a small shaft, which I called a "pump-handle," in order to open the water-gate, and it required the united strength of both Alvey and myself to accomplish it. There was a low gurgle, then a splash, and up went the saw!

We screamed and clapped our hands. I grew self-possessed in a moment, and told Alvey, with a consequential air, that the saw was only walking now. When we should push down the other two "pump-handles," it would just fly on a double canter. We soon had the machinery all in motion. Alvey was perfectly awe-stricken. But my happiness remained to be completed.

"Come down under the mill and see the great gush," I said.

There was a rough path by which the workmen descended on the side of the mill, and, holding fast to the alder-bushes by the way, we reached the edge of the bed of the river in safety. Standing upon a large stone, we could see the rolling, foaming torrent as it whirled the mill-wheel and came dancing madly over the rocks.

"What a big water!" exclaimed Alvey.

"Yes," I replied, exultingly. "It is just like the cataract of Niagara in the geography."

Alvey's face was pale, and her eyes were sufficiently large to reward me for my masterly performance.

"Are there any whales here?" she asked.

"Perhaps," I replied. If she had made the same inquiry relative to steamboats and icebergs, she would doubtless have received an affirmative response at that interesting moment; for was it not

my exhibition, and was it not my privilege to put it in the most attractive light?

The spray rendered our standing-place slippery, and we put our arms about each other for mutual protection. In attempting to turn a little we lost our balance, and in an instant went spinning into the uneasy water, to the bottom, where shiny pebbles seemed to come half-way up to meet us, then to the surface again, rolling and tumbling until we were stranded insensible upon a small

to inspire two little helpless girls with speechless terror.

"Is it a flood?" cried Alvey.

"I suppose so," I said, humbly now. "I have been doing awful disobedient lately. Mamma forbade my going to the mill, and God has been there and watched me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I had ever so much rather been burned than drown-ded. We are washed away just as the other wicked folks were in the Flood," and I burst into a loud cry.



"WHAT A BIG WATER!" EXCLAIMED ALVEY."

hillock of weeds and brambles in the middle of the river some distance below.

How long we remained there I am not able to say. My first recollections are of a floating cloud, which resembled a chariot. While I was wondering if it belonged to Elijah, I heard Alvey gasp:

"Mattie, I'll be drown-ded."

"So shall I."

I took hold of a big burdock-leaf to pull myself up, and that came up instead. Then a pine-shrub gave me more efficient aid, and I sat upright. I helped Alvey up, and we looked about us, but everything was strange and new. The river on both sides of us was tearing over the rocks, and high wooded banks finished a picture well calculated

"I guess He will forgive you if you pray real hard. I will help you, Mattie," said little Alvey, pityingly.

I laid my face into a bunch of plantain and commenced a little petition, mixed with sharp, jerking cries of sorrow.

By this time, the sudden rise of water in the lower meadow had attracted the attention of the haymakers. "Uncle Willard" went upon a run to discover the cause. There was his mill making boards on its own hook! He shut the gate, and looked about for the author of the mischief. He was not a believer in ghosts, and mischievous boys did not infest our neighborhood. He went straight to my mamma's door and inquired for me.



Then there was much hurrying to and fro. It was "Uncle Willard" who explored the river and rescued us from our perilous position. He asked me no questions; he only kissed me and said, in his

rough way, "Never mind it." It was he himself who put me in my terrified mamma's arms. With mine tightly clasped about her neck, I said:

"I will *never* disobey you again—NEVER."

## WISE MRS. SWALLOW.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MRS. SWALLOW had just finished her nest, and fastened it snugly on one side of the chimney, when along came the North Wind in a terrible passion.

He had had a quarrel with some of his relations in Greenland, and had rushed out, like the silly, bad-tempered old fellow he was, to wreak his spite on whatever came in his way.

So, growling and shrieking and whistling and groaning, he blew off any number of hats, scared hundreds of young blossoms from the cherry-trees and left them to die on the road, rocked all the little wooden houses like so many cradles, and then flew from the streets to the chimneys.

Away went a brick here and there, and, alas! at the second great puff, away went Mrs. Swallow's nest too.

She had built it so carefully and wonderfully, carrying up wisps of hay and bits of straw from the tan-yard, and lining it with some of Gray Hen's softest breast feathers!

And now where was it? "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the spiteful old Wind, "would n't you like to know?"

Then he spied Mr. Swallow hurrying home with a fine worm he had found, and he hastened to get behind him and drive him along so fast that he came bump up against Mrs. Swallow, nearly knocking her from her perch, and at the same time dropped the worm he had carried so far.

"Whew!" said Mr. Swallow when he got his breath again. "This *is* a blow."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," muttered the worm, as it crawled quickly away.

"But what's the matter, my dear?" continued Mr. Swallow. "Why do you look so serious? And—bless my heart! where's our nest?"

"That horrid old North Wind snatched it from the chimney, first tumbling me out and rumping all my feathers," answered Mrs. Swallow, with tears in her round, black eyes. "And now what *are* we to do?"

"Cheer up, my own wee birdie," chirruped her

husband. "I can't bear to see you cry. We'll get just inside the chimney until we are quite sure he's gone, and then we'll call on Madam Owl and ask her advice. They say she has become so wise through studying the stars night after night, and night after night, that she knows everything, and so, of course, *she* will be able to tell us what to do."

"But, Swally," said Mrs. Swallow, "our family don't like Madam Owl, and have never been friends with her. Only the other day, when she was dozing, I pulled a feather out of her head myself."

"That was very naughty, my dear," said Mr. Swallow, looking as though he *thought* it rather cunning, "but I don't believe she'll remember it if we are very polite to her and pay her some compliments. And now you'd better take a little nap, for Madam Owl only receives company at night, and I'm afraid you can't stay awake when it becomes dark unless you do."

So Mrs. Swallow, like an obedient wife, took a nap, and Mr. Swallow did too, for that matter, although he said, when Mrs. Swallow woke him, "he'd only been thinking."

As soon as evening came, away they flew to the old oak-tree where Madam Owl lived.

She had just supped off a plump young field-mouse and was very good-natured, and listened with the utmost patience until they had told their story. Then she said, "Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! yes!"

"Was n't it too bad of the Wind?" asked Mrs. Swallow.

"Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! yes!" answered the Owl.

"Can you tell us what to do?" asked Mr. Swallow.

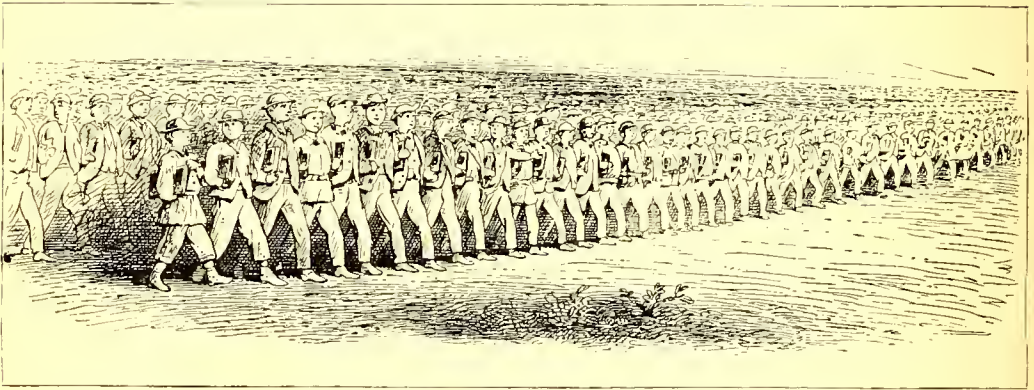
Madam Owl looked at the moon half-an-hour—looked at the stars half-an-hour—looked at nothing half-an-hour—and then said very slowly, "Tu-whit-tu-whoo! oh! ah! n-o-o-o."

"Good night," twittered the angry swallows, and flew quickly back to their chimney again.

"Much good it did us going to Madam Owl," said Mrs. Swallow, with a pout, as soon as they reached home. "I never did believe those stories about her knowing so much. Why, if I said as little and had as big eyes as Madam Owl, no doubt all the birds would call me wise too. And

now I'll tell you, my love, what I think we'd better do. Get up with the sun to-morrow morning—make another nest, and fasten it on the other side of the chimney."

"Upon my word, my dear," said Mr. Swallow, "you're an ex-traor-di-na-ry bird!" and being very tired, he tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.



THE COMING ARMY OF VOTERS.

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### A GREAT DISASTER.

AFTER leaving Salt Lake Valley, the young emigrants passed into a wild, desolate, and barren region. Immediately outside of the Mormon settlements, they found a most unpromising country. The surface of the earth was red and dusty—"red hot," Hi said. No grass grew except in small dry bunches, and the pools of water were thick and brown with alkali, or they were boiling hot with hidden fires. Some of these streams rushed out of their fountains with a hurrying and hissing noise that reminded the boys of a steamboat. Others were bluish pools of water, with clean and pebbly bottoms, and just warm enough to be comfortable for

a bath. Into these the weary and dusty travelers plunged themselves with great content. The waters seemed to be healing, they were so soft and pleasant to joints stiffened by long marches, and to skins made rough and dry by many days of travel on alkali plains. The air was still loaded with the alkali dust, like fine saleratus, which floated everywhere. But the natural hot-baths, steel blue in their depths, and gurgling over stones covered with some kind of white mineral deposit, were luxurious beyond anything they had ever dreamed of.

Some of the hot springs were so near the cold ones, that the boys tried experiments of dipping their hands into a pool of cold water while their feet dabbled in warm water, as they lay along the ground. Once they came to a huge round pool.

nearly fifty feet across, black, still, and with neither outlet nor inlet. Yet it was not stagnant; a slight current showed that there was some sort of movement going on beneath the surface.

"I allow this yer pool runs down inter the bowels of the yearth," said Philo Dobbs, pensively, as he stood on the brink and gazed into the mysterious depths.

"Well, aint the bowels of the earth deep enough to take down this hull pool at one swaller, if it runs down so fur?" asked Bush, with some impatience. "Stands to reason it would be all drawn off to oncce-t, if the bottom was clean dropped out."

"Anyway, there is no bottom," said Arty. "Lots of people have sounded it and found none."

But Philo Dobbs was firm in his opinion that the pool led directly into the center of the earth; and Nance, as a dutiful daughter, informed the boys that what her father did not know about such things was not worth knowing.

They drew out from this region of wonders and traversed an exceedingly dull and uninteresting tract of country, lying between Salt Lake Valley and the head-waters of the Humboldt River.

About three weeks' march from the Mormon capital, late in August, they reached the Goose Creek Mountains. Here good pasturage was found by selecting spots along the creek, and here, too, the road became more easy for the cattle, many of which were weak and sick with the effects of alkali. Passing down through Thousand Spring Valley, the emigrants camped at the head of a rocky cañon, one night, two or three companies being together. The ground was dotted with scrubby knots of wild sage, grease-weed and cactus. The soil was red and gray, and pebbly; but a small stream slipped through a gully near by, and along its banks grew a scanty crop of grass, well browsed by the innumerable cattle which had passed on the way to California.

"This is awful lonesome," sighed Arty, as he wearily went through the usual and monotonous task of getting supper.

"Does n't pay, does it, Arty?" said his brother, curiously watching the boy, with half-closed eyes, as he turned his sizzling bacon in the frying-pan, and kept his fire going with handfuls of dry weeds, their only fuel.

"No, Crogan, it does not pay. I'm getting clean beat out. And there's poor old Pete, licking his paws again. I can't keep shoes on that dog's feet, and he has worn the skin off of them so that he can hardly walk. Heigho! I wonder what mother would say to this mess?"—and Arty, with great disgust, stirred in the flour which was to thicken the bacon-fat and make "dope" to eat with bread, instead of butter.

The thought of what his mother might say brought water to the boy's eyes. This was Saturday night. Away off in the groves of the valley of the Rock, his mother was drawing the New England brown bread and beans from the brick oven. His father, perhaps, was sitting in the fading light by the door-way, looking westward and thinking of his wandering boys. His brothers were out at the well-curb, dipping their heads into the water-trough with much rough play, and making ready for their welcome Sunday rest.

Herc was a wilderness, a desert, scanty fare, and with the Land of Gold still a long way off.

"Hullo! there's a drop of salt water running down your nose, Arty," cried Tom, "and if it drops into that dope, you'll —"

But Tom never finished his sentence, for at that moment Mont, with righteous indignation, knocked him off the roll of blankets on which he had been sitting.

"Yer might let a feller know when you was a-comin' fur him," said Tom, wrathfully, as he scrambled out of the way.

"Sarve yer right, yer grinnin' chessie-cat," said Hi. "Yer'll never keep yer mouth shut. Now hustle that thar coffee-pot onto the table, and we'll sit by."

"Tom, I beg your pardon," spoke up Mont Morse. "I really did n't intend to knock you over, only just to give you a gentle poke by way of reminder."

Tom sullenly cat his supper, without any comment on his brother's remark that he was a very "orncry blatherskite, anyway."

Somehow, the evening was more gloomy and cheerless than usual; and, as it was now necessary to keep a sharp watch for thieves who were prowling about the trail, those who were to go out on the second watch went early to their blankets. The rest took their several stations about the edge of the camp.

It was a little past midnight when the sleeping boys were wakened by a shot, and the voice of John Rose crying, "Stop that man!"

Barnard broke out of the tent with a wild rush, cocking his pistol as he ran through the low brush in which the camp was set. In the cloudy night he saw a light sorrel horse running close by the side of Old Jim, and coming toward him. As the horses passed swiftly across his vision, he saw a man rise and fall, and rise and fall again in the sage-brush—rise and fall and disappear in the darkness.

Pursuing him was John Rose, his tall figure and bright red shirt making him conspicuous in the gloom. Barney ran on, but the fugitive was gone, and Rose came back, excitedly saying:

"Dog on that chap! I just believe I winged him. Did you see him limp?"

Barney was not sure that he limped, but was burning to know what it was all about.

"I was sittin' behind that thar rock," said Rose, "a-wonderin' about them stars just peekin' out of the clouds, when I heern a cracklin' in the brush, and if thar wa'n't a yaller hoss—a strange hoss—sidlin' up, queer-like, as if somebody was leadin' him. I see no man, no lariat onto the hoss, when he gets up alongside of Old Jim. Then he stops short, and then I seen a man's legs on the off side, and just in range of the sorrel's. I slid down from behind the rock and crep' along on the ground like, holding my rifle steady, when, all to once, the chap jumps up on the sorrel and away he kited, pullin' Old Jim after him."

"Yes! yes! and you fired then?"

"Fired! Well, I just allow I did, and you should have seen that chap drop. But he got away, and we have got his hoss—that's all."

Sure enough, the sorrel horse was found to have a lariat, or halter, of twisted raw-hide about his neck, one end of which had been knotted into the rope which Jim wore loosely about his neck. There was great excitement in the camp as the emigrants woke and came out to see "what was up." Here was the evidence of horse-thieves being about, and the men expressed themselves as being in favor of hanging the rascal—if he could be caught.

"Ouch!" cried Barney suddenly, sitting down.

"Bring a light, Johnny."

Barney's bare feet were filled with the prickly spines of the ground-cactus.

"Strange I never felt them until just now, and I must have clipped it through that whole bed of cactus plants."

But he felt them now, and, what was more, he was lame for a week afterward.

Next morning, on examining the ground, the boys discovered the tracks of the strange horse, where, coming up to the regular trail from the north, they crossed a damp patch of alkali earth, breaking in the crust which forms on top when the heat of the sun evaporates the alkali water. Nearer the camps, the tracks were lost in the confused beating of the feet of many passing animals. But in the sage-brush, where Captain Rose had fired at the horse-thief, the foot-prints were plainly seen.

In the loose sandy soil beyond were the tracks of a man, left in the dry surface; and on the twigs of a low grease-weed bush they saw a few drops of blood.

"Yes, yes, he was wounded. I was sure of that," cried Rose.

"And here is where he limped," said Hi, dropping on his knees and examining the foot-prints in

the light gray soil. "Come yere, Mont, and tell us what you think of these yere. See! thar's a print set squar' down; then yere's one that's only light-like, just half-made."

Mont got down on his knees and followed the tracks along. The man had fled in great haste. Sometimes he had gone over the bushes, sometimes he had lighted in the midst of one. But, here and there, was a print, sometimes of the right foot, sometimes of the left; but one was always lightly made—"half-made," as Hi said.

"That man limped, sure enough," said Mont, finally. "But I guess he did n't limp from a wound, though he may have been wounded. I should say that he had a game leg."

"A game leg!" repeated Johnny and Arty together.

"I allow you're right, Monty, my boy," said Hi, who had been stooping again over the myste-



BILL BUNCE.

rious foot-prints. "That thar man had a game leg, for sure."

"Which leg was Bill Bunce lame of, Johnny?" demanded Barnard.

"The left leg," replied the lad.

Arty looked up triumphantly from the ground and exclaimed :

“ So was this man that tried to steal Old Jim.”

“ It was Bill Bunce! It was Bill Bunce! I'm sure it was,” cried little Johnny, in great excitement.

He looked at the foot-prints of the fugitive horse-thief and fairly trembled with apprehension ; he could not have told why.

“ Oh ! sho !” said Hi. “ You must n't think that every game-legged man you meet on the plains is Bill Bunce. Why, thar was that feller that picked up Barney's boots when they fell out of the wagon, down at Pilot Springs. He wa' n't no Bill Bunce, and he was the game-leggedest man I ever seen.”

“ If he had not been too game-legged to wear those boots, I am not so sure that Crogan would have seen them again,” laughed Mont.

“ Well, boys, thar's nothin' more to be l'arned of them foot-prints,” said Hi. “ We may as well get breakfast and be off.”

“ But this is Sunday,” said Barnard.

“ Yes,” replied Hi, “ Sunday and no feed, and no water. Camp here all day and starve the critters? Not much.”

“ But we have never traveled Sundays,” remonstrated Mont.

“ Oh yes, we did, Mont,” interposed Arty. “ Once before, at Stony Point, you know we had to when there was no grass ; and we traveled from the Salt Lick to Deep Creek on Sunday, because we had no water.”

“ Which is the Christianest, Mont,—to let the cattle go without feed, or travel Sunday?” asked Hi.

“ I don't know. I give up that conundrum.”

“ So do I,” said Hi, with a grin.

They went on, however. Leaving Thousand Spring Valley, and crossing several rocky ridges, they descended and entered a long, narrow cañon, through which flowed a considerable stream.

Precipitous walls of rock rose up on either side, leaving barely room for the narrow wagon-trail and the creek. The trail crossed and recrossed the stream many times, and the fording-places were not all safe or convenient. But the day was bright and pleasant, and high, high above their heads, above the beetling crags, the blue sky looked cool and tender.

A long train passed down the cañon, the procession being strung out with numerous companies of emigrants. They had got half-way through the passage, which was several miles long, when, late in the afternoon, the sky grew overcast, and thick clouds gathered suddenly in the west.

“ An awkward place to get caught in a shower,” muttered Captain Wise. “ Thar's poor crossing

at the best of times, and if this yere creek should rise, we'd be cut off in the midst of the cañon.”

“ But there is no danger of that, is there?” said Mont, who was striding along with the Captain.

“ Could n't say, Mont. These yere creeks do swell up dreffle sudd'n sometimes.” And he anxiously regarded the sky, from which a heavy shower now began to fall.

The boys lightly laughed at the discomfort. They were used to it, and, wrapping their heavy coats about their shoulders, they plodded on in the pouring rain.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the shower increased with such force that Hi, who was behind with the team, shouted to Captain Wise :

“ Say, had n't we better lay by? Yere's a place whar we can turn in and let the others pass us.”

“ The cattle's necks are gettin' chafed with their yokes,” cried Tom, who particularly disliked getting wet.

“ We must drive on until we're out of this yere cañon,” was the Captain's only reply.

And they pressed on in the midst of a tempest of rain. The sky overhead was only a narrow patch between the frowning walls of the cañon. It was as black as ink.

They had now reached a sharp bend in the cañon ; a huge elbow in the rocky precipice at the left of the track came down and made a deep recess just beyond it, where the trail turned in to the left. On their right was the creek, now foaming along in its stony bed, and opposite was a sheer wall of rock rising into the low-hung clouds.

As they struggled around the corner of the rock and entered a little elevated place, where the cañon widened, the tall angle behind them shut out the trail down which they had just passed. Arthur, hearing a strange whirring noise in the air, looked back and up the cañon. He saw an inky black mass, tremendous and tumbling over and over, drift helplessly over the wall of the cañon, like a huge balloon. It struck the opposite wall, and in an instant the solid rock seemed to burst in cata-racts of water.

Suddenly, the air was filled with a portentous roar. The rain no longer fell in sheets, but in solid masses. The creek, black except where it was lashed into foam, rose like a mighty river and tore down the cañon, hoarsely howling on its way. The sides of the narrow pass seemed to melt into dropping streams of water. The trail disappeared, and along the foaming tide rushed wagons, horses, oxen, men, and the floating wrecks of trains which had been farther up the cañon.

The angry flood, checked by the sharp angle of rock around which the boys had just passed, roared in a solid wall over that part of the trail, spread

out and curled, hissing, up to the little eminence on which the party, with scared faces, stood as if spell-bound. The loose cattle of the Rose drove were in the rear. They were swept off like insects. Then the flood, as if holding on by its claws at the rocky angle behind, backed up and backed up, until, with one mighty effort, it swept the wagon-bodies off their beds, overturned the cattle in their yokes, and then slunk off down the cañon, and suddenly fell away.

Captain Rose, mounting a wrecked wagon, in the midst of the still falling rain, looked about anxiously, gave a great sob, and said:

"I'm a ruined man; but, thank God, we're all here!"

The angry current yet fled down the cañon, making the trail impassable. But the worst was over. They were all alive. Even Pete, to whom Arty had clung in the extremity of his terror, was safe and sound. All were drenched, and it was only by clinging to the half-floating wagons that they had been saved from drowning. But the yoke cattle were all here. So was poor Old Jim, and a few of Rose's loose cattle, as well as his horse.

"What was that?" asked Tom, his teeth chattering with fear and cold.

"A cloud-burst," said Mont, solemnly. "And it will be a wonderful thing if hundreds of people in this cañon are not drowned by it."

More than an hour passed before the creek had fallen enough to permit the emigrants to pass down the trail. But the cañon was free of the flood in an astonishingly short time. Before dark, the little party, gathering up their wet goods and straightening out their teams, ventured down the trail.

The alders were crowded with fragments of wreck. Wagon-covers, clothing, and bits of small household stuff, were hanging from rocks and brush. The trail was washed out by the flood, and along it were strewn the bodies of drowned animals. For the most part, however, the wrecks had been swept clean out of the cañon, and were now lying on the sandy plain beyond.

Nobody ever knew how many lives were lost in that memorable cloud-burst. They were many. The boy emigrants passed out and camped on the fast-drying plain at the mouth of the cañon, where they found Philo Dobbs, his wife, and Nance. They, with Messer, had laid by outside before the storm came up, having been one day's travel ahead of our boys.

Rose had lost sixty head of cattle, a few of those first missing having been picked up afterward.

"Where's yer yaller hoss?" asked Hi of Barney.

The sorrel horse was gone.

"Light come, light go," said Hi, sententiously. Then he added, "So much for traveling Sunday."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN THE DESERT.

It was early in September when the emigrants reached the head-waters of the Humboldt. Here the road led by the side of the stream, which flowed through a narrow valley. Outside of this valley, the country was a tumultuous mass of rocks, mountains, and sand. No tree nor shrub relieved the prospect anywhere. It was an utterly desolate and trackless desert. Close by the stream, whose bluish white current was shaded by willows, there was plenty of grass, and the water was at least fit to drink. So the party journeyed on blithely, forgetful of the dangers behind, and careless of the privations before them.

Occasionally, the road left the river and crossed over a rough ridge of hills, for ten or twelve miles, and then, having made a straight line across a curve of the stream, struck it again farther down. But, after about two weeks of travel, with some days of rest, orders went out to cut grass for the long stretch of desert which was now to be traversed. Knives of all sorts were brought out and sharpened, and the emigrants spent one afternoon in cutting and binding up the lush coarse grass which grew plentifully in the meadows. Not far from this point, the Humboldt spreads out in a boggy lake, overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, and is lost in the desert. About the edges of this strange swamp the whole surface of the earth is dry and parched. The spreading river seems discouraged by the barren waste before it, and it sinks away in the sands and is gone.

"This everlasting sage-brush!" murmured Arty, as the party left the verdure of the Humboldt meadows and struck once more into the arid plain, where the only vegetation was the yellow-brown sage-brush or the whity-yellow grease-weed. "This everlasting sage-brush! How sick I am of it!"

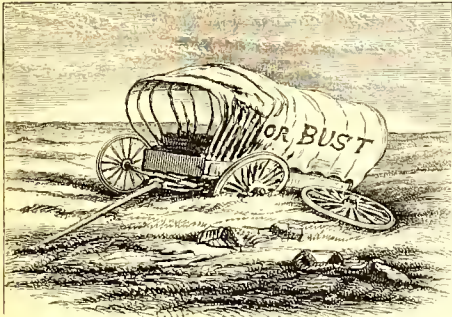
"Oh, well, don't speak ill of the sage-brush, Arty," said Mont, pleasantly. "Besides, it is called artemisia, which is a much nicer name; and if it was not for the artemisia, otherwise sage-brush, I don't know what you would do for fuel."

"That's so, Mont," added Hi. "And though I don't know much about your arty-what-d'ye-call-it, I allow it's put here for some good end. See, that there sage-stalk is nigh as thick as my leg, and good fire-wood it is. Howsoever it gets to grow in this sand gets me, I must say. Still, I shall be glad when we are shut of it. Hit's a sure sign of desert wherever it grows."

It was an abominable country. The face of the earth was undulating, but gradually rising as the trail ran westward, and was covered with loose black, yellow, and red boulders, and split masses

of rock. The wagon-trail was almost knee-deep with red dust, and was sprinkled with broken stones, over which the wagons jolted dismally. Beyond, as far as the eye could reach, and disappearing over the swales of the surface, stretched a long, long line of teams, over which a pillar of dust continually rose into the hot air. The sun poured down its fiercest beams, and the far-off hills to the north looked as if they were calcined in the terrible heat, and ashes seemed to cover their glowing sides.

After a long and weary tramp, the boys reached Antelope Springs, a place whose name had such a pleasant sound to them, that they had longed for it very much. It was a bitter disappointment. Hundreds of teams were already on the ground before them, and the two feeble little springs which had gushed out from under a ledge of rocks in this dryness, were trampled and choked with mud. The water which trickled down from these pools was not fit to drink; even the suffering cattle would



"CALIFORNIA OR BUST."

not touch it. After waiting several hours, and taking up a spoonful of water at a time, the boys secured enough to make some coffee—the first nourishment they had had since morning; and it was now nearly sundown.

Rabbit-hole Springs, twenty miles off, must be reached before any water for the cattle and horses could be found. It was a day's drive, in the best of times. Now they must make it in one night.

The poor animals, hungry and thirsty, could hardly drag the wagons over the rough roads; and the boys, faint, foot-sore and sleepy, stumbled along in the dark, ready to fall down and sleep forever in the rocky way. As the night wore on, the air grew cool, and they toiled up and down the steep ridges with some sense of relief.

During the night, while sweeping down a mountain side, the party suddenly blundered into the midst of the encampment of a large company of emigrants. These people were evidently tired out with their march; not one was to be seen. Their

cattle were scattered about in all directions, and all their tents were silent. Into this tranquil settlement suddenly burst the train of the Roses, the young emigrants, and several others who had "bunched" together while crossing the desert. In a twinkling, the loose animals rushed to the right and left among the tents and wagons, startled by the unexpected sight, or searching for something to eat.

The confusion was instant and dire. Men rushed out from their tents, or from under their wagons, half-dressed and panic-stricken. Their alarm changed to rage when they saw the cause of the midnight invasion; and they tried in vain to stop the bewildered cattle, who charged on the tents, tore down the canvas, and hungrily grabbed at anything eatable and in reach. Old Jim snatched a huge bundle of grass in his teeth, and bore it off triumphantly, never heeding the stones and yells flung after him.

Men shouted, women screamed, children bawled, dogs barked, and cattle bellowed. The surprise was complete, and the stampede perfect. It took a long time to straighten out the trains, separate the cattle, and pacify the strangers, who returned to their dismantled tents in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"Should n't hev camped right on the trail if ye did n't want to git up and dust in the middle of the night," was Bush's remark as he collected his small equipage of cow and cart and went swinging down into the valley, with as much self-complacency as if he had commanded the whole train.

The night grew cooler, and when the caravan reached the long sandy plain which now stretched out toward Rabbit-hole Springs, Arty wrapped his blanket about his shoulders and journeyed out into the mysterious star-lighted waste, accompanied only by his faithful Petc. The road was heavy with loose sand, but not difficult to walk in, and the boy soon passed out of all sight and hearing of the teams behind him. He was alone in a sea of sand, the dog keeping close behind him at his heels. The sky, spangled with stars, bent over him, and, far off, the dim horizon shaded away into the gloom of the distant hills. Arthur fancied himself a lost traveler, far from human habitation or human trace, and he pressed on against the rising breeze with a keen sense of the novel loneliness of his condition. The cries of the ox-drivers and the crush of wheels had died away in the distance, and only when Petc, terrified at the unearthly stillness, came up from behind, whined for a word of recognition and dropped back to his place, did the lad hear any sound that reminded him that he was in the land of the living.

Reaching a drift of sand, where the wind had

curled up a wave in the shape of a furrow, Arty wrapped his blanket about him and lay down and gazed out on the lonely desert waste, with a strange sort of fascination. Pete whimpered at this unusual proceeding. He seemed anxious and disturbed by the strange influence of the night; and he crept under the boy's blanket and snuggled up close, as if for companionship.

Presently, while Arty was dreamily looking off into the gloom, and wondering why he was not sleepy, the dog growled uneasily.

"Oh, keep still, Pete! One would suppose you saw a ghost."

But the dog, thus reproved, was silent only for a moment. He growled again with more positiveness, and Arty, straining his ear, caught no sound coming out of the mysterious shadows.

"What a fool I was to come out here alone," he muttered. "Keep still, Pete, can't you? But there are no Indians on this desert, I'm sure; nothing for 'em to eat. Wild animals, perhaps!"

And here Pete, who could endure it no longer, bounded out from under the blanket, where he had been growling and grumbling to himself, and barked loud, long, and without restraint.

The boy hushed him for a moment, when a faint cry of "Halloo! Arty!" came out of the darkness. It was Mont's voice, and Pete bounded off to meet him.

"Gracious! how you scared me, Mont!" said Arty, as his comrade came up. "What are you ahead for?"

"Well, you see, Hi is driving. Barney Crogan is asleep in the wagon, and Tom is riding with Nance's folks. So I got lonesome and came on ahead to find you. Nice night."

"Yes, but how strange it is. See those stars. That's Orion, you know. My mother showed me that constellation ever so many years ago; and, do you know, I was just thinking how queer it is that all those stars should shine over us here, away off in the desert, just as they used to at Sugar Grove; just as they used to shine in Vermont, I suppose—but I don't remember much about that."

The young man made no answer, but sat down by Arty's side, clasped his hands over his knees, and looked out into the shadowy plain. The boy was silent again, and the dog curled up and slept at his feet. Mont thought of the stars shining over his New England home, far away. He saw the gable windows of his mother's house gleaming in the moonlight, the bronzed elms that made dark shadows over the lanes of the suburban town where his old home was, and the silvery river that rushed under the bridge with wooden piers which he had crossed so often. Around him stretched a trackless, uninhabitable waste. It was as silent as the

tomb. Out of its depths came no sound; only the chill night wind whispered over the sand-dunes and among the pebbles lying in the dark hollows of this sea of sand.

Suddenly, as he mused, out somewhere in the vague mystery of the plain he heard the boom of a deep-toned bell—once, twice, thrice, four times—sounding on the air.

"The bell! the bell!" he shouted, and started to his feet. Pete barked in sympathy.

"Golly! what bell?" asked Arty.

"The nine o'clock bell at Cambridgeport! At least, I thought I heard it just then!" He added: "Good heavens! Am I mad?—or dreaming?" Then he laughed confusedly, and said: "Well, I must have been in a waking dream. Don't mind it. Here comes the train."

And, as he spoke, the teams came, slowly grinding their way through the darkness of the night.

The moon rose and faded away again in the early gray of the morning before the tired emigrants reached Rabbit-hole Springs. It was a queer place. A dry, smooth hill, rounded and baked, bore on its topmost curve a cluster of wells. These were dug by emigrants, and they reached a vein of water which kept these square holes always supplied. Rude steps were cut in the sides of the pits, and, cautiously creeping down them, the precious water was dipped up plentifully. No matter how many were filled, the supply never gave out.

Here the party drank and gave to their beasts. Then, filling all available vessels, they went on to the plain below, where, at four o'clock in the morning, they halted long enough to get ready a meager breakfast. The air began to grow warm again as the wind fell, and Arty, half-dead with fatigue and sleeplessness, stumbled about his camp-stove in a daze. Everybody but himself had dropped in the dust to sleep. He was alone, although a thousand people were camped all about on the sandy plain.

There was no fuel but dry grease-weed, and his hands were in the dough.

"Get up and get something to burn, you Crogan," he said crossly, kicking his sleeping brother's shins as he lay under the wagon.

"Yes, mother," drawled the young fellow in his dreams; "I'm coming—coming," and he was asleep again.

Half-crying with vexation, Arty sat down on the wagon-tongue and shouted out, in the most general way:

"If some of you fellows don't wake up and get some firing, you'll have no breakfast, so now!"

Nobody stirred, but Nance, gingerly picking her way over the pebbly ground, barefooted and dusty, came up and said:

"I'll help ye, Arty. Take yer hands out o' that



dough and get yer firewood, and I'll finish yer bread. Salt? Bakin'-powder? Now git."

"Nancy, you're the best girl I ever knew," said Arty.

"That's what she is," interposed Johnny, who was now sitting up in the sand. "Did you call, Arty?"

"Lie down again and nap it while you can," said Arty, his anger all gone. "You've a long tramp before you to-day, my little man."

Only two hours were allowed for rest and breakfast, and then the weary march began again. One of Rose's men—a tall, dangling young fellow, known in the camp as "Shanghai"—threw up his contract and determined to "get out and walk." He declared that he had been "put upon" long enough. He had not been provided with the cattle-whip which had been promised him. He had been compelled to drive loose cattle in the fearful dust of the day before, while some more favored person was allowed to drive the steers. To crown all, he had had but one spoonful of "dope" at breakfast that day. This was too much. He would go on alone.

Van Dusen, a stolid, black-bearded man, one of Rose's teamsters, who had very profound views on the subject of earthquakes and volcanoes, and who never, under any circumstances, could get enough to eat, listened to poor Shanghai's tearful complaints, threw down his whip, and said:

"Hang it! Shanghai, I'll go with ye!"

And these two pilgrims, packing all their worldly effects in one small bundle, took their way over the arid hills toward the Golden Land.

At noon, the long caravan, passing over a succession of rocky and dusty ridges, reached the last one, from which they gazed off into the Great Plain. It was like a vast sea. Far to the westward, a chain of sharp, needle-like peaks towered up to the sky. Northward, a range of hills, flaming in red and blue, looked as if they were masses of hot iron. South, the undulating level melted into the brassy sky. Across the dusty waste before them a long line of wagons traveled, far below the point on which the boy emigrants paused before they began their descent.

Looking toward the red-hot hills, and over the plain, tremulous with heated air, Arthur saw, to his intense surprise, a crooked line of shining blue. It glided out and in among clumps of willows, and rippled in the sunshine. It was a creek of considerable size, and, even from this distance, he could almost hear the gurgle of the blessed water.

"Water! water!" he cried.

Everybody gazed. Even the sullen cattle sniffed it with their noses, and poor Tige set up a disconsolate bellow as he looked.

"Only a mirage, Arty," said Mont, with a tinge of despondency. "See it pass?"

And, as he spoke, the trees faded away, the blue waters sunk into the earth, and only the parched rocks and hills remained. Then, moving down, the illusion seemed to strike the caravans below. The wagons grew and grew until they appeared to be fifteen or twenty feet high. Then these spectral figures broke in two, and on each wagon was the shape of another, bottom up and its wheels in the air. Then on this ghostly figure was another wagon, its wheels resting on the wheels of that below. This weird procession lasted a moment, shuddered, and melted away like a dream. Only the commonplace caravan plodded its weary way through the powdery dust.

At sunset, after a second distressing day's drive, the travelers reached the range of peaks which, like an island, divided the desert into two parts. Here was water, but so hot that an egg might have been boiled in it. Tige, who was on the sick list, put his black muzzle into it, and, astonished at the phenomenon, set off on a brisk run with his tail in the air.

"Poor old chap! He has not got all his wits about him now that he is sick," said Mont, compassionately.

Even when the water was cooled in pails, the cattle distrusted it and hesitated to taste it. The boys stewed their beans, baked biscuit, and made coffee, using a portion of the scanty stock of fuel brought a long way for this purpose; for here not even grease-weed, nor the tiniest blade of grass, ever grew. The surface of the ground was utterly bare.

A little withered grass, brought from the Humboldt, remained in the wagons, and was distributed among the cattle. Tige refused to eat it, and as the boys sat in the door of their tent, eating their desert fare, the docile animal came up, and, resting his nose on Arty's shoulder, looked, winking, into his tin plate of stewed beans.

"Have some, Tige?" said Arty. "Poor old Tige, he's off his grub."

And the steer, cautiously sniffing at the plate, put out his tongue, tasted with apparent satisfaction, and licked up the whole.

"Now, I call that extravagance!" said Tom, ladling out another plateful of beans.

"And I call it genuwine humanity. That's what it is, Mister Smarty," rejoined Hi. "Whatever else we have n't got, I allow we've beans enough to get us through with."

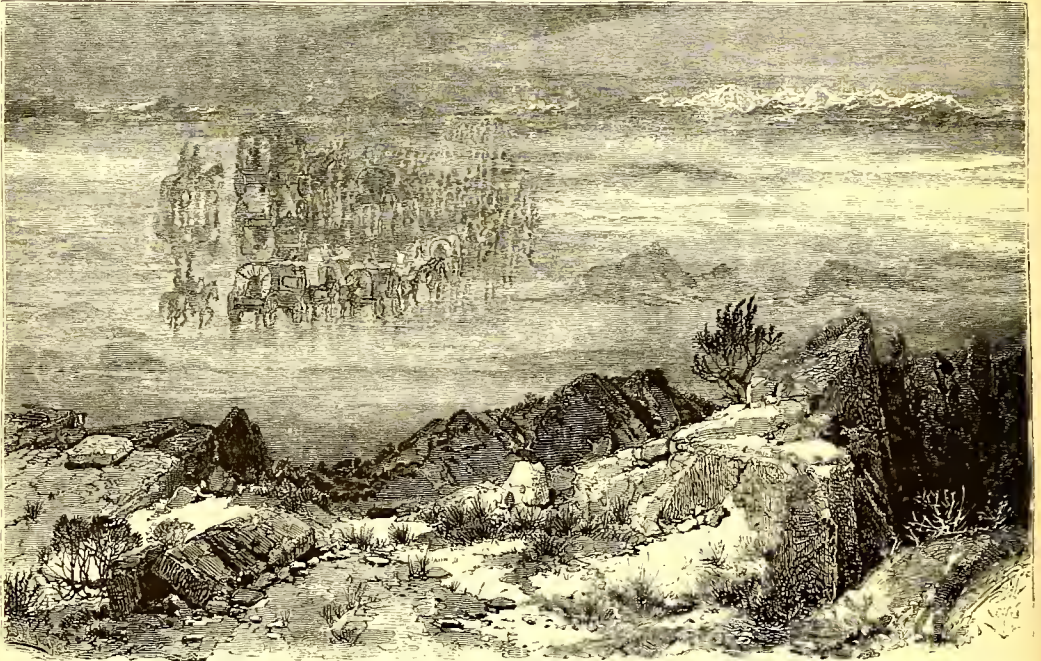
On again at sundown went the emigrants, as if pursued by some hidden enemy. Out into the desert swept a great train of wagons, cattle, men, and women—out into the desert, with the tall and

motionless peaks of purple towering above them into the evening sky, now flushed and rosy. How they tramped on and on, like a caravan of life, out into an unknown world, rich and poor, young and old, together! Leaving behind them their homes, and leaving by the way their dead, they swept past the islanded mountains, and so pressed on to the West.

When the night came on, and the yellow moon flooded the vast level plain with liquid light, the sight was very strange. The air was cool, the ground white with a firm sand which scarcely yielded to the easily running wheels. In the weird

of mountains. Without waiting to examine the ground, which was a rough plain bordering on a creek, the boys put up their tent, unyoked the cattle, who were too tired to stray, dropped into their blankets, and slept until long after the next day's sunrise.

Many of the cattle brought here, after the drive across the Great Plains, were left to die. The boys rested one day, and, when another night came on, they yoked their unwilling oxen, and were off again. It was sunset when they passed southward around the spur of mountains which lay across their path. And it was four o'clock on the follow-



THE MIRAGE.

luster that covered the plain, a lame steer, turned out to die, and standing away off from the trail, loomed up like a giraffe. To the startled lads, it seemed at first a balloon; then a phantom cow. Looking back, the long train seemed to rise up and melt away into the air; and forward, the blue-black mountains that bounded the plain were flecked with silver where the moonlight fell on quartz ledges and patches of belated snow.

Occasionally, a cry from the rear told that another "critter" had fallen, and some one must be detailed to bring it along, if possible. But the train rolled on until the camp-fires of Granite Creek shone on the desert. At two o'clock in the morning, inexpressibly weary, the emigrants reached a slightly raised bench at the foot of another range

ing morning when they paused and built another camp-fire in the midst of the last stretch of desert, on the western side of the range. Here was a level, floor-like plain, and the tents pitched with the flaps rolled up gave the scene an Oriental air. No Arabian coffee in the desert was ever more delicious than that which our weary young pilgrims drank. And no delicacies of a luxurious city could have been more welcome to these wandering sons than the well-browned biscuits which Arty's deft hands drew from their camp-oven.

The last day's travel was the hardest of all. Cattle dropped by the wayside. Strong men fainted with fatigue, or grew delirious with sleeplessness. In some of the trains there was real want, and strange rumors of a plot to rob the better-provided

ones floated back and forth among the trains, now moving once more in single file over the bleak and barren hills. No vegetation met the eye, no insect nor bird cried in the joyless air; a fierce sun poured down its rays upon the struggling line. Here and there, a grave, newly made and rudely marked, showed where some poor soul had fallen by the way. The very sky seemed to add to the utter desolation of the land.

But, at sunset, the young emigrants, after fording a salt creek, climbed the rocky ridge which separated the desert from the fertile region known as the Smoke Creek country. The train toiled on and passed over the divide. Arthur and Mont paused and looked back. The setting sun bathed the plain below in golden radiance. A flood of yellow sunshine poured over the arid waste, and broke in masses among the violet shadows of the mountain range beyond. Eastward, the rocky pinnacles, glorified with purple, gold, and crimson, pierced a sky rosy and flecked with yellow. It was like a glimpse of fairy-land.

Arty held his breath as he gazed and for a moment forgot his fatigue.

"It is as beautiful as a dream," said the boy.

"And as cruel as death," added Mont.

"I shall never forget it, Mont."

"Nor I."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE GOLDEN LAND.

"POOR old Tige! We may as well take him out of the yoke."

The plucky little ox would have dragged on with his mate Molly until he dropped. But he was too sick to travel. The boys were now near Honey Lake Valley, where feed was good and water plenty. They had crossed the last considerable ridge, or divide, before reaching the Sierra; a few days more would bring them to their journey's end.

The faithful beast had pulled steadily through the awful desert and over the volcanic region which lay between that region and the Honey Lake country. As Johnny and Arthur unfastened the yoke to let the invalid Tige go free, the creature looked around in wonder, as if to ask the reason of this unwonted proceeding.

"Tige, my boy," said Arthur, "I am afraid you wont wear the yoke again."

"Is he so bad as that, Arty?" asked Johnny, sympathetically, and almost with tears.

"Well, you see, Johnny," interposed Barnard, "there is very little chance for a critter that's alkali'd ever to get well. That dose of melted fat we gave him yesterday did n't do him a bit of good. Hi says that he allows that his milt is all

eaten away by alkali. Whatever the milt may be, I don't know; do you, Mont?"

"Diaphragm, I guess," said Mont.

"Dyer what?" asked Tom. "Dyer—well, that's a good one. I tell you it's the milt. Don't you know what the milt is?"

"Give it up," said Barney, shortly. "Hurrah! there's the Sierra!"

And, as he spoke, their team, drawn now by one yoke, rounded the ragged summit of the ridge, and they beheld the Sierra Nevada.

Below was a winding valley, dotted with isolated lofty pines, and bright with green grass. A blue stream rambled about the vale and emptied into a muddy-looking lake at the south. This was Honey Lake, and the stream was Susan's River. Beyond, westward, was a vast wall, bristling with trees and crowned with white peaks. It was the Snowy Range of Mountains. Beyond was the promised land.

The boys gazed with delight on the emerald valley and the sparkling river; but chiefly were they fascinated by the majestic mountains beyond these. They were not near enough to see the smaller features of the range. But their eyes at last beheld the boundary that shut them out of the Land of Gold. The pale green of the lower hills faded into a purple-blue, which marked where the heavy growth of pines began. Above this, and broken with many a densely shadowed gulch and ravine, rose the higher Sierra, bald and rocky in places, and shading off into a tender blue where the tallest peaks, laced with snow, were sharply cut against the sky.

Before the young emigrants were water, rest, and pasturage. Beyond were the mysterious fastnesses in which men, while they gazed, were unlocking the golden secrets of the earth. Up there, in those vague blue shadows, where the mountain torrents have their birth, miners were rending the soil, breaking the rocks, and searching for hidden treasure. The boys pressed on.

But days passed before the emigrants, with their single yoke of cattle, and often delayed by swamps, and by getting on false trails, reached the base of the Sierra. It was now late in September, and the nights were cool. While on the high ridges west of the Great Desert, they had had a touch of cold weather. Ice had formed outside of the tent on more than one night; and, inside, the boys had shivered under their blankets and buffalo skins, though the days were hot. But here was fuel.

Here, too, at the foot of the mountains, they found a ranch, or farm, the tiller of which had steadily refused to be charmed away by tales of gold discoveries on the other side of the wall of mountains.

He leaned on his rail fence and eyed the vast procession of emigrants with a cynical air. The boys almost envied him the possession of such a trim little farm; for, though it was rude and straggling, it looked like a home, a haven of rest, after their long march in the desert and wilderness. They felt, for the first time, that they were ragged, uncouth, toil-stained, and vagabondish in appearance. Here was a man wearing a white shirt, or one that had once been white; and a woman stood in the door-way, with knitting-work in her hands. It was a domestic picture, and in sharp contrast to emigrant life on the plains.

"Oh, you're bound to the gold-diggin's, you be?" he said, with an unpleasant leer. "Wal, now, I've heerd that men were makin' wages over there—day wages jest—and flour at twenty dollars a hundred. But boys—wal, now, this gets me! Boys? No wages yonder fur boys, you jest bet yer life!"

"Don't you worry yourself, old man," retorted Hi, who always did the rude joking of the party. "We'll come back next week and buy out your shebang, boys or no boys, wages or no wages."

"Got any vegetables to sell?" asked Barney, civilly.

"Vegetables! Stranger, look a-there!" said the ranchero, pointing to a patch of ground well dug over. "D'ye see that there patch? Wal, that there patch was full of corn and taters. Corn don't do well here; too cold and short seasons. But this year them crazy critters that hev been pilin' over the mountains hev carried off every stalk and blade and ear. What they did n't beg, they stole; and what was n't growed, was carried off half-growed."

"Stole your crop?"

"That's about the size of it. I'm from Michigan, I am, and was brought up reg'lar; but I jest laid out in that corn-field, nights, with a double-barrel shot-gun, untel there wa' n't no corn for me to hide in. Stole? Why, them pesky gold-hunters would hev carried the ground away from under my feet, if they'd a-wanted it. Smart fellers, they be!"

"Why don't you go on and try your luck in the mines?" asked Barnard, who, with Mont and Arty, had lingered behind, hoping that they might buy a few fresh vegetables.

"So far as I've heerd tell, there's no luck there. Here and there a chunk, but nothin' stiddy. The mines hev gi'n out; they've been givin' out ever since they was struck, and now they've gi'n out clean."

"And are you going to stay here and farm it?" asked Barney.

"Young feller,"—and here the rough-faced

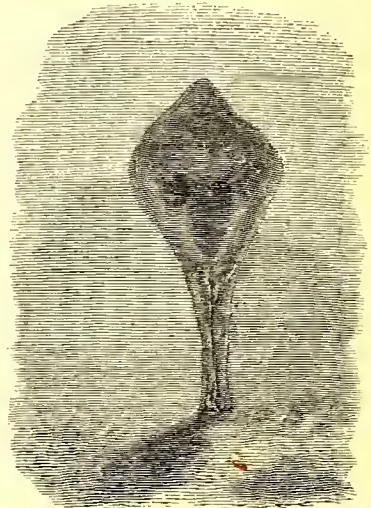
ranchero put on a most sagacious air,—“ranchin' here is better than gold-diggin' over yender. Here I stay. That there's my wife, Susan; that's Susan's River yender, and this here's Susanville, now hear me.”

“And you find farming profitable, although the emigrants steal your crop?”

“Wal, young feller,” he said to Mont, “you're a sort of civil-spoken chap; seein' it's you, I'll sell you a few taters for a dollar a pound.”

The boys bought two pounds of potatoes and went on, alarmed at their first great extravagance.

“Never mind,” said Rose, when they told him of their purchase. “You'll have no more chance to buy potatoes after this. Reckon you might as well get yer fust and last taste of 'em now.”



THE PHANTOM COW.

Camping at night in the forests of the Sierra was like being in paradise. No more sand, no more sage-brush, no more brackish or hot water in the rivulets. Gigantic pines stretched far up into the star-lit sky. Ice-cold streams fell over the mountain-side. The cattle lay down to rest in nooks carpeted with rich grass. The boys built a tremendous fire in the midst of their camp, piling on the abundant fuel in very wantonness, as they remembered how lately they had been obliged to economize handfuls of dry grass and weeds in their little camp-stove.

This was luxury and comfort unspeakable; and as they basked in the cheerful light and heat, Hi said: “I allow I'd just as soon stay here forever. The gold-mines are a fool to this place.”

Barney poked the glowing fire, which was kindled against a mighty half-dead pine, and said: “Who votes this is a good place to stay in?”

There was a chorus of laughing "I's" about the fire, as the boys lounged in every comfortable attitude possible. At that, there was a horrible roar from the pine-tree by the fire, and from the midst of the curling flames suddenly appeared a huge creature, which bounded through the blaze, scattered the brands in all directions, broke up the circle of loungers, who fled in all directions, knocked over little Johnny, and disappeared down the side of the mountain, with a savage growl.

The boys stared at each other in blank amazement, and with some terror.

"An elephant!"

"A tiger!"

"A catamount!"

"A grizzly bear!"

"It *was* a bear! I felt his fur as he scabbled over me!" said Johnny, with a scared face and his teeth chattering.

Just then, there was a shot down the mountain in the direction in which the monster had gone crashing through the underbrush. Then another, and another shot sounded. Everybody ran. They came up with two or three men from a neighboring camp, running in the same direction. Reaching a little hollow in the wood, they found two emigrants examining a confused dark heap on the ground.

"What is it?" cried the new-comers.

"A b'ar," said one of the men, taking out his knife and making ready to skin the animal. "Heerd him crashin' through the brush and let him have it."

"A grizzly?" asked Tom.

"No, a cinnamon, I allow," said the other man, striking a light for his pipe, before he began to help his comrade.

Johnny, who had not quite recovered from his fright, looked at the bronzed face of the emigrant, illuminated as it was for a moment by the flaming match, and exclaimed:

"Bill Bunce!"

"Hello! my little kid," said the fellow, unconcernedly. "Whar've yer bin this long back?"

Johnny was too much astonished to reply, and Mont, with some severity of manner, said:

"This is the boy you abandoned on the Mississippi River, is it not, Bunce?"

"Well now, stranger, I allow you are too many for me. My understandin' was that he throwed off on me. Say, pard," he continued, addressing his mate, "just yank him over on his back. There now, this skin's wuth savin'. He's fat, he is; must weigh nigh onto three hundred."

The boys went back to their camp-fire very discontentedly. After all, there was nothing to be done. They might have accused him of attempting to steal Old Jim.

"Well, we've got our baked potatoes, anyhow," grumbled Barney, as he raked two dollars' worth of that useful vegetable out of the ashes.

Later, while they were debating as to what they might demand of Bill Bunce, when they should see him again, the comrade of that mysterious person appeared by the camp-fire with a huge bear-steak.

"With Mr. Bunce's compliments," he said, with a grin. "It was your bear, like, as it mought be; came outen your back-log," and the stranger disappeared.

"Cheeky," said Barney.

"Now, a b'ar-steak is not to be sneezed at. We'll have a jaw with that Bunce feller to-morrow," said Hi, surveying the welcome fresh meat with great gratification.

But, next day, when the boys awoke at sunrise, and surveyed the neighboring camping-grounds, no trace of Bill Bunce's party was to be found. They had "lit out" early in the dawning, a good-natured emigrant informed them.

On the second day after this adventure, the party reached a narrow ridge, the summit of the gap in the Sierra over which they were passing. They had toiled up a steep incline, winding among rocks and forests. Here was a descent too steep for any team to be driven down. Yet the road pitched over this tremendous incline, and they saw the tracks of wagons that had just gone on ahead.

"See here," said Mont, who had been spying about. "Here are marks on the trees, as if ropes had been slipped around them. They have let the wagons down this inclined plane by ropes."

"But where are the ropes for us? And how do they get the cattle down? Slide 'em?" asked Barney.

"I don't know where our ropes are to be got," replied Morse. "But you can see the tracks of the cattle in the underbrush. They have been driven down that way."

It was a dilemma. They could hardly urge the cattle up the steep slope on the eastern side. There was not room enough for two teams to stand on top, and westward the ridge dropped away sharply, like the smooth roof of a house, for several hundred feet.

"Oh, here comes the Knight of the Rueful Countenance!" said Mont. "He has a coil of rope." And the sad-faced Messer came urging his cattle up the hill. The situation was explained to him.

"Yes, I allow I've heerd tell of this yere place," he said, "and powerful bad sleddin' hit is. Now, how d'yer allow to get down?"

Barnard explained to him how other people must have gone down. The rope was produced from Messer's wagon, one end made fast to the hinder

axle of a wagon. Then a turn was taken about a tree, and some of the party carefully steadied the vehicle down the hill, while the others held the rope taut, and let it slip around the tree-trunk, as the wagon slid slowly down. The oxen and loose cattle were driven over by a roundabout way through the brush. Poor old Tige at once lay down on reaching the valley below, and Arthur almost wept as the sick creature staggered to his feet and struggled on after the train, when they had crossed the divide and yoked up on the western side of the range.

Passing through "Devil's Corral," a curious, huge bowl of rocks, set up like a gigantic wall about a grassy hollow, the party camped on the margin of a magnificent meadow. Here was a flat valley, filled with springs and rank with grass and herbage. A pure stream circled about its edge, and, like a wall, a tall growth of pines and firs shut it in all about. The forest which sloped down this enchanted spot was aromatic with gums and balsams, and multitudes of strange birds filled the air.

In this lavish plenty, the boys camped for two days, in order that the tired cattle might be rested. It seemed as if this abundant grass and sparkling water would restore Tige's health, if anything could. Arty carefully tended the poor beast. But he was filled with forebodings, and, rising early in the morning after their first night in the valley, went out to look after his favorite. Johnny was up before him, and came toward Arty, dashing something from his eyes with his brown fist.

"Well?" said Arthur, with a little quiver in his voice.

"He 's all swelled up," sobbed the boy.

Arthur ran down into the meadow. The little black steer was lying cold and stiff. Tige's journey was done.

There was lamentation in the camp, and the sad-faced Missourian, who had camped with Capt. Rose and the boys, said, with the deepest melancholy:

"Such luck! Wish I had n't a-come!"

From this point, many emigrants dropped out to the north and south, and some pressed on to the

westward, striking for the rich mines said to exist on the edge of the Sacramento Valley.

The news was good. More than that, it was intoxicating. Men raced about as if they had a fever in their bones. The wildest stories of gold-finds floated among the camps, faces grew sharp with anxiety and covetousness, and mysterious murmurs of robberies and darker crimes began to fill the air. The boys were on the edge of the gold diggings. The wildness and lawlessness came up from the whirl beneath like faint echoes into these peaceful old forest solitudes.

On the last day of September, the boy emigrants mounted Chapparal Hill. Mont, Arty, and Barnard, climbing a peak near by, looked off on a golden valley, rolling far to the west, sparkling with streams and checkered with patches of timber. Westward, a misty mountain wall of blue melted into the pale sky. Nearer, a range of purple peaks rose, like a floating island in the midst of a yellow sea. This was the valley of the Sacramento, with the Coast Range in the distance and the Sutter Buttes in the midst. Beyond all, but unseen, rolled the Pacific.

The wagons crept over Chapparal Hill and halted by a group of canvas and log houses. Some uncouth-looking men were loitering about the camp. Beyond, by a creek, others were shoveling soil into a long wooden trough, in which water was running. Others were wading, waist deep, in the stream.

There was an odor of fried bacon in the air, and the sinking sun shone red over the camp-fires, where the men were cooking their supper.

"How 's the diggings?" asked Capt. Rose of a tall fellow, who was lying at full length on the ground, and teasing a captive magpie.

"Slim," was the reply.

"Well, I reckon we 'll stop here for the present. Claims all taken up?"

"Thar 's room enough;" and the miner laughed as he went on playing with the bird.

The boys, somewhat dejected, drove down by "the branch," unyoked their cattle, and set up their tent.

This was the Golden Land.

(To be continued.)

## A JUNE MORNING LESSON.

BY JULIA M. DANA.

Twice one are two:  
Prairie roses, blushing through  
My window—all aglow with dew.  
Twice one are two.

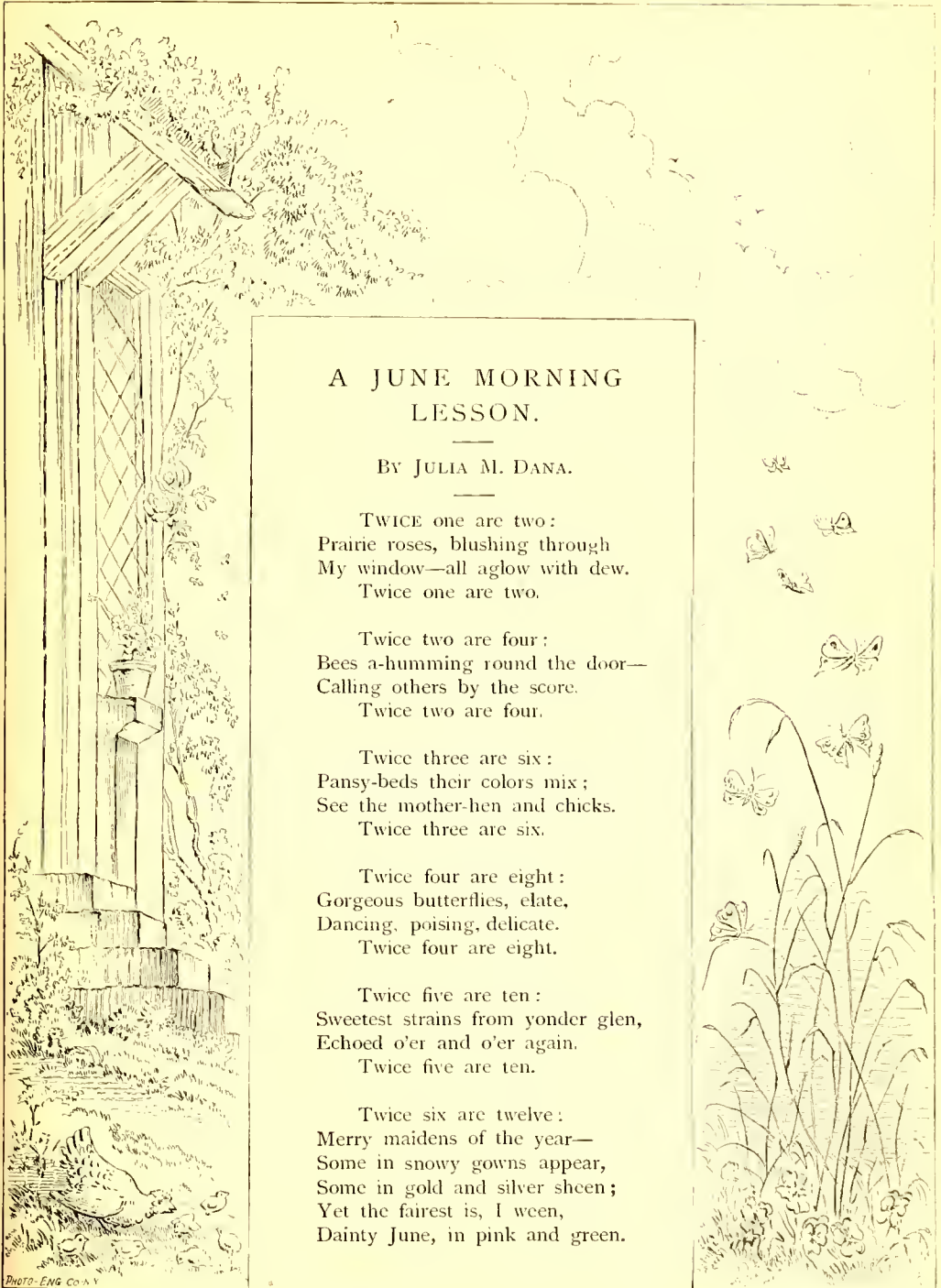
Twice two are four:  
Bees a-humming round the door—  
Calling others by the score.  
Twice two are four.

Twice three are six:  
Pansy-beds their colors mix;  
See the mother-hen and chicks.  
Twice three are six.

Twice four are eight:  
Gorgeous butterflies, elate,  
Dancing, poising, delicate.  
Twice four are eight.

Twice five are ten:  
Sweetest strains from yonder glen,  
Echoed o'er and o'er again.  
Twice five are ten.

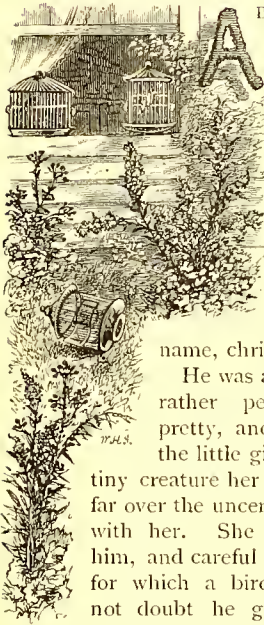
Twice six are twelve:  
Merry maidens of the year—  
Some in snowy gowns appear,  
Some in gold and silver sheen;  
Yet the fairest is, I ween,  
Dainty June, in pink and green.



## WILLIE'S WONDERFUL FLIGHT.

*(A True Incident.)*

BY CELIA THAXTER.



ABOUT thirteen years ago there lived in Jamaica Plain, near Boston, two little girls who each had a canary-bird. The grandfather of these children lived in Fayal, and had sent from that distant island her bird to the eldest girl a short time before my story begins. May, for that was her name, christened him Willie.

He was a green and yellow bird, rather peculiarly marked, very pretty, and he sang sweetly, and the little girl was very fond of the tiny creature her grandfather had sent so far over the uncertain sea to find a home with her. She was kind and good to him, and careful he should lack nothing for which a bird might wish; so I do not doubt he grew very fond of her, and was as happy as he could be. But

into that pleasant home the war of the Rebellion brought its inevitable sorrow, and May's father joining the army, the household was broken up, and the family went to New York for the winter. Before going, May wrote to me asking if I would keep Willie for her till the spring, when they hoped to return. Of course I was glad to do so, and Willie was brought from Jamaica Plain to Newton one day in late autumn. His cage was covered with brown paper, so that he might not be alarmed at all the unaccustomed confusion about him; he was taken in the cars to Boston, and from Boston brought out to Newton in another train of cars, and at last deposited safely in my hands. I took the paper off the cage and hung it up at one of the four windows of my sunny parlor, already cheerful with birds and flowers, and Willie looked about him with bright black eyes surveying his new surroundings. It was a pleasant place, where the sun shone all day. He saw a robin and a song-sparrow at one window, a yellow canary at another, and still another bird, with dusky plumage like his own, stood in the middle of the flower-stand in a bower of green. All about the windows ivies and smilax were climbing, nasturtiums and geraniums blossomed brightly, and

every plant bloomed and spread gay leaves of freshest green to make a summer in the place when winter should storm without. I think he missed his dear little May at first, but he soon grew accustomed to the change and seemed quite content. A cherry-tree stood close to the window inside which his cage was hung, and to the boughs of this tree I was in the habit of tying mutton and beef bones to feed the wild birds when the snow was on the ground. How he used to watch them when they came! Sometimes the tree seemed alive with pretty woodpeckers, chickadees, and Canada sparrows with red brown caps, and handsome, screaming jays, resplendent in brilliant blue. I wondered what he thought about them, but apparently he was not troubled with many thoughts. He ate, and drank, and sang his prettiest for me, till at last, the winter ended, the final snow-storm flung us a bitter good-bye; the strong sun unlocked the frozen earth, the grass crept out, and the world grew glad and glorious again. The outside windows were taken off, and all day long, when the sun shone, the inner ones stood wide open with the cages close together on the sills, shaded now by vines which grew outside, and touched by long sprays of pink flowering-almond that waved in the warm wind. Every night before sunset I took the birds in and hung them up in their places. One afternoon I went as usual to take care of my pets. What was my distress to find Willie's cage missing! Half afraid lest I should see some prowling cat in the act of devouring him, I looked out of the window. There on the ground lay the empty cage, with the door open. How my heart sank at the sight! May's little bird, which she had intrusted to my care, was gone. Though we did not own a cat, our neighbors did, and how could I be sure that one of the stealthy creatures had not found its way to the birds and selected my dear guest to destroy! I was in despair; fond as I was of my pets, I would gladly have sacrificed all the rest could I have brought back that one which had been intrusted to me. I knew the family had returned to Jamaica Plain, and only the day before I had said to myself that I was glad Willie was in such good condition to return to May. And there lay the open cage and he was gone! Very sad and sorry, I sat down to write to the little girl that she would never see her dear bird again.

Now happened a wonderful thing.

I sent my letter, but before it reached its desti-



nation that little bird had arrived in its old home, and was safe in May's possession again! He flew straight from Newton to Jamaica Plain, a distance of ten miles as the crow flies, and entered at the nursery window where of old his cage had hung. It was Willie himself, there was no mistaking the bird.

Now, was it not amazing that he should find his way with such unerring certainty across the wide and varying country, to that town, to that house, to that window? When his cage fell off my window ledge to the ground, and the door sprang open with the shock and set him free, how did he instantly know which way to fly to reach his former home? What told him to select a course due south-east instead of any other point of the compass? For the world was all before him, where to choose. Evidently he lost no time, for he arrived at his destination toward nightfall the next day. The children heard him fluttering at the window that night, but, supposing it some wild bird, took no notice of him. So he lingered without, and when in the morning the window was thrown open, swiftly the little wanderer flew in and perched on the cage of the other canary, which hung where he used to see it before he was carried to Newton.

Now, how *did* that little bird find out the way over woods and fields, and hills and dales, and many a town and group of houses? How could he be so wise as to select Jamaica Plain from all the places he must have passed over? Though he had lived there he had never really seen it, you know, and he was brought to Newton by the way of Boston, with his cage covered close with brown paper. Then, among all the houses, how did he find the house where little May lived? What led him straight to that nursery window? Of whom could he have inquired the way? To think that this tiny tuft of feathers should carry a spark of intelligence so divine, so far beyond the power of man's subtlest thought! Through the trackless air he found his way without hesitation or difficulty; his frail and delicate wings bore him safely across all those weary miles, and he entered contentedly the cage prepared for him, and dwelt there peacefully the rest of his little life.

Well may we look with wonder on everything that exists on this wonderful earth, and that a canary-bird can, in one sense, be so much wiser than the wisest man that ever lived, is not the least astonishing thing among many marvels.



## MABEL'S MAIDS.

BY W. J. LINTON.

“O FAIRY GOD-MA! I do want”—  
Said Mabel to her own dear Aunt—  
“I want a little Maid,  
To wash and dress me, with me play,  
And mend my clothes, and—but you'll say  
That's lazy, I'm afraid.

“But see! this button's off again;  
And on my hand there is a stain—  
It is not dirt, I'm sure.

Oh dear! there is so much to do:  
Dear Fairy God-Ma! cannot you  
A little Maid procure?”

“One's not enough for all you want,  
My Mabel!” said the Fairy Aunt:  
“At least some eight or ten  
Your needs require. Well, well, we'll see.  
Be a good girl and trust to me,  
And you shall have them, then.

"Say, Mabel! ten smart little elves  
Like those in the books upon your shelves—  
I think I know a few—  
To brush your hair, to wash your hands,  
And do what now poor Aunt demands  
So many times of you."

"How nice!" said Mabel. "Will they stay?  
You're sure they will not run away?  
Will they be always good?"  
Said Aunt: "They'll stay, and every hour  
They'll grow more clever, have more power  
To do the things you would."

"That is, dear, if you use them well:  
Else you may break the fairy spell.  
Now look! we have not far  
To go for them. At my first call  
The little Maids come, one and all."  
"Why, these my fingers are!"

"Well, Mabel! are not they enough  
For your small doings, smooth or rough,  
These cunning little elves?  
I guess they'll help. And, my own Mabel!  
Once set to work, you'll find them able  
To do it all themselves."

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## THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOY EMIGRANTS."

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AT last ST. NICHOLAS can answer, and answer truly, the often-asked question, How does Mr. Brooks look?—for on the next page is his picture, taken from the life.

"Tell us all about him, dear ST. NICHOLAS," write the girls. "Where does he live?" ask the boys. "Did he really go to California by the overland route, years ago? Is he Arthur? Is he Mont? Who is he?"

Noah Brooks was born in the quaint old-fashioned town of Castine, Maine, in 1830. His father was of a well-known Massachusetts family, a ship-builder by trade, in the palmy days when the seaport towns of Maine were enlivened by the sound of the ax and mallet. It is quite likely that this Brooks lad, loitering about his father's ship-yard, and on the wharves, beaches, and rocky ledges of Castine, absorbed some of the romance of the sea and shore which since have appeared in his writings. He was left an orphan at the age of eight years, and was kept at the homestead by his elder sisters. Leaving school when eighteen years old, he went to Boston, where he studied drawing and painting; but, as this did not quite suit him, he, after awhile, drifted into new work, as a newspaper correspondent and writer.

In 1854, Mr. Brooks, then twenty-four years old, went to Illinois, where he engaged in business, but very soon, with an intimate friend and companion, he struck out for the Far West. The two young fellows took up a claim in the extreme western part of the then Territory of Kansas, but beyond hunting buffalo and winged game, nothing seems to have come of their visionary scheme of making their fortune as "settlers." The Kansas

experiment having failed, the two friends moved on toward California. After returning to Illinois for an outfit, they started from Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the overland emigrant route. There were many changes in the original party, but five finally began the trip. Of these, one true, faithful friend of young Brooks did not survive to reach California. His tragical death by drowning in the river Platte, near Fort Laramie, was a painful disaster to the little company. Otherwise the journey went prosperously on, and the young emigrants seemed to have had a good time.

The story of "The Boy Emigrants" is understood to be a faithful relation of life on the Plains and in the California gold mines. Many of the adventures of the young travelers, as told in this realistic tale, actually happened to Mr. Brooks's party, or under their own eyes, and from the notebooks of the author have been drawn the materials for the story, as well as for some of its illustrations; and almost all of the characters introduced are real people who crossed the Plains with the young emigrants.

Arriving in California, Mr. Brooks and his companions, as was the free-and-easy custom in those days, engaged in any pursuit which appeared most in demand. Mr. Brooks very soon returned to newspaper work, and in partnership with B. P. Avery, whose recent death in Pekin, where he was United States Minister, may be known to some of our readers, he established a daily newspaper, *The Appeal*. This was at Marysville, originally the "Nye's Ranch" of "The Boy Emigrants." In 1862, just after the sudden death of his wife and an infant child (for he had been married in 1856),

Mr. Brooks sold out his newspaper interest, and accepted the position of Washington correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, an influential California paper.

His letters during the war, signed "Castine," gained for him a wide and very favorable reputation in California and the adjoining States and Territories. It is pleasant to see now that some of the California newspapers, noticing "The Boy Emigrants" in ST. NICHOLAS, refer to the author as the "Castine" of those old days.

In Washington, Mr. Brooks renewed a former acquaintance with President Lincoln, who offered

him the appointment of Private Secretary, when the gentleman then filling that office was about to go abroad as Consul at Paris. This offer was accepted, but, before the change could be made, the good President was assassinated.

Immediately after this, Mr. Brooks returned to California, having been commissioned Naval Officer of the port of San Francisco. He occupied this office about a year and a half, when he was removed during the political excitement which President Johnson's administration created. Mr. Brooks returned to his newspaper work with great zest, and until 1871 was the managing editor of a San Francisco paper, the *Alta California*. All this while he

had been writing for the magazines. He was one of the little band of writers whose pens were engaged in the early numbers of the *Overland Monthly*, a magazine edited by Bret Harte. Mr. Brooks supplied stories, sketches, book reviews, and other work demanded by the lively young magazine, meantime superintending the publication of a semi-monthly newspaper for young folks.

In 1871, Mr. Brooks left California and came to New York, where he became one of the editors of the *New York Tribune*. Two years ago, he transferred his services to the *Times*, in which journal he is now engaged as an editorial writer. Since



NOAH BROOKS.

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Mr. Brooks has been in New York, he has frequently contributed to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*, some of its most powerful stories being from his pen; and the young folks who read ST. NICHOLAS have known him almost ever since they have known the magazine. Sometimes in ST. NICHOLAS Mr. Brooks hides away under a *nom de plume*, but the boys soon find him out, for they know his touches. "The Boy Emigrants" has gained him hosts of young friends and admirers, both here and on the other side of the ocean; and, as already intimated, this brief sketch is a response to many letters the burden of which is.— "Please tell us about Noah Brooks."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JUST after the middle of June, one hundred and one years ago, a battle was fought in New England; and on the same day of the month, fifty years afterward, a great American orator stood on the old battle-ground and told its story. The reason I mention these facts is that, on the 17th of June, the Deacon has promised to read that very oration to the boys of the red school-house. Should you like to read it on the same day, my patriotic youngsters? Then look for the "Address of Daniel Webster, delivered at Bunker Hill on the seventeenth of June, 1825."

#### PROF. GOBBA'S EXPERIMENT

I CANNOT tell you how many girls and boys have tried Professor Gobba's experiment, of which I told you in February ST. NICHOLAS. Dozens and dozens have astonished themselves and their friends with their success, and I dare say the flowers have been more astonished still. One little chap turned a pink primrose green and a white carnation yellow. The latest experimenter, a little Southern girl, writes: "I tried the aqua ammonia, dear Jack, and it turned a blue hyacinth into a green one, and a pink one into a yellow one, and a piece of white spiræa into lemon-color. I tried a bunch of wild violets, and they became green; some of the flowers of the Judas-tree or red-bud became a pale sea-green. We have a great many flowers in bloom now,—such as violets, red-bud, yellow jasmine, sassafras, and wild plums."

#### THE LEAF OF LIFE.

THERE'S a certain curious member of the plant family, very common in Jamaica. I'm informed, called the life plant, or leaf of life, because it is almost impossible to kill the leaves. You may cut one off, and hang it up by a thread, where any

ordinary leaf would be discouraged, and dry up. It will send out long, white, thread-like roots, and set about growing new leaves. You may cut off half a leaf, and throw it into a tight box, where it can get neither light nor moisture (necessaries of life to other plants); the spirited little leaf puts out its delicate roots all the same. Even pressed, and packed away in a botanist's herbarium,—the very driest and dullest place you ever *did* see,—it will keep up its work, throw out roots and new leaves, and actually grow out of its covers! I'm told that botanists who want to dry this pertinacious vegetable are obliged to kill it with a hot iron or with boiling water.

#### TRUE TALKING.

I THOUGHT, at first, Deacon Green was lecturing the young fellows; but no, he was reading, and reading with a certain look upon his face,—half stern, half sorrowful,—that showed very plainly how much in earnest he was. He told the boys that the writer's name was John Ruskin. Some other deacon, I suppose.

This is what he read, word for word:

In general I have no patience with people who talk about "the thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently; I would infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now; though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. Nothing should ever be left to be done there.

#### EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE.

CHILDREN, and grown people, in Africa think it quite a dreadful thing to eat an egg, and some of them would rather be severely punished than to drink cow's milk, yet one and all are very fond of a cake made of ants!

These ants, I believe, are called Ter, ter— It's very strange, now, that I cannot remember that word; it's ter—something, though, and may be some of you may be able to find it out.

#### TOO MUCH SUCCESS.

Too much success is sometimes as bad as defeat. "How's that, Mr. Jack," do you say? Well, I'll tell you a true story, and then you shall think the matter over and find your own answer:

Last spring a colony of crow blackbirds occupied the evergreen trees in a neighboring yard. Among the earliest of our spring arrivals, their noisy chattering usually mingles with the song of the robin, and the mellow music of the blue-bird, and they begin to prepare for housekeeping, while both robin and blue bird are shivering with the cold. Even before the winter's snow had gone from the north side of the fences, they had been busily carrying straw, sticks and string to the trees. May-day came, finding the ground white and frozen; but

the sun was riding too high for such weather to last, and my black chatters were soon hard at work again measuring and weighing their treasures, with that busy strut which makes the crow black-bird a character in his way. Watching them, I saw one seize a long rag, the tail of a last year's kite, perhaps, and take the usual step or two before flying. The rag was stretched to its full length, and one end was frozen into the dirt. The bird pulled lightly at first, then gave harder jerks, and, finally, began pulling with all his might, bracing himself backward like a boy tugging at some high, tightly set weed. At last the end of the rag loosened, and, as it suddenly yielded, the bird dropped squarely on its back, kicking in fine style. He arose ashamed or astonished at the mishap, and flew away leaving the rag behind.

Is n't it sometimes true, then, that too much success is as bad as defeat?

#### A HORN BOOK.

HAVE you a school-book there under your arm, my boy? Well, there's a tradition in my family that little folks used to learn their letters from a horn-book. A curious-looking thing it was, too, I've heard. A frame something like that of a small slate, with a handle on one end, and where the slate should be, a piece of paper, with letters and figures on it, all nicely covered up from meddling little fingers, with a sheet of very thin horn,—so thin that the letters showed through. No pictures,—no nice little stories like "The Cat can Run," or those in your old primer; no gayly colored big letters with "A was an Archer," to tempt the very babies to learn. Nothing but the alphabet, and figures. Sometimes they contained a verse of a pretty hymn, or perhaps a copy of the Lord's Prayer, but this was not very common. Yet the youngsters in those times did learn to read, I've heard; and they went through some pretty hard books, too.

[The Little Schoolma'am sends a picture of a horn-book of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and if the editors will kindly copy it I shall be much obliged.]

#### CURIOUS LETTERS

SPEAKING of old times—curious letter sheets the ancient Romans used to have! It was n't paper at all, I'm told, but a pair of ivory leaves, held together with hinges, like the slates some of you school-boys carry. The inside was thinly coated with wax, and the letter was written with some sharp implement. One could write a letter on the wax, tie it up, seal it, and send it to a friend. When it was read, the writing could be rubbed out with a knife, or any smooth, flat thing, and then it was ready to use again. I fancy people did n't write many letters in those days.

#### MORE ABOUT THE WOODPECKERS

Santa Cruz, California.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Happening to-day to take up St. Nicholas of last November, I read aloud "How certain Woodpeckers Pack their Trunks," and we all thought Jennie Lanner, of Nordhoff, Cal., had told it very well, but had not waited or watched to find out the whole story. May I tell it to your young folks?

The California woodpecker is a stock-grower, and raises his own fresh meat. He sticks the tree full of acorns, to be sure; and, by and by, the acorns are all lively with worms, and then it is that he reaps the rich reward of his toil.

We have been told that the blue jay often helps at the business. Boss Woodpecker drills the hole, and if the blue jay is not at hand with an acorn to fit it, the brisk little workman screams out in loud, sharp tones, as if scolding the lazy blue jay.

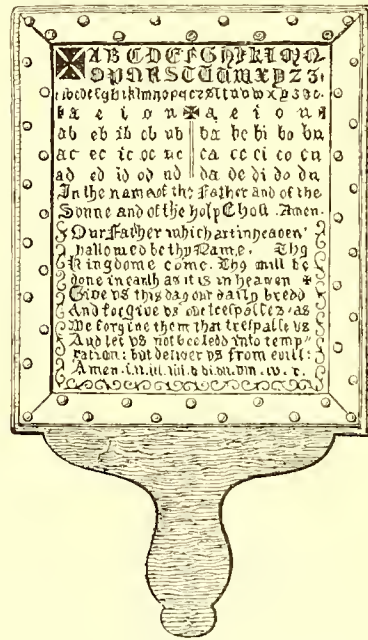
Whether this partnership extends to the harvest season, we have not yet learned. Some sharp-eyed little Jennie must find that out for us.

MARY JAMISON LOCKE.

Here is still further evidence, from a Chicago girl:

As to woodpeckers "packing their trunks," some years since, a friend, who is a great enthusiast in natural history, and has noticed the habits of birds, told me of this practice of the woodpeckers; but he said that it is for the sake of the worms which, after a sufficiently long time, will inhabit them, that the acorns are so carefully packed away, where they can easily be found when wanted. It may be that the woodpeckers like the meat of the acorn also; but what wonderful instinct it is that teaches them thus cunningly to plan for their winter food!

SUSY H. WELLES.



A HORN-BOOK OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

#### SAND WRITING IN INDIA.

THIS letter from a Baltimore girl will interest you, especially after hearing about the horn-book and the wax writing-tables, of which your Jack tells you this month:

DEAR JACK: I have been reading a very interesting book that tells about schools in India, and I thought the information well worth sending to you. These schools must be curious affairs. A village school is held under a large spreading tree, where the soil is all sand. About thirty or forty boys sit around in a circle, and the master stands in the middle, with his rod in his hand. He gives out a question in spelling or arithmetic, and all the scholars answer together, each boy writing the word in the sand with his fingers; and when done, springing to his feet, raising his right hand to his forehead, and making a bow, to indicate that he is ready for another question.

Even in universities, where young men are taught, they sit in circles on the floor, cross-legged,—hundreds of them. The professors stand between them, so as to teach several circles at once. Each student has a book, and studies the text out aloud, swinging back and forth, and all do this at once! It sounds like Babel.—Yours,  
H. M.



"WELL, YOU STRANGE CAT!—NOT A WORD FROM YOU YET?"

## WHAT KITTIKIN SAID TO THE KITTEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MIAOU! . What sort of a kitten do you call yourself, I wonder!—and where are your manners, I should like to know? Here have I been standing for a quarter of an hour, saying all the pretty things I can think of to you, and not so much as a purr can I get in reply. It is very rude, too, to mock me in that way, and imitate everything I do. My mother has always taught me to be polite to strangers; but perhaps you have n't any mother, poor thing! and never learned any manners. It is a pity, for you are a good-looking kitten,—something like me, in fact, only not so pretty. Miss Jenny, my mistress, said yesterday that I was the prettiest kitten in the world—and of course she knows, for she goes to school and learns lessons out of a book. I thought awhile ago that I should like to go to school too, and learn lessons. So one day I started to follow Miss Jenny up the lane; but a great ugly monster of a dog barked at me, and frightened me out of my wits. So then I thought I would learn to read too; and as all the reading is in books, I thought the best way would be to eat one. But before I had eaten half a leaf, Miss Jenny came in, and she took away the book and called me a naughty kitten, and mother boxed my ears and sent me to bed without any supper; so after that I decided that reading was not good for kittens.

Well, you strange cat!—not a word from you yet? Come now, do be good-natured and come out from behind that window. Such a grand frolic as we might have together! My brother Tom was given away last week. He jumped up on the breakfast-table, and upset the cream-jug all over my mistress's new dress; and she said, "That comes of having so many cats about! One of them must go to-day"—and so Tom went.

Well, I cannot waste my time here any longer, for there is nothing to be got out of you but rudeness. I shall never come to see you again. And of all the ugly, rude, disagreeable kittens I ever saw —

There! See what you've done! You made me so mad that I've knocked over Miss Jenny's beautiful blue and gold smelling-bottle, that her grandpapa gave her on Christmas!

There! it has rolled off the dressing-table and broken into bits. Oh! I'm sure I'll get no supper to-night; and—oh dear—what *shall* I do if mother boxes my ears again! . . . Oh! oh! You've knocked off your bottle, too! My! wont you get whipped, though!

VIOLETS.

Words by "ALBA" (From "Little Folk Songs").

Music by F. BOOTT.

*Allegretto.*

1. Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from  
 2. Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your eyes, Do you not hear all the

*mf*

in - der the eaves; The great sun shines warm, and the sky is all blue. My sis - ter and I are  
 bus - tle and noise Of the lit - tle nest build - ers at work o - ver - head, While the cuck - oo is call - ing, "Make

wait - ing for you, So o - pen your leaves like good flow - ers, do! So o - pen your leaves now like  
 me, too, a bed." Yet there you lie sleep - ing as if you were dead, Yet there you lie sleep - ing as

good flow - ers, do!..... Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from  
 if you were dead! ... Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, o - pen your leaves, The spar - rows are chirp - ing from

*rallent..... f a tempo. dim.*

un - der the eaves.  
 un - der the eaves.

*f dim.*



## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## THE FARM-HOUSE.

The sun rose above the hills, and sent its rays down upon the old farm-house. All were lively, and at work; even the house itself seemed very busy doing something. Behind the old house stood a garden, in which grew vegetables. On the other hand were a large barn and barn-yard. The cattle came running out, and were followed by a lad whistling. He was going to drive them to pasture. He soon came home, and had a good breakfast, as country people generally do.

But I must not forget to mention that they had a great many sheep, hogs, and fowls. A little brook ran down past the house. An old log hut, which served for a duck-house, was made on a bridge over the river or stream. Behind the hill was an old shanty with glass on one side, and here was the hen-house. Under the barn was a large cellar, where the pigs dwelt.

The family consisted of the old farmer, his wife, and six boys: John, the oldest, about eighteen years old; Will, sixteen; Charles, fourteen; then Harry, the rogue of the family, eleven, and two others, twins, Arthur and Edwin, eight years old. Arthur was a cripple, owing to a fall on the ice three years before the time of which I write. There were also three girls: Ann, seventeen years old, her mother's help in everything; Jeanie, twelve; and "Golden Locks," as she was called in the family, a bright little girl four years old.

The farmer had a large lot of land far back in the woods. The boys were going down some day, and so, packing up a large stock of provisions and clothing, each one taking a gun and some powder, they started. There was a large log hut, close and warm, which the boys had made some time ago. They got there all safe, and entered it, and packed the things away. Soon everything was in order, and the hut comfortable for their stay. Some of the boys went out and got wood, and a blazing fire was made.

They went hunting, and returned with much game from the forest, such as rabbits, foxes, and a deer.

But let us see what was going on at the old farm-house. The farmer had gone to work, it seemed, but it was different from usual. He had no one to give orders to, but had to take that position himself. He worked away as well as he could, and thought to himself, "How silly I was to let those boys go away!" After two or three days the boys came back, and made the farm-house cheerful again. One of the boys harnessed up the old horse to a wagon, and, taking some apples and potatoes, went to the city to sell them. They watched him till he was over the hill, and then went to work.

They waited several days before he came home. On his return he brought money with him, and a volume of ST. NICHOLAS for the little cripple.

F. M. F.

## BUBBLES.

BEAUTIFUL soap-bubbles, castles of air,  
Colors are coming and vanishing there,  
Free as thought which hath no care—  
Now dark and rich, now bright and fair;

Now pink, now green, now purple and blue,  
Now red as roses all wet with dew;  
Some of the colors are strange and new,  
Always changing to different hue.

Now comes the bronze just tipped with blue,  
And a black streak running through and through.  
This bubble must go as all others do,  
And I've no more time to scribble to you. S. S.

## THE MANSION OF OLD.

1.—A LITTLE way back from the village street stands the Mansion of Old, and its antique porticoes are clad in its armor of holly bryce.

2.—No one to care for the Mansion of Old, it stands like a corpse robed in her shroud of decay.

3.—The world goes on, and little it thinks of the Mansion of Old. The clock on the stair went tick, tick, tick, but no one to wind the clock of old.

4.—The years roll on, and people married and went, but the Mansion of Old still stands alone.

5.—The tall poplars that shade the Mansion of Old still stand as stately as kings; they are the only ones that care for the Mansion of Old.

6.—The years roll on, and the people came and the people went, but no one thinks of the Mansion of Old.

7.—The poplars mourn, and the clock on the stair stills its "tick, tick, tick," but no one sees the Mansion of Old.

8.—The summer comes, and the flowers doth bloom, and the poplars robe themselves in their shroud of green, and still they mourn for the Mansion of Old.

9.—The bird doth come and build her nest, and the bee flies back to her hive, the butterfly comes for pleasure and gain, but they never think of the Mansion of Old. C. W. M'L.

## SNYDER.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a long account of a dog, now living in the city of New York, whose extraordinary performances entitle him to be considered a great prodigy. We should be glad to give our young friends the pleasure of reading the entire letter, but lack of space compels us to print only the principal portions.

"Snyder," says the writer, "for by this familiar name is the little fellow known, is a lunk, awkward, uncanny Scotch terrier, of about medium size, wide-mouthed, small-eyed, and shaggy-haired. His appearance is far from prepossessing, and it is not until you are near enough to peer through the shaggy fringe overlapping his small brown eyes, and perceive how exceedingly brilliant and alert they are, that you suspect him of possessing remarkable powers. . . . Nothing is known of his early history, for the little fellow was a vagrant, as dogs often are. He came to the store one morning, of his own accord, and with a fixed resolve to claim it thenceforward as his residence. During the first few months after his arrival, he was repeatedly given and driven away by the inmates, but he invariably returned, until it was evident that they would be obliged to keep him. Snyder soon proved a most valuable acquisition. His faithfulness and intelligence surprised everybody in the store; the tricks which he learned to perform made pleasant many an idle hour; and the things he did that were *not* tricks, and that none but his own native wisdom could have taught him, were not only remarkable, but of real and substantial value. As the news of his achievements got abroad, the master found the new-comer a valuable possession, and some very tempting offers for his purchase were freely made to the one who, not long before, would willingly have given him away. To his credit be it said, he now declined all these, and steadily refused to part with his faithful little servant.

"One wintry night, Snyder's faithfulness saved his owner at least one hundred and fifty dollars. The dog always sleeps in the store, and is an excellent watch-dog, not only as regards intruders from without, but accidents or mishaps within. On the night referred to, some accident happened to the water-pipes on the floor above, and the water soon after began to ooze through the ceiling. So rapidly did it make its way, that in a few minutes a large portion of the plastering fell, which must have attracted Snyder to the spot. He saw the hole in the dripping ceiling, saw the water gathering into a little stream, saw that it would soon be pouring upon the goods,—and the next moment was upstairs in the room where the porter slept, pawing and scratching at the sleeper's head and face. Of course, the porter was soon thoroughly awakened; and then there was no rest or peace until he was down-stairs, the leak stopped, the goods removed, the buckets placed in position, and Snyder left watching, ready to give the alarm again if the water should burst out a second time. And Snyder stood at his post and watched faithfully; and the porter, knowing his fidelity, slept peacefully all night.

"He has made other nocturnal visits to the porter—each time with a repetition of his peculiar "tattoo" upon the dreamer's face. On one occasion, it was because the gas was escaping at a ruinous rate, and Snyder, who did not know exactly what had happened, but was sure that there was "something in the air," was obliged to invoke the honest porter's aid, whereby he again saved money for his master.

As for still another of his disturbing calls, it must be owned that it was of no profit to anybody, and of much less credit to himself. It happened that one of the employees, on his departure at evening, had carelessly left his old hat and an office-coat hanging upon a broom-stick, which, adorned in this way, looked almost as if endowed with life, and presented a very respectable resemblance to a man. Snyder, on his nightly rounds, had discovered the strange apparition, had mistaken it for a burglar, and not choosing to fly at the intruder's throat, had fulfilled the old adage about valor and discretion, and flown at the porter's throat instead.

"It may be supposed that he is allowed to have his own way in the store where he resides, and his life there is a very quiet and peaceful one. He is usually to be found lying before the stove, or wandering restlessly, as is his frequent habit, about the premises, glancing intently at everybody and prying into everything. As you

enter, he will probably come toward you, slowly and with a kind of listless swagger, until within six feet of you, when he will halt and look steadily at you for a few moments, as if to fix your image in his mind, or perhaps to satisfy himself—who knows?—that your purposes are innocent and praiseworthy. And then, after this careful inspection, he will wheel around as listlessly as ever, and return to his old place beside the stove.

"Such, at least, was the way that he welcomed me when I first saw him. I went to the store, at the request of a friend, with the single purpose of seeing the dog, and was standing idly by the counter, when I suddenly became conscious of a gleam like that which dazzles us in the reflection of a ray of light from a bit of mirror. Looking downward, I perceived that it came from Snyder's eyes, which were fixed strongly and steadily on mine. He had two heavy door-keys in his mouth (which seemed large enough to hold a dozen more), and, having approached me unperceived, was standing there in his usual way, gazing up at me from out his saucy ugliness. His look, half-careless, half-defiant, was this time rendered laughably serious and important by the two keys dangling from his jaws. He was evidently an officious and suspicious janitor; but after the usual time of searching scrutiny, he turned away, satisfied, apparently, that I was worthy of no further notice—a compliment which I should certainly have returned but for the action of the clerk, who suddenly stooped, and, snatching the keys from Snyder's mouth, placed them on a shelf as high as one's head.

"This interference transformed the dog into a state of restless activity, which engaged all eyes. He first began to whine as if entreating the restoration of his stolen property; then gave a few sharp and sudden barks of indignation; and, finally, became silent, as he began a curious gyration, wheeling gradually around in a circle, and scanning intently everything within range of his eyes. He was evidently measuring his chances and searching for his means; and the latter he was not long in finding, for there, about twenty feet away, stood the book-keeper's stool, which, being then vacant, was as much his property as anybody's. And so he thought, indeed, for in an instant what should he do but rush forward to that stool (which was heavy enough to have broken his back if it had fallen on him, but which he, being a very shy little fellow, was quite able and determined to manage); and what should he do next but drag it slowly forward toward the shelf, holding to the round with one foot, and moving at an awkward but very steady gait upon the other three. And then, as we stood watching the shy fellow and wondering if he would succeed, on he drew the stool until quite near the shelf, and up he went with a bound; till at last, seated upon three legs, he stretched out the remaining paw toward his treasures, in a way so eager but vain (since the stool was not yet near enough), so serious but utterly comical,

that the tenderest and hardest-hearted must have laughed alike at his ambitious pawing of the empty air.

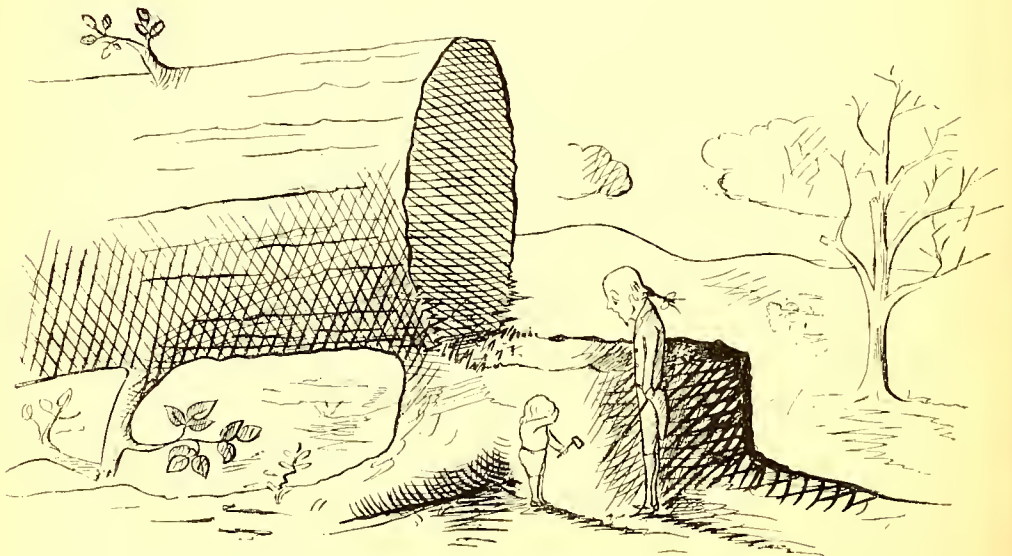
"It was a sorry grief to Snyder to see that he had erred in calculation; but he jumped down from his pedestal and moved it nearer, keeping all the time a wary eye upon the clerk, who did not interfere a second time. And then, a moment after, there was the little hero on the stool again; and there was his paw stretched anxiously and tremulously forward, as if he were afraid that some accident might happen even yet; and there, just below the shelf, and ready to receive the keys as they should drop, was his great yawning mouth; and there, finally, were the keys themselves, caught beautifully between his teeth, and with a snap of victory, as he raked them off the shelf!

"Of course, the applause which followed Snyder's piece of generalship was loud and hearty; but he seemed careless, if not actually resentful, of our admiration (which, seeing that our aid would have been of much more real value to him, was not unnatural); and I fancied that he considered his achievement as something quite ordinary, which we might have foreseen or expected, had we possessed as full a knowledge of his powers as he had. He came down from his perch quite modestly, and went to his customary place beside the stove, only still keeping the keys in his mouth, and not taking the trouble to replace the stool, which little discourtesies were readily forgiven.

As for personal habits, there was never a being born who was better able to care for himself than Snyder is; and every day of his eventful life (at regular hours, too, I suppose), he goes to a certain keg, wherein he keeps his dinner-basket; and, with the handle of the basket between his teeth, he walks demurely to the door, opens and closes it, turning the latch as handsomely as anybody could, and goes up the street and into the butcher's shop where he is fed. Then the meat must be clean and perfectly untaunted, for he is a connoisseur at marketing, and is known to have deserted a butcher who gave him food of a somewhat doubtful quality, and to have gone of his own accord to another, some distance farther up the street. This latter caterer, by prompt and faithful attention, still enjoys his patronage, and gives him regularly a fine piece of meat.

"And so he lives, and so he has gradually become known to all the customers of the store and all their friends, until Snyder is now quite an advertisement for his owner. And I, when I had read about Victor Royle and his wonderful Wild Mazepa and Professor Macfozelem, imagined that many a Victor Royle among the ST. NICHOLAS readers would be glad to hear about this homely little fellow, who has no such high-sounding name as either of Victor's prodigies, but who has actually done almost as marvelous things as he *thought they would do in time.*

"For this story of Snyder is true."



"FATHER! I CANNOT TELL A LIE. I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET."

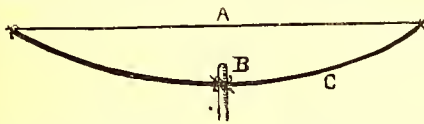
(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

## 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, contributors who wish to favor the magazine will please postpone sending their articles until after the last-named date.

Oakland, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here, in California, we have the new sort of kite mentioned in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS. I have two of them. One of them represents a pair of fish, and the other two birds. You are not quite right about the character of the music, the "soft, charming music," sounding like a young saw-mill in operation. The hummer, as we call it, is fastened above the kite, and looks like this:



A is a thin strip of bamboo, which is kept tight by the bow, C; B is the vertical stick of the kite. The kites were given to me by the Chinese servant we employ, Ah Line by name.

The Chinese kites represent various things. Some represent the moon and seven stars, others centipedes, others fish, and others' butterflies.

Saturday night I sent my kite up with a paper-lantern on the end. It looked very funny, as you could not see the kite.

Hoping this will throw some light on how the music is produced.—I remain your constant reader,  
WM. ARMES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What is the solution, and who is the author of the following riddle?

There was a man of Adam's race,  
Who had a certain dwelling-place;  
He had a house all covered o'er,  
Where no man dwelt since or before,  
It was not built by human art,  
Of brick or lime in any part,  
Of rock or stone, in cave or kiln,  
But curiously was wrought within.  
'Twas not in Heaven, nor yet in hell,  
Nor on the earth, where mortals dwell.  
Now, if you know this man of fame,  
Tell where he lived, and what his name.

I have never been able to find out anything about it, except that it is very old.—Your constant reader,  
STELLA M. KENYON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last winter, on a very cold day, I went down to the chicken-coop, and in one of the nests I found a little kitten, that was almost dead with cold. After covering her carefully, I came into the house, and left her there all night. Next morning she came out to eat with the chickens. We always give our chickens meat, and the kitten ate that. She soon became strong and well, but still she slept in the nest at night. She would play with the chickens all day, and when they lay under the bushes she would lie by them, and I never knew her to hurt any of the little chickens or the old ones. We began to expect to hear her crow, or to see her tail-feathers growing. When we had little chickens she would play with them. When the chickens went to eat, she would run and rub against them and under their necks, so they could not get their bills to the ground. She is a large cat now, but she still makes visits to the chickens, and we call her the chicken-cat.  
ROBERT THORNE NEWBERRY.

Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw that list of cities, with their names, that Lewis L. Smith sent. I think that he has forgotten one.

Toledo, Ohio, is called "Corn City." My mother thought that Toledo was not important enough, but as I live there, I could not let it go.

In 1870, it had about 31,000; now it has over 50,000. Please tell the children about this.  
ALEXIS COLEMAN.

THE following lines, as we are assured by her friends, were improvised at Rye Beach, N. H., by a little girl six years old:

Cold, blue ocean, dark and deep,  
How I love thy placid sleep!  
Waves of fierceness, do not roar  
Upon the sand-beach lonely shore.  
For thou art so deep and wild,  
Thou frightenest a little child

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to know about my journey to Heidelberg, in Germany.

Heidelberg is a queer old town, with narrow streets, and most of them without side-walks. There are some very old churches, and one, called the Church of the Holy Spirit, is one-half Protestant and the other Catholic. But the best of all is the castle. We used to have such fun finding our way in and out the ruins. Sometimes we would take a candle, and trudge along through long, dark, lonely underground passages, which were, I suppose, in their days, often trodden by knights and princes. I was there two years, and got to know the castle pretty thoroughly.

Will you please print this if there is room in the Letter-Box? I have taken you for two or three years, and like your stories very much. So does my brother.—Good-bye. From a friend. E. T. E.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Allow me to congratulate the prize winners of the "Pilot Puzzle" through you; and I am sure that in doing so I am heartily joined by all who were in any way interested in the puzzle.—Your constant friend and reader,  
FLORENCE P. SPOFFORD.

Hope Seminary, Hope, Ind., March, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted for some time to write you a letter about our birds, and must really not put it off any longer.

I wish some of your readers could see what we see every day, but most particularly yesterday morning. During the night there had been a fall of snow that covered the ground completely, and it was still snowing when we came down-stairs in the morning.

Before the door there was such an array of robins, we counted as many as one hundred. Mamma has a feeding-tray there, upon the stump of an old peach tree, and they and all the other wild birds depend on finding food there all the winter.

It was bitter cold. The birds of passage had come to us with the very mild days of February, and here they were in the greatest need.

The first thing we did was to have a large loaf of corn bread baked, and from that we had to keep feeding them all day long.

Now, I will give you a list of all the birds that came to us, and then what we gave them. Besides flocks of robins, there were woodpeckers, cardinal red birds, blue jays, cedar birds, blackbirds, sparrows, blue-birds, and snow-birds. During the winter we feed the birds with bread-crumbs, scraps of cold meat chopped up, cracked hickory nuts and walnuts, dried pokeberries, hemp and canary seed, &c.

The ground was covered with birds, and they were so cold that they crouched upon their little feet to keep them warm.

They staid about the house till it was almost dark, and we were afraid they would perish; but while we were watching and wondering, they all flew off to their sleeping-places among the evergreens.—Your very devoted reader,  
JENNIE E. HOLLAND.

W. E.—You can be a Bird-defender. The next muster-roll will appear in the July number.

Portland, Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading about how to make Christmas presents in the December number, I thought I would write and tell you how to make a very pretty picture-book for children, one that they can't tear.

For materials, you will need some white, and any other color you prefer (blue is pretty), sarsenet cambric, some worsted the shade of your cambric, and some bright pictures. Now, cut your cambric into twelve sheets, about the size of a sheet of music, half white and half colored, then button-hole them together separately, two at a time, a white one and a colored one, and when you have them all done, tie them together with three ribbon-bows, the color of the worsted, and then paste in your pictures prettily, the bright ones on the white cambric and the prints on the colored, and then you have a pretty book at a very little expense, and one that will last longer than the ones that you buy.

I am very much interested in cooking, and I like the Little House-keepers' page very much.—Yours truly,  
M. S.

Newport, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please inquire through your Letter-Box, if any of your readers know of the whereabouts of "Marmaduke Multiply," who used to be such a friend to the children in teaching the multiplication-table when our mamma was a little girl? It is full of bright pictures, and begins, "Twice one are two, this book is something new;" and thus goes on through the whole table in rhyme.

Mamma has in vain tried to get it, but thinks it is out of print. Can't a copy be procured somewhere to have some printed like it? We are sure all the children would like to have one.—Yours respectfully,  
B. AND M.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will introduce myself by telling you I am eight years old, and have never been to school, as I am not very strong, I have been taught the little I know by my mother. Santa Claus sends me the ST. NICHOLAS this year, and I like it very much. I will send a poem to you I composed, which my mother thinks will do to publish in it—Yours with love,  
CARL S. HUENER.

## THE VIOLET.

By a spring a flower stood,  
In a green and shady wood;  
Bright and fragrant little flower,  
Waiting for a golden shower.

Such a pretty little thing,  
Growing by the mossy spring;  
'Trying hard its head to sink,  
To get a sweet and cooling drink.

When the sun has gone to rest,  
Sinking in the glowing west,  
Then the dew your lips will wet,  
Tender little violet.

Orphan Home, Bath, Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your magazine is perfectly splendid, and I don't believe there are any boys in the country so glad to get it as we are. I think the most of Mr. Trowbridge's stories—he is my man; and Willie C. always asks if there is anything of Mr. Bonwig in the book, and then he exclaims, "Bless me, I am surprised!" "The Young Surveyor" was tip-top, and we are interested in "The Boy Emigrants." I hope they'll come out well, but it seems to me rather risky for those fellows to be out there in that wild region alone. Do you suppose Bill Bunce will get hung? Perhaps I ought to say "W. Bunce!"

But you don't know who I am, do you? Well, we are all soldier boys. Our fathers were in the war, and we live together at the Orphan Home. We are just like other boys; some of us are pretty good, and some are going to be better by and by. If ever you come to Maine, you must come and see us, and we will show you how well we keep you. The numbers we have of you are beautifully bound, and we have to have our hands clean when we take them.

Good-by till next May, when I shall be happy to greet you.—Yours truly,  
R. FRANK SAWYER.

THE frontispiece of the present number is taken from Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's beautiful edition of Guizot's "History of France."

ANNA M. (aged twelve) and "MADGE WUDFIRE" (aged ten).—Your trick is too transparent!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. I sold my setter pup for two dollars, and mamma gave me one dollar for helping her with her flowers, and I took all of my money to get ST. NICHOLAS, and I think it the best spent three dollars I ever spent.

I hope you will read my "Short Tale," and give me one of the nice premiums you promised for it.—Yours little friend,  
T. L. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Minnesota, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, in Kandiyohi Station, Kandiyohi County. I take the ST. NICHOLAS; I like it very much. We have a horse and a cow. We call the horse Doll. I have a little brother and sister. Freddie (that is my brother's name) has a little rocking-horse, which he calls Doll, after our horse, and does not like for his sister to touch it, and for that very reason she likes to get at it. The other day I went to ride on Doll; when I had done riding, nothing would do Freddie but he must ride on the real horse, too. So pa got on Doll, and took Freddie on with him, and they took a ride. Freddie went to sleep while they were riding. May (that is my sister) wanted to go, too, but pa did not know it till he had put Doll away, and then it was too late. I was looking at the ST. NICHOLAS the other day, Freddie came up to me, and said "Find Bob." I found Bob. After looking at it, Freddie said, "That is Bob." Freddie is two years old, and May is nine months old. I go to school. We have six months' school this year, three in the summer and three in the

winter. The winter term began in January, and ends this month. I love your paper very much, for I like reading better than anything else.—Waiting for your paper, I remain, your constant reader,  
OSMER ABBOTT.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I want to send the little "tale" to you, and I hope it is accurate, neat, and of good penmanship, and I hope I will get a prize. I am thirteen years and a few days more than two months, and I have got red hair, but it is dark red.—Your faithful reader,  
G. T.

Garden Grove, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what land-snails live on, and if there are snails that have no shells?—Yours truly,  
JULIA HOWES.

Snails live principally upon plants or vegetables, though they sometimes devour each other. They are often very injurious to gardens, doing great mischief to the plants in a single night. There are species that are without shells.

Ishpeming, Mich., April 10, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been wishing summer would come, and thinking what fun I had last summer. I live in such a cold country, where the winters are so long, I get very tired of them, though when the sleighing is good I have fun with my sled—a very nice sled that my cousin Will gave me, because he broke my old one. But now it is so muddy and slushy I can't take my sled out, so I long for the time to come when we can play ball.

We have a nice yard, all sodded, on the north side of our house, and a large rock at one side of the yard, that we use when we play "Indian." I have a little brother named Willie, who will be four years old this month. I am seven now, will be eight in September. I take the ST. NICHOLAS, my brother takes the *Nursery*. I read them to him, and we both enjoy them very much.

I like the "Boy Emigrants" better than any story I ever read, and I think the ST. NICHOLAS is the best magazine ever published. Here I will end.—Your most constant reader,  
FRANK B. MYERS.

East Greenbush, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you so much. Santa Claus sent you to me more than a year ago, and you have come every month since.

I want to tell you something: Last winter my auntie took me to New York, to see the grand sights. Soon after I arrived there I was taken sick, and had to lie in bed a great many days. Of course, I was very much disappointed, and the days seemed very long. And this is the way I became acquainted with Miss Alcott, who writes for your magazine. She was staying at the same hotel, and when she heard I was sick, she used to come in my room and tell me stories. I thought she was very kind and interesting, and I enjoyed her stories so much. I am well now, and my mamma has promised to get all the numbers bound, so that I may lend the book to any little boys who are sick and don't have Miss Alcott to tell them nice stories.—Your little friend,  
WILLIE A. RICHARDSON.

## BOOKS AND MUSIC RECEIVED.

LITERATURE FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Selections from Standard Authors and Easy Lessons in Composition. By Elizabeth Lloyd. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

WATER WAIF: A Story of the Revolution. By Elizabeth S. Bladen. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

From American Tract Society, New York: THE STORM OF LIFE, by Hesba Stretton; WHAT ROBBIE WAS GOOD FOR, by MRS. M. D. BRUCE; THE VICTORY WON, by C. S. M.

MY YOUNG ALCIDES. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: Macmillan & Co.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.

The following music has been received:

From S. T. Gordon & Son, New York:  
MURMURS. Song. Words by Adelaide Anne Procter. Music by Thos. P. Murphy.

NIL DESPERANDUM. Galop. By Thos P. Murphy

DOST THOU REMEMBER STILL? Song.

EVENING BREEZE. Wachtmann.

From Bigelow & Main, New York:

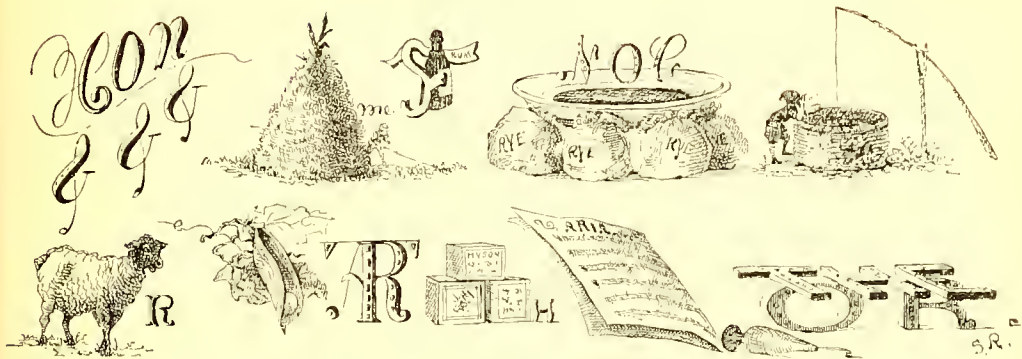
BYE, BABY, BYE. Lullaby. Words by Mary Mapes Dodge. Music by Hubert P. Mann.

From F. W. Helmick, New York:

THAT BANNER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. Words by B. De Vere. Music by Eddie Fox.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REBUS, No. 1.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-five letters. My 3, 22, 7, 20, 14 is a small fruit. My 5, 15, 19, 11, 24 is an aromatic plant. My 7, 9, 18, 8, 1 is a blacksmith's tool. My 14, 13, 6, 1, 16 is a rapacious bird. My 18, 24, 9, 21, 10 is a plant. My 20, 17, 22, 2, 23 is a European city. My 25, 4, 12, 22, 13 is a voracious fish. My whole is a proverb. ISOLA.

CHARADE, No. 1.

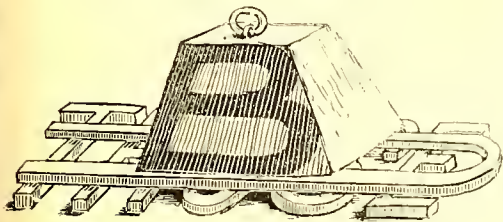
My first a much-used vessel is,  
Or means to have capacities;  
My second is a heavy load,  
And also the prevailing mode;  
My whole you'll quickly understand,  
If I send you off to Switzerland. L. W. H.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. SWIFT. 2. Fragrance. 3. Pertaining to the poles. 4. A likeness. 5. Challenged. 31.

PICTURE-PUZZLE.

(Advice to those in high stations.)



DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials name a famous island, and the finals the largest object to be found upon it. 1. Four. 2. A famous lake. 3. A title of nobility. 4. Brief and concise in style. 5. A prophetic. 6. A celebrated philosopher. 7. An extinct bird. L. W. H.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following significations, and leave a complete diamond: 1. A card. 2. A masculine name. 3. Useful on a door-step. 4. Narrow fillets or bands. 5. To mite. The following form the diamond: 1. In city and country. 2. A masculine name. 3. A kind of cloth. 4. An animal. 5. In vice and virtue. CYRIL DEANE.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in bugle, but not in horn,  
My second 's in sunset, but not in morn,  
My third is in land, but not in sea;  
My fourth is in flower, but not in tree;  
My fifth is in carl, but not in king,  
My sixth is in twist, but not in wring  
Put these together,  
You have my all.  
Swift as an arrow,  
Round as a ball. F. B.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.

CONCEALED in the following sentence are five words, occurring in their order, which when found and placed in proper positions will form a square word:

The short lyric poem the frail youth wrote was not worth a rupee, being filled with stale, prosy items, and as tedious as a game of chess. J. P. B.

CHARADE, No. 2.

My first the sutor hears with dread,  
However sweetly it be said,  
The debtor fears my second more;  
With first repels it o'er and o'er,  
Could he, through all his future days,  
Have first and second meet his gaze,  
He'd feed and fatten on his neighbor  
Who lives and thrives by honest labor.

I know you'd count it dreadful loss  
If you should have my third a cross

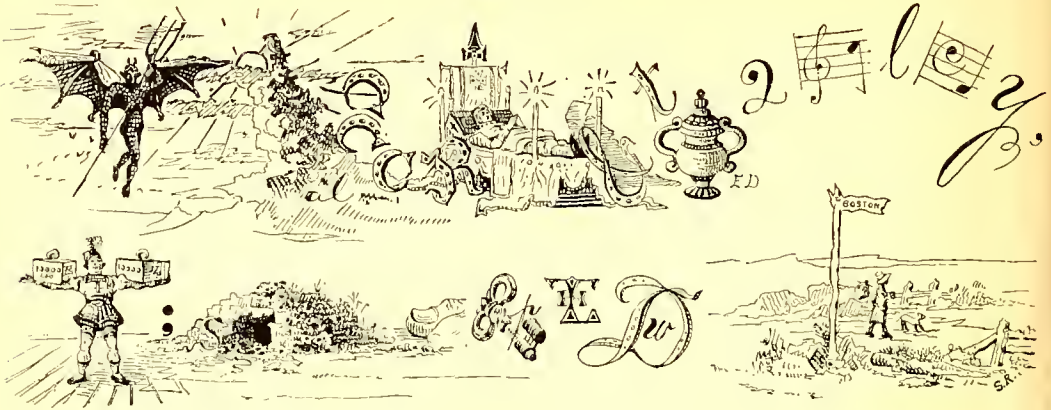
My fourth is used by ancient maids,  
Who say their intellect it aids:  
Of gossip and of wit provocative,  
It warms their blood and makes them talkative

My whole by virtue is not won,  
Where father gives it the son:  
With *us* the candid mind discerns it  
In every man who early earns it H. D.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A VOWEL. 2. Quick. 3. Part of the year. 4. A metal. 5. A consonant. C. G. B.

REBUS, No. 2.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Schuyler, Burgoyne.

S —hru— B  
 C —hapea— U  
 H —eife— R  
 U —mbago— G  
 Y —edd— O  
 L —il— Y  
 E —nsig— N  
 R —itl— E

LOGOGRIPH.—Cat, mat, bat, sat, Pat, hat, fat, pat.

EASY BEHEADED RHYMES.—Finches, inches. Pringing, ringing  
 NOVEL PUZZLE.—1. Madden. 2. Denmark. 3. Market. 4. Etna.  
 5. Naval. 6. Valley. 7. Leyden. 8. Dental. 9. Talon. 10. Onset.  
 11. Settee.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be intent on charity (B in tent on chair at tea).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Pulp, in, jacket, hut, Jack-in-the-Pulpit.  
 DECAPITATIONS.—1. Scoffer, coffer, offer. 2. Preparation, repara-  
 tion. 3. Bore, ore 4. Oliver, liver.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—“A friend in need is a friend indeed.”

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Astronomer, Moon-starer.

A —lar— M  
 S —ol— O  
 T —oled— O  
 R —ave— N  
 O —pera— S  
 N —ea— T  
 O —meg— A  
 M —a— R  
 E —v— E  
 R —oa— R

SYNOCATATIONS.—1. Crow, cow. 2. Meat, mat. 3. Cart, cat. 4. Dime, die 5. Pain, pan. 6. Boat, bat. 7. Load, lad. 8. Bread, bead 9. Clock, cock. 10. Coat, cot

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Ireland, England.

CHARADE.—Cupboard.

REBUS.—

Off in the stilly night,  
 When slumber's chains have bound me,  
 Fond memry brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—W, Cap, Wales, Pen, S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Robert Burns, Robert Bruce.

R —amble— R  
 O —th— O  
 B—abel Mande—B  
 E —rskin— E  
 R —uyte— R  
 T —rea— T  
 B —om— B  
 U —she— R  
 R —icheie— U  
 N. — C. (North Carolina)  
 S —ax— E

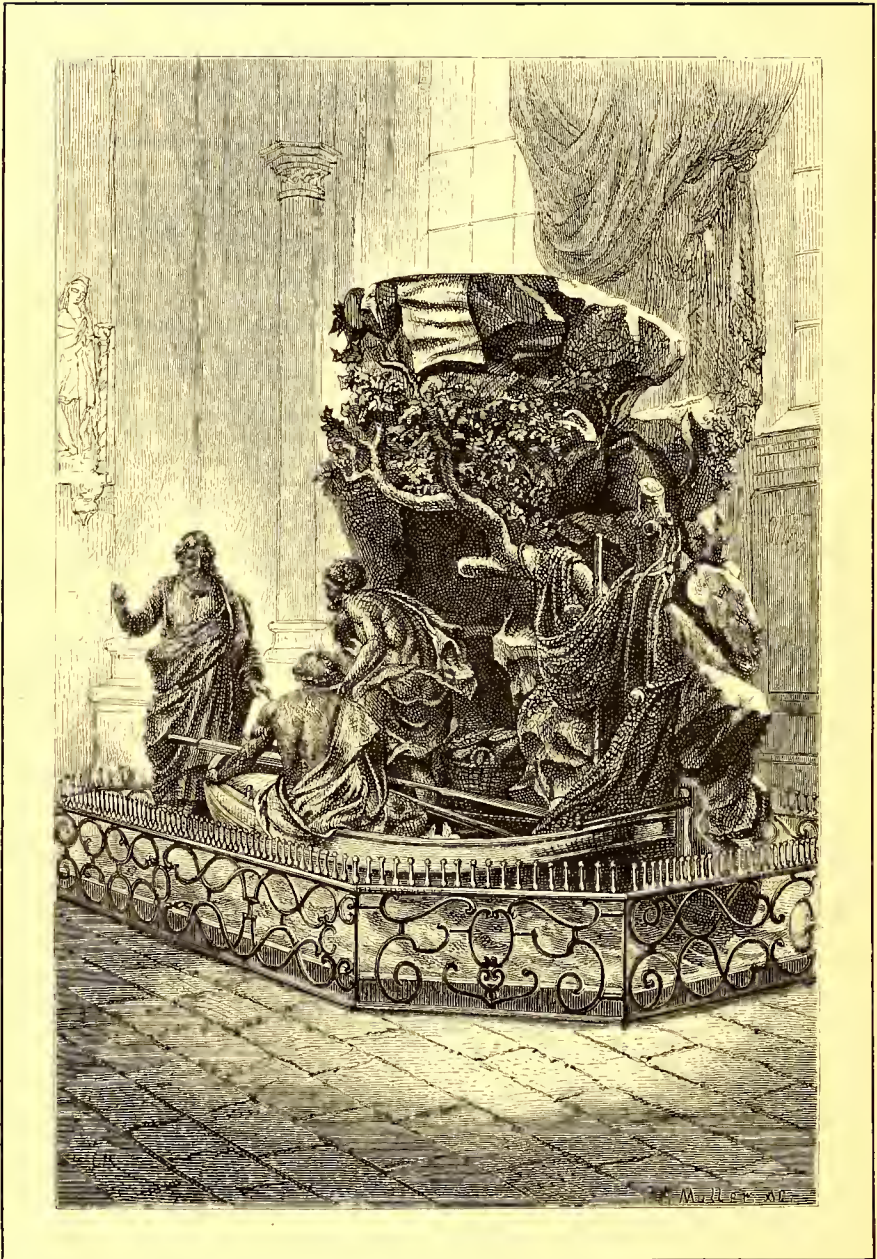
CONNECTED DIAMONDS.—Baton-Rouge.

B R  
 B A D T O E  
 B A T O N — R O U G E  
 D O G E G G  
 N E

SQUARE-WORD.—Lark, Aloe, Rose, Keel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER were received, previous to April 18, from Arnold Guyot Cameron, Alice Robinson, Charlie Loesch, "Restissimo," Katie A. Nichols, Nellie S. Colby, F. B. N. and K. W. N., Lucy A. Barbour, "C. O. B. Webb," Emma Elliott, S. H. Griest, "Lulie," "Cupid, Venus, and Psyche," May W. Bond, Alice Taylor, Blanche Nichols, M. W. Collet, Lehman D. Schaffer, Edna B. Smith, Annie C. Edmonds, John R. Lapham, Edith S. C. Lillie May Farman, Rachel Geddes, Georgie and Helen Hayes, Ella Higbee, Mollie Ritchie, Howard S. Rodgers, Bessie Taylor, O. Delancie Ward, "Roderick," C. W. Hornor, Jr., Lulie French, Alice W. Edwards, Stella B. Mitchell, Anna J. Opper, Joseph O. Davis, H. Engelbert, Daisy and Dollie Deane, Alice Broome, Kitty Loomis, M. M. Tronson, Marie Couhard, Harold Nathan, Guy W. Currier, "Caiy and Carlo," "Bunker Hill," "Lou Marie," Fred W. McKee, Lizzie and Bertha Lee, Geo. H. Dale, Oda Deuchai, J. Le B. Drumm, B. P. Emery, Howard D. Humphrey, Harry C. Wiles, Clara T. Walworth, Lena Long, Jessie E. Hay, Samuel E. Lusk, "Hunter," Howard S. Rodgers, Nannie C. Long, Willie Perrine, Bessie Cooke, Florence E. Hyde, Helen S. Mackintosh, E. Benj. Cushing, W. H. Rowe, Mary B. Stebbins, Lida B. Graves, John Zebley, Jr., Wm. F. Bridge, Jr., Charlie W. Olcott, "Winnie," Annie L. Sharp, W. S. Sutton, Chas. N. Moulton, Annie E. Hilands, Lillian V. Chambers, "Cadiz," Bramerd P. Emery, Allie Anthony, Harriet B. Townserd, Sue Slaymaker, Addie C. Mead, "Golden Eagle," Nellie Beach "Two Friends," Winfred P. Ballard, Hattie Hamilton, Brenda B., George A. Townsend, Helen L. Brainerd, Edward Fiske, Mamie L. Harrison, Gertie B. Adams, M. N. Ballinger, Gertrude C. Eager, "Killdeer," Maggie Acheson, Kitty H. Chapman, Fred Collins, Louise Ensign, Lillie J. Studebaker, A. J. Lewis, Cecil Grey, Carrie E. Powell, John C. Robertson, Wm. Creighton Spencer, Nellie Emerson, "Apollo," Addie S. Church, Belle Benton, Alice Robinson, Henry O. Fetter, Lizzie B. Allen, "Alex," Cecilia Rice, Thomas Hunt, John Hinkley, Lizzie Little, Lucy M. Brace, Josie McLaughlin, Libbie E. Noxon, C. T. S., Grant McCargo, Lizzie G. Hea, Mary W. Wadsworth, Chive Mechlin, Alburts Sea-boldt, Ted Butler, Willie Locke, Mary H. Washburne, W. L. Young, Nessie Stevens, Albert L. Gould, E. C. Wilstach, Lizzie C. Brown, Madeline D. W. Smith, Edward S. Emory, Genevieve Allis, Freddie S. Pickett, "Maria and Katy," "H. T.," "Roland," J. K. W., Hattie Gibson, "Max and Helen," Cornelia A. Pratt, Jennie W. Ward, S. M. Beekley, Arthur H. Brown, Lena Trego, Kittie Warren, Susie N. Pierce, N. Blanche Mosier, E. D. and C. F. Hennessey, Mamie E. Sanders, Robert L. Parsons, "Helen," C. H. Tibbitts, Jr., Ernest L. Browne, Robert L. McAlpine, Kenneth L. Browne, "Hodena," Grace Keysham, A. E. and C. Mestre, Fannie Stone, Bessie G. McLaren, Nellie J. Evans, Fannie M. Beck, Clayton S. Fitch, H. L., Minnie M. Tilden, Alice H. Fuller, Gertrude C. Eager, Helen W. Clarkson, Polly Light, "Leila," Bessie V. McCargo, Warren E. Thomas, Rachel Hutchins Winnie Howells, Hattie H. Johnson, Perlee and Isabel Rietman, Mary Lill, John B. Greiner, Alice Bertram, Bessie E. McElhinney, John Payne, Fletcher Dubois, L. F. C., Carrie Johnson, Anna F. De Witt, Bestor G. Brown, Mamie Cummings, Edith S. McCargo, Louise Merriam, and Emma R.





WOODEN PULPIT IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW, ANTWERP.

(See "The Mother's Stratagem.")



# ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 9.

## THE MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

BY EDWARD KING.

### CHAPTER I.

ONE sunny morning, a few years ago, Jan Kammerick came up from the cabin of his barge—which his men were slowly working through a lock near the quaint and ancient city of Antwerp—and set his huge Dutch feet upon the deck. His first act was to bellow ferociously at the good-natured fellows who were doing their best to get the barge through without even so much as scraping the fresh paint on her sides; his next was deliberately and cruelly to kick a small moon-faced boy who was lying on his back, and looking up at a carved wooden figure whose grotesque head grinned from a side rail.

Many of the loungers along the banks of the lock knew old Jan Kammerick for a mean and cruel Flemish boor, who maltreated his wife, his children, his bargemen, and who sometimes flew into such terrific fits of anger that he thrashed his own sides with his round fists. You may see people just like him in some of Teniers' paintings,—men with low, cunning faces, small, twinkling, greedy eyes, thick lips; men with broad shoulders and stout limbs; men who seem always ready to get down and scramble away on all fours, like the animals they so much resemble. No one in Antwerp—not a market-woman on the shore of the Scheldt, nor a bargeman on river or canal—liked the choleric and brutal Jan Kammerick; many times the wretch had narrowly escaped a ducking at the hands of a mob because of his cruelties; and on this occasion, seeing the poor child who was kicked begin to cry and to crawl away toward a refuge under a pile of rope, every one shouted:

“Jan Kammerick! Jan Kammerick! you are a mean, bad man, and no one will be sorry when you come to harm!” or “Jan Kammerick! you

shall be complained of to the judge of the district!”

The women shook their fists at him, and the men muttered that the boy must be taken away from his cruel father and cared for. Kammerick's poor wife, who was washing her pots and kettles on deck, looked as if she inwardly sympathized with the people on shore; but she trembled, and dared say nothing.

Jan was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still.

“It's none of your business,” he shouted, “how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he carves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him adrift. Then you will have what you want! Then, neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table-legs.”

Then he vanished down the hatchway, followed by the maledictions of the by-standers.

“If I were you,” cried one of them to the boy, “I would run away.”

The barge went on through the locks, and the boy still crouched in his corner. The tears yet dimmed his eyes, but he had already forgotten his bruises. There was no resentment in his heart toward his wretched father. His mind was filled with a thousand beautiful and fantastic images,—delicate fancies which he now and then sought to embody in bits of wood that he laboriously carved with clumsy knives or chisels. He longed to be free from the rude work which he was compelled to do upon the barge, and to study, that he might become a great sculptor in wood. When the barge

passed near some of the curiously adorned old houses of which there are so many in Antwerp,—houses whose windows, whose roofs, whose arches, whose doors were richly and profusely adorned with carvings of birds and foliage, of beasts and dragons, of mystical figures from mythologies, or comical transcripts from every-day Dutch life,—he studied them carefully and with passionate adoration. He had never been allowed to go into the streets, and look at them for hours at a time, as he could have wished to do; for old Jan, who plied to and from a little village on the banks of the Scheldt, at some distance from Antwerp, would never allow his child to go on shore during any of their tri-weekly visits to the city. He yearned for a sight of the grand churches of which his mother had told him—cathedrals in whose solemn stillness he could stand undisturbed all the day long, drinking in beauty at every pore. The harshness and hardship of his life, the beatings of his unnatural father, would have been as nothing to him if he could have been allowed to learn something of art. But old Jan not only refused to allow him to work, but had thrown into the river many beautiful images of saints, of birds, of dragons, which the child had carved by stealth when the bargeman was not near, and had then offered to the boor, asking him to sell them and buy tobacco for himself with the money.

“No child of mine shall waste his life over such mummeries,” said old Jan.

While the boy was musing bitterly on his lot, his mother, who had finished washing her pots and kettles, came to him, and while she wrung out her dishcloth with her lean and blistered hands, she said, in a low voice:

“Jan, boy, you are small and feeble, but you are now thirteen, and I think you would be brave and resolute. The good soul down-stairs” (she always called Father Jan good soul, because she knew that he was an old brute)—“the good soul has made up his mind that you are to be a bargeman, and he is stern, as you know. Now—do not speak—we must try a new way to get you launched in the world.” (Here the mother's tears began to fall fast, and she thought of the beatings which she might receive if she carried out her plan.) “My child, you must leave us; you must run away!”

The boy's eyes flashed; he rose, and limped toward his mother.

“Never!” he said. “I cannot leave you, motherkin! Leave you with that man!”

“Listen, child!” she said. “We will try a little way which the good God has put into my head. You will be a genius, my son—one of those great people who can express just what they want to say. You will carve out your thoughts in wood—in

stone, perhaps. To-night, when the barge stops near the lock, I will make an errand for your father on shore. I will give you a few pieces of money out of the sum which we had saved for Bertha's dowry; and you shall fly. Your father will not hunt for you; his heart is hard, and he will say that he is glad you are gone.”

The boy looked at his mother with wonder in his eyes. But there was no longer any sign of tears in them. A new fire lit them up.

“Go,” she continued, “to Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's. There take a chamber, and may God be with you! Now and then, perhaps, I may come to see you. But it is better that I should not, and that your father should think you gone away, no one knows where. But—and now listen earnestly—in a year from this day, toward sunset, I will bring your father to Saint Andrew's Church. It was there that he first saw me, twenty years ago; there by the great carved pulpit, which you, poor child, have never seen, but which will delight your eyes. Jan, one year is not a long time, but you have already done much, and perhaps, before twelve months have passed, you will have done a noble work. Meet us, then, by the pulpit in St. Andrew's Church in a year from this day, at the sunset hour. Bring with you some delicate carving as an offering to him, and at the same time say that you wish to return to us. Perhaps his heart will have been softened by your absence;” and the good little mother almost smiled, and looked very wise, through her tears.

“Motherkin,” said Jan, “I will obey you.”

Then the poor child began to tremble at the thought of going out alone into the world. But his courage came to him finally, and he kissed his mother again and again.

“If anything dreadful happens, I will let you know,” said she, “but father Jan must not hear from you, nor see you, until a year from this day.”

“Farewell, then, motherkin,” said the child; “farewell for a long, long year. By the carved pulpit in Saint Andrew's, in a twelvemonth!”

They took their farewells then and there, lest old Jan should suspect them, if they were crying toward evening.

At night-fall, as the barge approached the lock again, after its station near a market all day, the mother went on shore to get a pail of clear water; old Jan followed her, storming and threatening, as she knew he would, because supper for the workmen was not ready. The boy took the little bag of clothes and the money which his mother had prepared for him; as the boat grazed the side of the lock he jumped out, and was speedily lost to view in the crowd.

Two hours later, he had been received at the

house of Gasker Willems, in the little street near St. Andrew's Church. He slept in an old carven bedstead, whose head-board was a pictured history of the destruction of Pharaoh's host, whose feet were griffins' claws, whose curtain-posts were lovely angels with uplifted faces—angels whose very silence seemed eternally to praise God.

## CHAPTER II.

A year brought sad changes to old Jan Kammerick. At first, when he learned of his son's flight, he ascribed it to meddling neighbors, and his rage knew no bounds. He stoutly insisted that he would never try to bring back the vagabond wood-hacker. He would not hear the boy's name spoken. Sometimes, when he saw that the mother looked paler than was her wont, and that she wept silently when she was polishing her pots and kettles, his conscience smote him. But he would never have been really sorry if misfortune had not come upon him. One of his bargemen, whom he had once beaten, scuttled the barge and fled. Jan and his wife had a narrow escape from drowning, and, had it not been for friendly aid, would have lost all their pots and kettles. Young Jan had been sent away to Brussels by the good Gasker Willems, a few days before this, and knew nothing of it until many days afterward. He was busy with his art, in which he made astonishing progress.

The next misfortune which befell old Jan was the loss of his little house on the banks of the Scheldt. A fire burned out the interior, and cracked the stone walls. Old Jan had not money enough to rebuild it. Then his limbs began to fail him; they shook and trembled. The neighbors said: "It is because he kicked and beat his son!" And old Jan himself began to be very much of their opinion. He had now only a small barge; was obliged always to live in it, and was very poor and discouraged. Sometimes his heart was softened toward his patient wife, and he would say:

"You will be the first to be killed by my poverty. It would have been better for you if I never had seen you in St. Andrew's Church."

Then she would answer: "No, indeed! Our fortune is yet to come out of that church, Jan."

She said this so often, and with such emphasis, that one day he looked at her curiously and said:

"Why, Anneken, what do you mean?"

"To-morrow," she answered, "we shall see. Jan, it is many a year since we have taken a holiday. We are as good as the rest of the world; let us live our youth over again; let us stay in Antwerp, and at sunset to-morrow let us visit St. Andrew's Church, and stand by the carven pulpit where——"

"Stuff!" the old man was saying, when the mother put her hand upon his mouth. He no longer threatened or beat her; his punishments had sobered him; his heart almost yearned for his lost son.

"By the carven pulpit," continued the mother, "where we may say a prayer for our lost son."

"Well, if you will have it so, Anneken," he answered, almost gently.

In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altarpieces, shrines, pulpits, choirs, vestries, fonts, and sacristies laden with a wealth of intricate work, done in wood by skillful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious labor are to be found. In the great Cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Rubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peer curiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed strictly in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's Church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories, stands a large carven pulpit, of a peculiarly daring design for artists who work in wood. It represents a rocky crag near the sea-shore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing-boat, in which stand the figures of the apostles Andrew and Peter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing-nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Saviour, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning them; as if saying, "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men." Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent to this delightful carving. Van Hool did the foliage, the nets, the rocks; Van Gheel the figures of the apostles and the Saviour. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it: the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When evening light—the last ray of the declining sun, reflected through the stained glasses of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight—falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble,—nay more, they appear to live!

So thought the good mother Anneken, as on the appointed day, one year from the time when she had sent forth her child into the world to give his

genius scope, and to escape from his hard-hearted father, she led the feeble and now quite subdued old Jan Kammerick into St. Andrew's Church. As the couple came in view of the pulpit, memories, endearing and solemn, came to them; the specters of their vanished youth rose up before them, not in mocking shape, but as good spirits, come to cheer them on the path of life. Old Jan remembered how he had seen the fair maiden standing near the pulpit, with her hands folded, and her eyes closed in prayer, and how he had sworn to win her for his wife. He was glad he had come into the church, and then—he thought of his son.

At that moment there was a joyful cry from the mother, and young Jan, wonderfully improved in voice, in manner, and in health, rushed into her arms. A hundred kisses, and half a hundred words sufficed for them; for the good little mother had kept herself informed of all her son's progress, through the medium of old Gasker Willems. But the father was astonished beyond measure. He stepped back, trembling; and, shading his eyes with his hands, he looked long at the youth.

"Hey day, son!" he said; "we thought we had lost you! But here you are back again, and no word of repentance?"

Old Jan tried to be severe, but his voice softened at every word.

"Father," said the youth, "I bring you a peace-offering."

Just then Gasker Willems came hobbling up, bearing a large box, which he placed upon the cathedral floor. Young Jan opened it, and took from it a piece of wood carving.

"Quickly!" said Gasker Willems, after he had been greeted; "look at this before the beadle sees us, for it is a time when many stroll into the church. Quickly, and then let us all go to my house."

Young Jan stepped to a point near the pulpit, where the light still fell with some sharpness, and

held up the carving. Then the astonished parents saw that it was an exact reproduction, on a tiny scale, but done with surpassing finish, of the pulpit before which they stood at that instant. But this was not all. In front of the miniature pulpit, stood a maiden, with eyes downcast, and hands folded in prayer; and near her, watching her reverently, with parted lips and expectant air, was a brave young bargeman, exactly like those one may see every day on the Scheldt. In this carving old Jan and his wife saw the story of their first meeting told, as the mother had so often told it to her son.

"Father," said the youth, "this, and another like it, have been my year's work. The fellow to this has been sold to a prince for a large sum of money; and the prince wishes to help me to study until I can help myself more. But I shall not need him; and neither mother nor you will ever work more, for the prince's bounty, with my future work, will be enough for us all. Father, will you take my offering?"

Old Jan bowed his head, and took the carving. He set it down upon the cathedral floor, and took his son to his arms.

"I was an old brute," he said; "how did I ever become such a scoundrel?"

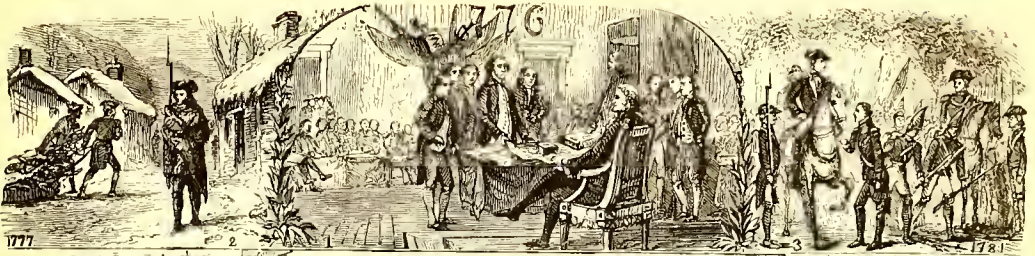
On the way to Gasker Willems', where the party took supper, the good mother told the husband of her stratagem to help her child. Old Jan said but this: "A good wife is a good thing; but I have not merited one!"

Gasker Willems, who was bringing up the rear with the carving in his arms, said:

"Say, rather, that you have merited nothing, like the rest of us; but that God is good, and moves in mysterious ways; and that your tough heart could only have been softened by the stratagem which He sent into the mother's mind!"

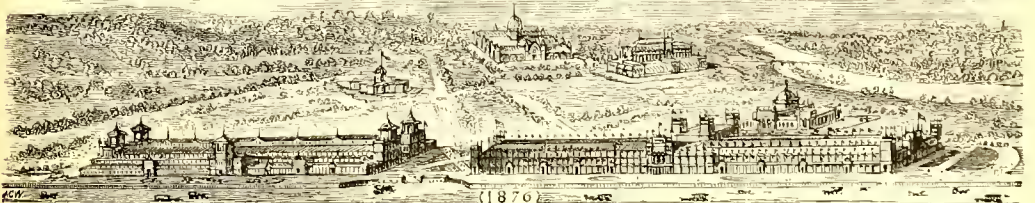
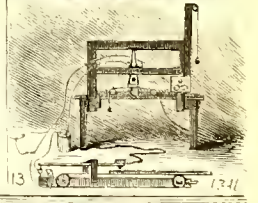
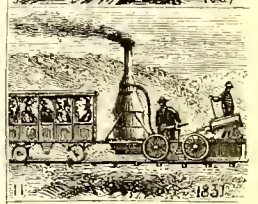
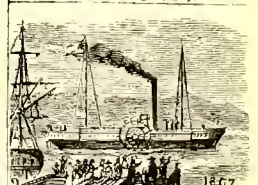
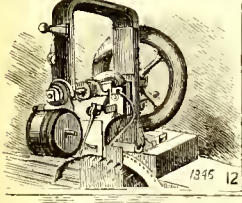
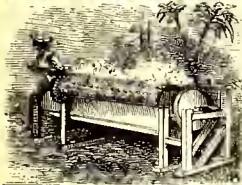
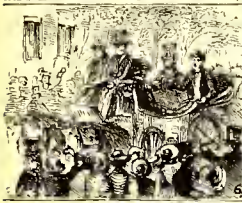
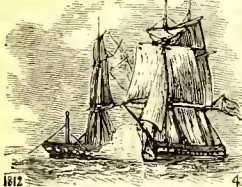
"Well, well!" said old Jan, "I must try and get grace enough to thank Him properly."

A MILLION little diamonds  
 Twinkled on the trees;  
 And all the little maidens said:  
 "A jewel, if you please!"  
 But while they held their hands outstretched,  
 To catch the diamonds gay,  
 A million little sunbeams came,  
 And stole them all away.



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF  
AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Declaration of Independence signed <sup>1</sup> .....	1776
Lafayette came to America—Valley Forge <sup>2</sup> .....	1777
France acknowledged our independence, and sent men and ships.....	1778
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown <sup>3</sup> .....	1781
American independence recognized by Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Russia and Holland.....	1782
Treaty of Peace signed at Paris.....	1783
Washington's farewell <sup>7</sup> .....	1783
The Constitution adopted.....	1787
George Washington elected the first President.....	1789
The first cotton-gin invented <sup>8</sup> .....	1793
Death of Washington at Mount Vernon .....	1799
The Territory of Louisiana ceded by France.....	1803
Impressment of American seamen by Gt. Britain.....	1806
The first steamboat launched on the Hudson <sup>9</sup> .....	1807
War declared against Great Britain.....	1812
Capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution <sup>4</sup> .....	1812
Perry's victory on Lake Erie <sup>5</sup> .....	1813
Treaty of peace signed at Ghent.....	1814
War declared against Algiers for piracy.....	1815
Florida ceded to us by Spain.....	1819
Lafayette's visit to this country <sup>6</sup> .....	1824
The first American locomotive started <sup>11</sup> .....	1831
The first reaping-machine patented <sup>10</sup> .....	1834
Texas declared its independence.....	1836
The North-west boundary line settled.....	1842
The first telegraph apparatus used <sup>13</sup> .....	1844
War declared against Mexico.....	1846
The first sewing-machine invented <sup>12</sup> .....	1846
Treaty of peace with Mexico and cession of Cali- fornia and New Mexico.....	1848
Beginning of the Civil War.....	1861
Proclamation of Emancipation.....	1862
End of the Civil War.....	1867
Purchase of Alaska from Russia.....	1867
The Pacific railroad opened.....	1869
The Centennial Celebration and Exhibition.....	1876



## THE CAT AND THE COUNTESS.

*(Translated from the French of M. BÉDOLLIERRE.)*

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

## CHAPTER VI.

*(CONTINUED.)*

HE steward, one evening, ordered Faribole to come to his chamber, and after closing the door carefully and assuring himself that no one was listening, he said :  
 "Moumouth is your friend; you



have followed my recommendations exactly."

"I shall remain in the house—is it not so?"

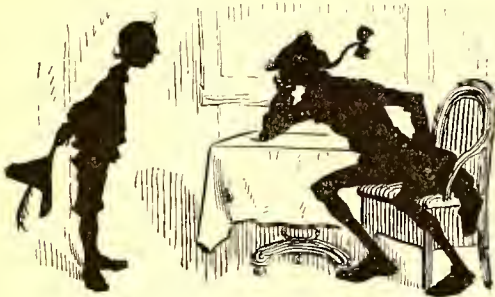
"Probably. You find yourself very well here?"

"Without doubt! I, who lived on black bread, I make four good meals a day. I had a wretched blouse, full of holes, and patched trousers, and now I am dressed like a prince. I suffer no more from cold, and, instead of lying out under the stars, I go to sleep every night in a comfortable bed, where I dream of gingerbread and fruit-cake."

Father Lustucru rested his chin on the palm of his right hand, and, fixing his piercing eyes upon Faribole, said to him:

"Suppose you were obliged to take up again with the vagabond life from which I lifted you?"

"I believe I should die with shame!"



LUSTUCRU AND FARIBOLE.

"Then you would do anything to preserve your present position?"

"I would do anything."

"Anything?"

"Anything, absolutely."

"Very well. Now, this is what I demand of you imperatively; Moumouth follows you willingly; to-morrow, just at night-fall, you will lead him into the garden; you will put him into a sack which I have made expressly, and tightly draw the cords of the sack——"

"And then?" said Faribole, who opened his eyes wide.

"We will each arm us with a stick, and we will beat upon the sack until he is dead."

"Never! never!" cried the poor boy, whose hair stood up with fright.



FARIBOLE'S OLD CLOTHES.

"Then pack your bundle quickly, and be off; I turn you away!"

"You turn me away!" repeated young Faribole, lifting up his hands to the sky.

"I do not give you five minutes to be gone; you depend upon me here, solely on me."

The unhappy Faribole began to weep, and the steward added, in a savage voice:

"Come, now! no faces! Take off your clothes, and put on your rags, and disappear!"

Having pronounced these words, Lustucru took from a closet the miserable vestments which Faribole had worn the day of his installation. The steward seized them disdainfully between his thumb and forefinger, and threw them upon the floor.

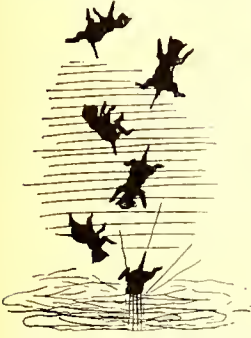
The boy looked with an air of despair at the habits he had on, compared them with those which he was obliged to resume, and the comparison was so little to the advantage of the latter, that he broke into loud sobs.

However, he was decided not to purchase handsome clothes at the price of a perfidy and a horri-

ble murder. He resolutely threw off his vest, then his neckerchief; but at the idea of giving up his new shoes, of walking barefoot, as formerly, over roads paved with gravel and broken glass, the luckless Faribole had a moment of hesitation.

Father Lustucru, who observed him closely, profited by this circumstance with consummate cunning.

"Foolish fellow!" said he; "you refuse happiness when it would be so easy for you to retain it. If I proposed to you the death of a man, I could understand, I could even approve of your scruples; but I propose that of a cat—a simple cat! What do you find in that so



"ONLY ONE IS KEPT—THE REST ARE TOSSED INTO THE RIVER."

terrible? What is a cat? Nothing—less than nothing; one does n't attach the least value to the lives of cats. Inn-keepers give them to their customers to eat; the most celebrated surgeons massacre them in making certain experiments. Cats are thought so little of, that when a litter of six or seven are born, only one is kept; the rest are tossed into the river."

"But Moumouth is large, Moumouth is fully grown," said Faribole in a plaintive tone; "and then, you do not know, I love him."

"You love him! you dare to love him!" cried the steward with inexpressible rage. "Very well! I—I detest him, and I wish his death!"

"But what has he done to you, then?"

"What business is that to you? I desire his death, and that's enough."

"Mercy for him!" cried Faribole, throwing himself at the feet of hard-hearted Lustucru.

"No mercy!" replied Lustucru, hissing the words through his clenched teeth. "No mercy, neither for him nor for you. Get up, depart, be off this very instant! It rains in torrents; you will be drenched, you will die of cold this night,—so much the better!"



"GET UP! DEPART!"

A beating rain, mixed with hailstones, pattered against the window-panes, and the wind swept with a mournful sound

through the halls of the house. Then poor Faribole thought of the cold that would seize him, of the privations which awaited him, of his few resources, of his immense appetite, and how disagreeable it was to sleep on the damp earth. His evil genius took possession of him, and whispered into his ear these words of Father Lustucru: "What is a cat?"

"Monsieur Lustucru," said he, weeping, "do not send me away, I will do all that you wish."

"To-morrow, at night-fall, you will lead Moumouth into the garden?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

"You will put him in this sack?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

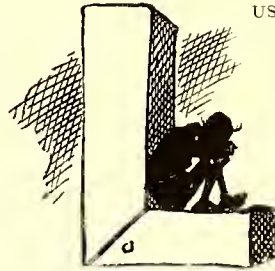
"And you will beat it with me?"

The response to this question was long coming; Faribole turned pale, his legs bent under him; finally he bowed his head, letting his arms droop at his sides, as if he had sunk under the weight of his destiny, and murmured, in a stifled voice:

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru."

## CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH FATHER LUSTUCRU IS ON THE POINT OF ACCOMPLISHING HIS PURPOSE, AND MOTHER MICHEL'S CAT IS IN AN UNPLEASANT PREDICAMENT.



LUSTUCRU had fixed the following day for the cruel execution of Moumouth —for he knew that Mother Michel on that day was to carry to the express office a package destined for her sister.

All the forenoon and afternoon Faribole was plunged in the darkest despondency, and when the fatal hour sounded, he was assailed by the irresolutions of the previous day. When Mother Michel, before going out, said to him, "I leave Moumouth in your charge; you must take care of him, and make him play, so that he will not fret too much during my absence," the poor lad felt his heart fail, and his natural loyalty revolted.

"Come, we have not a minute to lose," said Father Lustucru to Faribole; "here is the sack; go look for the beast!"

Faribole once more appealed to the pity of the steward; he was eloquent, he had tears in his voice, he pronounced a most touching plea, but without being able to gain his cause. The executioner was immovable; he insisted on the death of



"THE STEWARD LIFTED HIS CUDGEL

the cat; and the boy, overpowered by this evil spirit, saw himself forced to obey.

Moumouth allowed himself to be enticed into the garden; he followed his treacherous friend with the confidence of the lamb following the butcher, and, at the very moment when he least thought of it, he found himself fastened in the sack that was to be his tomb. Lustucru, who was hiding, appeared suddenly, bearing two enormous cudgels; he handed one to his accomplice, and taking hold of the sack, cried: "Now!—to work, and no quarter!"

Faribole heard him not; the boy was struck with stupor—his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, his face was livid, his mouth open, his arms without strength.

Father Lustucru, animated by the nearness of his vengeance, did not remark what passed in the mind of his companion. Having thrown the sack rudely on the ground, the steward lifted his cudgel, and was about to strike when the small door of the garden opened.

"How unfortunate!" he muttered; "Faribole, hide yourself in the hedge; I will come back here presently."

He approached the person who had entered, and halted, petrified with amazement, on beholding Mother Michel. He imagined at first that she had been brought back by some vague suspicion, by some presentiment; but he recovered himself, hearing her say:

"I am obliged to postpone my walk, for I have seen Madam de la Grenouillère's carriage coming; it turned out of its way on account of the repairs being made in the street. By re-entering through the garden I was able to get here in advance. Come, Monsieur Lustucru, let us hasten to receive our good mistress."

"I am with you, madam," said the steward; then, making a speaking-trumpet of his hand, he cried to Faribole:

"Strike all alone! strike until the cat has ceased to move!" and he rejoined Mother Michel in the court, where the domestics were drawn up in a line like a well-drilled battalion.

On stepping from the carriage Madam de la Gre-

nouillère honored her servitors with a benevolent glance, embraced Mother Michel with touching familiarity, and demanded news of Moumouth.

"Your protégé is wonderfully well," said Mother Michel, "he grows fatter and handsomer under our very eyes; but it may be said, without injury to the truth, that his moral qualities are even beyond his physical charms."

"Poor friend, if he does not love me he will be a monster of ingratitude, for since our separation I have thought of him constantly; Heaven has taken



"MAKING A SPEAKING-TRUMPET OF HIS HAND."



away many beings that were dear to me, but Moumouth will be the consolation of my old age!"



THE COUNTESS EMBRACES MOTHER MICHEL.

As soon as the Countess had given the orders which her arrival made necessary, she prayed Mother Michel to fetch Moumouth.

"He will be charmed to see you again, madam," Mother Michel answered; "he is in the garden in the care of Faribole, a little young man whom your steward judged proper to admit to the house; the young rogue and the cat have become a pair of intimate friends."

Mother Michel went down to the garden and there found Faribole alone, seated upon a bench, and with a preoccupied air stripping the leaves from a branch of boxwood which he held in his hand.

"My friend," said the good woman. "Madam the Countess desires you to bring Moumouth to her."

"Mou-mouth!" stammered Faribole, starting at the name as if he had been stung by a wasp.

"Yes, Moumouth; I thought he was with you."

"He just quitted me; some persons passing in the street made a noise that frightened him, and he leaped into the hedge."

Mother Michel, after having spent more than half an hour in scouring the garden, returned to Madam de la Grenouillère, and said: "Moumouth is absent, madam; but do not be anxious; he disappeared once before, and we found him in the garret."



FARIBOLE SEATED IN THE GARDEN.

"Let him be searched for! I do not wish to wait. I desire to see him this instant!"

Alas! this desire was not likely to be gratified, if any reliance could be placed upon the words exchanged in the dark between Lustucru and his accomplice.

"Well, did you do it?"

"Yes, Monsieur Lustucru, I pounded until the cat ceased to move."

"What have you done with the body?"

"I have thrown it into the Scine."

"Was he quite dead?"

"He did n't stir."

"Anyway, the sack was securely fastened. Justice is done!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN WHICH MOTHER MICHEL SEARCHES FOR HER CAT.



EVERAL days passed in painful expectation; but the cat, like General Marlborough, did not come back. The despair of Madam de la Grenouillère was sincere, profound, and silent,—all the more intense because it was suppressed. She continually pictured to herself the charming ways of Moumouth, his natural goodness, his superior intelligence. No animal had ever displayed to her so many brilliant qualities; not one of her previous favorites had ever caused her such bitter regrets.

Generous in her misfortune, she did not reproach Mother Michel; on the contrary, the Countess sought to comfort that poor woman, who had given herself up wholly to grief. The Countess said to her one night:

"What can you do against an irresistible calamity? The wisdom of man consists not in struggling with unhappiness, but in submitting himself to the will of Heaven."

"I am of your opinion," replied Mother Michel. "If I believed, like you, in the death of Moumouth, I would resign myself without a murmur. But I have the idea that he still lives; I picture him running through the streets, the victim of ill treatment, with saucepans, may be ——"

"Go to, Mother Michel, you deceive yourself; Moumouth is dead, otherwise he would have come back to us."

"Something tells me that he is still in this world, and if Madam the Countess wishes to have tidings of him, she has only to address herself ——"



MOTHER MICHEL PAYS THREE CROWNS.

“To whom?”

“To our neighbor, Madam Bradamor, that celebrated fortune-teller, who predicts the future, removes freckles, reads in the Book of Destinies, and charms away the toothache.”

“Fie, Mother Michel! how can you, a sensible woman, have any confidence in the juggling of an adventuress?”

“But, madam, I am not alone; the most distinguished people go to Madam Bradamor; she is more learned and less dear than her rivals, and asks only ten crowns to make you behold the devil Astaroth.”

“Enough, for pity’s sake!” responded the Countess, dryly.

Mother Michel remained silent; but she had made up her mind, and, the first time she had a moment of liberty, she ran to the house of the necromancer.

The fortune-teller occupied a spacious apartment richly furnished, for she gained a great deal of money by cheating the public. Her consultation-room was draped with hangings of black velvet sprinkled with gilt stars; upon a square table, in the center of the chamber, stood painted tin obelisks, jars of electricity, retorts, and divers mathematical instruments, of whose uses the pretended sorceress was quite ignorant, but which she had placed there in order to impose on the weak-minded persons who came to consult her.

She at first showed some embarrassment on beholding Mother Michel; however, after having closed a glass door which communicated with the other apartments, she returned to salute her new client, and said in a solemn tone:

“What is your desire?”

“To question the present, the past, and the future.”

“I am the very one to satisfy you,” replied Madam Bradamor; “but what you demand is very difficult, and will cost you three crowns.”

“There they are; I give them to you with all my heart.”

Madam Bradamor, full of regret that she had not insisted on having more, pocketed the money, and began in these terms:

“What is the date of your birth?”

“The 24th of May, 1698.”

“What are the initials of your name and the first letter of the place in which you were born?”

“A, R, M, N, L, S.”

Madam Michel was named Anastasie Ravegot; the widow, since twelve years, of François Michel, in life inspector of butter in the Paris markets; she was born in Noisy-le-Sec.

“What is your favorite flower?”

“The Jerusalem artichoke.”

After these customary questions, the fortune-teller examined some coffee-grounds poured into a saucer, and said:

“Phaldarus, the genie of things unknown, informs me that you are in search of a being very dear to you.”

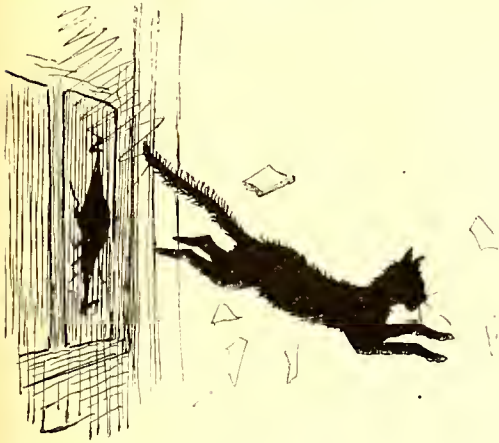
Mother Michel bounded in her chair with sur-



THE FORTUNE-TELLER CONSULTS HER CARDS.

prise. Madam Bradamor continued: "This being is not a man; it is a quadruped—either a dog or a cat. Ariel, spirit celestial, reveals to me that it is a cat."

Mother Michel was more and more impressed; without giving her time to recover herself, the for-



MOUMOUTH APPEARS.

tune-teller took a pack of cards, shuffled them, cut them three times, then disposed them in a systematic order on the table, and said gravely:

"Your cat is the knave of clubs; let us see what happens to him. *Onè*, two, three, four; ten of spades! He is a wanderer, he has a passion for travel, he sets out at night to see the curiosities of Paris. One, two, three, four; the queen of spades! It is a woman who manufactures ermine fur out of cat-skin. One, two, three, four; the knave of spades! It is a rag-picker. One, two, three, four; the king of spades! It is a restaurant-keeper. The falling together of these three persons alarms me. One, two, three, four,—clubs! One, two, three, four,—clubs again! One, two, three, four,—always clubs. Your cat would bring money to these three persons: the rag-picker wishes to kill him in order to sell the skin to the furrier, and the body to the restaurant-keeper, who will serve it up to his customers as stewed rabbit. Will the cat be able to resist his persecutors? One, two, three, four; seven of spades! It is all over, madam; your cat no longer exists!"

"They have eaten him, the cannibals!" cried Mother Michel, sinking back, and she fancied she heard a plaintive *miau*, the last agonized cry of Moumouth. But it was not an illusion; a cat had miaued, and was still miauing in the next chamber. Suddenly a pane of glass in the door described was shattered to atoms, and Moumouth in person tumbled at the feet of Mother Michel.

From the top of a wardrobe he had perceived his

affectionate guardian; he had called to her several times, and as she did not answer him, he had thrown himself, in his desperation, against the glass door, through which he had broken a passage.

"My cat was with you!" said Mother Michel: "you have stolen him! My mistress is powerful; my mistress is the Countess Yolande de la Grenouillère; she will have you chastised as you deserve to be!"

While making these threats Mother Michel placed Moumouth under her arm, and prepared to depart. Madam Bradamor stopped her, saying:

"Do not ruin me, I conjure you! I have not stolen your cat!"

"How is it in your house then?"

"I have it from a little boy named Faribole; he got this cat for me, which I have long desired to have, on account of his supernatural shape and appearance, to figure in my cabalistic conjurations. This is the truth, the whole truth. I beg of you that your mistress will not disturb me."

"Madam the Countess will act as she thinks proper," responded Mother Michel, haughtily; and she vanished with her cat.

She made but one step from the house of Madam Bradamor to that of Madam de la Grenouillère; one would have said that Mother Michel had on the seven-league boots of little Tom Thumb. She did not linger in the parlor, when she arrived out of breath and unable to speak a word, but carried Moumouth straight to the Countess.

On recognizing the animal, the Countess gave so



"DO NOT RUIN ME, I CONJURE YOU!"

loud a cry of joy that it was heard as far as the Place de la Carrousel.

Lustucru assisted at this touching scene. At the



"LUSTUCRU ASSISTED AT THIS TOUCHING SCENE."

sight of the cat he was so dumbfounded that his reason wavered for a moment. He imagined that the cat, so many times saved, was a fantastic being, capable of speaking, like the beasts in the fairy-tales, and he said to himself with a shiver: "I am lost! Moumouth is going to denounce me!"

I am less guilty than I appear; permit me to explain."

"It is useless," replied Madam de la Grenouillère; "your justification is impossible."

The steward, believing it best to play a bold game, said with irony:

"I am curious to know what unlikely story this rogue has to tell," and in accenting these words slowly he gave Faribole a glance which signified: "If you accuse me, woe to you!"

Without allowing himself to be confused, Faribole commenced in these terms:

"It is necessary to avow it, madam; I entered into your service with the intention of stealing your cat; the fortune-teller wished to have him, to make him play the part of the devil Astaroth; and she had seduced me by the promise of a crown of six livres and a pair of shoes. They treated me so well, and Moumouth appeared to me so charming, that I renounced my wicked plans; I never, no, never would have put them into execution, if I had not found it was necessary to get Moumouth out of the way in order to rescue him from the attacks of an enemy all the more terrible because he was hidden."

"Of whom does he wish to speak?" demanded Lustucru.

"Of you! of you who have said to me, 'Kill Moumouth, or I chase you from the house!'"

"I, I have said that! what an impudent falsehood! Ah, Madam the Countess, you know me well enough not to hesitate between the declarations of this fellow and my flat denial."

#### CHAPTER IX.

WHICH IS SATISFACTORY  
TO EVERYBODY BUT THE  
GUILTY.



AS SOON as Madam de la Grenouillère learned how Moumouth had been recovered, she ordered young Faribole to be brought before her.

"I'll go and look him up," said Father Lustucru, with alacrity. He was very anxious to warn his accomplice, and sought an excuse to steal off.

"No, remain! You have admitted him to the mansion, you shall see him turned away, and will learn to bestow your confidence more wisely in future."

Lustucru remained, and, recovering from his first stupor, resolved to boldly deny everything, if Faribole should dare to accuse him.

Introduced into the parlor, Faribole did not wait to be interrogated.

"Madam the Countess," said he, "the presence of your cat tells me why you have called me; but



FARIBOLE EXPLAINS.

"Faribole," said the Countess severely, "your charge is grave; can you bring any proof to support it?"

"Proof, alas! no, madam; but I am ready to swear to you——"

"Enough," interrupted the Countess; "do not add calumny to the theft of the cat, but deliver me of your presence."

The miserable Faribole wished to protest, but at a sign from Madam de la Grenouillère, Lustucru seized him by the arm, led him through the door without further ceremony, and treated him in so rough a manner on the staircase as to quite relieve him of any idea of asking for his personal effects.

However, the iniquities of the steward were not to remain long unpunished; that same day, Mother Michel, in arranging the closet in the antechamber, was very much astonished at finding the bodies of several dead rats and mice; she was wondering what had caused their death, when she recognized the famous hash that the cat had refused to eat, and which had been left there by mistake. Two mice were dead in the plate itself—so powerful and subtle was the poison!

This discovery tore away the veil which covered the past of Lustucru. Mother Michel, divining that the charges of Faribole were well founded, hastened to inform Madam de la Grenouillère, who recommended her to keep silent, and sent for the steward.

"Have you still the 'death to rats?'" she asked him.

"Yes, madam, I think I have a little left."

"Some should be placed in the antechamber; you have not thought of that before?"

"Never, madam; I did not know there were rats in that part of the house."

"Very well; you can retire."

Madam de la Grenouillère wrote to a celebrated chemist, who, after having analyzed the hash, declared that it contained a prodigious quantity of poison.

The crime of Lustucru was then evident; but other proofs were not long in rising against him. The adventure of Croquemouche and Guignolet was talked about among the boatmen; Faribole heard the story from one of them, and discovered a person who had seen Lustucru throw Moumou from the bridge of Notre Dame.

The steward, confounded, did not wait to be discharged; he fled, and, to escape the vengeance of Madam de la



FARIBOLE IS TREATED ROUGHLY ON THE STAIRCASE.

Grenouillère, embarked as cook on board of a merchant vessel bound for Oceanica.

It was afterward learned that this ship had been wrecked on the Sandwich Islands, and that the savages had eaten Lustucru. History records that at the moment of expiring he pronounced but a single word, the name of Moumouth!

What was it that brought this name to the lips of the guilty man? Was it remorse? or was it the last explo-

sion of an unforgiving hatred? This is what history has neglected to inform us.

The health of Madam de la Grenouillère had been altered by the heavy shocks she had experienced in losing her favorite animals. The tenderness and graces of Moumouth would perhaps have been sufficient to attach her to life; but the respectable lady had reached an age when sorrows press

of all her lovable qualities, that one would have believed she slept. She was nearly in her seventy-ninth year.

By her will, which she had deposited with her lawyer, she had left to Moumouth and Mother Michel an income of two thousand livres, to revert, in case of the death of either, to the survivor.

Mother Michel took up her residence near her sister, provided handsomely for all the children, and selected for her own retreat a pretty cottage situated in Low-Breton upon the banks of the river among the green trees.

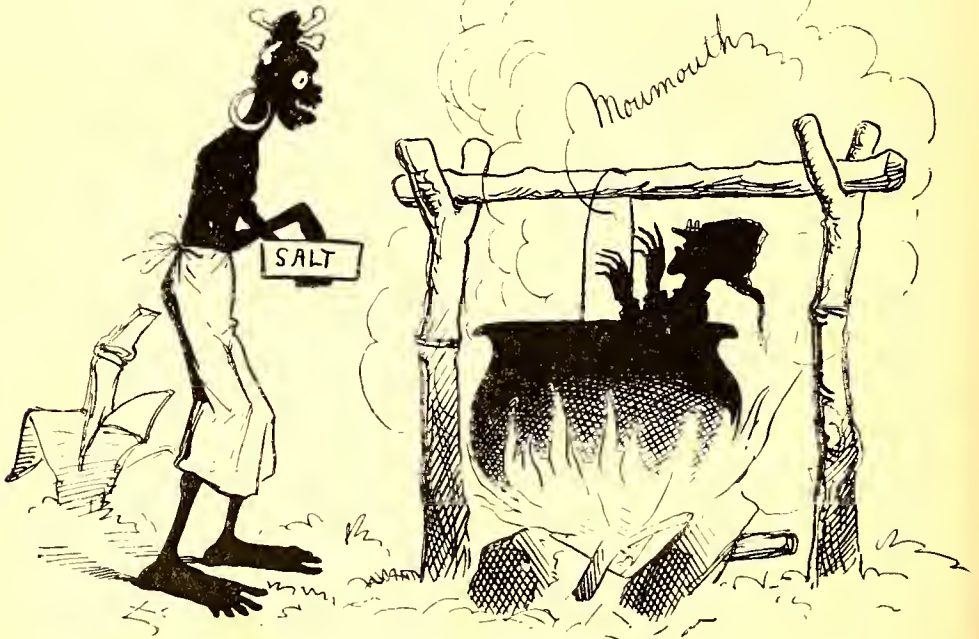
Faribole, received again into the service of Madam de la Grenouillère, conducted himself so well that his transient error was forgotten. He would have been able to distinguish himself in the kitchen,



A CELEBRATED CHEMIST ANALYZES THE HASH.



LUSTUCRU FLIES.



THE FATE OF THE STEWARD.

very heavily. Mother Michel had the grief, one morning, to find the Countess dead in her bed: her face was so calm and bore so plainly the impress

but he preferred to serve the State, and enlisted at the age of sixteen in an infantry regiment. He took part in the expedition against Majorca under

the command of Marshal Richelieu, and was named corporal after the capture of Port-Mahon, June the 29th, 1756. When he obtained his discharge, he returned to live near Mother Michel, for whom he had an affection truly filial. To the agitations of their existence succeeded calm and happy days, embellished by the constantly increasing graces of Moumouth.

Our cat henceforth was without an enemy; he won, on the contrary, the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His adventures had made him quite famous. Besides the ballad,—of which, unfortunately, only two couplets have been preserved,—the poets of the period wrote in his honor a large number of verses that have not come down to us. He received visits from the most distinguished men of the time, even from the King himself, who once, on his way to the Chateau of Bellevue, dropped in for a moment on Moumouth.

A grand lady of the court condescended to choose for Moumouth a very gentle and very pretty companion, whom he accepted with gratitude. In see-

You wish to know what finally became of Moumouth? He died,—but it was not until after a long and joyous career. His eyes, in closing, looked with sweet satisfaction upon groups of



MOTHER MICHEL'S COTTAGE.

weeping children and grandchildren. His mortal remains were not treated like those of ordinary cats. Mother Michel had built for him a magnificent mausoleum of white marble. Following a custom then adopted at the burial of all illustrious



MOUMOUTH AND HIS FAMILY.

ing himself a father Moumouth's happiness was at its highest, as was also that of Mother Michel, who felt that she lived again in the posterity of her cat.

personages, they engraved upon the tomb of Moumouth an epitaph in Latin, composed by a learned professor of the University of Paris.

THE END.

## BOSTON BOYS.

*(Grandfather's Story.)*

BY NORA PERRY.

WHAT! you want to hear a story all about that old-time glory,  
 When your grandsires fought for freedom against the British crown;  
 When King George's red-coats mustered all their forces, to be flustered  
 By our Yankee raw recruits, from each village and each town;

And the very boys protested, when they thought their rights molested?  
 My father used to tell us how the British General stared  
 With a curious, dazed expression when the youngsters in procession  
 Filed before him in a column, not a whit put out or scared.



"THEN THE LEADER TOLD HIS STORY."

Then the leader told his story,—told the haughty, handsome Tory  
 How his troops there, on the mall there (what you call "the common," dears),  
 All the winter through had vexed them, meddled with them and perplexed them,  
 Flinging back to their remonstrance only laughter, threats, and sneers.

"What!" the General cried in wonder,—and his tones were tones of thunder,—  
 "Are these the rebel lessons that your fathers taught you, pray?  
 Did they send such lads as you here, to make such bold ado here,  
 And flout King George's officers upon the King's highway?"

Up the little leader started, while heat lightning flashed and darted  
 From his blue eyes, as he answered, stout of voice, with all his might:  
 "No one taught us, let me say, sir,—no one sent us here to-day, sir;  
 But we're Yankees, Yankees, Yankees, and the Yankees know their rights!



“And your soldiers at the first, sir, on the mall there, did their worst, sir;  
 Pulled our snow hills down we'd built there, broke the ice upon our pond.  
 ‘Help it, help it if you can, then!’ back they answered every man then,  
 When we asked them, sir, to quit it; and we said, ‘This goes beyond

“Soldiers’ rights or soldiers’ orders, for we’ve kept within our borders  
 To the south’ard of the mall there, where we’ve always had our play!”

“Where you always shall hereafter, undisturbed by threats or laughter  
 From my officers or soldiers. Go, my brave boys, from this day

“Troops of mine shall never harm you, never trouble or alarm you,”  
 Suddenly the British Gen’ral, moved with admiration, cried.

In a minute caps were swinging, five and twenty voices ringing  
 In a shout and cheer that summoned every neighbor far and wide.

And these neighbors told the story how the haughty, handsome Tory,  
 Bowing, smiling, hat in hand there, faced the little rebel band;  
 How he said, just then and after, half in earnest, half in laughter:  
 “So it seems the very children strike for freedom in this land!”

So I tell you now the story all about that old-time glory,  
 As my father’s father told it long and long ago to me;  
 How they met and had it out there, what he called their bloodless bout there;  
 How he felt — “What! was he there, then?” Why, the *leader*, that was he!

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BABY KING.

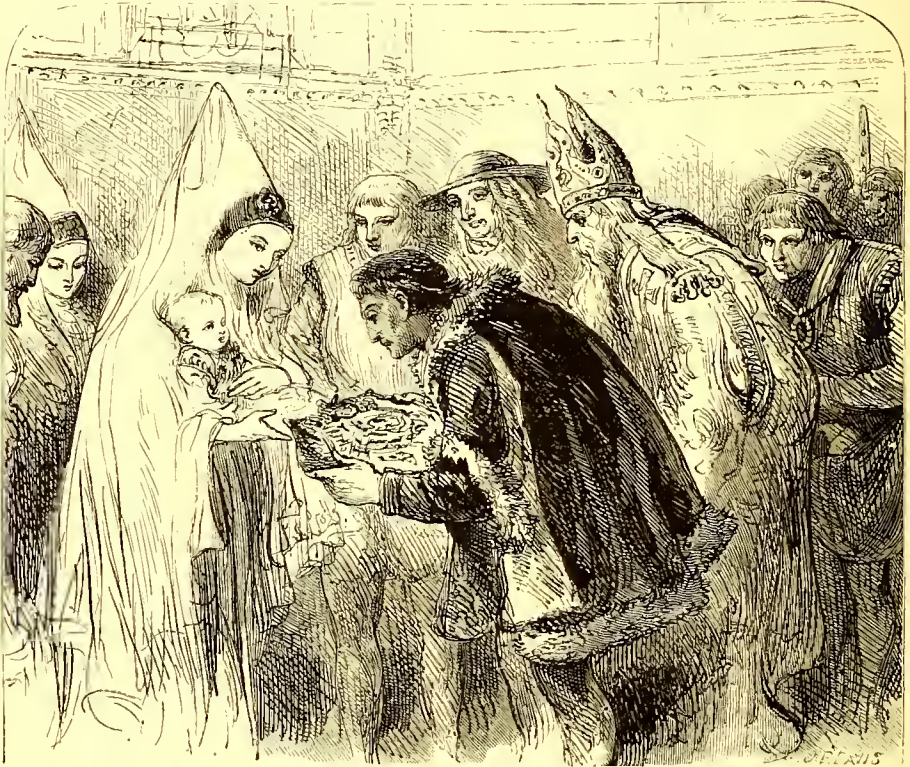
ON a dark December afternoon, when the days were short and the winter at its hardest, a little wailing infant, weakly from its birth, though born Prince of Wales and heir to the most powerful of European kingdoms, was born in Windsor Castle in the year 1421: Henry, only child of Henry V., the conqueror of the age, and grandson of Henry IV., one of the most wise of English kings. He himself was not destined to be either brave or wise or fortunate. His mother, Katherine of France, had been won at the sword’s point; and the marriage was supposed to give some claim of right to the sovereignty of France, which Henry V. had got by right of conquest before he married her. What her own feelings were about it, or whether she loved her bold English husband and her feeble English baby well enough to be willing that her brother should be disinherited for them, and her country brought under a stranger’s rule, no one

knows—for it is always difficult to make out what the poor women felt about it, who have to take a passive place in history and say nothing about what they are thinking. Anyhow, poor Katherine, one would imagine, must have been sad enough in those dull wintry days at Windsor—her husband far off in France, fighting against her family and her people, and doing all he could to crush out every germ of freedom in the conquered country; for in those days, and even in our own days, a man may be very fond of freedom for himself and for his own country, who is quite ready to call the love of liberty rebellion in other people.

Henry V. was a patriotic and popular monarch, doing everything he could to enrich England and secure her peace by ruining her neighbor, as the most of us have lived to see another great nation do. But Henry did not succeed, and I hope the other enemy of France will not succeed either. He was far away in France, at his favorite work of fighting, when he got the news of his son’s birth—his first and only child. It seems that brave Henry

had in him some touch of superstition, as is not very unusual with fighting men; and he did not wish his child to be born at Windsor, no doubt from some idea that it was unlucky or unwholesome. When he heard where the event had taken place, he turned to his chamberlain, Lord Fitzhugh, and gave vent to a dreary prophecy: "I, Henry, born at Monmouth, shall small time reign and much get," said the foreboding King, "and Henry, born at Windsor, shall long reign and all lose; but

old when his father died, and he in his swaddling clothes became King of England; and the first time that history shows us any glimpse of him is in a strange, gorgeous scene which took place in the September after his birth, when a procession of splendid noblemen in all their robes of state, bishops and archbishops, and all the great officials of the country, came thronging into the Castle to bring the Great Seal of England, the highest emblem of imperial authority, to the new monarch.



THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND IS PRESENTED TO THE BABY KING.

as God wills, so be it." This was Henry VI.'s welcome into this cold and wintry world. And, after a while, his mother went away to France, and the baby was left solitary in the great silent Castle; so great and powerful, heir to two kingdoms, yet so feeble and helpless and small. You cannot fancy a greater difference than there was between this poor little atom of humanity and his position; and if he had died then in his cradle, or been suffered to grow up among the grooms in the stable, a humble servant of the King's household, one cannot but think it would have been better for that last Henry Plantagenet—better for England, and certainly better for him.

The poor little baby prince was but eight months

Poor little soul, in his nurse's arms! There he sat while all the fine people came in, carrying the Seal in an embroidered bag, itself sealed by the Lord Chancellor, that no one might tamper with it. Perhaps the gold and the jewels, the ribbons of the Garter, and the beautiful badge (of which I told you) all wrought in enamel and gold,—the "George," which all the Knights of the Garter wore,—dazzled and delighted the baby. Or, perhaps, he only sat and looked on with that solemnity which you see in babies sometimes, as if, just newly arrived out of heaven, they were too much above us to trouble themselves about such trifles. It was at the hour of vespers, when the bell was pealing from St. George's Chapel, and all the chorister boys in

their white robes were streaming into the cool, dim choir out of the slanting sunshine; and all about the Castle the fair woods lay green, and the sun dropping into the west made the long line of the Thames into a shining, golden pathway. This outside; and all the great lords within bowing and doing homage, offering the Seal to the infant, handing it back again with elaborate ceremonies, at which perhaps in their hearts they did not know whether to laugh or to weep: for what could be more pitiful than the thought that their great Harry whom they loved, he of Agincourt, who had conquered France, was lying dead, and that this was King Henry of England—this speechless, unconscious child? I do not think there could have been a more pathetic scene—though, indeed, you may call it laughable, if you like. The great dukes, the bishops who were princes, the Chancellor of England, and all those splendid officers of state, kneeling to kiss the baby's feeble fingers. "The King's Majesty,"—that is what they called him, though he was but nine months old.

Poor little Henry staid at Windsor without moving, apparently, till he was, nearly two years old. His great father was brought sadly home and buried in Westminster, and all the affairs of State rolled on as usual, and laws were made and a great many important matters settled in the child's name. "Our present lord, the King, with the advice and consent of his Council," is supposed to have done a great many things of which he could have known nothing; and it was he, nominally, who set King James, his "cousin of Scotland," free after his long captivity. There is an account, in an old chronicle of the time, of his baby naughtiness, put down very solemnly as if it had the highest meaning in it. His mother set out with him in November, 1423, to open Parliament, as Queen Victoria is just now, while I write, preparing to do. Queen Victoria, however, can travel from Windsor to Buckingham Palace in half an hour whenever she pleases, whereas it was a long journey for Queen Katherine and her baby. They started upon a Saturday, and lodged that night at Staines, a small town a few miles from Windsor. But next day being Sunday, when the Queen's chair (in which, I suppose, she was carried) was brought out to continue the journey, "the Kyng shrieked and cried and sprang, and wolde not be carried forthere; wherefore he was borne again into the inne, and there abode the Soneday al day"—for who could venture to cross the King? On Monday, however, you will be glad to hear, Henry's temper improved, and "he beyng then gladd and merye," was carried off in triumph as far as Kingston, where they rested for the night. Next day brought them to Kennington, and on the

Wednesday they arrived in London, and "with a glad sembland and mery chere, in his modyer's arms in the chare, he rode through London to Westminster," where, poor babe! the "Kyng's Majesty" opened the great English Parliament the next day. And of all those powerful, ambitious lords, his uncles, of the same royal blood as himself, and those of the house of York, who were afterward to dethrone him, not one endeavored then to twitch the reins of State out of those little helpless hands.

A little later there is a record that, being carried into St. Paul's, he "went upon his fete" from the west door to the choir,—evidently quite a long walk for the little fellow,—and that he kept his seat "diverse daies in the Parliament." Imagine the poor child, in his heavy dress all shining with gold and jewels, and small forlorn, pale face, seated there, frightened, no doubt, and weary, wondering at the discussions and talk that were carried on before him—most solitary of children, upon the throne so much too big for him! I am sure, if you think of all that he had to go through in this way, you will pity the baby King from the bottom of your hearts.

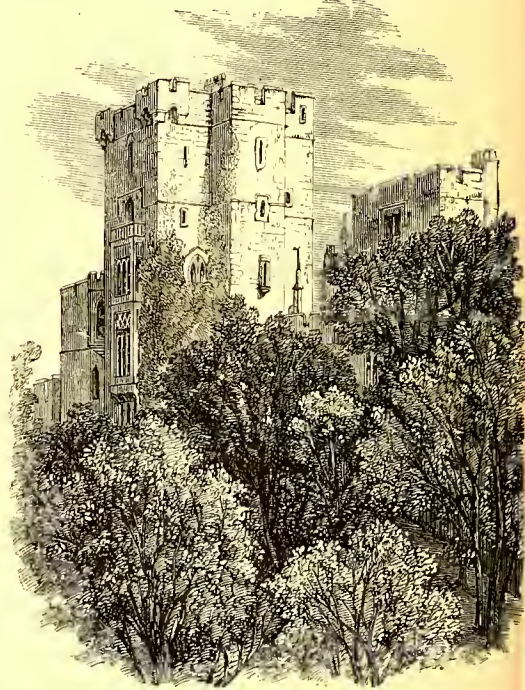
It is more amusing, though, when he began his education, to find a special Act of Parliament in his name, giving authority to the Earl of Warwick, his "governor," to whip him when necessary! I do not suppose Henry had much to do with this, but it had to be put in his name. "If we are negligent in learning, or commit any fault, or do anything contrary to instructions of our said cousin, we give him full power, authority, license, and directions reasonably to chastise us from time to time, according to his discretion, in the manner that other princes of our age, as well in this kingdom as in others, have hitherto been accustomed to be chastised—without being impeached or molested by us or by any other person in future for so doing." Let us hope that Warwick was not very hard upon poor, gentle Harry, who loved learning, and no doubt prepared all his lessons like the meek and tranquil boy he was. It was a great deal better, was it not, that he should be whipped for his own faults than that he should have had, as it is said James VI. of Scotland and I. of England had—a "whipping-boy," who was punished when his little master did wrong, and whose cries were supposed to have the same effect upon the royal sinner as if he had himself been whipped? In Henry's time, I suppose, such a clever idea had not been thought of; so he was made to forgive Earl Warwick beforehand for chastising him. He was so gentle and so good that I believe he would have forgiven him anyhow, and taken his punishment very sweetly, if he had required any. How-

ever, whether he was punished or not, he was so trained that he came to love learning and to do a great deal for the education of his country. And of this, as it was, perhaps, the only one successful enterprise of his life, I will tell you now.

From the north side of the Castle, where stands the Winchester Tower (of which you have here a picture), and where now there is the fine terrace which Queen Elizabeth made, you look down upon a broad stretch of country spreading far away in level lines rich with wood, and showing close at hand, at the foot of the hill, a glimpse here and there of the Thames as it travels downward to London and to the sea. From this point, nowadays, the most conspicuous object is the beautiful Chapel of Eton, and the buildings of the college which is, as I dare say you have heard, the chief public school in England; and were you to visit Windsor now, you would meet at every turn shoals of Eton boys, in their black jackets and tall hats, walking about in twos and threes in the streets, in the park, on the terrace of the Castle, everywhere—and see them on the river, and in the fields at play by hundreds (but not in jackets and tall hats then).

When Henry VI. spent his own boyhood in Windsor Castle, under Earl Warwick's charge, there was no great college at Eton, but only a little village half a mile off on the other side of the river, lying peacefully with its red cottage roofs in the sun, where young Henry at his lessons saw it every day. Education had sunk low in England at that time, and William of Wykeham (as I told you), he who was once architect of Windsor Castle, had founded the great school at Winchester, and a college in Oxford in which the Winchester boys could finish their studies, not very long before, by way of reviving learning in England, and training the new generations to be more enlightened than the old. Young Henry, as he grew to be a man, took more interest in this than in tournaments and hunts and feastings. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," his grandfather had said—or at least Shakespeare said it for him; and when you think that the crown had been heavy on Henry's brow since ever he could remember, you will be less surprised that his spirit had been crushed by it. I think he must have been frightened in his very childhood by the commotions of the world—the fighting in France and the confusions at home, and the bloodshed and all the troubles. "He was fitter for a cowl than a crown," says old Fuller, "and of so easie a nature that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valor." You must not despise him, however, for few of the fighting men have left behind them such a monument as did this patient Henry. He set his heart upon establishing a school as Wykeham had done,

and, in addition to the school, a college where the boys might be trained to be ripe scholars, and teach others in their turn. Before he was nineteen he went to Winchester to see the foundation there, and how it was going on. Young men of nineteen seldom took much interest in such undertakings in those days, or indeed much later; and immediately after he had made that inspection, he announced his wish to found a similar school close to Windsor. That he should have chosen Eton, the village which lay under his windows, and where he could watch every stone as it was laid, and see the buildings



WINCHESTER TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

rising day by day, was very natural; and years before he is said to have begun planning for his great object, getting the parish church transferred from the authority of the Bishop of Lincoln to attach it to his new foundation, and buying up little properties from the country folks about. Thus, while he was but a boy himself, he began to provide for English boys to countless generations. I fear the lively Etonians would not have thought very much of the gentle, weakly little King. They would have said (and probably so would you boys on the other side of the seas) that he was "not good at anything," and laughed at his plans and quiet pleasures. But, you perceive, while all the great soldiers and statesmen left little more than troubles and wars between them, this boy King,

who was not good at anything, who could not fight, and was not fit to make any noise in the world, has left behind him an institution which is one of the most flourishing in all England, which has had an influence more or less upon the country for four hundred years back, and which is now the greatest school in the world.

In King Henry's days, however, there was no education thought of except by the side, and under the protection, of the Church; so that the very center of the foundation was the chapel and the little corporation belonging to it, who were to keep up the worship of God without fail, which at that time was supposed to be the only way of making any undertaking blessed and prosperous—and I think it was a very beautiful thought, and one which we should all do very well to imitate still. So the first thing Henry did was to secure for his school-boys that great advantage. He "established," as an old historian says, "an honest college of sad priests, with a great number of children, which he there of his cost frankly and freely taught the rudiments and rules of grammar." You must not think, however, that the expression "sad priests" means anything very melancholy, like the monks of La Trappe, for instance, who never say anything to each other except, "Brother, we must die." All that was meant was, that these were serious men, giving themselves gravely to their work. They had nothing to do with the school, which was to be taught by "one master in grammar, who should gratuitously instruct the poor and indigent scholars, and others coming there from every part of the kingdom, in the knowledge of letters, and especially in the art of grammar." Besides the "provost and fellows, priests, clerks, and choristers," who were to maintain the daily services, and the "poor and indigent scholars," with their master, there was also a charitable establishment for "poor and infirm men." Thus, you see, the buildings which Henry watched from his windows were to be used for all the good deeds that a man of his day could think of—the worship of God, the education of the young, and the relief of the poor.

This was the first public act of the young King. When his father, Henry, won that great battle at Agincourt, which you can read of in Shakspeare as well as in history, it made a great deal more commotion in the world. That was Henry V.'s way of beginning—in fire and flame, and warlike glory; and if I must tell you so, I am obliged to confess that I like that bold Harry, with all his faults, better than the timid, patient son whom he left behind him. But Henry V.'s conquest of France came to nothing except heart-breaking wars and bloodshed, and double bitterness between the

two nations France and England, which were enemies for the reason which ought to have made them friends—*i. e.* because they were close neighbors. Henry VI.'s first act was done with no excitement or glory about it, to make it look splendid in the eyes of the world; but it has had very different results. It has helped to keep up education in England for all these centuries. It has trained for us statesmen, philosophers, historians, great lawyers, even great soldiers—for the Duke of Wellington was an Eton boy; and at this present moment it is greater, more active and flourishing than ever—a living power in England, though Agincourt for centuries past has been nothing but a name.

This will show how the gentle and timid may be greater conquerors sometimes than the boldest and bravest. To do a startling, splendid feat for the moment, and to do a quiet, worthy work which no one remarks—which is best? I do not expect you to choose the last; and perhaps it is as well, while you are young, that you should like the idea of taking the world by storm, for that is very necessary too. But let no one despise the meek Henry, sitting there over his studies in his palace window, and watching the new walls rise across the river on that flat meadow land, where the trees grow to such noble size, and the grass is so green. All that he hoped for, I suppose, was that the bells should jangle on for ever and ever, calling the homely village folks and the poor scholars to God's service, and that there for ever priests should pray and poor boys learn. How could he tell that his seventy poor scholars, with the one master in grammar (and one usher afterward allowed to help him), should grow and increase, until now there are more nearly fifty ushers, and more than nine hundred boys, to celebrate the memory of the pious founder, whose statue stands in the quadrangle, and whose recollection has been kept sacred through all these years?

While he was doing this, a great deal was going on in the King's name in France, which you have read in your histories. The Maid of Orleans, the wonderful young saint and soldier, Jeanne (or, as we call her, Joan) of Arc, had delivered France and had fallen into English hands—alas that we should have to say so!—and had been tortured and burned in the old market-place at Rouen. Not long ago, when I passed through that market-place, I felt inclined to go down on my knees, among all the people, and pray God to pardon England for such a cruel deed. But they did not see things then in the same light, and thought that noble and pure peasant-maiden was a bold madwoman. This was done in King Henry's name, but it did not win back France for him; and perhaps so great a

wickedness had something to do with the misfortunes that befell him. The Duke of York, who represented an elder branch of the house of Plantagenet, thrust aside by King Henry IV. when he seized the crown, took advantage of Henry VI.'s weakness and made a terrible civil war, which, you know, was called the War of the Roses—Henry taking the red rose for his emblem, and York the white. Both of the poor Roses were dyed red enough with blood before that wicked war was done; and our poor King Henry was dethroned, and at last killed by his cousins. After his death, however, so good and so patient and so holy had he been, that the people made pilgrimages to his tomb in St. George's Chapel, and paid honors to him as a martyr; for the world always finds out the good man in the end, though often too late to give any pleasure to him. He lies in his grave in the Castle where he was born; and is Henry of Windsor in history for ever.

Thus you see that no sadder life could be than that of him who was a king in his cradle. He who was so gentle, it was his fate to be tossed about continually among feuds and quarrels and rebellions, all sorts of people struggling over him, though he hated contention. And often he was sick in body

and often in mind; and his life and his reign are little more than a muddle of confusion and misery, helplessness, weakness, and final downfall. But when, in the freshness of his youth, from the battlements of the Castle on a summer evening, or at his window on the wintry days, he looked across the green country and planned out his beautiful chapel and the lodgings for his poor scholars, and thought with tender sympathy of all the books that would be read there, and all the good men who might grow up pure and peaceable to serve God and England, I think the poor young King must have been happy—happy as he never was again. Long after, when happiness was over for Henry, if ever he met some wandering pair of his school-boys about the Castle yard or in the park, he would stop to ask their names and talk kindly to the lads, "and, besides his words, would give them money to win their good-will, saying to them (in the only language which was then thought worthy for learned men to use), *Sitis boni pueri: mites et docibiles et servi Domini.*" "Be good boys,"—you shall translate the rest for yourselves. But, you see, from gentle King Henry downward, this is all we elders have to say to you. Be good! and, whether you are very happy or not, all will be well.

## JEMIMA BROWN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

BRING her here, my little Alice—

Poor Jemima Brown!

Make the little cradle ready.

Softly lay her down.

Once she lived in ease and comfort,

Slept on couch of down;

Now upon the floor she's lying—

Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,

Rosy-cheeked and fair,

With her eyes of brightest azure,

And her golden hair.

Now, alas! no hair's remaining

On her poor old crown;

And the crown itself is broken—

Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely,

And her nose was straight;

And that arm, now hanging lonely,

Had, methinks, a mate.

Ah, she was as finely dressed as

Any doll in town.

Now she's old, forlorn and ragged—

Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!

'T is no fault of hers

If her willful little mistress

Other dolls prefers.

Did *she* pull her pretty hair out?

Did *she* break her crown?

Did *she* tear her arms and legs off?

Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,

You must do your best

Now to give the poor old dolly

Comfortable rest.

So we'll make the cradle ready,

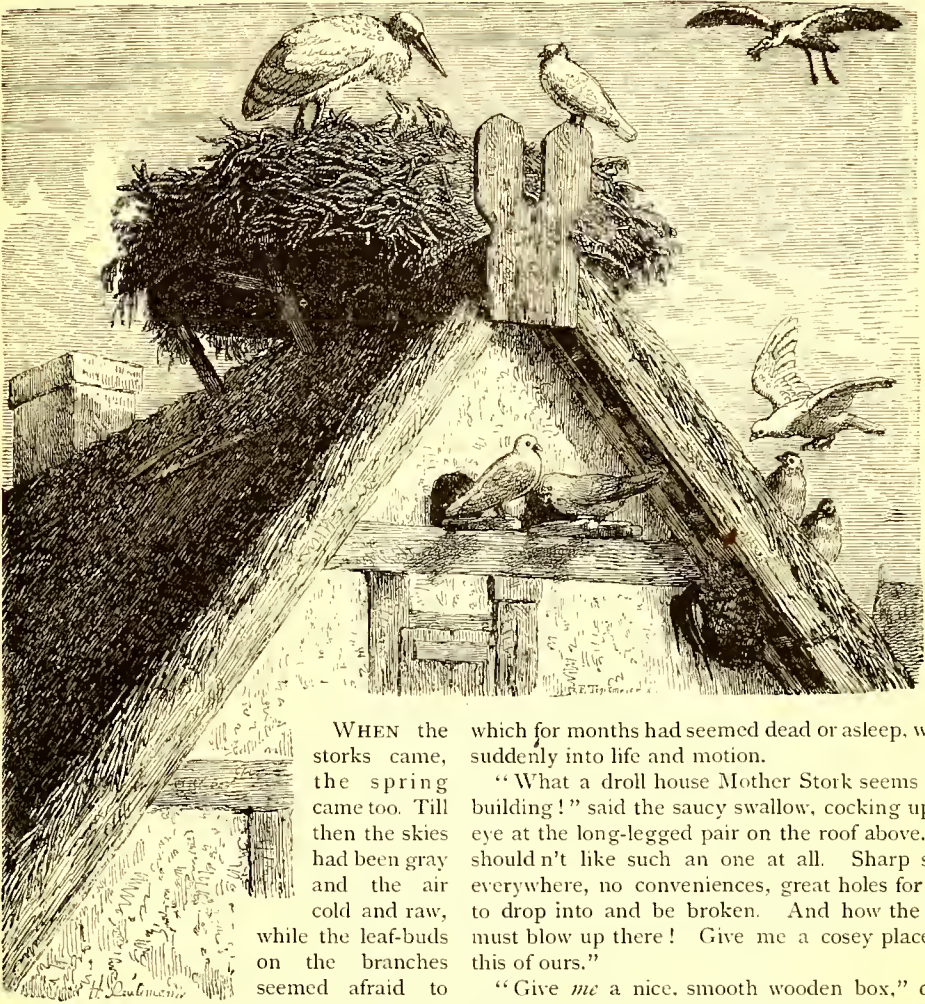
And we'll lay her down;

And we'll ask papa to mend her—

Poor Jemima Brown!

## HOW THE STORKS CAME AND WENT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



WHEN the storks came, the spring came too. Till then the skies had been gray and the air cold and raw, while the leaf-buds on the branches seemed afraid to peep from their coverings. But when the call of the storks was heard, and the click of their large white wings, the leaves took courage, unrolled their woolly blankets, and presently the trees were green. Soon other birds came too. The doves went to housekeeping in their cote under the peak of the roof-gable. Just beneath, a pair of swallows built a nest of plastered clay: the cherry-tree in the garden was chosen as home by a colony of lively sparrows. All the air was astir with wings and songs, and the world,

which for months had seemed dead or asleep, waked suddenly into life and motion.

"What a droll house Mother Stork seems to be building!" said the saucy swallow, cocking up one eye at the long-legged pair on the roof above. "I should n't like such an one at all. Sharp sticks everywhere, no conveniences, great holes for eggs to drop into and be broken. And how the wind must blow up there! Give me a cosy place like this of ours."

"Give *me* a nice, smooth wooden box," cooed the dove. "I don't fancy plaster; it's damp and rheumatic, my mate says. But you need n't worry about Mother Stork's eggs. They're too large to drop through the holes in the branches and be broken."

"What coarse things they must be!" remarked the swallow, looking complacently at the tiny clouded spheres beneath her own wings.

"They *are* big," agreed the dove. "But, then, Mother Stork is big too."

"Listen to those absurd creatures!" said Mother

Stork to her partner. "Coarse, indeed! My eggs! I like that."

"Never mind them," replied Papa Stork, good-humoredly, giving a crooked twig the final shove to the side of the nest.

Below on the grass, which was still winter-brown, three little children stood gazing wistfully up at the storks.

"They flew straight to our roof," said Annchen. "Frau Perl says that means good luck before the year ends."

"What does good luck mean?" asked Carl, the youngest boy.

"It means—oh, all sorts of things," replied Annchen, vaguely: "That the mother should not work so hard; that we should have plenty,—plenty to eat every day,—and money, I suppose,—and my new shoes I've waited for so long;—all sorts of things."

"Perhaps my father'll come back," suggested Fritz, with a joyful leap.

Annchen shook her brown head. The boys were too little to understand, but she knew well that the father would never come back. She recollected the day when he marched away with the other soldiers to fight the French. He had lifted her in his arms. She had played with his beard and kissed him, and Fritz had cried after the glittering helmet-spike, till at last the father took the helmet off and gave it him to play with. Then the drum-tap sounded, and he had to go. The mother had watched awhile from the window, and when she could no longer see anything, had sat down to sob and cry with her apron over her face. Annchen recollected it perfectly, and that other dreadful day when Corporal Spes of the same regiment had come, with his arm tied up and a bandage round his head, to tell how the father had been shot in one of the battles before Paris, and buried in French soil. Everything had been sad since. There was less black bread at dinner-time, less soup in the pot, sometimes no soup at all, and the mother worked all day and far into the night, and cried bitterly when she thought the children were not looking. Annchen was too young to comprehend the full cause of these tears, but she felt the sadness; it was like a constant cloud over her childish sun. Now the stork was come to their roof, which all the neighbors said meant something good. Perhaps the happy days would begin again.

"How I hope they will!" she whispered to herself.

"Hope who will?" asked the mother, passing behind with an armful of wood.

Annchen felt abashed.

"The storks," she murmured. "Frau Perl said

when they build on a roof it brings good fortune always." The mother sighed.

"There is no good fortune for us any more," she said, sadly. "Even the dear stork cannot undo what is done."

"But are n't the storks lucky birds?" asked Fritz. "Jan Stein said they were."

"Ah, luck, luck!" answered the mother. "That is a word only. People use it, but what does it mean?"

"Is n't there any luck, then?" asked Annchen.

"There is the good God, dear,—that is better," replied the mother, and carried her wood into the house.

"Jan said the stork was God's bird," observed little Carl.

"That's it," said Annchen, brightening. "God's bird; and the good God may let the stork bring us good fortune. Dear storkie, do! If only you would!"

Mamma Stork looked solemnly down on the children, and wagged her head gravely up and down. Annchen thought it was in answer to her appeal.

"See, Fritz! see, Carl! She says she will!"

The stork kept on nodding, and Annchen went in to supper, feeling happy.

Days grew into weeks, and spring into full summer. The big eggs and the little eggs had in turn cracked and given place to young birds, who sat in the nests clamoring for food, and being fed, caressed and kept warm by their mothers. At first the nestlings were ugly, featherless creatures, and seemed all beaks and appetites; but presently they began to grow, to put out plumage, and become round and fat. Soon they could hop; then they could flutter their wings; the air was full of their calls and their swift-moving bodies. Mother Stork's babies were white like herself, and had long legs and big bills. The swallow thought them awkward, and contrasted them proudly with her own brisk, glancing brood; but in Mother Stork's eyes they were perfect in every way, and graceful as birds should be. The dove thought the same of her plump squabs,—each parent was entirely satisfied with the kind of child which the Lord had sent her; and that was a happy thing, was it not?

Summer was over, and now it was September, but Annchen had not ceased to hope for the good fortune which the stork's coming prophesied. Each morning, when she woke, she ran to the window to see if the lucky birds were still in the nest. There they were, but nothing else happened, and the mother worked harder than ever, and the black loaf grew smaller. Still Annchen hoped.

"Do you notice what a kind bird the stork is?"



said the mother one night, as she was putting the children to bed. "She never gets tired of taking care of her babies, nor beats them with her wings, nor scolds them. Do you not love her for being so amiable?"

"Sometimes the babies scold her," remarked Fritz from his corner.

"I don't think that is scolding. What they say is, 'Mother, we are hungry. We want a fish or a couple of young frogs; when will the father bring them?' The little storks do not like to wait for their dinners any more than you children do. I heard once a story about a good Mother Stork. Shall I tell it you?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the children: but the mother went first for her knitting-work, for even at the twilight hour she dared not let her fingers be idle for a moment.

"Once there was a Frau Stork," she began, "who built a nest in the roof of an old shed, and in it laid three blue eggs. Presently out of the eggs came three baby storks, large and hungry. Then was Frau Stork very proud and glad. All day she sat in the nest, keeping her little ones warm under her feathers, while Papa Stork flew to and fro, seeking places where were ponds with fish and frogs; and these he fetched home in his beak, and with them fed his brood, who sat always with open mouths ready for anything good which should come along.

"One day when Papa Stork was absent, and Mother Stork had hopped from the nest to the roof, she heard a crackling sound which she did not at all understand. Then the air grew thick and smoky, and there was a smell of burning wood. The shed was on fire! Frau Stork became uneasy, and called loudly for her mate, but he was too far away to hear her voice. Presently the smoke became more dense, and a little red tongue of flame crept through the thatch. When it felt the air it grew large, swelled, and at last, like a fiery serpent, darted at the nest and the screaming brood within."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the children, sitting up in their beds. "What *did* the poor stork do?"

"She could easily have flown away, you know," continued the mother. "There were her strong wings, which would have borne her faster than the fire could follow. But she loved her babies too well to leave them like that. She seized them with

her beak, and tried to drag them from the nest. But they were too heavy, and flapped and struggled, hindering her, for they did not understand what she wished to do. The flames drew nearer, the branches began to blaze. Then Mother Stork took her usual place in the nest, gathered her brood under her wings as if to shield them, bent her poor head, and——"

"Oh, she did n't burn up!—please don't say she did!" interrupted Annschen.



THE FAITHFUL MOTHER-STORK.

"Yes. When Papa Stork came from the pond with a fresh fish in his beak, there was no roof there, no nest, no little storks,—only a heap of ashes and curling smoke. Frau Stork loved her children too well to desert them, and they all died together."

There was silence for a minute or two. Annschen was sobbing softly, and a suspicious sniff was heard from the direction of Fritz's pillow.

"I hope *our* stork wont burn up," said Carl, solemnly.

"Yes,—because then she wont bring us good luck, you know," added Fritz.

"Do you think the stork has forgotten?" whispered Annchen to her mother. "I've waited and waited for her so long that I'm tired. Do they forget sometimes?"

"She will have to bestir herself if she is to do anything for us this year," said the mother; and though her heart was heavy enough just then, she smiled into Annchen's eager eyes. "Autumn is here; the winter will come before long. Frau Stork and her family may fly off any day."

"I shall *have* to remind her," murmured Annchen, sleepily.

She remembered this resolution next morning, and went out into the yard. The day was chilly; the blue sky, all dappled with gray, looked as if a storm were coming. Mother Stork was alone on the roof. Her young ones could fly now, and they and their father were off somewhere together.

"Mother Stork," said Annchen, standing close to the wall, and speaking in a loud, confidential whisper, "you won't forget what you promised, will you—that day when you nodded your head, you know? The mother says you will fly away soon, but please bring us our good luck first. Poor mother works so hard and looks so pale, and sometimes there is almost no dinner at all, and the cold winter is coming, and I don't know what we shall do, if you don't help us. Please do, Mother Stork. We can't wait till you come again, it's such a long time. Pray fetch our good luck before you go."

Mother Stork, perched on one leg on the roof's edge, nodded her head up and down, as if considering the point. Then she rose on her large wings and flew away. Annchen marked her course through the air, and her eyes grew large and eager with delight.

"She has gone to the fen!" she cried. "That's where she keeps it. Oh, the dear stork!"

"What is it? Who has gone where?" asked the boys, running into the yard.

"Frau Stork," explained Annchen. "I reminded her about it,—our good luck, you know,—and she flew straight off to fetch it. She went to the fen, the beautiful fen, where I went once with the father—*such* a place! How I should like to go there again! You never saw such a place, boys!"

"I want to go to the fen too," said Carl.

"I wonder if we might!" went on Annchen, thoughtfully. "It is n't so very far. I did n't get tired at all that day when I went before. And we could help Frau Stork, perhaps. I wonder if we might."

"I'll go in and ask the mother," said Fritz, running to the door with an eager demand: "Mother, may we go for a walk,—Annchen, and Carl, and I?"

The mother, who was very busy, nodded.

"Don't go too far," she called after him.

"Mother says we may," shouted Fritz, as he ran again into the yard; and the children, overjoyed, set forth at once.

It was quite a distance to the fen, but the road was a plain one, and Annchen had no difficulty in following it. When she went there before, not only her father had been along, but Ernst the wood-cutter, with his donkey; so, when tired, she had rested herself by riding on top of the fagots. She was three years older now, and the sturdy lads did not mind the distance at all, but ran forward merrily, encouraging each other to make haste.

The sun had broken through the clouds, and shone hotly on the white road. But as they neared the fen, they passed into shade. Softly they lifted the drooping branches of the trees, and entered, moving carefully, that they might not disturb the stork. A little farther, and the ground grew wet under foot. Bright streams of water appeared here and there. But between the streams were ridges and island-like tufts of moss and dried grasses, and stepping from one of these to the other, the little ones passed on, dry-shod. Tall reeds and lance-shaped rushes rose above their heads as they crept along, whispering low to each other. The air was hushed and warm, there was a pleasant fragrance of damp roots and leaves. The children liked the fen extremely. Their feet danced and skipped, and they would gladly have shouted, had it not been for the need of keeping quiet.

Suddenly a beautiful water-rat, with a long tail, glanced like a ray of gray sunshine from under a bank, and at sight of the intruders flashed back again into his hole. Fritz was enchanted at this sight. He longed to stay and dig into the bank in search of the rat. What fun it would be to take him home and tame him! But Annchen whispered imploringly, and Carl tugged at his fingers; so at last he gave up searching for the rat, and went on with the others. They were near the middle of the fen now, and Mother Stork, they thought, must be close at hand.

Pop! glug! An enormous bull-frog leaped from a log, and vanished into the pool with a splash. Next a couple of lovely water-flies, with blue, shining bodies and gauze-like wings, appeared hovering in the air. They rose and sank and circled and whirled like enchanted things; the children, who had never seen such flies before, felt as if they had met the first chapter of a fairy-story, and stood holding their breaths, lest the pretty creatures should take alarm and fly away. It was not till the water-flies suddenly whirled off and disappeared, that they recollected their errand, and moved on.

All at once Annchen, who was in advance of the rest, stopped short and uttered an exclamation. The parting of the reeds had shown her a pool larger than any they had seen before, round which grew a fringe of tall flowering water-plants. Half in, half out of the pool, lay a black log with a hollow end, and beside it, dabbling with her beak as if searching for something, stood a large white bird. At the sound of voices and rustling feet, the bird

"I want to go home," whined Carl. "It's dinner-time. I want my dinner very much."

All of them wanted to go home, but it was not an easy or quick task to do so. The children had wandered farther than they knew. It took a long time to find their way out of the fen, and when at last they reached the rushy limits and stood on open ground, it was an unfamiliar place, and much farther from home than the side where they had



"THE BIRD SPREAD A PAIR OF BROAD WINGS AND FLEW SLOWLY UPWARD."

spread a pair of broad wings and flew slowly upward, turning her head to look at the children as she went.

"It was," cried Annchen. "Oh, Mother Stork, we did n't mean to frighten you. Please come back again. We'll go away at once if you don't like to have us here."

But Mother Stork was no longer visible. She had dropped into some distant part of the fen—where, the children could not see.

"Her eyes looked angry," said little Carl.

"Oh dear!" sighed Annchen. "I hope she is n't angry. That would be dreadful! What will poor mother do if she is? And it would be all our fault."

entered. Weary, hungry, and disheartened, they trudged along for what to them seemed hours, and it was long past midday when at last they reached the familiar gate.

Frau Stork had got there before them, and stood on the roof beside her mate, gazing down as the sorry little procession filed beneath. Annchen had no heart to greet her as she passed. She was tired, and a dread lest their long absence should have frightened or angered the mother added weight to her fatigue, and made her heart sink heavily as they opened the door.

The mother did not start or run forward to meet them as the children expected she would do. She

sat by the table, and some one sat opposite her—a tall, stately officer in uniform, with an order on his breast. His helmet lay on the table, with some papers scattered about it. When the children came in, he turned and looked at them out of a pair of kind blue eyes.

"Ah," he said. "These are the little ones, dame?"

"Yes," said the mother, "these are *his* children. Take off your hats, boys; and, Annchen, make your reverence. This is the Herr Baron, your father's captain, children."

Carl stared with round eyes at the splendid Herr Baron, while Annchen demurely dropped her courtesy. The captain lifted Fritz and perched him on his knee.

"My fine fellow," he said, "you have your father's face,"—and he stroked Fritz's yellow hair, while Fritz played with the bright buttons of the uniform. The captain and the mother went on talking. Annchen did not understand all they said, but she saw that her mother looked happier than for a long time before, and that made her feel happy too.

At last the captain rose to go. He kissed the children, and Annchen saw him put a purse into her mother's hands.

"I take shame to myself that I left you so long without aid," he said; "but keep up heart, dame.

Your pension will no doubt be granted you, and I will see that you and the children are cared for, as a brave man's family should be. So good-day, and God bless you!"

"May He bless you, Herr Baron," sobbed the widow, as he went away.

"What is it, mother,—why do you cry?" asked little Carl at last, pulling her sleeve.

"For joy, dear. The good Baron has brought your father's back-pay. I can discharge my debts now, and you need hunger no more."

"It is the good luck come at last. I knew it would," said Annchen.

"We will thank God for it," said her mother. And they all knelt down and repeated "Our Father," that beautiful prayer which suits equally our time of joy and our time of sorrow.

But when the prayer was said, and the mother, smiling through her tears, was bustling about to cook such a supper as the little family had not tasted for many a day, dear, superstitious little Annchen stole softly to the door and went into the yard.

The young storks were asleep with their heads under their wings, and Frau Stork, poised on one leg, was gazing about with drowsy eyes. She looked bigger than ever against the dim evening sky.

"Thank you, dear stork!" said Annchen.

1876.



## OUR FLAG.

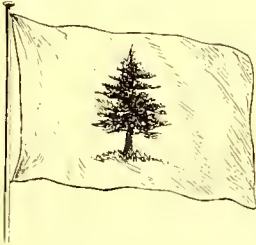
BY KATE FOOTE.

EVERY nation has its flag. Every ship in foreign waters is known by the colors she shows at her peak. The French frigate hoists her bunting of three vertical stripes, red, white and blue; the English man-of-war shows a red flag, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a blue

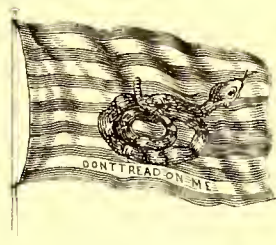
and on the opposite side the motto, "Appeal to Heaven."

Washington, in his character of General-in-Chief, commissioned several privateer schooners, and they all carried this flag.

The Alfred was one of the few large ships we



THE OLD MASSACHUSETTS STATE FLAG.



THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

union in the upper left-hand corner; and the Austrian, a double-headed black eagle, on a yellow ground,—every nation with a name and a place, having its own appropriate symbol.

When we were colonies of England, we sailed and fought under her flag. Twenty years before the Revolution, when we were at war with the French and their allies the Indians, many a brave man in some hot skirmish with Indians would have welcomed the sight of the red flag of England—it would mean aid and comfort when sorely pressed.

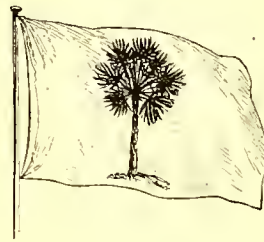
But the time was coming when he was to hate it as much as he had hated the French colors. The time was coming when the sight of it was to mean oppression and tyranny to him, and every feeling of his nature would be roused against it. Every child knows how we finally rebelled; it was nothing less, and, to England, our George Washington was merely a leading rebel. It was a bold proceeding. We were thirteen little States, fringed along on the Atlantic coast, with the unbroken forest behind us, and among the great family of nations we had neither place nor name. We were like the last new boy at a public school—we had to fight to obtain due respect from all the great old nations who were looking on.

Of course we had no flag; we had to earn that too. For a year or so our privateers carried the Massachusetts State flag. It was better, they thought, than the English flag, at any rate. The field was of white bunting; in the middle, a green pine-tree, as you see in the above picture;

and she carried the pine-tree flag, and beside that, one with thirteen stripes, in red and white, but with no stars; while on the stripes was coiled a rattle-snake, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." The rattle-snake being found only in America, there was, of course, a peculiar meaning in this emblem.

In the early part of the Revolution, some of the South Carolina regiments carried the palmetto-tree on their flag. That was a very good symbol, and the State yet keeps it on her coat of arms, though it grows everywhere in the South. The palmetto logs at Fort Moultrie were found very good things to receive cannon balls when that fort was besieged by the British in June of 1776.

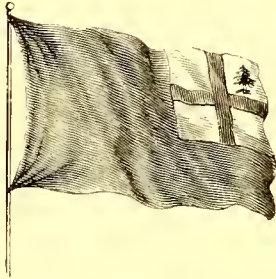
There was this multiplicity of flags, because we did not clearly know what we were. No nation had



THE PALMETTO FLAG.

acknowledged us as belonging to their great family yet; in fact, we had not quite cut loose from England, yet we were fighting her with all our might, and it seemed absurd to be under her colors. In

the fight at Bunker Hill. the flag planted in the corner of that famous redoubt was of blue bunting, with the cross of St. George in red in the corner,



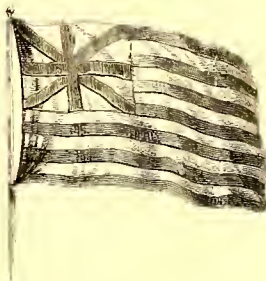
OUR FLAG AT BUNKER HILL.

and a pine-tree, that same pine-tree, in the upper right-hand quarter of the cross.

Our army at Cambridge celebrated New Year's Day, Jan. 1st, 1776. not as the Chinese, by firing crackers and illuminating lanterns in the evening, nor yet by making calls, but by unfurling for the first time in an American camp the flag of thirteen stripes. But even then we had not declared ourselves independent of Great Britain, and this flag had the British union in the corner, and the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

Finally, on the 14th of June, 1776, Congress, which met then in Philadelphia, settled upon our style of flag. "It shall have," said they, "thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the union of the States shall be indicated by thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

They followed up the adoption of a flag by a Declaration of Independence, and then we went to fighting harder than ever, and, either because we showed better pluck under our new flag, or be-



THE FLAG OF JAN. 1, 1776.

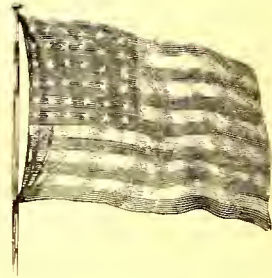
cause other nations began to feel some respect for our courage under difficulties, or for some other reason, France acknowledged our independence.

It was not until about forty years ago that it was

decided to add another star for every new State as it joined the Union. So that the constellation as it is now, with nearly forty stars in it, has grown a good deal from the original thirteen. But the stripes still remain the same in number, to remind us of the first little band of States who "fought it out" against Great Britain.

In the late war of the Rebellion every regiment carried, in addition to the United States flag, a State flag, so that the soldiers if they were lost or separated from their company, in the confusion of battle, could at least find, if not their own regiment, one belonging to their State. How many eyes may have looked wearily over the broken and scattered columns of marching men on a field of fight, searching through the wreathing smoke for the bannered eagle of Illinois, the crossed arrows of Ohio, or the rising sun of the New York State flag, which might bear healing on its folds!

While the siege of Sumter was in progress in 1864, a review of the troops at Morris Island was



THE FLAG OF 1876.

ordered. They stood, twenty-five thousand men drawn out in line of battle, on the white hard sand beach, with the Atlantic sending in its long thundering surges behind them. Then it was pleasant to look along the glittering line where the sun struck lightning from bayonet and gun-barrel, as they stood at "parade rest," and notice the flags. There on its silken ground ramped the black and white horses supporting the shield of Pennsylvania; then Maine, with the pine-tree and the deer; then the vines of Connecticut, three clusters on the shield—going back to the time when the Norsemen called her shores Vineland: those old pirates who roamed further and knew more in their day of the other side of the world than all the rest of Europe. Then the shield of good old Massachusetts, with its mailed arm ever ready to strike, but with a motto enjoining peace; and my eyes grew misty as I saw that of my own State,—but I shall not tell which that was, for every State flag waved by the side of the great United States flag, as much as to say, "We are not for ourselves, but for all."

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CROWBAIT GULCH.

THERE was not much time for the young miners to look about them. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, cold weather was coming on, and what mining was to be done must quickly be undertaken. They had settled on one of the innumerable branches of the Rio de los Plumas, or, as the newcomers called it, "for short," Feather River. This branch was only a shallow creek now, rippling over a bed of gravel. Later, it would be swollen with the fall rains, and choked with floating ice. Their stock of ready cash, which had seemed considerable when they left home, was now so small that it would hardly buy a hundred pounds of flour. Their bacon was quite gone, and the only staple article of food left them was a goodly bag of beans. Farmer Stevens had insisted on their taking a plenty of beans. The boys had remonstrated, and Barney had laughingly said that the miners would accuse them of being bean-merchants. But he and Arty now acknowledged the wisdom of their father's advice. Beans were in great demand. Sixteen dollars for two quarts of beans had been paid at the Chapparal Hill diggings; and the boys had nearly a bushel.

By some miscalculation, as they once thought, they had brought more coffee than they needed. Often and often, the weather was so bad that they could not roast and grind the coffee which was part of their outfit; they had used the tea, because that could be easily steeped, whenever they could heat a pot of water. But the coffee had resisted all their efforts to get rid of it. When their wagon was upset in the hard places on the plains and over the mountains, the coffee was always safe. The passing emigrants, who asked them if they had any stores to sell or exchange, never wanted green coffee. It was too much trouble to prepare it. The boys had thirty pounds of coffee, now worth eight dollars a pound, and almost a bushel of beans. This represented a small fortune, though they had no money.

They had one ox, one cow, and one horse. But poor old Jim was so thin and feeble that he was at once named by the friendly miners "Crowbait." Their wagon was in fair condition. The tent was as good as new. They had pans, picks, and shovels for gold mining; and with stout hearts, strong hands, and high hopes, what was not possible to

them? The gold was hidden all about them in the ravines, gulches and river-beds. They had come to dig it out, and were impatient to begin.

Scattered up and down the stream, were small encampments of diggers. A few had tents; many slept in the open air, wrapped in their blankets, though the nights were cold. Some of the more home-loving miners had built booths of boughs and logs, and had fashioned rude tables, benches, and a few bunks from the costly lumber which found its way up here from Greasertown, a small camp down the river, where some industrious Mexicans had established a saw-pit. These little settlements were at once given names of some sort, in order to distinguish them from each other in the rude gossip of the country. One group of tents, cabins and booths, which boasted a population of twenty-five men, was known as "Forty Thieves," though there were only twenty-five people in the camp, and not one was a thief. Another was called "Fatty Gulch," because one of the members of the party in the camp happened to be an excessively lean fellow; and another was dubbed "Swellhead Diggings," on account of the personal character of several miners located there. Further down stream were "Slap-Jack Bar," "Bogus Thunder," and "One Eye," names which might have meant something yesterday, and which stuck there long after men had forgotten why they were ever given.

"I allow I'll light out of this," said Captain Rose, when they had been two days in camp. They had settled up accounts all around, and were ready to dissolve partnership now.

"Well, if you go, we allow to stay, and if you stay, we allow to go," said Hiram, very frankly. "There aint room for all of us."

"You can stay then, boys," said Rose. "There's nothin' doin' here. Nobody's makin' more than one or two ounces a day; and I want more than that."

"More than that!" cried Arty, opening his eyes with amazement. "Why! one ounce is sixteen dollars. Sixteen or thirty dollars a day!"

"That may suit you young fellers," said Rose, discontentedly. "I've heerd tell of chaps down on the American River takin' out a thousand dollars at a lick. That's about my size. I'm bound to go on to the American. Be you fellers goin' to hang together?"

"Really, we had not thought of that," said Mont, with a smile. "We have not divided up our little

property. I suppose we shall stick together for the present."

"I thought ye were limited partners," rejoined Rose. "And if ye are, I'd like to have Arty along with me. Arty's a chirpy boy, and I'll give him a good show if he'd like to go along."

Arthur had heard a great deal about the fabulous riches dug up along the banks of the American, and he was fired with ambition to make money suddenly. Here was a chance for him to go. He looked at Barney and Johnny. He caught Mont's eye watching him with an expression of anxiety, and, breathing a little quicker than usual, he said: "Thank you, Captain Rose, I'll stay with the rest of the boys."

"Hope you'll never be sorry for it. There's lots of gold down there. None here to speak of," and Captain Rose went away disappointed, for he liked the lad.

"How about this partnership, anyhow?" said Hiram, when Rose, a few days later, had left them to themselves.

"My idea about it is that we go right on together," said Barney. "Arty and I must hang together, of course. And I don't see how we can give up Johnny. He's bound to stay with Arty there, so that's three of us, to begin with. How about you and Tom, Hi?"

Hi "allowed" that he could not go off by himself. Tom was willing to do as Hi said, but he preferred to stay with the Stevens boys.

"I was the last one of the firm at Council Bluffs, you know," said Mont, "and I agreed that it should be a limited partnership, lasting only until we reached the diggings; and here we are."

"And you want to bust up the partnership?" demanded Hi.

"Oh no, I'm in favor of continuing the old firm as long as we can live and work together harmoniously."

"That's just my gait," said Hi, enthusiastically. "Shake!" and he extended his rough hand in token of concluding the bargain. Mont took his hand, and, with a laugh, put his arm on Arty's shoulder and said:

"This is the little chap that keeps us together. So long as he has not set the example of running off on a wild-goose chase, we can do no less than stay here and work it out."

"I'd have liked to have seen him going off with John Rose," grumbled Barney.

"It's share and share alike, isn't it?" asked Hi. Just then his eye lighted on Johnny, who was busily cooking over the plentiful camp-fire. Hi's countenance fell, and he asked, with some constraint, "How about the little kid, yonder?"

"Don't call him a kid," said Arthur, indignantly.

"That's slang. Besides, Johnny's quite a big boy now."

"Yes," laughed Hi. "He's four or five months older than when we took him in at Council Bluffs. He can't do no hard work. You can, because you're two or three years older than he is, and are right smart at things."

"Johnny can do as much as I can, come now; and I'm willing to share with him. Tom, he and I will have to do the drudgery anyhow."

"No more drudgery for me," put in Tom, with a frown.

"See here," said Mont, "there are three of us grown fellows and three boys. Arty and Barney belong together, and Tom, of course, joins his brother Hi. Let Johnny's share be with mine; that will make three equal partners in the camp. For my part I am willing to give Johnny one-third of all I make. How's that, youngster?" he said to Johnny, who had left his bean-stew to listen to this interesting discussion.

"Oh, that's too much, Mont," said the lad, gratefully. "I am willing to work for my board."

"And clothes," added Tom, who was astonished at Mont's liberal proposition.

"Yes, and clothes," said Johnny, who had by this time found his Council Bluffs outfit necessary to cover his growing limbs.

"We shall all become covetous, by and by," said Mont, seriously. "I want to make a bargain now, that we shall all keep. Barney, you and Hi ought to be willing to divide with your brothers as I shall divide with little Johnny here. I suppose you are. Then we shall have only three shares, though each of us will have to divide with one of the boys; that is, provided we have anything to divide. For after all," he added with a sober smile, "we are counting our chickens before they are hatched."

"The fact is," said Barney, "Arty and I are equal partners with each other. We settled that before we left home. But I am agreed that there shall be three equal shares in the new concern—yours, Hi's, and mine. Never mind what we do with each share of any division we may make. How's that, Hi?"

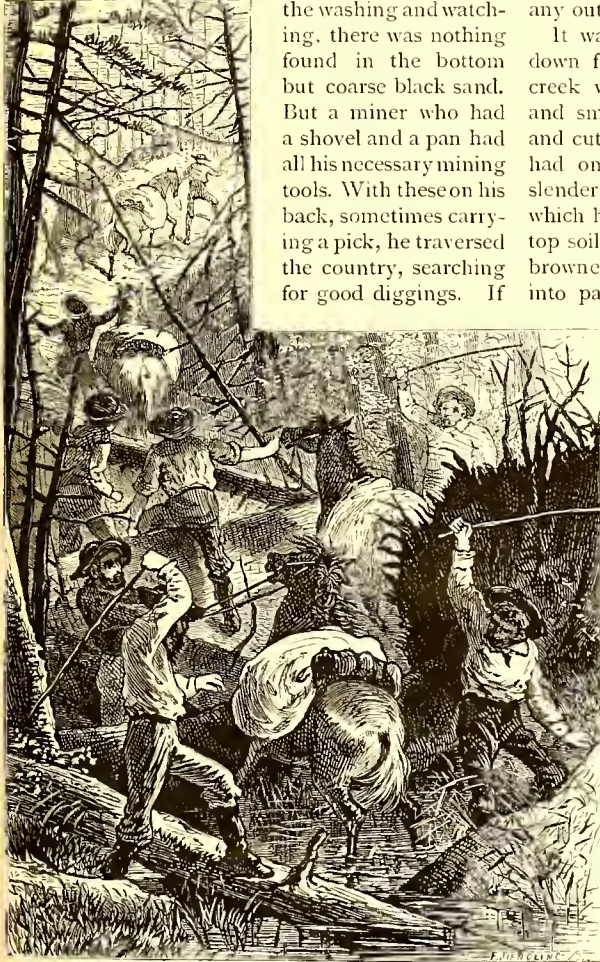
"It's a whack," said Hi, heartily. So the partnership was re-organized and the partners were ready for work.

They had "panned out" enough gold from a dry gulch near by to assure them that they could make fair wages there for a time. Most of the mining in that region was done by digging up the gold-bearing earth and carrying it to the river-bank, where it was washed out with pans, and the gold picked out. The commonest way was to carry, or "pack," the earth in sacks on men's backs, and



then "pan" it out by the river. It was wearisome work. The pan was partly filled with dirt, then filled to the brim with water, and twirled around and round, first one way, then another, in the hands of the operator. The fine earth rose to the top, and was carried over the edge of the pan with a peculiar turn of the wrist. Water was added, and was whirled off again, carrying the refuse earth with it, until nothing was left in the bottom of the pan but coarse sand, and gold. Sometimes,—very

often indeed,—after all the washing and watching, there was nothing found in the bottom but coarse black sand. But a miner who had a shovel and a pan had all his necessary mining tools. With these on his back, sometimes carrying a pick, he traversed the country, searching for good diggings. If



"OVER THE ROCKY TRAILS OF THE MOUNTAINS."

he found a poor prospect, he journeyed on and on looking for gold.

Some of these wandering diggers, or prospectors, formed themselves into parties, bought mules, or the fiery little horses of the country, and carried their outfit over the rocky trails of the mountains. At first, the travelers were obliged to make their

own paths. Then these grew more and more beaten, and it was not long before gold-seekers were hurrying up and down the land on routes which led, like roads, from one gold-bearing region to another.

On the very first day after the boys had camped on Chapparral Creek they had "prospected" for gold. The precious stuff, in lumps, nuggets, dust, and coarse grains, was already familiar to their sight. They had sold a quart pot full of coffee for an ounce of golden ore. But they had never dug any out of the ground.

It was an exciting time. In a gulch which led down from the mountains and opened out to the creek was a flat place, overgrown with brambles and small shrubs of chapparral—a thorny bush—and cut up with the action of winter torrents. This had once been the bed of a stream, but only a slender thread of water crept down under the rocks which had formed the bottom of the old creek. The top soil was red and dry. Beneath, it grew darker, browner, and more gravelly. This they shoveled into pans, and lugged to the edge of the creek below. Mont and Hi each took a pan and began to wash. Hi threw the water over his legs, instead of from him, amidst the laughter of the boys, who anxiously looked on. Mont twirled his panful of mud, sand, and water quite dexterously, flirting off the superfluous stuff with a professional skill that delighted Arty, who secretly hoped that Mont would be the first to find the gold. Hi wobbled his pan about clumsily, and soon covered his legs with mud and water. The turbid currents rippled over the edge of Mont's pan as it deftly revolved in his hands. Arty thought he saw the shimmer of the gold in the cloudy mass.

"Hear it! Hear it!" shouted Hi. "Hear it scratchin' on the bottom of the pan!"

Sure enough, there was a rattle of something in the pan different from the steady grinding of the coarse sand. Just then, Hi, who was highly excited, twirled his pan out of his hands, and it fell, amidst a chorus of "Ohs" from the boys, bottom up, and, with its contents, spilled all about. Hi impatiently snatched up his pan, and there, in a confused heap of sand and gravel, was a lump of bright, hard and shining gold! With a great hurrah, Hi seized it, held it in the air, cut a clumsy caper, and cried:

"The fust gold for the Fender family!"

It was a smooth, water-worn lump, of a dark yellow color, about as big as a robin's egg, and

shaped very much like a pear that has been squeezed nearly flat.

Before the boys could sufficiently express their joy over this first gold of their own finding, Mont, who had only looked up with glittering eyes as he kept on with his work, whirled off the watery contents of his pan and showed the heavier mass at the bottom. There was about half an inch of black sand, and, shining on the surface, were four or five particles of gold. One was almost as big as a pea. The others were a little larger than pin-heads, and one was a crumb so small that it would have been lost if the black sand had not shown it so plainly.

"Sho! that aint nothin'," said Tom, contemptuously.

"Nothin'!" exclaimed Hi, with equal contempt. "Mont's got the color there, and more too. That's over two dollars; and I allow one dollar a pan is a mighty big thing. Them fellers up to Forty Thieves said that twenty-five cents to a pan was good diggin's."

A tall miner from One Eye, who was on his way up the creek, paused as he went by, and looked on curiously at the boys, who with much excitement examined the half-washed heaps of earth on the ground.

"Right smart sort of a scad you've thar, stranner," he said, looking at Hi's find. "Must be more whar that come from."

"Yes," said Mont, "we have just been prospecting up the ravine. Should n't you think it worth while to follow it up?"

"Wal, I reckon yes. Chispas like that yere don't grow into every mud-hole. Thar's quartz rock whar that yere come from. But that's a long ways from yere." And the tall stranger took his way on up the stream, quite unconcerned at the sight of the yellow metal which had so excited our boys.

This was before Rose had left them. Rose, for his part, was not in favor of creek-diggings. He had heard of "crevicing," where the miners dug out the precious stuff from crevices in the rocks, after tearing away the earth; and nothing but "crevicing" would suit him now. Accepting the advice of some friendly neighbors at Forty Thieves, the boys formally made claim to the dry gulch, which they called "Hi's Gulch" from that day. They were mortified, some weeks later, to find that the miners of the neighborhood had christened this "Crowbait Gulch," on account of some fancied connection which old Jim had with their good fortune. Their discomfiture was further increased when they discovered that the name was extended over their camp and party, so that they were called "The Crowbaits," just as if they had been a tribe of Indians with that singular title.

No disrespect was meant to them, however, and they thought they could endure being known as "The Crowbaits" so long as their nearest neighbors were content to be called "Forty Thieves."

Now, at last, they had money enough to buy flour and meat, a claim that was as good as a mine, and a tent over their heads. Already gleams of gold shone in their hands, and rosy visions of wealth began to rise. There was a tolerably sure prospect for the future. Their trials were over, they thought. Their riches were almost on the surface of the ground.

"Do you know what this means, Arty?" said Barnard, one day, showing him a crumb of gold.

"Victuals and drink, board and clothes," said the matter-of-fact lad.

Barney stooped and whispered in his ear one word—"Home!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### GOLD.

IN a few weeks the young gold-seekers accumulated quite a stock of the precious ore. They could hardly believe their eyes when they weighed it over and over again, figured up the value of it, estimated it, and speculated on the chances of there being more like it in their gulch. It was a marvelous thing that they should actually dig this stuff out of the ground.

But there it was. It cost them many a weary day and many a backache. They had stuck to their gold-pans; and two of the elder members of the party washed out the earth, which the others dug up in the gulch, and carried in sacks to the brink of the creek, where water was plenty. They had tried to make use of the little stream in the bottom of the gulch, but it was too slight to afford water enough; and they were continually digging under it, in hopes of finding rich lumps, or "chispas." The younger boys, in their intervals of packing the gold-bearing earth to the washing party by the creek, often washed out a painful of earth, furtively and eagerly, hoping to find a rich return for their own labor. The gold however was, for the most part, in small bits, like a very coarse gunpowder, with occasional flakes as fine as meal. No such lump as that found by Hi at the beginning of their prospecting could be discovered in the gulch.

The diggings extended, so far as they could judge, quite across the flat mouth of the gulch or ravine, which was four or five hundred feet across, and outward to a sharp ledge, which ran diagonally across it, and thence sloped off to the edge of the creek. This ravine narrowed rapidly, and ran up into the woody ridge, about two thousand feet

from its mouth. So the gold-bearing claim of the young emigrants was a V-shaped patch of earth about four or five hundred feet wide, and tapering off to a point about one thousand feet from the mouth, and thence gradually ascending into the slope in the rear. Mont and Barney made a very systematic "prospecting" of the claim before the boys decided to stay. They sunk deep holes at intervals along the V which has just been described, digging sometimes to a depth of six or eight feet before they reached the bottom layer of coarse black sand, gravel and rock. The top surface was a rich soil, filled with vegetable mold and roots; next below was a clayey loam, and then the gold-bearing sand, gravel and pebbles. Below all was an uneven layer of solid rock, which seemed like the bottom of a basin. This was the bed-rock, and it rose gradually on either side of the ravine, until its nearly perpendicular sides were lost in the abrupt slopes which formed the walls of the gulch. Under this rock, which could be broken through in places, no gold was ever found. The bed-rock, then, was like a dish; it rested on a layer of sterile, yellow gravel and clay. Into its platter-like surface the rain and floods of ages had washed down the soil, gravel, and water-worn gold which had once been scattered among the hills. Perhaps this gulch had once been the outlet of an ancient river. Here the wash of the mountains had been carried down by freshets. The sand and gravel had sunk to the bottom, resting on the bed-rock. The gold, washed out of ledges, now hidden in the hills, had been worn smooth or into fantastic forms as it was tumbled along in the current and over the rocks; it had been swept into the river, and had gone to the bottom with the gravel and stone. The sand had followed it, and the soft soil which settled in, as the stream slackened its current and became shallow, filled in all the interstices. Strange changes took place in the surface of the country. Hills rose up where none had been before, and grass, shrubs and trees grew luxuriantly where once a river had flowed swiftly along. In Crowbait Gulch, for instance, the water almost ceased. The winter rains washed down the soil from the surrounding hills, covering up the rocks, the gravel, the gold, and the sand. Each season added its deposit of vegetable loam, and grass, wild roses, chapparal, and manzanita-bushes grew up, as if to hide the golden secret which lay buried far beneath.

Into this tangled thicket, broken only by the bed of a little stream, and by a few grassy spaces, came the young treasure-seekers. Countless ages had been necessary to prepare for them. While centuries came and went, this wonderful work had gone on unseen. The gold had been rolled and

tumbled, age after age, until it was rounded or smoothed like water-worn pebbles; and generations lived and died, not even knowing of the existence of this wonder-land. The precious ore, for which men go so far and work so hard, sunk into its latest resting-place, and was covered from all human eyes. But not forever, for into this primeval solitude, in the fullness of time, had come the new masters of the mine.

The gold was laid in Crowbait Gulch for the boy emigrants. But it was not yielded up to them without a struggle. Mont dug manfully, Arthur helping him at times, and at times packing the earth and gravel to Hi and Barney, who squatted all day long by the bank of the stream, twirling, twirling their pans, until their eyes ached and their heads reeled with the constant whirling of water, sand and gravel, water, sand and gravel, sand and water again. Not every panful of earth held gold. Very often it happened that the patient labor required to wash out a pan brought nothing but disappointment. Nevertheless, it was fascinating business. As the soil disappeared over the edge of the pan, and the sand began to show through the clearing water, the washer might expect to see the golden gleam of the ore. Or he saw nothing but common sand and gravel; and he began again with the hope that never died in him.

Hi grew intensely interested in the work. He was continually expecting to find a big lump. He washed eagerly, almost feverishly. If he found a few rich grains of gold, his eyes sparkled, and his face beamed with pleasure. If his pan showed nothing but barren sand, his countenance changed, and he scooped up a fresh panful of earth with a mutter of impatience. He was seldom rewarded by any marvelous return, and when Barney, one day, washed out a lump of gold as large as a hickory nut, Hi broke out in open rebellion against his "luck;" and he regarded Barney's find with eyes of covetousness, as if it were not one more acquisition to the common stock. Then, another day, when Arthur, uttering a cry of joy and triumph, dug out a lump of gold almost as big as that first found by Hi, he threw down his pan with an exclamation of disgust, and "allowed" that he had washed long enough. He would take his turn at digging. And so he did, until after a while Mont, thinking that Hi was growing thin and haggard with that work, exchanged places with him again, and Hi went back to the pan.

One day, while all hands were hard at work in and around the gulch, a voice up the thickly wooded hill cried, "Hillo you! How does a fellow get down?"

"Slide," said Mont, with a smile, as he straightened himself up from his toil and looked up the

ridge. There was a crashing and rustling in the brush, and presently a small cart came down the steep slope, backward, and dragging after it a familiar figure. It was Bush. His wagon had lost its cover, and he was partly harnessed in the traces, as his little cow had been.

Breaking through the undergrowth, and half-riding, half-tumbling, Bush and his go-cart reached bottom at last. Bush was brown, ragged, and as cheerful as ever.

"Sh'd think you might hev a road for visitors, leastways," he managed to say, when he could catch his breath. Then, having disengaged himself from his rude harness, he advanced with both hands outstretched, cordially exclaiming, "I'm lookin' for the honest miners of Crowbait; and I reckon I've struck 'em at last. Shake!" and Bush warmly greeted his old companions.

"Where 's your cow?" asked Barney, when their former comrade had been duly welcomed.

"Wal, Suke, you see, she up and died one day. After I left you at the divide, I struck off toward the north part of the Yuba, and a powerful rough time we had of it. No trail—rocks, gulches and precipices, till you can't rest. Suke was more or less alkali'd on the plains, I reckon; and the pull through the timber was too much for her. She pegged out one night, and the coyotes picked her bones before day. Poor Suke!" and Bush twinkled a genuine tear from his eye, as he thought of his vicious little cow.

"Well! how are you making it?" he continued, briskly—"struck it rich?"

"Yes, we're doing first-rate," answered Barnard, heartily.

"Oh, not so powerful rich, though," said Hi, with an uneasy glance at the rest who were gathered around. "Just a livin', you know."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid of me," said Bush, very frankly, "I ain't a-goin' to stay here; I'm just a-pushin' my way across to Dogtown, where I hear there 's great diggings. Thought I would take Crowbait on my way. I seen Rose over on the North Yuba. He told me where you were, and when I inquired for 'the Boston boys,' I learned you was Crowbait. Crowbait! I s'pose that means Old Jim?"

"Yes," laughed Arty, "poor old Jim, who ought to have died on the plains, has lived long enough to give us his name. How 's your luck at mining, Bush?"

"Well, just ornery; just ornery, boys," and here Bush fished out of the bottom of his go-cart a canvas shot-bag, which he untied, and poured therefrom into his gold-pan about ten ounces of gold-dust. "I should say about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth. That 's all I've got to show.

And that there cow of mine would have fetched almost twice as much if she 'd lived."

"Where did you pick up that dust?" asked Mont.

"Oh, in spots; just in spots. I have n't worked reg'lar anywheres. No sooner do I get squared off for a wrastle with the pick and shovel than I hear of a better place, and I can't stay."

"Why, you aint earnin' great wages," said Hi, disdainfully.

"Sure 's you live," rejoined Bush with a sigh.

Then, brightening up, as if recalling a pleasant thought, he said: "And do you believe it, boys, a feller over on Rattlesnake Bar had the cheek to offer me day wages! Fact, he did!" he added, at the expression of surprise on the boys' faces.

"How much?" asked Tom.

"Why, twenty dollars a day, and found. Did you ever see such a fool?"

"What! so much?" exclaimed Arty.

"Much! much!" almost screamed Bush. "What do you take me for? 'D'yer s'pose I'm a Josh to come away over here across the plains to work for wages? Not much," he added scornfully. "I'm goin' to strike for a pile."

But Bush, if he had not made much money, had been busy enough collecting news of all his old acquaintances. He consented to stay overnight with the boys, and gave them all the information he had concerning the country and the people in it. Philo Dobbs, Nance and her mother, were over near Table Mountain. When last heard from they were stopping in a camp of Maine men, whose little settlement and diggings were called Bangor. Dobbs had "struck it rich;" then he had invested it in gold in a new claim, and had lost it; and all this had happened in a week or two. Messer was still "down on his luck," and was over in the San Joaquin country somewhere.

"Then there was that Dot-and-carry-one chap," added Bush.

"Yes!" exclaimed Arthur, "Bill Bunce."

"Bunce was his name. But he is 'Dot-and-carry-one' in places where he stays now. 'Dot,' for short, I should say. He 's down on the next branch to this, making money hand over fist. A fool for luck, I say. Not any for me."

Bush gave the boys a great many valuable hints about mining. Though he had not been himself successful, he knew how to instruct others. Particularly he urged them to get a rocker; it would wash as fast with one man to run it as ten men could with pans. A rocker, or cradle, he showed them, was merely an oblong box, open at one end, and made to rattle like a winnowing machine by shaking. In this the earth was washed, precisely as in a pan, but with much greater speed and thoroughness.

The boys told Bush that they had resolved to stay where they were all winter. He shook his head at this and said:

"I never have seen any man that has been in this country much longer than we have. Nobody's been here over one winter, 's far's I know. But the Injuns, they say the snow's right deep up this far in winter. If you winter it here, you may as well get up a log-house. You'll freeze in this cloth tent. It's gettin' on to November now, and the nights are fallish already."

This was a new view of the situation to the boys, to whom the climate was utterly unknown, and about which they had taken no thought.

Bush pushed on cheerily next morning, and, as the boys watched him on his way up the branch, shoving his go-cart before him, he stopped in the midst of his song and called back:

"How about grub?"

"Plenty for the present," answered Mont.

"Lay in enough before snow flies, or you'll get pinched before spring. There's traders down to Nyc's Ranch, and that's your place to buy."

With this farwell warning and advice, Bush waded deliberately into the stream, forded it, poured the water out of his boots, whistled cheerily to himself, and disappeared up the bank.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOUSE-BUILDING.

To build a house without lumber was the next task which our boys were to attempt. The Mexicans, commonly called "Greasers," who had set up a jig-saw in their saw-pit down the river, asked such enormous prices for the few boards and planks which they produced, that the boys were at once discouraged from buying of them. Lumber was in demand for cradles, sluice-boxes, and other mining appliances, and the green stuff got out at Greaser-town was all that could be obtained in that region of the country.

But the lads were bent on having a house over their heads. They must build it themselves. They had no money to hire laborers with, for their little accumulation, handsome as it was to them, would not go far toward hiring assistance, even if there had been men to hire.

But timber was plenty on the hills near them, and they had nearly tools enough to build a cabin with, and what they did not have, their good-natured neighbors at Forty Thieves were willing to lend. Choosing out the clean, slender pines and firs of the forest above, the young settlers cut down enough to make the walls of their hut. Trimmed and cut into lengths, these were "snaked" out of the woods by their single yoke of cattle, now

brought into use once more. Then, a suitable underpinning of solid logs having been prepared, the tree-trunks were notched at the ends, so as to fit into each other.

It was heavy work handling these logs, and the younger boys were almost in despair when they reflected that the upper part of the cabin walls must be made by hoisting the sticks to a height above their heads. But Mont soon showed them that, by raising one end of a log on the unfinished structure, and sliding the other end up on an inclined stick of timber, each went merrily into its place, and the walls steadily arose until the pen, as it seemed to be, was eight logs high, and just about as many feet from the ground. This was the work of days, and the boys surveyed the result of their labors with admiration.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Arthur, "we've forgotten the doors and windows."

"Sure enough," said Mont, with a comical smile. "How shall we manage to put them in, now that the walls are up?"

"Will the whole thing have to come down again?" asked the boy, anxiously.

Hi burst out laughing, and said:

"Mont knows a thing or two. All we have to do now, Arty, is to cut one hole for the door, and a couple more for the windows."

"But the logs will all fall out if they are cut in two in the middle."

"We chink up the logs first, Arty," explained Mont, "so that they cannot fall apart, then we saw out the openings."

"Where did you learn all that? In Boston?" demanded Arthur.

"Oh, he's got a head onto him, he has," murmured Hi, with an admiring look at Mont, who, somehow, was the "boss carpenter" of the house in the wilderness.

Hi, it must be confessed, did not take kindly to house-building. He found the work very "disagreeable," as he often remarked. He had chopped timber in Sugar Grove, times enough before now; but this labor, he thought, was unprofitable. It interfered with mining. He looked longingly at the neglected pans and picks while he was hauling logs, hewing timber, and splitting out "shakes" for the covering of their roof. And one moonlight night, Mont, hearing a strange noise outside as he awoke from a deep sleep, crept out and saw Hi making a pan of earth by the side of the creek, Pete sitting by on his haunches an interested spectator.

"Why, what's the matter. Hi?" asked Mont. "Have n't you done work enough to sleep on?"

Hi looked a little confused and startled, and replied: "'Pears like I could n't sleep to-night. I

dreamed of finding a big chunk of gold up there by that there boulder. So I thought I'd come out and shake the old pan for a while."

Mont put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder and said:

"My dear old fellow, I am afraid you are getting avaricious. Don't let us try to be rich in a hurry. You will get sick with over-work and anxiety, and then where are you?"

Hi, with a little heat of manner, and growing red in the moonlight, said: "I allow my health's my own. I put my gold into the company, don't I?"

Barney struggled out of the tent, half awake, and with a blanket clinging about him.

"Here, you Crogan," cried Arty from within, "bring back my blanket!"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mont, cheerily; "only Hi has had a dream of gold, and he has come out to find it in his pan. I followed to see it come true."

"Did it come true?" asked Barney, grimly.

"Not yet."

"And it's a nice time of night for you to be out here washing gold," said Arty, who had crawled out



BILL BUNCE VISITS THE CAMP.

"But that is n't the question, Hi. It makes me sorry to see you growing so care-worn and old before your time. We have a good claim, and nobody can take it from us —"

"I'd like to see 'em try it on!" broke in Hi.

"And, as I was saying," resumed Mont, "nobody can take it from us. We shall have it in the spring. We can live comfortable until then. What's the use of being in a hurry?"

"What!" exclaimed Hi, almost with horror. "Knock off washin' until spring! Not if I know it," and he shook his pan with new energy.

"Hillo! what's up now?" and, as he asked,

into the moonlight, and was trying to read the time on Barney's white-faced watch. "Past two o'clock, as I live! Hi Fender! you're as crazy as a loon! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, if you are all goin' to make a row about it, I'll go back to bed." And back to bed he went, saying to himself, "I allow that Arty's just about half right, anyhow."

Notwithstanding Hi's discontent, the cabin rose. Light spruce poles formed the rafters of the roof, and these were covered with shingles, or "shakes," split out from the beautiful white pine of the region. Rudely hewn timbers supported the floor, which was

made of thick oblong blocks, called "puncheons," split from the short lengths of oak which had been chopped in the forest. A hole was cut in the rear, and a huge fire-place of stone was built in it, with a chimney of bricks, piled "cob-house fashion," and plastered with mud, leading above the roof. Two openings, protected by cloth from their wagon-cover, furnished light and air. Boards, sparingly taken from their wagon-box, furnished a door and material for a table and bench within. The chinks in the logs were filled in with sticks, dry grass, and clay. The house was done, and Arty, having lettered the name on a spare scrap of canvas, and fastened it to the front of this new castle, christened it "Boston," amidst the applause of his comrades. Hi meditatively cocked his head on one side and said:

"I never did like Boston for a name; but it's enough sight better than Crowbait."

While they were yet admiring the general effect of their new home, a lame man, wearing a slouched felt hat, a red shirt, and a pair of canvas trousers, slid painfully down the bank, dropped his kit of mining tools with a sigh of relief, and said:

"Mornin'."

Arthur and Tom looked at him with amazement, and Barney, with elaborate politeness, said:

"Good-morning to you, Mr. William Bunce."

"Knowed you 'd know me! Yes, I knowed it," and Mr. William Bunce rubbed his game leg, as if he thought it a great joke. "Fixed up mighty comfortable here. D'ye allow to winter here?"

"Yes, we allow to winter here," replied Hi, with some asperity. "What mischief are you up to?"

"See here, strannger," replied Bunce, "I aint up to no mischief, leastways so long as I'm civil spoken to. It's the boss of this ranch I want to see—Boston, is it?" And the man looked curiously at Arty's sign. "I was told it was Crowbait."

"Who told you it was Crowbait?" demanded Barnard.

"The man with the go-cart. I disremember his name. Woods?"

"Bush?"

"That 's the name. I knowed it war something to do with woods."

"Well, what 's your will with us?" asked Barnard.

The man fumbled about his shirt, and took out a buckskin bag, in which was a handful of gold-dust and a greasy wad of paper. Smoothing the paper on his knee, he read from it in silence, lifted up his head, and said:

"Thar war a man."

"Well?" said Mont, for Bunce had stopped.

"Whar 's the kid?" he asked.

"Who? Johnny?"

"That 's what you call him."

Johnny was called from the gulch, where he was experimenting with pick and shovel. As soon as he saw Bunce, he shrunk back and took shelter behind Mont. Bunce grinned and began again:

"Thar war a man. His name war Jenness, M. D. Leastways, that thar war on his shingle in Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. He had a widder sister a-livin' in Ogle County, Illinoy, likewise. She up and died, leavin' a little boy. Jenness, M. D., I allow he war the boy's garden. He got the boy. Now thar was property—how much I never heerd tell; it war the kid's if he lived, and Jenness's if he did n't. Do ye begin to sarvy?"

His listeners nodded assent.

"In course you see, then, that that thar little kid is the boy. Jenness, M. D.,—well, he aint no doctor, leastways not more 'n a hoss doctor,—Jenness, he tell me and Eph Mullet, if we 'd take the boy, like we war a-goin' to Californy, and get shut of him somchow, he 'd gin us our outfit. So he did."

"And you got your California outfit for promising to make away with this boy, did you?" asked Mont, with a shudder.

"That 's about the size of it. But, mind ye, we only got part of the outfit; it war only a matter of a hundred dollars or so. There war two of us."

"The smaller the price, the meaner your crime," exclaimed Barney, with a great glow of indignation.

"Thar wan't no crime. Yon's the kid; I've nothin' ag'in him. He's alive and kickin'; but Jenness, M. D., he thinks he's dead."

"Can you give us any clue by which we can ascertain this boy's parentage?" asked Mont.

"Which?" said the man, with a vacant stare.

"Can you tell us how we can find out the boy's real name, and the names of his father and mother?"

"All I know is—Jenness, M. D., Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. Kid's mother was in Ogle County, some such name as Brownbecker—"

"Bluebaker!" exclaimed Hi.

"You've struck it, strannger. Bluebaker is the word. I know'd it had a blue or a brown onto it."

More than this, they could not extract from Bunce. His information was limited, or he was determined to tell no more. Here was enough to begin an inquiry upon, at any rate. Johnny had never heard the name of Bluebaker. He had been called "Johnny" always. He was not at all moved when Arty said that he might become heir to something handsome, by and by.

Bunce listened to the questions and comments of the party and then began again.

"Thar war a hoss."

He paused, but nobody made reply, and he went on:

"A yaller hoss."

"A sorrel," corrected Barney, "with a raw-hide braided halter about his neck." And here he drew that article of horse-gear from a heap of stuff on the ground.

The man's eyes flashed recognition when he saw the riata, and Barnard continued:

"This was on the sorrel horse which was ridden into our camp near Thousand Spring Valley, and the man that was shot off that horse had another just like it around our Old Jim's neck. He was a horse-thief."

The man never winced. He said, "Strannger, that yallar hoss war mine."

"How came he in our camp?"

"He war stole from me in Echo Cañon. I tracked him into Salt Lake City; thar I lost him."

"How did you know we knew anything about him," asked Mont.

The man turned uneasily on the stump where he sat and said, "The go-cart man told me you had a yaller hoss."

"So we had."

"Had?"

"Yes, had," answered Barney, impatiently. "That yellow horse, as you call him, war drowned in Seven Mile Cañon, on the day of the great cloud-bust."

The man slowly, as if in a deep thought, rolled

up his greasy and crumpled paper, put it in his buckskin pouch, drew the strings tight, put it in his bosom, stood up and said:

"Powerful nice weather we're havin' now. Sure about that yaller hoss?"

"Sure. He was drowned with half of Rose's cattle," said Mont.

The man turned to go, gathering up his pack with an air of deep dejection.

"Give us that paper!" said Arty, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, let us have the memorandum," said Mont. "It will help us find out what we want to know about Johnny."

"It's got writin' onto the other side of it," said Bill Bunce. "Private writin' that I can't spare to give away. Write down what I've told ye—Jenness, M. D., Lick Springs, Vermillion County, Illinoy. Kid's mother was a Brownpecker. Ogle County, likewise."

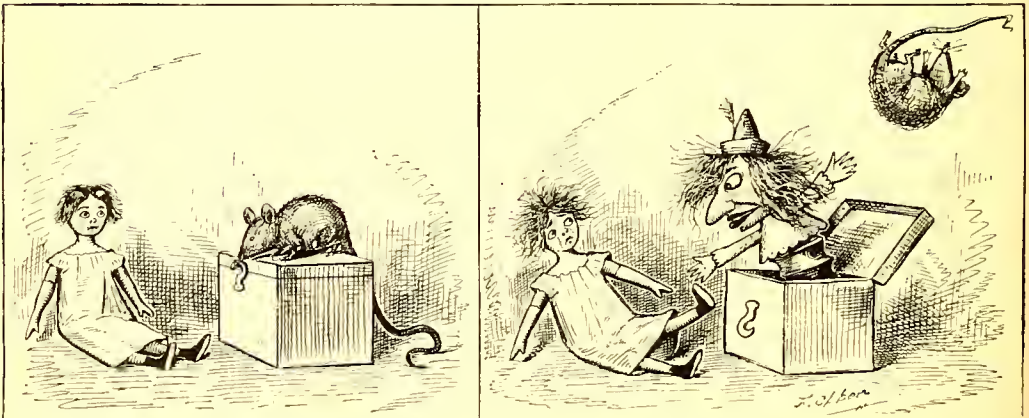
"And that's the way you leave this matter, after you have confessed that you agreed, for money, to put this little chap out of the way," said Barney, bitterly.

The man turned and looked at him with a dim gleam of fire in his bleary eye, and said, "What are ye goin' to do about it?"

So saying, he stumped along the trail, perpetually rolling over on one side, as if to pick up something which he, continually changing his mind, did not take. And so he rocked irresolutely out of sight.

(To be continued.)

## THE MOUSE'S MISTAKE.



"I WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE!—IT SMELLS LIKE CHEESE."

BUT IT WAS N'T.



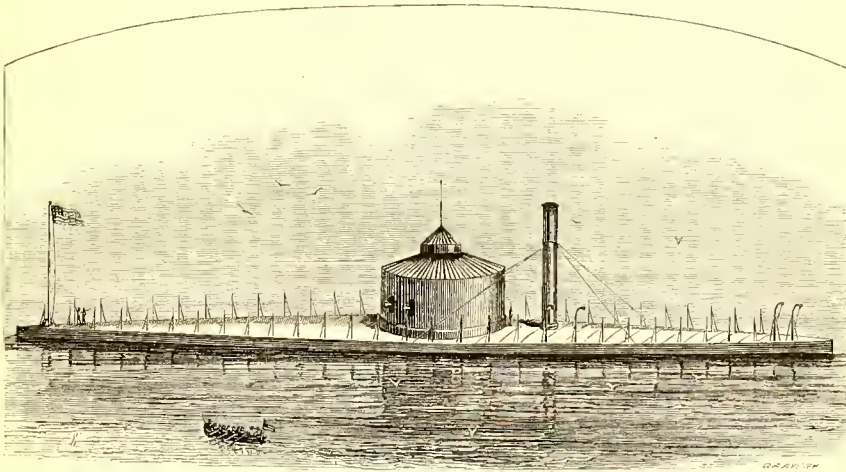
## TURRET-SHIPS AND TORPEDOES.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

A SHORT time before the civil war broke out in America, two iron-clad vessels, one called the Warrior and the other the Black Prince, were added to the British fleet. The world looked upon them with awe. Their armor was so thick that it seemed impossible for a shot to penetrate them; while the caliber of their guns was such that it seemed equally impossible for other vessels to resist them. The other maritime nations of Europe followed England's example, and built iron-clads of the same

brain with an idea which many people sneered at. I have heard it said that no one laughs so much at a fool as a fool, and I think it even more true that it is the fool who laughs oftenest at the wise man. You all know how nearly all great astronomers, chemists and inventors have been derided in the pursuit of extraordinary discoveries. The old story has to be repeated in the case of this sharp-witted, persevering man named Ericsson.

His idea was entirely novel. A less ingenious



AN AMERICAN MONITOR.

kind; but America did nothing and remained idle, with only a fleet of wooden vessels for protection of her great sea-coast.

All the famous naval battles of history had been fought by broadside frigates, which in some instances carried as many as three tiers of cannon on each side. The iron-clads were also built on the broadside plan; that is to say, their guns were ranged along on the decks, and pointed at the enemy through port-holes; but they were different from the older-fashioned vessels in being covered with plates of wrought iron. They had fewer but more effective guns, and were propelled by steam and sails.

The position of America was not a proud one, and we were at times visited by a French or English man-of-war, compared with which our own vessels appeared dwarf-like.

Meanwhile, however, an ingenious American engineer, named John Ericsson, was puzzling his

mechanic would have suggested the building of a much larger and stronger iron-clad than any in Europe; but Ericsson planned an exceedingly small one—so small, indeed, that the enemy would have scarcely any space to aim at. He saw that in a broadside ship all the cannons on one side were practically useless, as only those opposite her combatant could be used effectively, unless she happened to fall between two of the enemy's vessels at once. He saw, too, the dangers and hinderances caused by falling spars and rigging, and how large a space such an iron-clad as the *La Gloire* of France, or the *Warrior* of England, presented to the fire of a smaller vessel.

So he proposed to build an iron ship with a deck not more than one or two feet above the level of the water, and without sails, masts, or bulwarks. Her armament was to consist of not more than two guns, which were to be sheltered in a little round house, which he called a turret. This turret was

to revolve by steam power in such a way that the guns could be fired astern, over the bow, or from the port or starboard side.

Thus her two guns would be equivalent to six of the same size on a broadside ship, but as they were to be about three times the ordinary size, they really would be equivalent to eighteen. In this way Ericsson's ship would be a match for an eighteen gun iron-clad in shooting power, while in the power of resisting, the inventor claimed she would be much more than a match for the strongest iron-clad afloat.

The iron-clads had high, black sides standing far out of the water, which, as I have said, offered an ample target for the guns of a combatant; but the hull of Ericsson's ship would lie so low in the water that it would be difficult to get a shot at it, and the only object to be aimed at would be the little turret. Even that could not be hit easily, as it would be round, and the shots would be likely to glance off.

The "new-fangled notion" was to be clad in an armor of iron and wood twenty-five inches thick at the bow and stern, and four inches thick amidships. The deck was to be bomb-proof, and the turret inclosed with plates of iron eleven inches thick.

The plan seemed wild, and both sailors and landsmen who heard of it declared it to be impracticable, saying, with an idle laugh, that if Ericsson ever tried to launch such a vessel he would have a chance to exhaust his remaining energy in fishing her from the mud into which she would sink at the bottom. But the inventor went on with his idea, and worked patiently in his machine-shop until he obtained some encouragement for his labor from the Government.

The war of the Rebellion was declared, and our ships were patched up and sent out to meet the enemy. On the 7th of March, 1862, part of the fleet lay at anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when a fierce antagonist stole in upon them.

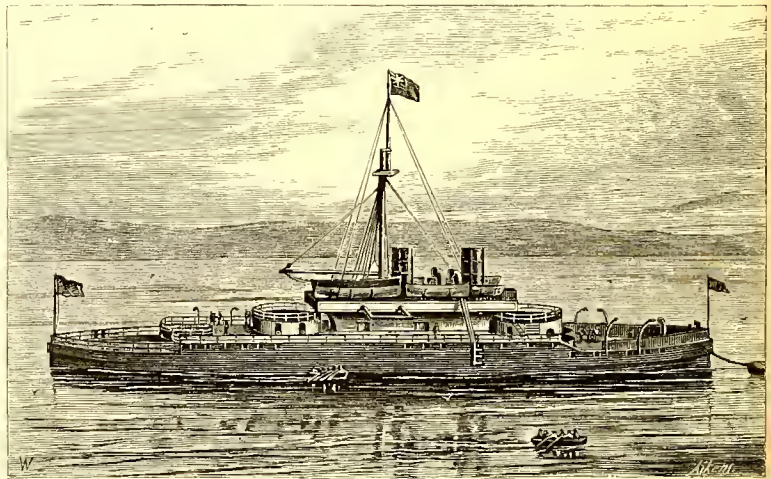
The Confederates had hastily fitted up one of their wooden vessels, sheathed her with iron and lowered the deck to within a few feet of the water-level. She had no masts or sails, and was not

unlike Ericsson's proposed ship; but her guns were hidden in a sort of oblong shed, which extended nearly the whole length of her deck. One gun was pointed out of the forward end, another out of the stern end, four out of the port side, and four out of the starboard side. Her bow was provided with a sharp iron blade or ram, with which she could cut any wooden vessel in two. Her name was the Merrimack.

On that memorable seventh of March she came from Norfolk, Virginia, attacked the ships at Hampton Roads, and beat them. Her shot pierced and splintered their oak and pine, while their shots struck her and glanced off without doing serious injury. After peppering them with fire, she ran on them, like a mad ox, with her knife-like iron, threatening to destroy the whole fleet. The battle had an ominous look for the Federals, but salvation came on the next day in Ericsson's little Monitor, as his vessel was called. She had been built in a hundred days, and had not only been launched, but had proved an excellent sea-going boat.

The rest, many of you know. The Monitor, with two guns in a revolving turret, beat the Merrimack with ten guns in a shed; and when the news of her achievements was carried to Europe, it demonstrated to the cunning statesmen there that the best of the new seventy-gun iron-clads might be beaten by a two-gun turret-ship.

In appearance the Monitor was as ugly as could be. Side by side with a full-rigged iron-clad, or with one of our own wooden frigates, she looked shabby and contemptible; but she reminded us



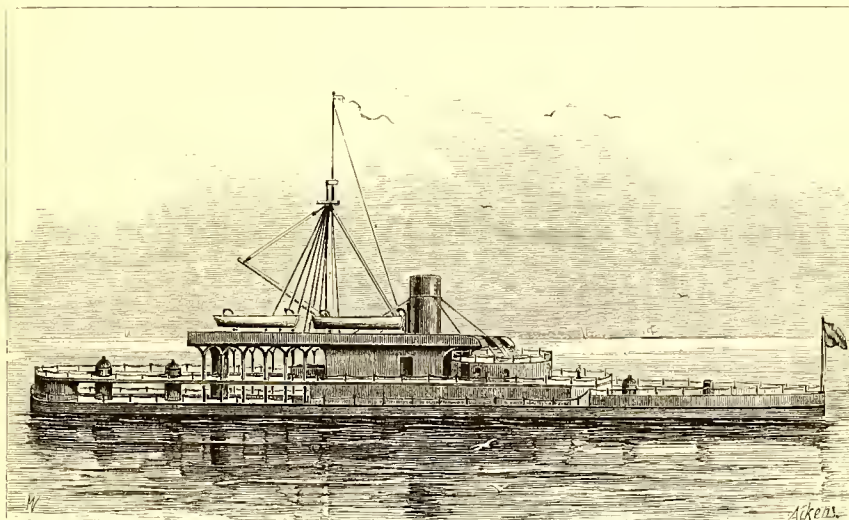
THE DEVASTATION.

of a truth taught by Faraday, that it is the best-acting thing, and not the best-looking thing, which is of greatest service.

You can make a good model of her by taking a little oval fig-box, painting it black, and sinking it in a basin until the top of the lid is nearly level with the water. Then place a small pill-box in the center of the deck, and you will have a capital

sharp blade of steel projects eight feet from her bow, with which she can cut her antagonist in halves as with a knife.

Some time ago, I found the Montauk, an American monitor, lying disabled and dismantled at a



THE GLATTON.

miniature turret; but if the pill-box has unpleasant associations, any other small round box will answer your purpose equally well. The smoke-stack may be represented by a lucifer match inserted in the deck near the stern.

Soon after the success of the Monitor, several other turret-ships were built for the Government on Ericsson's plan, with two turrets and four guns, and nearly all did excellent service during the war.

While Ericsson was busy in America, a naval officer was engaged in England with other plans for turret-ships, and the fleet of Great Britain now includes several magnificent vessels of that class, which, in strength of armor and guns, are superior to ours. Perhaps you remember reading in the newspapers about the launch of the *Devastation* some time ago. As you see in the picture, she is a very grand and formidable ship. The *Glatton* is another British turret-ship, and her dimensions are so wonderful that I do not doubt they will interest you. Her hull about the water-line is plated with iron twelve inches thick, backed with twenty inches of wood, and behind this again there is an inner plate of iron one inch thick. Thus her sides are nearly three feet thick. She has one revolving turret, containing two guns. The turret itself is plated with fourteen-inch iron; and for its further protection, it is surrounded by a breast-work of wood and iron thirty inches thick. A

secluded pier on the East River. She had not been repaired since her last battle. Her smoke-stack, turrets and sides were dingy and torn. Here a plate of seven-inch wrought iron, with a wood backing, had been shattered; there a shot had struck the turret and left a deep dent in it. Near the stern a shell had fallen and burst with terrific force, tearing a part of the iron deck away.

I tried to count the marks of all the shots that had hit her; but there were so many that I could not. The old watchman assured me that he had counted two hundred and sixty-five; and he pointed out some of the largest with a calm satisfaction in his face. He also told me how part of her bottom had been blown out by a torpedo; how her brave commander had run her ashore to avoid sinking; and how, after she had been patched with wood, she was sent into battle again, like a wounded gladiator, to complete her work. The watchman was an old marine, and his face shone with pride as he led me over the old ship.

When I next saw the *Montauk*, she was lying refitted and ready for sea in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. All the rust and wreck had been scraped away. The dented plates were replaced by new ones; the paint was fresh, and the brass-work polished. The records of a good many shots could still be read on her sides and turrets; but she was as staunch as when she was launched. Perhaps it

was well for Spain that we did not go to war with her during the excitement of 1873, for the *Mon-tauk* and our other monitors would have been very dangerous foes.

Yet you must remember that these turret-ships are not very formidable in appearance. They lie low in the water. Their enormous guns are secreted in the turrets, and a few tiny saluting cannon on deck, are the only weapons exposed to view. The *Jersey City* ferry-boats are much stronger-looking vessels, and a country boy may well wonder how the turret-ships can endure the rain of shot and shell that a large broadside iron-clad has the power to throw at them.

It is their extreme compactness that makes them impregnable. As I have told you, they offer but a small mark for the enemy's guns, and a frigate would have difficulty in getting a shot at them, while they would have difficulty in missing a shot at the frigate.

The harbor of New York was guarded by the *Roanoke*, which has four turrets and eight guns; but most of the other turret-ships have only two turrets each. The turrets are armored with solid iron plates, eleven inches thick, backed with wadding; and the guns which they contain weigh twenty-two tons. A twenty-two ton gun, you may be sure, is a terrible instrument of destruction: but I don't suppose you can guess the immense weight of the shot which it will throw. A hundred pounds seems great, but the actual weight of each shot fired by the *Roanoke* is four hundred and forty pounds, and thus the eight guns fired at once would pour three thousand five hundred and twenty pounds of steel into her antagonist's side!

Think for a moment of the effect of such a volley on the most heavily armored broadside vessel,—how it would make her reel and groan like a great beast struck at the heart! Think of the thunder that such a weight would cause, and the terror it would carry to an enemy!

And some of the British turret-ships, like the *Glatton* and the *Thunderer*, even carry guns which throw shots weighing six hundred pounds each!

I once heard an old sailor who fought in a monitor, describe the sound of the shots beating against the vessel's plates. You know what it is to be in a long railway tunnel,—how intensely dark it is, far darker than a starless night, and how yellow and feeble the lights look. Well, it is much the same in the bowels of a turret-ship, when all the hatchways are closed. Oil-lamps swing from the beams, but they give no luster, and each flame seems like a little bit of yellow floating in the air. The men grope about and knock against each other, some bearing ammunition to the elevator connecting with the turrets, others carrying coal from the bunkers

to the furnaces underneath the boilers. The engines groan and rattle, and at times the captain's bell rings a sharp order to slacken or increase the speed.

Meanwhile, if there has been a lull in the firing, the men move about feeling very like a timid boy who is alone in a country lane after dark—not that they are afraid. The boy looks at every shadow, thinking there is a robber or a kidnapper behind it. The men anxiously await each moment, not knowing what deadly surprise it may bring forth.

And as the battle goes on, it is not long before there is a ringing sound that is calculated to fill the bravest and strongest of nerve with a momentary terror. It is as though the inner deck and walls were falling in upon them, and for a little while they are unable to realize what has happened—uncertain that they are not on their way to the bottom. Every ear is stung with the awful sound, and every nerve is thrilled.

The great mass of iron seems to tumble over on one side and moan with pain before the vessel rights herself again and steadies herself for fresh exertions. Then she returns the compliments paid her with a vengeance, and her bull-dogs in the turrets bark and spit fire at the enemy until we pity that unfortunate, and wish she would retire from the field.

The turrets are ranged along the deck. They are about ten feet in diameter, fifteen feet high, and each one is fastened to a massive upright pillar of iron passing through the center and working in a socket on the lower deck. The pillar is connected by a series of cog-wheels with a steam-engine, which causes it to turn the turret in the direction the captain requires.

Two small port-holes are eut in the plates of the turret, and furnished with solid iron doors. When the guns are to be fired, they are worked on slides to the port-holes, which remind us of the mouth of a dogs' kennel, and their noses are pointed at the enemy. A second after they have uttered their bark, they are dragged in, and the doors are closed, just in time, perhaps, to avoid two return shots which crack like thunder on the plates outside. While the guns are being loaded again, the men are hastened by the whistle and crash of the shot and shell, which strike the iron walls of the turret.

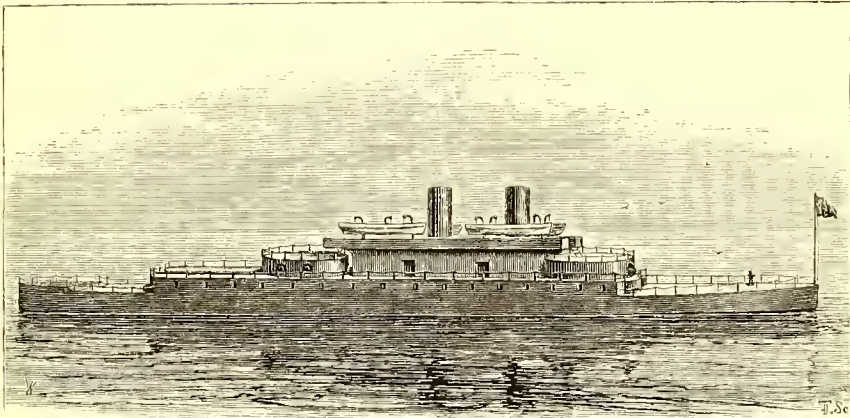
Above one of the turrets there is a little iron-elad pilot-house, whence the captain directs the movements of his vessel. It has no window, and the only outlook is through slits, about an inch wide, in the plates. The intrepid man, whose position is the most dangerous of all, stands there throughout the thick of the fight, controlling the rudder, the engines, and the turrets, by a motion of the hand or the tinkle of a bell.

You may remember what I told you in a previous article,—I am beginning to look upon you as old friends, by the way,—about Admiral Worden, the hero of the Monitor. He was watching the Merrimack from the slits in his little look-out box, when a shell struck the outside and knocked him senseless. All captains of turret-ships are exposed to such dangers as this, and even greater ones; indeed, as I have said, their positions are the most perilous.

A sailor's life is not overburdened with comforts under the most favorable circumstances, and in a turret-ship it is extremely miserable. Even in moderate weather, the sea sweeps the deck from end to end, leaving no dry space where the men can get exercise or a taste of the breeze. Most of the time the hull is completely under water, and the hatchways are screwed down. A supply of air

is forced below by machinery, but it soon becomes impure and damp. I will add a few words about another destructive vessel, which has not yet reached the perfection of the turret-ships, although it is destined to play an even more important part in the defense of our coast.

You are all familiar, of course, with the torpedoes which make such a racket on the Fourth of July; but there are others, called submarine torpedoes, of which you may have heard without understanding their nature. In action and in composition they are not very different from those sold at the toy shops; but in size, and consequently in effect, there is no comparison between the two. The toy-torpedoes explode with a loud report and a cloud of smoke. So do the submarine torpedoes; but while the former are harmless and are let off just for fun, the latter have sufficient force to blow a large steamer into the air.



THE THUNDERER.

is forced below by machinery, but it soon becomes impure and damp. Not a gleam of sunlight finds its way down. The crew move about with the aid of flickering oil lamps, going to bed in darkness and arising in darkness.

When a gale blows, they can see none of its effects, and can only hear the monstrous waves rushing along the deck, or breaking against the sides. They pine, if they are true salts, for a sail to furl or set; for a swing from the yard; for the excitement attending a frigate or a clipper in a storm. But they are pent up like men in a diving-bell; and, for all a sailor's duties they have, they might as well be land-lubbers. The close atmosphere, the moisture and darkness, tell upon their health severely. Six months of active service is usually enough to break down a strong man, and fill his limbs with fevers and achings.

You now understand what a turret-ship is, and how John Ericsson's invention has caused a revo-

lution in naval warfare. In olden times, when two countries were at war, one would send fire-ships drifting among the other's fleet. These fire-ships were useless old hulks loaded with gunpowder and other inflammable materials. When the enemy's vessels were becalmed, the fire-ships were lighted and sent among them, often causing fearful havoc. The submarine torpedoes are used for the same purpose—that is, to destroy the vessels of a nation which is at war with another.

They are operated in different ways. Some are used to guard the entrances of rivers and harbors, and are held at a certain distance below the surface by buoys. Others are floated on the surface, and others are attached to long poles projecting from the bows of small steamers called torpedo-boats. But they all are exploded either by striking a vessel's side or bottom, or by electricity, which is sent to them through a wire connected with the shore, or controlled by the captain of the torpedo-boat.

I am forgetting to tell you, however, what the

torpedoes are in appearance and in fact. In appearance they are like enormous percussion caps, and in fact they are metal canisters, perfectly watertight, containing a charge of some explosive substance—gun-cotton, gunpowder, or dynamite. The size of the charge may be large or small, of course, according to the service for which it is required; but the tiny spark produced by the concussion or by electricity always ignites it.

At the time I am writing, the newspapers are publishing accounts of a novel torpedo-boat built in England for the Venezuelan Government, which is designed to run quickly toward an enemy's ship, explode a torpedo under her bottom, and retire. That she should be able to retire uninjured seems a wonderful, almost impossible thing to you, no doubt.

You can easily understand how a floating or submerged torpedo may be fired by a telegraph wire, and how a little steamer with a torpedo attached to a pole at bow, might run against a vessel and blow her up; but you cannot understand how she can escape from all the consequences of her terrible work. You think that, approaching so near her victim, she also would suffer from the explosion. It has been found, however, that if the torpedo is exploded ten feet below the surface, and the pole to which it is attached is twenty-five feet long, there is little danger to the boat. But should she be discovered approaching, she would be exposed to the fire of her intended victim, and might be sunk before she reached her.

The boat built for the Venezuelan navy is only fifty-five feet long and seven feet broad. She is

propelled by steam, and can run thirteen miles in an hour. So small a vessel in rapid motion would stand only a small chance of being hit even in broad daylight; and as her movements will usually be made in the dark, she may be accounted tolerably safe.

The effect of a torpedo explosion is exceedingly grand and destructive. Among other Federal vessels destroyed by the Confederates was the steamer *Commodore Jones*. She was sailing on the James River, when suddenly, and without apparent cause, she was lifted bodily out of the river, and her paddle wheels revolved in mid-air. An immense fountain of foaming water shot through her, and she seemed to dissolve in a cloud of spray, mud, water and smoke.

In October, 1863, the *New Ironsides*, another Federal war ship, lay off Charleston. Late one evening, a small object was seen approaching and was challenged. A rifle shot, which killed the officer of the watch, came in answer, and the next moment, a tremendous explosion shook the frigate, deluging her deck with water, and severely injuring her, while the torpedo-boat drifted out of sight.

A few minutes afterward, the corvette *Housatonic* was attacked by a torpedo-boat. The boat was seen approaching when about a hundred yards off, and the corvette slipped her moorings and tried to move out of the way; but in two minutes she was struck by the torpedo, and went to the bottom, with one hundred and fifty men clinging to the rigging. I might mention many other instances, but these three are enough to teach you the destructive power of torpedoes.

## HOW OLD MARTIN AND WASHINGTON CAME TO BE FRIENDS.

(*A Fourth of July Story.*)

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

BANG!—bang!—bang! Old Martin Fruauff rubbed his eyes and pulled off his night-cap.

"I never did hear a noise like dat vas!" he said. "I wake up meinself too early mit it." But he laughed as he spoke in the best of humors, and he got up and set about preparing his breakfast of black coffee and toasted brown bread. Martin was a cobbler by trade, and his little basement workshop served also for his bed-room, kitchen, dining-room and parlor. He slept on top of a big chest

in which he kept his mattress and pillows by day; and with the aid of an oil-cloth cover and a big napkin he turned the chest into a dining-table. He was sipping his coffee out of his gold-bound bowl, when there came a rapping at the door—and a boy stepped in, wearing a very shabby pair of shoes.

"I want 'em mended," said the boy, looking at his toes, which protruded from the shoes.

"All right," said Martin, "I will fix 'em up zis veek."

"But I want to wear 'em to-day—right off—in an hour," said the boy.

"Vants me to vork on de Forf o' July," said Martin, with a droll look. "Old Martin never vorks on de Forf. You dakes dem soomvere else."

"I have," said the boy, "and they say 'No.' You might mend 'em. I want to take the eight o'clock boat up to Newburgh and be back time enough to see the Park fire-works."

"Dat is joost vat I do meinself," said Martin. "Who go mitt you?"

"I go alone."

"And I go alone," said Martin, "in de same boat mitt you, mein bhoy."

"Yes, if you 'll mend my shoes," said the boy, "else I must stay at home. I'd had 'em done be-



"ZE LEETLE CHI'REN ALL COME TO ZEE ME."

fore, but I did n't get some money that was owed me until last night."

"And so you dinks you 'll keep de Forf mitt it," said Martin. "I mends 'em dees vonce. Coom pack at seven o'clock, mein bhoy."

The boy nodded and went out, and Martin, after heartily swallowing the rest of his black coffee, set about mending the shoes. It wanted just five minutes of seven when he finished them.

"Hei! so late!" exclaimed Martin, glancing at his big wooden clock. "I moost pe quick."

He brushed his boots, and had just put them on, when the boy came back dressed very neatly in a linen suit.

"You coom in goot time," said Martin, "and you looke nice."

"Yes," said the boy, and he sat down and pulled a pair of stockings out of his pocket, slipped them on, and then put on his shoes. "How much is it?" he asked.

"I don't vork on de Forf for mooney," said the old man; "I only vorks for pleasure."

"Yes?" said the boy, surprised. "Well, I'm obliged to you. Hope you 'll have a grand Fourth." He went toward the door as he spoke.

"Shtop!" exclaimed the old shoemaker, his face falling. "I tinks you and me vas going in de same boat."

"Oh!" answered the boy, starting, "I did n't understand it that way. And you arc not ready at all," he added rather impatiently.

Martin glanced down at his faded brown trousers and rusty old-fashioned alpaca coat.

"It ish de best I've got," he said. "Do I looke too pad to go along mitt you?"

"N—o," said the boy, slowly, "you look well enough."

"Bhoys ish proud, I know," said Martin, with a sigh. "Ah, vell, in my own kountree I dress ver' fine on de holy days; ze leetle chil'ren all come to zee me. Vell, never mind; I go alone mitt meinself already."

"Oh, I'd like well enough to go with you," said the boy, "if you 'll only hurry up so as not to be late."

"Yaas?" said Martin, well pleased; "den I will be ready in von minoot."

He plunged his face and hands in a basin of water, rubbed himself dry, brushed down the few gray hairs that surrounded his bald head, put on a broad-brimmed straw hat, yellowed by many seasons' wear, took a stout black cane in one hand, and then gave the other to his visitor.

"Now, we vill set out like too brinces," he said. "All de peoples in de Yooniteed States ish brinces."

The boy laughed with him, and they started on their way, walking briskly. As they went through Canal street toward the Hudson River, old Martin questioned his young companion as to his name and occupation, and learned that his name was Washington Hays, and that he was an errand boy in a grocery.

"Washington Hays," said Martin. "dat is von goot name. Washington ish de fader of freedoom. And you carry home tings. How mooch dey bays you?"

"Two dollars a weck, and my board and washing," answered Washington, rather annoyed at so many questions from a stranger.

"And vat you do mitt your two tollar a weck?" continued Martin.

"Why, I spend part and save part," answered the boy.

"Eef you savsh part, vot for you get not your shoes mended pefore?" asked old Martin. "Or, vas de mooney not baid dill last nights?"

"Oh yes," said Washington. "I am paid every week. That was some money I lent to a boy."

"And de bhoy baid you," went on Martin; "but vat pecooms of de mooney you savsh?"

"I'll pay you," said Washington; "I'd rather, and go alone."

Before the old man could recover from his astonishment, the boy had thrust half-a-dollar into his pocket, and was running full-speed down the street. Martin ran too, but he was so fat that he could not run fast, and Washington was soon out of his sight.

"Vell," said old Martin, "I will keep the Forf mitout Vashington den; but vat a bhoy he vas!"

So on he went alone, smiling. He reached the boat just in time. "All aboard." He was among the very last, and he made his way up to the upper deck only to find that every seat was occupied.

"Dat ish too pad," he said. "I tinks I looke on de river and shmoke mein pipe in de air. Vell, I shtands up."

But he found it tiresome standing, so he went down below, searching for a comfortable place. Outside of the ladies' cabin he espied a narrow, shady spot, where a boy sat all alone on a long, low bench. Martin approached him. It was Washington.

"Hei! Vashington! ish dere room for me?" asked the old man.

Washington started. "Yes, sir," he said, politely, but not cordially.

Martin sat down and filled his pipe. "Do you shmoke?" he asked.

"No, no," answered the boy, quickly, and he made a movement as if to go away.

"I drivsh you away from me again," said the old man. "No, I will go, or I will not shmoke."

"I don't mind the smoke," answered the boy, "at least not much," and he sat down again. Martin put the pipe away. "No, smoke, or I must go away," Washington said.

Then Martin pulled out his pipe again and smoked away in silence a long time.

"You ish a still bhoy, Vashington," he said at last.

Then there was another long pause. "You keeps up a-tinking," said the old man; "vat you tink?"

Washington blushed. "Why," said he, "I was thinking that it was n't very polite of me to run away from you."

"Put I am mitt you vonce more," said Martin,

smiling. "Only tell me vy you run away all zo fast?"

"It was because you asked so many questions," said Washington, frankly.

"Ah!" said Martin, "ven you coom to pe an old poy like me you vill like beoples to talk mitt you aboot yourself. Nopody asks old Martin now how goes the vooird mitt him. Dere vas a poy vonce who vood have cared for his old fader, but he vas wrecked at sea. I tink you ail alone like me; dat ish de reason I dake an eenterest. I tink your fader and mudder be dead, and you looke out for yourself—all alone. Ish dat so?"

"Yes," answered Washington.

"And de 'bhoy?" went on Martin. "Who ish he?"

"Oh, he used to work in another store with me," replied the boy.

"And vat did he vant your mooney for?" asked Martin, inquisitively.

Washington kept his face straight with difficulty while he answered: "He wanted just what I wanted this morning—decent shoes: But his were past mending. So I lent him two dollars for a pair."

"And valks mitt your toes out!" exclaimed Martin, astonished.

"Why," said Washington, "he had to have good shoes or lose his place; but they would n't turn me away where I am for being out at the toes."

Martin shook his head, more perplexed than ever.

"Vat he do mitt his money?" he asked, "and vat pecooms of de mooney you savsh up?"

Washington had to laugh.

"I see I'll have to tell you," he said. "He had to give all his money to his mother, for his little sister was sick, and his mother could n't do anything but take care of her. And his money was n't enough, so I lent him all I had saved up, which was n't much—only fifteen dollars. Now his sister is well, and his mother is working again, and so he paid me two dollars last night, and will pay the rest when he can."

"Ah! you ish von grand boy!" cried Martin, grasping Washington's hands. "But vy you keep not the Forf mitt your frien'?"

"They were all going to keep it at Central Park," said Washington, "and I wanted to see the river, and the mountains, and the country so much."

"Ah! you loove de kountrec," said Martin.

"Yes," said Washington, "and I love my country. Don't you?"

"Mein kountree—do I loove it?—de old Faderland?" cried Martin, enthusiastically. "Ah! I



loove it better dan de whole world." Tears came into his faded blue eyes. "It vill soom tay be free like de Yooniteed Staats," he said, "but old Martin vill pe dead. But ve vill keep de Forf o' July," he went on, his wrinkled face brightening, "Ve vill see de kountry, ve vill eat de goot tings, ve vill fire off de fire-voorks, and pe happy,—eef you roon not ovay again," he added.

"Not I," said Washington.

So they kept the Fourth together, and before the day was over Washington learned that an in-

quisitive old man may be the soul of generosity and a friend worth having. And old Martin, as he lay down on his chest that night, said to himself:

"Ah! I never did see a Forf like dees vas mitt Vashington Hays. I vill keep all de Ferfs mitt Vashington, and pe a fader to de poy, mitt de leetle mooney I poot py."

And Washington was saying:

"Ah! old Martin shall have some one hereafter to ask how the world goes with him. He loves my country, and I love him."

## THE VIKINGS IN AMERICA.

BY CYRUS MARTIN, JR.

THE Northmen, in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries after the birth of Our Lord, inhabited the great peninsula of Norway and Sweden, with branches established in Denmark, Finland, the

These people, who have left their names all over Europe, were never welcome anywhere. Even at home, they quarreled among themselves. And it would seem that when things grew uncomfort-



FLOKKO SENDING OUT THE RAVENS.

Faroe Islands, and all about the coasts of Northern Europe. They were a wild, rough and tumultuous race, so given to roving and adventure that they made their appearance, at one time or another in their history, in every part of Europe which could be reached by sea. They certainly visited the shores of the Mediterranean, and they once held such complete possession of a part of France that their name is still preserved in the title of the province of Normandy. Before the time of King Alfred, they ravaged England continually.

able for them in their own country, they took ship and sailed the sea, carrying destruction and terror wherever they went. The chiefs were called Jarls, or Earls, and the sons of chiefs to whom were given maritime command were called Vikings. These were usually the younger sons, who were driven out by contentions at home, as well as by their own fierce desires, to find plunder and occupation in ravaging the coasts of the rich Southlands. In course of time, these wild sea-rovers were masters of the seas of Europe. Their captains came

to be known generally as Vikings. In these days we should call them pirates. Would you like to hear the rules which one of these terrible fellows laid down for the government of his crew? Here is an extract which has been handed down to us in Frithiof's Saga, or chronicle :

Not a tent upon deck, and no sleeping ashore, within houses but enemies go.

Vikings sleep on their shields, with their swords in their hands, and for tent have they heaven the blue.

When wild hurricanes rage, hoist the sail high above; it is blithe on the rough rolling deep.

Let her drive, let her drive; he who strikes is afraid, and I'd rather beneath the sea sleep.

When the merchant ye meet, ye may spare his good ship; but the weaker his wealth must unfold.

Thou art king on the wave; he is slave of his gain, and thy steel is as good as his gold.

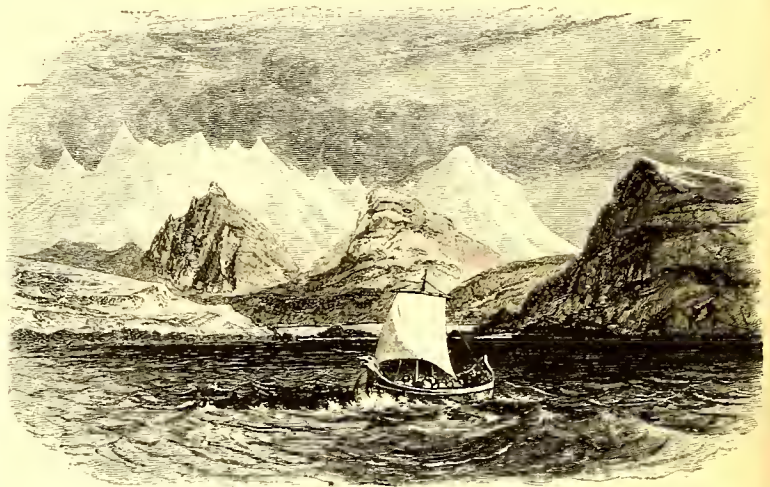
There is more of this, but these lines are enough to show you what sort of men were the Vikings of the North. Such a man, we may be sure, was Flokko, who, in the ninth century, discovered Iceland. It was said that one Nad-dok had been to Iceland before Flokko's voyage of discovery, and that he, disgusted with the coldness of the region, which was supposed to be a peninsula, called the land Snowland. Then there is another story of one Gardar, who sailed all about the island and called it Gardarholm, or Gardar's Island. But the first actual settler is spoken of in history somewhat disrespectfully, as "a certain pyrate whose name was Flokko." Pirate he may have been, but he took with him families, cattle and tools, as if intending to live like an honest man.

Warned by the trials which other voyagers had had when trying to find new lands, Flokko carried in his ship three ravens which had previously been consecrated by the pagan priests of Norway. Two ravens were supposed to bring to Odin, or Woden, the chief deity of the Northmen, news of all that happens in the world. And Flokko relied on the ravens to tell him when land was in sight. The first raven, when set free, returned to the land whence the ship had sailed; therefore, this was yet the nearest shore. The second was let loose some

days afterward, and after wandering in the air, came back to the ship, showing thereby that there was no land in sight. But this and the third, when set at liberty after two days, mounted up into the sky, circled about as if to take a view of the horizon, and then took a straight flight into the West. Flokko followed in that direction, and so reached the island for which he searched.

The colony did not thrive. It was broken up, and the colonists returned to Norway, bringing an evil report of the land, which they called Iceland. But in 875, ten years after Flokko's failure, one Earl Ingolf, who had quarreled with one of his neighbors and had killed some of his thralls, or bondmen, found it necessary for him to flee from the wrath of the king, Harold Haarfager (Harold the Fair-haired), and he accordingly took his ships and went to Iceland. Here he founded a colony which has lasted through all the centuries—a remarkable community.

Though Iceland was thus settled by the Vikings,



THE DISCOVERY OF GREENLAND.

and although these sea-rovers still followed their wave-wandering life, we must believe that they were no longer like the "pyrates" of the mainland. One of these sailors was Gunnbiorn, who, driven westward by a storm, soon after the settlement of Iceland, fell upon the shores of Greenland, to which region he gave the name of Gunnbiorn's Rocks. He made his way home again, for the strait between Greenland and Iceland is not so wide but one may see the shores of each, when midway between them, of a clear day. He gave, like all discoverers, a very glowing account of his new land, but none went thither until the next century.

In 985, Eric the Red, who, like Ingolf, had been

obliged to quit his own country on account of his violence and crimes, went to the new land in the West. He established a home for himself, and three years later, he was back in Iceland with a wonderful tale. In the quaint language of the chronicle, "In order to entice people to go to his new country, he called it Greenland, and painted it out as such an excellent place for pasture, wood, and fish, that the next year he was followed thither by twenty-five ships full of colonists, who had furnished themselves richly with household goods and cattle of all sorts; but only fourteen of these ships arrived." The other eleven, we are left to surmise, were wrecked on the way.

Among those who followed Eric to Greenland was one Herjulf, a bold and skillful navigator. His son Bjarni, or Biarne, as he is most commonly called, was also an intrepid sailor, and a worthy descendant of the Vikings. Returning from a voyage to Norway, Biarne found that his father had gone after Eric to the new land. This impetuous youth, without more ado, and without stopping to unload his ship, immediately set sail into the West, to find his father. He and his crew missed the southern point of Greenland, and, after many days of fog and violent wind, driven they knew not whither, they came in sight of land. The country was flat and well-wooded, but Biarne knew that it could not be Greenland. He looked in vain for "the high ice-hills," which he had been told to expect. Though his men grumbled mightily, he would not go ashore, but, sailing on the wind, as only the Northmen then knew how, he kept on with the land on the larboard (or left) side of the ship. After two days and two nights of voyaging, they approached land again. It was low and wooded; it was not Greenland. Keeping on his course, with a south-west wind, Biarne made land a third time. This was an island, as the young Viking found by sailing around it, and it was "high and mountainous, with snowy mountains." Standing out to sea, with the south-west wind still blowing, Biarne sailed for three more days and nights, when he made the coast of Greenland. He found his father well established at a point called Herjulfness, or Herjulf's Cape.

Biarne was much blamed for his failure to explore the countries which he had seen. But he seems to have taken matters very coolly; and as it was more profitable for him to carry on his trading voyages with Norway, he made no use of his observations in the unknown Western sea. The sons of Earl Eric, however, burned with desire to explore the mysterious regions of which Biarne and his crew had brought such vague accounts.

Accordingly, a family council having settled the details, Leif, the eldest son of Eric the Red, in

1000, bought Biarne's ship, and fitted her for the cruise. Thirty-five men, among whom was Biarne, composed the crew, and Leif entreated his father to take the command. The old Viking reluctantly consented; but, on the way to the point of departure, his horse stumbled and threw his rider. This was a bad omen to the superstitious Eric, who declared that it was ordained that he should discover no more new countries. He therefore gave up the command to Leif, who sailed prosperously into the West.

Reversing the order of Biarne's voyage, Leif first found the land which Biarne had last seen. This region is now known as Newfoundland. Leif went on shore. From the sea to the inland mountains was a plain of flat stones. So he called it Helluland, from *hella*, a flat stone. In like manner, when he came to the next land, which was a country covered with wood, he gave that the name of Markland, or Woodland. The name of that region is now Nova Scotia. The young Viking kept on with a north-east wind, and, in two days and two nights, made land a third time. This was undoubtedly on the coast of New England; precisely where, has never been satisfactorily settled. Leif first landed on an island, where he waited for good weather. Then, coasting along the shoreline, he went up a river that came through a lake. says the chronicle. Here they cast anchor and made preparations to winter, for it was now autumn.

It is generally conceded that this was the discovery by the Northmen of the coast of what is now Rhode Island, and that Leif built his booths, or houses, somewhere on the shore of Mount Hope Bay, or Narragansett Bay. The hardy Greenlanders thought this a favored and rich country. Especially were they delighted when one Tyrker, a Southern foreigner of the company, discovered grapes growing wild in the woods, just as one may now see them ripening on the fir-covered and sandy hills of Cape Cod.

This was a precious discovery to the Northmen. Never in Iceland, nor yet in Norway, had any of their ancestors found grapes. So, heaping up their deck and filling their long-boat with the dried fruit, they prepared to return to Greenland. In the spring they set sail, taking with them specimens of timber and a great store of the kinds of wood most prized in their own country, where trees were scarce. On his homeward voyage, Leif picked up a shipwrecked crew, which he kindly carried to shore. This, and his marvelous adventures in the New World, gave him the title of Leif the Fortunate. It was not long before the news reached Europe. Vineland, as Leif called it, was known as Vinland the Good. By this name one historian,

Adam of Bremen, heard of the land when he visited Sweden in 1075.

If the reports which the Northmen brought back to Europe painted the world beyond the seas in too glowing colors, we should remember that this has been the weakness of all explorers. The accounts of America afterward carried to Spain represented this to be a fairy-land. One of those who followed Columbus actually searched for a fountain the waters of which would give eternal youth to those who drank thereof. An English explorer, two hundred years ago, declared that nutmegs grew in Maine; and, in our day, ingenious gentlemen who write for the newspapers have reported, and honestly believed, that Alaska was a fertile and productive country, and that there was no snow in the Black Hills.

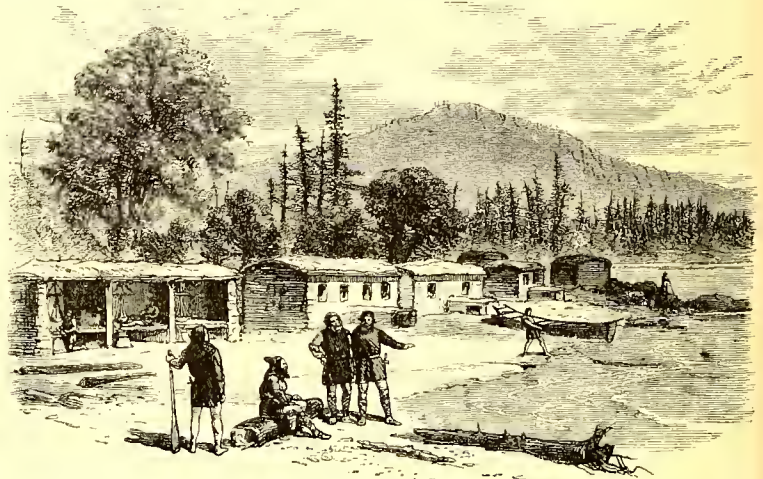
The hardy Vikings from Iceland and Greenland thought that New England was a land of almost unbroken summer. Considering what a cold and sterile region was their home, this is by no means surprising.

During this time, Christianity had been slowly working its way from Northern Europe across the seas. The gods of the Northmen were many, but the chief of these was Woden, or Odin. His eldest son was Thor, the Thunderer, and his daughter, Freya, was the goddess of spring, flowers, music, and the gentle fairies. Woden has given his name to one of the days of the week, for Wednesday was formerly called Woden's-day. Thursday is also derived from Thor's-day, and Friday was Freya's-day. So, though the Vikings and their strange paganism have long since vanished, these faint traces of their ancient faith survive.

After Leif returned from his voyage to the New World, he went to Norway, where it is supposed he became converted to Christianity, Olaf being then king. At any rate, he carried some Christian priests to Greenland, much to the displeasure of Earl Eric, it was said. This was the first planting of the religion of Our Lord on this side of the Atlantic. Traces of the buildings of these early Greenland churches are still in existence to vouch for the truth of the tale of the foundation of the Christian faith in America.

Soon after this, Eric died, and Leif, now the head

of the family, sailed the seas no more. His brother, Thorvald, took up the enterprise, and, in 1002, set sail in Leif's ship for Vinland the Good. He found the booths built by his brother and took possession of them, and there he spent the winter. In the following spring, he coasted far to the westward,



LEIF'S SETTLEMENT.

and we conclude, from the description of the country which he saw, that he passed through the whole length of Long Island Sound. Possibly, he went as far as New York Bay, and there found "another lake through which a river flowed to the sea," of which he spoke. The party landed on many islands, and were enchanted with the groves of great trees, the green grass, and the abundance of vegetable growths which were so new and strange to them.

Up to this time, the Northmen had seen no natives. Once only had Thorvald found a trace of them; it was a deserted corn-house by the shore. But during a more extended voyage of discovery which Thorvald made during his second year on the continent, in 1004, he encountered three skin-boats, set up as tents, under which nine savages were sleeping. The Northmen probably believed that these creatures were scarcely human. In those days, the waste places of the earth were supposed to be peopled with goblins, dwarfs, and strange monsters. The history which relates the adventures of the Vikings in America calls the natives "Skrællings," a term of contempt and reproach, which meant "pygmies, parings, or chips." When the nine Skrællings were found peacefully sleeping under their boats, they were at once fallen upon and killed by the cruel Northmen. Only one escaped with his life. This first bloodshed by the Europeans in the New World was a dark token of

all that was to come after. It brought woe and disaster to Thorvald.

While the explorers were resting in fancied security, a great army of Skraellings, roused by the report of their escaped comrade, fell upon the Northmen and surprised them with the war-whoop, which to Thorvald seemed to say, "Wake thou! Thorvald! and all thy companions, if thou wilt preserve life, and return thou to thy ship, with all thy men, and leave the land without delay!" The Northmen fled to their ship and set up the wooden screen, or shield, from behind which they let fly the arrows with which they fought. Only one man was wounded in the ship. When the fight was over, Thorvald, drawing an arrow from a cruel wound under his arm, said that this would be to him a mortal hurt.

Now it happened that when he had been at a pleasant point on what we now suppose to have been Cape Cod, he had said, "Here I should like to raise my dwelling." So when he knew that he was likely to die of his wound, he made request that he be borne thither and buried. He said: "It may be that a true word fell from my mouth, that I should dwell there for a time; there shall ye bury me, and set up crosses at my feet and head, and call the place Krossaness forever in all time to come." The chronicle relates that this was done, and on the fir-covered cape where Thorvald had thought to dwell, the cross of Christ, newly set up in America, marked where the young Viking, slain in fight, slept in peace.

Thorvald's companions returned to Greenland in the following spring. Another of the sons of Eric, Thorstein of Ericsfiord, who had married Gudrid, wife of the captain of the shipwrecked crew rescued by Leif, set out to find and bring back the body of his brother. He cruised along the New England coast in 1005, but he failed to find Krossaness, or Cross Cape, and returned to Greenland without Thorvald's remains. He died soon after, and the sons of Eric knew America no more.

But a daughter of the Red Earl, one Freydis, was to go thither. She had married Thorvard, a hardy mariner, who commanded a trading ship. Gudrid, the widow of Thorstein, had married Thorfinn Karlsefne, a rich trader and merchant, of Ice-

land. This family group, one winter, planned a new expedition to Vinland the Good, and in the spring of 1007 they sailed thither with two ships, with women, cattle and stores. They made out the various landmarks along the coast, and, running past Cape Cod, called it Furdustrands, or Wonderstrands, because, as they said, it was so long to sail by. On the shores of Buzzard's Bay, which they called Stream Frith, because of its rapid currents, they spent their first winter. Next spring they went somewhere to the south, nobody knows exactly where, but it is supposed that their settlement was fixed somewhere near what is now Mount Hope Bay. Here they found the bays and inlets full of fish, the great trees were festooned with grapes, and game was abundant. Inland a little way were fields of "self-sown wheat,"—that is to say, patches of Indian corn planted by the natives.

In this pleasant land they thought to be left to themselves. But the Skraellings soon found them out, looked on them with amazement, and went away. They were described as "black and ill-favored, and with coarse hair on the head; they had large eyes and broad cheeks." After awhile, they returned in such numbers that the sea seemed to be sowed with black coals. They bartered valuable furs and skins for red cloth, and, when this was gone, they were content to take in exchange milk porridge which the Norsewomen made for them. By and by, when all was going merrily on, a bull belonging to Karlsefne burst from the woods with a terrifying bellow, and charged upon the Skraellings, who, affrighted by the strange beast, took to their boats and fled in great dismay. For



NORSEMEN EXPLORING THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

a long time they kept away from the colony; but when they came again, says the chronicle, it was like a rushing torrent.

A battle followed, and the Norsemen were worsted. The natives outnumbered them and killed many. The colonists took to the woods, pursued by the once despised Skrællings. Freydis, the daughter of Eric, vainly tried to rally the fugitives; then, seizing a weapon from the dead body of one of her company, she turned upon the natives, uttering loud cries and making wild gestures. The Skrællings, terrified by this strange apparition, turned and fled. They scrambled into their boats, paddled away, and were seen no more. This affair discouraged Karlsefne and his companions, who soon afterward returned to Greenland.

Freydis, however, who seems to have been a bold and daring woman, organized another expedition in 1011. Accompanied by two brothers, Helgi and Finnbagi, of Iceland, with whom she and her husband had formed a partnership, she set sail in the spring and landed at the spot, now so well known to the Northmen, where the booths originally built by Leif were yet standing. Very soon there was trouble in the camp. Freydis quarreled with Helgi and Finnbagi, and plotted against their lives. Inspired by this bad woman's counsel, her husband, Thorvard, and his men fell upon the two brothers and their company, as they slept in their own quarters, and slew them all. There were left of these unhappy ones five women, whom the men would fain have spared. These the daughter of Eric, in her rage, killed with her own hand.

A dark and gloomy winter followed this deed of wickedness, and in the spring the colony broke up and returned to Greenland. When Leif heard the story of Freydis's crimes, he said: "I like not to do to Freydis, my sister, that which she has deserved; but this will I predict, that their posterity will never thrive."

We hear no more of the family of Eric the Red. With this sorrowful tale of crime ends the history of the Vikings in Vinland the Good. Freydis disappears in a thick cloud of execration and shame. We only know that the adventures and deeds of the Vikings long thereafter lived in the chronicles of the saga-men, or story-tellers, and in the songs of the scalds, or poets, of the Northland. About the feast-table, when these wonderful tales were told again, the descendants of the Vikings heard them with pride and shouted "Skool!" (Hail!), as the prowess of their ancestors stirred their warlike fire.

When the Icelanders had a written language, and the rude characters (or runes) which they had used gave place to Roman letters, these sagas (or chronicles), by word of mouth so long, were com-

mitted to writing. In ancient monasteries these precious rolls were hoarded until they were forgotten. In later years they have been gradually brought to light, translated and partly printed. From them we draw the story of the Northmen, and of their voyagings in the strange wide seas. Many books have been written to compare these sagas with the ancient traditions of the world, as well as to show how many well-understood facts compel us to accept the genuineness of their history. The best account of the discovery of the Western hemisphere by the Northmen is to be found in the opening chapters of the popular history of the United States by Mr. William Cullen Bryant and Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, from the advance sheets of which the illustrations to this article were taken. In that admirable work the historical events touched upon here are gathered into one harmonious story.

It should be said that the Northmen left no traces of their stay on the coast of New England. Their colonies were too short-lived. Their entire occupation, from the time of Leif's landing to the departure of Freydis and her companions, was less than fifteen years. The Greenlanders soon had much ado to maintain themselves in their own adopted country, without making distant voyages. The Esquimaux made war upon them, and plagues swept over the land. In 1350 a dreadful disease, called the black death, spread over Northern Europe and Greenland. The latter country became almost depopulated. Navigation ceased, and, though voyagers said they had caught glimpses of the land while driven before adverse storms, all knowledge of the Greenland of Eric the Red faded from the minds of men. It was not until after the voyages of Columbus that Greenland was rediscovered. But substantial masonry in ruins, with runic inscriptions, was found to recall the memory of the adventurous Northmen and perpetuate their fame.

The Vikings have long since vanished from the sea. The tales of their prowess have become almost as vague as the story of Ulysses, or the history of the Trojan war. But even in the peaceful fleets which fleck the waters of the globe we find some traces of the seamanship for which they were so famed. They have left their names on many a stormy cape of the Northern seas, and the blood of their descendants flows in the veins of thousands of the hardy sons of America. So, in this New World, as we recall their fascinating story, we lift our hands and cheer:

"Skool to the Northland! Skool!"

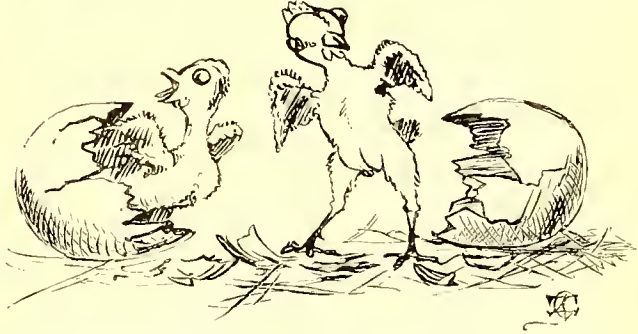


Sprinkle it with salt and pepper; put half of a tea-spoonful of butter over it, and lay on the toast. Put a few sprays of parsley about it.

## BROILED CHICKEN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

I DO not mean a whole one. Even one of these little fellows who are crowing over their release from the egg, and over whom Madam Partlet, their none-too-good-looking mamma, is swell-



ing her throat with delight, would be too much for a little house-keeper to manage. Ask *your* ever-so-good-looking mamma, some day when there are spring chickens in the pantry, to cut off one leg for your first lesson in cooking poultry. Set on the range a sheet-iron baking-pan, half full of boiling water. Lay your chicken for ten minutes in slightly salted *cold* water; then wipe it dry and put it upon the gridiron. Set this across the baking-pan, taking care the water does not touch it. Cover with another pan, and steam it half-an-hour. This cooks and softens the outer skin, keeps in the juices and loosens the strings about the knee-joint, called *tendons*. Have a clear, hot fire. Rake down the ashes when you have taken the chicken from its vapor-bath. Rub the upper part of the gridiron with a very little butter. Set it over an open hole in the range, until warm—not hot. Lay your chicken upon the gridiron. When it “fizzes” on the lower side, turn it over. Repeat this turning often, that the juices may not drip upon the coals and cause a smoke. Don’t fall into the notion which seems to be entertained by some grown-up cooks, that the flavor of smoke does not injure steaks, or chops, or chickens, any more than does a “bit of a scorch.” The chicken should be done in ten minutes, if young and tender. Have ready a slice of nice dry toast; butter it and put it upon a hot plate. Make a cut at the joint of the chicken, to be sure the browned coat does not hide raw flesh.

## DEVILED CHICKEN.

BROIL the part of a chicken as I have directed. Have ready in a tin cup a table-spoonful of butter, half a salt-spoonful of salt, half as much pepper as you have salt, and the same quantity of mustard as pepper. Heat to a boil on the range. Lay the chicken on a hot plate; pour the mixture in the cup over it. Cover closely, and set in an open oven, or upon a hot register five minutes before sending to the table.



"TOBY, WITH THE SLIPPERS IN HIS MOUTH."



TOBY.  
—

You see him in the picture. That is Toby, with the slippers in his mouth. He has just brought them down-stairs. Does his mistress praise him for fetching the slippers? Not at all.

“You stupid Toby,” she says. “I said boots; I did n't say slippers! Boots, Toby. Go and bring them, right away!”

Off flies Toby upstairs; then down again he tumbles—Toby and the boots in a moving bundle, which ends with a wag! The mistress says, “Good Toby!” while Toby capers and all but laughs.

After that, he begins to beg. What does he want? The mistress knows. She opens the little drawer and takes out a ball. It is Toby's. As soon as he sees it, he runs away into the hall. That is because he wants her to hide it. She puts it under the sofa-pillow. Toby comes back.

First he looks behind the window-curtain, then under the table, then in the corners, then at the back of the door. The ball is not in any of these places. At last he climbs the sofa. Ah, there it is! and Toby, giving it a bite of joy, rolls it across the room, runs after, seizes, brings it back, and stands, with a look in his eyes which says plain as words, “Please hide it again.”

But the mistress says: “You must have your breakfast first. No more ball, Toby, till you have eaten your bread-and-milk.”

Toby hates bread-and-milk. He eyes the plate and growls, but will not go near it. So the mistress, who knows Toby's ways, brings his deadly foe, Mrs. Cracker. Mrs. Cracker is an ugly, black India-rubber doll, with the marks of Toby's teeth all over her body.

“Here she comes,” cries the mistress, jerking Mrs. Cracker across the carpet. “Hurry, Toby, hurry! Mrs. Cracker will get it, if you don't.”

Mrs. Cracker leans over the plate, and puts her head in the milk. This is too much! Toby makes one bound, flings her aside, and begins to gobble his breakfast as fast as possible. If he shows signs of stopping, Mrs. Cracker is made to draw near. Then Toby is furious. He catches her by the neck, stirs her round in the milk, growls hard, and eats on till every drop of the breakfast is gone and Mrs. Cracker lies high and dry in the empty plate. Then Toby feels that he has conquered, wags a proud tail, and makes a queer noise, which I think must be a song of joy.

Would n't you like to know Toby?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

YOU never saw any one so pleased as the Deacon is, my children. Why, his face is so sunshiny that it lights up the very grass as he walks along,—or so it seems to me,—and all on account of the remarkable way in which his boys and girls are sending in copies of the Declaration of Independence.

Well, well! Jack could have told him that the young folks would come out handsomely in this matter.

Then the prizes! The pretty, shining things stand there on the Deacon's shelf, I hear, waiting to be awarded, and beaming with satisfaction. What wonder! It must be a very pleasant thing to go into a family as a prize.

Jack is no orator,—so he cannot give you an address on this grand Centennial "Fourth." But you can be your own orators, my chicks, and that is better yet. Deep in your heart of hearts, let each one of you say:

"My hearer! America is a great country, and her strength is in her honest, upright, loyal and intelligent citizens. See to it that you become one of them!"

## ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.

SOME of my birds have been talking to the seagulls, and they've brought me this news:

The Atlantic Ocean was named after a mighty mythical giant named Atlas, who, as the Greeks believed, carried the world on his shoulders—the same Atlas who has a great mountain-range in Africa for his namesake.

The other great ocean did n't have to go to Greece for a name. It just staid where it was and behaved itself, until at last, from its peaceful aspect, it was called the Pacific.

This is as it should be, my little Americans—*Power* on one side of us, and *Peace* on the other.

And, what is better yet, they're permanent institutions. Fifty Centennials from now, Jack (or somebody else) will find this country trig and trim between its oceans, with the Peace of Power its highest virtue, and the Power of Peace its proudest boast.

## A BIRD STORY.

DEAR JACK: I send a true story about some birds that lived in a tree in our yard. My pussy killed the mother bird just after the little birds were hatched, and the papa bird was left all alone to feed them. He attended to them one day very carefully, and the next day he returned to his nest with another wife much larger than himself. When the little birds began to fly, they used to come down on our croquet ground and hop about. One day, mamma stooped to pick one of them up, so that the cat could not get it, when the new wife struck her on the side of her head twice with her bill. Well, this bird looked after the little birds and fed them till they left the nest. We think it quite curious—don't you? EDITH STONE.

## A FISH THAT LIVES IN THE MUD.

DEAR ME!—what next? Now, here's a story of a fish who can live without water! Who ever heard of such a thing! This very accomplished scaly gentleman is a native of Africa,—where most of the wonders come from, nowadays,—and has the misfortune to belong to a river which dries up every summer. Rather a discouraging circumstance to a fish, I should say; but this little fellow does n't mind it. When the water gets low, he very coolly burrows nearly two feet into the mud on the bottom, and there he stays, while the hot sun dries up the water, and bakes the mud till it is full of deep cracks. When the water comes back, fills the cracks, and soaks into the ground, the mud-fish comes out as lively as ever. One of this family has lately gone to live in an aquarium in England, where his ways can be studied; and now we shall know how he gets on in water all the year round. Who can tell me his name?

## FLOWER DOLLS.

DEAR JACK: We girls made lovely flower-dolls last summer, and wont you please tell the St. NICHOLAS girls about it, so that they can make some this season? We made charming little lady dolls out of hollyhock blossoms in this way: We took a fine hollyhock flower, broke off the outer green leaves—the calyx, I mean; then we picked out the inside parts, so as to leave a little hole in the stem end of the flower. Into this we stuck a poppy-head, marking features on it as well as we could. Then we tied a long spear of grass around the leaves, just where the waist should be; this made a pretty green sash. Next we formed the apron out of a white rose leaf, and put a bit of green twig through the body for arms. We thought she was complete then, for she could stand alone, and she was just as pretty as could be; but when afterward we put a daisy hat on her little head, she was perfect.

We made other flower-dolls after that out of trumpet-creepers and fox-gloves and all sorts of flowers, and it was real sport. Mother said a group of our blossom-ladies standing on the lawn was a beautiful sight to behold.

If other girls try our plan and get any new ideas, I hope, dear Jack, they'll send us word through you.—Your true little friends,  
MARION AND WINNIE T.

## TALLOW TREES.

IN the woods where I live there grows a low shrub, with glossy, fragrant leaves, called the bay-berry. From its small green berries a kind of wax is obtained, of which candles are sometimes made. But I don't believe the candles are much liked, as I see few people picking the berries.

My friend the parrot quite despises such candles. He thinks that the people who use them should see those made from the seeds of the tallow-tree

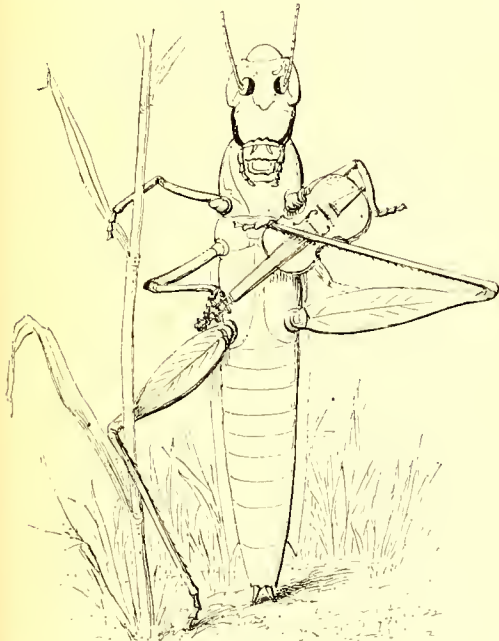
which grows in the province of Malabar, in British India.

This tallow-tree, I am told, is very large, and has thick, leathery leaves, varying from four to ten feet in length. The flowers are white and very fragrant, and by boiling its seeds the natives obtain a firm white vegetable tallow, which has no unpleasant smell. Candles made of this tallow, my friend the parrot says, are something worth having—worth having, that is, if human beings will persist in going about after dark. He thinks it very strange that creatures with eyes made expressly for the daylight, should wish to imitate the habits of bats and cats and owls, whose eyes are specially adapted to seeing things at night.

#### A GRASSHOPPER'S FIDDLE.

"WE lay ninety-nine eggs; if we laid one hundred we should devastate the earth." It is a Mohammedan legend that the Prophet found this motto written on the wings of a locust, an insect as nearly related to the grasshopper as the Mohammedan is to a Yankee.

Last May, the farmer in Eastern Kansas who



saw ten acres of corn entirely eaten between ten o'clock Saturday morning and four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and who caught ninety-eight grasshoppers with one sweep of his hand, must have thought the hundredth egg was hatched at last. But the hum of the vast swarms was soon lost to the northward. Then bird and parasite, and Minnesota boys and girls, who were paid for

gathering them so much a bushel, soon ended the brood of jumping fiddlers; for as truly as the cricket sings, so truly does the grasshopper play the fiddle. Any how—if he does n't play the fiddle, he does something like it, as each of you may prove if you will watch him when you hear him playing his monotonous tune. When he begins to play "he bends the shank of one hind-leg beneath the thigh, where it is lodged in a furrow designed to receive it, and then draws the leg briskly up and down several times against the projecting lateral edge and veins of the wing-cover." A learned naturalist, named Harris, once wrote this, and your Jack repeats it. It is plain enough if you remember that the *front* wings are called wing-covers, as they are used for protection and not for flight. Grasshoppers play the fiddle on each side alternately, supporting themselves, meanwhile, as well as they can. Who knows *why* they do it?

#### A MAN IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

THE Little Schoolma'am made the Deacon laugh the other day. Because the dear child had a bit of stiff linen about her pretty throat, the Deacon accused her of wearing a man's collar. They had a few words about "women aping the styles of men," as the Deacon jocosely put it, when the little lady laid him down gently with a description of the dress of a Malay priest which she had found in Dr. Livingstone's book. This was it, as nearly as your Jack can remember:

A long rose-colored silk dress, and over it one of white gauze, trimmed with three broad flounces. [the Little Schoolma'am said something about "bias," whatever that means], sleeves full, and trimmed with lace. The whole thing perfectly suitable for a lady to wear to a party. Over this, however, was a man's white waistcoat, and a belt, in which weapons were stuck. A white turban covered his head, and the toilet was completed by a large lace veil (like a bride's), which was thrown over his head, and half covered him!

#### A BIG FLOWER.

WHAT do you say to a flower bigger than a dining-plate, and weighing three or four pounds? What a button-hole bouquet that would make,—especially if you added one of its leaves, over eight feet across! This is the giant flower of the world,—I'm sure,—and it is a water-lily which grows in South America, near the giant river of the world. Just fancy a pond covered with these enormous leaves, each weighing about a dozen pounds, and covered with long-legged water-birds, of all sorts, who run about on them, without the least danger of wetting their toes. And think of the buds, as big as your head, and the large white, fragrant flowers!

Should n't you like one of those leaves for a boat, to sail about in?

#### DEACON GREEN'S PRIZES.

THE Deacon says, look out for the "Declaration prizes" next month.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

(Illustrated by a Young Contributor.)

## MR PEMBERTON.

ONCE upon a time, there was a young girl who, with her aunt, lived all alone. Auntie Louise, the young girl called her aunt. Auntie Louise lived on a nice little farm, three miles from the village where was her post-office, and where she and Annie attended church.

Her neighbor on the right, a wise and good man, worked the land for her; and his boy milked the two cows, and fed the fat little pony that she kept.

Now, Auntie Louise was wise—for a woman. She taught Annie grammar, arithmetic and algebra, history and geography; to knit and to sew, to make butter and cheese and bread (the lightest, whitest bread that ever you ate was Auntie Louise's); she taught Annie music also, both vocal and instrumental.

Auntie Louise was not old or cross. Annie was just sixteen, and Auntie Louise was thirty-two. I will tell you how they came to be all alone on a farm. Fifty years ago this Centennial year, Louise's father and mother began housekeeping, as gay and happy as two young robins. In the course of time three children were born to them. The eldest, a daughter, married and removed to a distant State; the second, a son, married and brought his bride home; and then Louise, the youngest, was sent away to be educated. She wished to become a teacher. She completed a course of study, taught a few years; then the father's health failed. He wanted daughter Louise to come home; the dutiful daughter came, and gradually became eyes and hands and feet to her failing father. Only a few years, and then he was laid in the village church-yard; a few months, the mother followed him; then, only a year after, a fever took Annie's father and mother, and left them alone. Louise and Annie were almost heart-broken.

"There is nothing left to us but the old home, Annie," Auntie Louise said one morning; "and we will stay here until we, too, are carried out to lie down by the side of those who have gone before."

The old home was so dear to them, they would not willingly see it pass into strangers' hands. They had lived alone two years, and Auntie Louise began to feel that Annie needed more companionship. So, one day, she asked Annie if she would not like to go away to school.

"And leave you, darling auntie? I can never find so good a teacher as you. If you think I need more companions, let us go out more; let us visit the people in the village often."

"With all my heart, Annie. Our parents, yours and mine, were most social and hospitable; we can but please them in doing so. But you know, Annie, we cannot go out evenings much without an escort."

"Well, auntie dear, don't bother yourself about it one bit; you are all I have left in the world, and I cannot leave you. Shall I go now for my ride?"

Auntie Louise had taught Annie how to manage Neddie, the fat little pony; and he was a little fly-away too sometimes, but, withal, the best-natured little fellow in the world. He was always so impatient to start, but not a step forward would he take, though he would paw the ground, first with one little foot, then with the other, until Annie and Louise were all ready. Then how he would fly, for such a fat little body!

This particular afternoon Annie was going to the woods, on horse-back, to look for autumn leaves (it was a beautiful October day), running pine, and other evergreens.

Away cantered Neddie, as glad to be out in the beautiful sunshine as Annie herself. When they came to the woods, fastening Neddie's bridle to a low branch of a hickory-tree, Annie began her search. On she went—now a strip of running pine, now a fallen leaf more beautiful than any she had gathered, again a delicate fern, leading her on until she was thoroughly tired. She sat down to rest at the foot of a great pine-tree. The soft wind sighing in the branches above made plaintive music; but it accorded well with Annie's heart, which had beaten little but minor music since she and Auntie Louise had been left alone.

Presently, a dainty little lady stood before her—a dainty little lady, smiling and holding out to her a tiny bunch of autumn leaves, the loveliest she had ever seen. Annie asked her to sit down, but she said:

"No. I must not stay; my friends are waiting for me in yonder dell. Take the leaves; they were gathered on purpose for you. They possess a peculiar power. You have only to wave them three times before Neddie's eyes, and he will instantly become a most polished gallant."

"But I would rather have him as he is," said the astonished Annie.

"You have only to wave them three times before the eyes of your gallant, and he will become Neddie, the fat pony, again; and do you not see that when you and Auntie Louise wish to go out evenings, you can drive Neddie, carrying these leaves with you? and when you reach any place, you have only to wave these leaves before Neddie's eyes three times, and you have a gentleman attendant. Then, when you wish to return, he will lead you to your carriage; you wave

the leaves three times before his eyes, and he becomes Neddie again, ready to take you home."

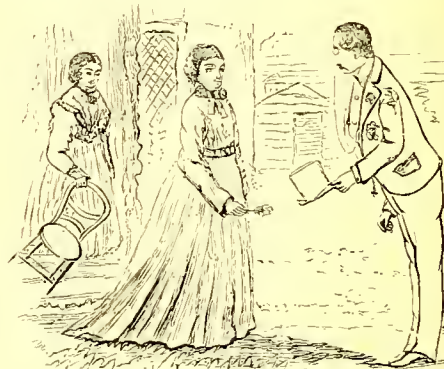
"Oh, wont that be nice for Auntie Louise!" cried Annie, lifting her eyes to thank the lady; but she was gone, and the bunch of tiny autumn leaves lay in her lap. They were very elastic and tough, and were fastened firmly in a little silver holder. In examining them, Annie touched a spring, and, lo! a silver leaf sprang out and rolled quickly around all the others, and then they were nicely protected and easily carried in her pocket. She started up, and ran until she came in sight of Neddie.

"Oh, such a secret, Neddie, you could never guess! Auntie Louise shall be the first to try it!" and springing on Neddie's back, she cantered gayly home. Louise was arranging a bouquet of pansies on the porch when Annie came up.

"Oh, auntie, the queerest thing!" she began.

"Why, Annie, where is your hat?—and how warm Neddie is!"

"My hat just tumbled off the other side of the barn. I will go and get it. But just listen, and just see here," drawing from her pocket the wonderful little roll, and touching the spring that unrolled the silver leaf. "We have only to wave this three times before Neddie's eyes and he becomes a fine gentleman, ready to attend us everywhere." Then she told her about the little lady in the woods, and all that she said. Auntie Louise did not seem as much surprised as



"THERE STOOD AN ELEGANT GENTLEMAN."

Annie thought she would. "You are to try it first," she concluded, springing from the pony.

Louise took the mysterious leaves and waved them solemnly three times before Neddie's eyes, and behold! the pony was nowhere to be seen, but there stood an elegant gentleman, with his hat in his hand, politely bowing to Miss Louise and her niece. Annie brought him a chair, and for an hour the learned gentleman entertained them with descriptions of European life and travel. Then, suddenly remembering that it was time for Neddie to have his evening meal of hay and oats, Auntie Louise waved the bright leaves three times before the eyes of Mr. Pemberton (that is the name the gentleman gave himself), and there stood Neddie, equipped in saddle and bridle, just as Annie had left him. Annie led him away to the barn.

"Wont it be convenient, auntie?" asked Annie when she came back.

"Nothing could be more so," returned Auntie Louise.

You may think it strange, but Louise and Annie did not avail themselves of the magic leaves until the week before Christmas.

The sewing society had been very busy all the latter part of the summer and all the fall, meeting once in two weeks, sewing for a missionary box, then for the two or three poor families in the town. Auntie Louise and Annie met with them quite often, because they could drive Neddie and be at home by dark.

Now, for a few weeks, the society had been preparing for a fair, which was to be held one evening a week before Christmas. Annie wished much to attend the fair.

"Let us try the charm, auntie," said she.

"Very well, Annie; but it must be kept a secret."

So they bade the boy harness Neddie to the little carriage, and they drove away just after sunset. Reaching the village, Annie stepped from the carriage, and, waving the leaves, the gentlemanly attendant stood by them, and Neddie was gone.

"Do not forget that I am Mr. Pemberton," said a low, pleasant

voice, as he led them to the door of the lecture-room where the fair was held.

An apron and neck-tie festival was to be held besides, and Annie was in a flutter lest Mr. Pemberton's neck-tie should not match Aunt Louise's apron; but it did, and Annie was delighted. Their friends were almost guilty of staring at the stranger, so fine a gentleman he appeared. Auntie Louise introduced him to one and another as Mr. Pemberton, lately returned from Europe; and every one who listened to his discourse was charmed. The three spent a most delightful evening.

When it was time to go, Mr. Pemberton took them to the carriage. Annie waved the leaves before his eyes, and there was Neddie impatient to go home. The farm-boy was waiting in the kitchen to care for him.

After this, they drove Neddie wherever they wished to go, transforming him into Mr. Pemberton when they wished an attendant. It was so convenient and pleasant, when they were a little early or a little late at church, and no one saw them, to have only to step out of their carriage and transform Neddie into Mr. Pemberton; then there was some one to wait upon them into their pew, and find the readings and the hymns.

What a treasure Neddie was! A gentleman called one day, asking if Miss Louise would sell her pony.

"Sell Mr. Pemberton?" thought Annie.

"We do not wish to sell him," answered Miss Louise, with dignity that was assumed to hide her mirth.

"Did you ever, auntie? Sell Neddie! Sell Mr. Pemberton!" said Annie, when the gentleman had gone. "I wonder how much Mr. Pemberton would call himself worth! I'll go this minute to the stables and bring him in."

And so she did. He smiled, remarking that he thought himself far too valuable —

What is that? Neddie neighing impatiently where he is tied below the hill; Annie just waking under the pine-tree on the hill-top!

"Why! how long *can* I have been asleep?"

Again Neddie's shrill whinny

"Neddie! Mr. Pemberton! Oh, what a dream!" exclaimed Annie, gathering up her pines and her autumn leaves hastily. And this part of her dream came true:



"THERE WAS NEDDY, IMPATIENT TO GO HOME."

She *did* canter gayly home; she *did* find Auntie Louise on the porch arranging a bouquet of pansies; and Auntie Louise *did* say: "Why, Annie, where is your hat? and how warm Neddie is!"

K. D.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE announcement of the award of the prizes offered by Deacon Green for the best copies of the Declaration of Independence, will be printed in the August number

Hudson, 1876.

DEAR JACK: I am visiting my friend Hattie Forshey. We are both twelve years old, and this morning we made a cake from the receipt in the ST. NICHOLAS for May. The cake proved excellent. It was large enough for each one of the family to have a sn all piece. We helped each other in making it. When it was done and frosted it looked very nicely.

The beef-tea we intend to make when we have an opportunity. We like the receipts very much.—Your friends,

MARY J. COFFIN AND HATTIE E. FORSHEW

F. H. S.—We do not expect to publish any stories for translation until cool weather. We shall give our young French and German scholars a rest.

MARY G. YOUNG's questions about her canary have received a variety of answers. Willie Hayden says that when his canary would not bathe, Willie's mother took a brush and sprinkled him slightly, and that after undergoing this process a few times Master Canary concluded to take a bath regularly for himself. This treatment is also recommended by Nellie Emerson and by "A Bird-raiser," who writes:

It is a rare exception that a canary-bird should fail to wash when well, though I have known a few instances. One authority suggests sprinkling the bird, as this causes them to be obliged to prune their feathers and set them straight, etc.

Overgrown claws seem the next trouble with Mary's bird. This is not called a disease, but has a bad effect, as it makes the canaries mope and refuse food. The claws must be trimmed with a pair of scissors, taking care not to cut close enough to draw blood. By holding up to the light, you can see how far down the toes the blood-vessels extend. Hold the bird firmly, but gently; do not be in too great a hurry.

Florence A. Merriam thinks that if the seed-vessels were taken away, and the bath put in with some seeds in the bottom of it, when

the bird should get hungry it would go into the bath to get the seeds, and, finding no harm came by it, would get into the habit of taking its bath."

Finally, Grace Glessner writes:

I have a yellow canary who will not bathe in his cage; but we fill a large plate with water, put it on the oil-cloth with a chair over it, open the cage, and soon he splashes about beautifully. To prevent long claws, make the perches as large round as can go between the wires. This wears the claws smooth and short.

"HOPPERS AND WALKERS."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had at different times in our family five tame crows as pets, and, strange to relate, they all of them hopped!

Now, I do not want the successful young folks who, some months ago, puzzled over the "hoppers and walkers," to think they were mistaken; nor do I want the Little Schoolma'am to think that I question her knowledge. The facts of the case are that we are both right.

Calling to mind the peculiarities of our crows, one of them still alive, I found it hard to reconcile my experience with that of the hundreds and hundreds who detected the four mistakes in the bird-story; so I applied to a naturalist for information. He told me that the natural gait of a crow was a sort of waddling *walk*, but that they do *hop* when in a hurry.

Tame crows are generally in a hurry, and nearly always in mischief. I have been quite lame for over a year, and never take a step which can be avoided; but one day last fall I was pretty thoroughly exercised in trying to put three crows out of the dining-room. In the center of the room stood a large extension-table, and the way in which those crows hopped in and out, and under and around, would have convinced even the Little Schoolma'am, could she have been there to see, that crows do sometimes hop, and actively too.

Crows make excellent pets for people who need to cultivate patience. They are very intelligent, very cunning, and extremely mischievous. Anything that they can carry off will mysteriously disappear, and what they cannot take away they will peck at and destroy. One of our crows once got on the stove, and danced up and down in the most absurd manner until I flew to his rescue. It seemed strange that, with all his cunning intelligence, he did not know enough to spread his wings and fly from his hot perch.

Another could never go into the garden without being attacked by

king-birds. They would fly upon him and peck him, and actually drive him into the house.

The crow which still exists in the family belongs to my sister. He will not let anybody molest her, and if one attempts to tease him by doing so, he will fly at the person and peck sharply. When I walk about the garden, he will catch the edge of my skirt and hop after me, occasionally taking a swing. He is no favorite of mine, and he knows it, although I am always kind to him; but I am too much of a bird-defender to like a crow.

I suspect that the secret of the attacks of the king-birds was that Dandy Jim had meddled with their nests. Still, let us give the crow his due. He is bright and amusing and capable of being taught a variety of tricks, and his one saving grace is a fond affection for any one who is fond of him.

MRS. S. B. C. SAMUELS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if "Mississippi" is the Indian word meaning "Father of Waters"? Bancroft's History calls the river Mississippi from the time of its discovery, but does not tell us whether the Indians gave it that name.—Your little friend,

ELLA L. REED.

The name Mississippi is derived from two Indian words (spelt by some authorities "Miche sepe," and by others "Missi sippi"), meaning "Father of Waters." The words have also been translated "The Great River" and "The Great Water."

Aiken, South Carolina, April 17th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a simple narrative, in rhyme, of a little incident among the children here, which I fancy it might please them, as well as other children, to see in print. Nearly every child in the house seems to be a subscriber to your magazine.

ONE OF THE GUESTS AT "WEST VIEW."

On Easter morn, at fair West View,  
The guests all tried what they could do  
To please the little girls and boys  
Who left at home their games and toys.  
Their skates and sleds and loved snow-balls,  
To live some months where no snow falls.  
So, as they could not have their sled,  
The cook stained eggs bright blue and red,  
And one sweet lady 'mong the guests  
By this contrivance was impressed  
To make their bright and loving eyes  
Grow brighter with a glad surprise.  
She hid away in various places  
Eggs painted with fair shapes and faces:  
Tied up with ribbons red and blue,  
Fair, pretty things they were to view.  
So off they went for Easter eggs,  
And sadly tired their little legs,  
Poking about in all odd places,  
Without regard to dirty faces.  
Then, rushing in with shout and bound,  
To show the wonders they had found.  
"Oh, see how pretty! what a treat!  
I never saw eggs look so sweet!"  
"These are too good to eat, mamma;  
I'll take mine with me in the car."  
"Now is n't this a jolly go?  
I never saw eggs dressed up so!"  
One little boy of three or four  
To dear mamma the treasure bore,  
And, op'ning wide his wond'ring eyes,  
Grown larger with the strange surprise,  
Said, thoughtful as a youthful Gibbon,  
"How could the hens put on the ribbon?"

AUGUSTA CARTER, of Baltimore, wishes us to call attention to the following account of a supplement to the Declaration of Independence, made fifty years ago by one of the original signers:

*Supplemental Declaration to the Declaration of Independence, by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.*

The Washington *National Intelligencer* lately contained the following article in relation to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the only survivor in 1826 of the men who signed the Declaration of American Independence:

"In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The

aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed, with his own hand, to a copy of that instrument, the grateful, solemn, and pious supplemental Declaration which follows:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer,—I do hereby recommend to the present and futur generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man

"August 2, 1826." "CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON.

We have received a great many answers to H. E. H.'s question regarding the origin of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel!" and all of them agree in tracing it to a ballad called "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, 1754. The following stanza is given by all, in support of this authority:

"Tush! tush, my lasse! Such thoughts resigne.  
Comparisons are cruell;  
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine;  
Consistency's a jewell.  
For thee and me coarse clothes are best—  
Rude folks in homely raiment dress—  
Wife Joan and goodman Robyn."

One of our correspondents adds the following: "Mr. Richard Grant White says that he has never succeeded in finding 'Murtagh's Collection,' and doubts if 'Robyn Rough-head' be a genuine old ballad. He thinks the fourth line of the above stanza, like the second, is probably an adaptation of a saying much older than Shakspeare—to whom it is commonly attributed. Mr. White says that he has never been able to discover the origin of the phrase."

Baltimore, March 29, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where this line is taken from: "And fools who came to scoff remained to pray"?—Yours truly,

FANNY N. OSBURN.

The quotation is a line from "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith.

Marysville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like a good dog. I like some dogs a good way off. I have a dog that is very good to keep meat from spoiling; he will bite a piece of beef broiled and buttered on both sides. Some dogs are spotted, and some are not. My dog is yellow and white, and I call him my calico dog. Some ladies think a great deal of dogs; they will take a little poodle dog, and put a piece of ribbon around his neck, and take him with them when they go out riding. I think they must be sick. I know a dog that bit a boy on the leg; it did n't kill either the boy or the dog, but the boy got after him with an old hoe-handle, and beat him until his sister called the dog into the house, and sat down on him, to keep the boy away. She said that boy was a wicked beast, and so he was. I would n't do anything near so bad as that. I have heard of dogs that, when they saw their master drowning, would run and pull him out by the teeth. I am afraid if I was drowning, and there was no one to save me but my dog, I should never have another chance to drown. I guess I'll take my chances on dry land, anyhow.

EUGENE.

MADDIE H. sends the Letter-Box this dainty French riddle, trusting that it may be new to American boys and girls:

A French girl received the following love-letter. Who can read it? (Answer will be given next month):

"ADELE: Janvier, Fevrier, Mars, Avril, Mai, Juin, Juillet, Aout, Septembre, Octobre—tu tu tu tu tu tu, n'aine?"

ADOLPHE.

The correct answer to L. M.'s problem in the April number is "\$45 and the boots," and it has been received from the following boys and girls: Arnold Guyot Cameron, Carrie B. Wells, "Cleveland Boy," S. P. Maslin, Willie T. Sheffield, J. M. Paton, John H. H., and Thomas E. Jefferson.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 3, 16, 10, 13, 2 is a large and bright constellation. My 4, 9, 7, 8, 15 is one of the mechanical powers. My 17, 12, 3, 1, 6 is part of a wheel. My 11, 5, 13, 3, 12 is a vessel. My 14, 13, 7, 6, 2 was a deity for whom a day of the week was named. My whole is a proverb.

ISOLA.

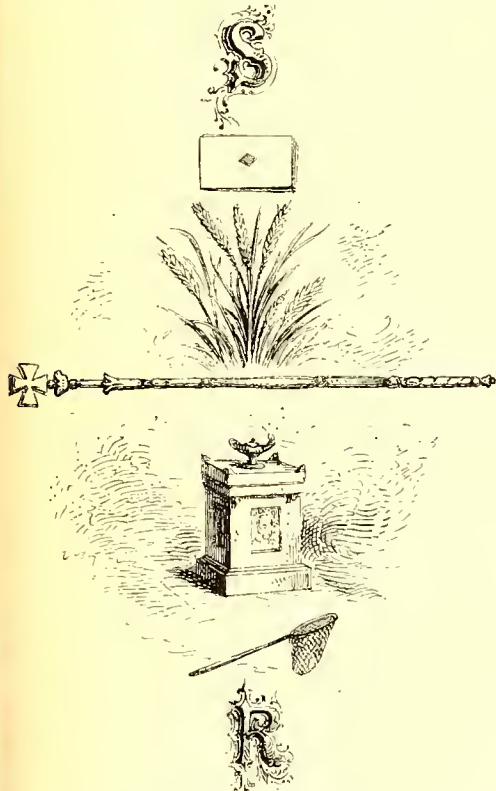
## CHARADE.

WITHIN my first the traveler rests and dreams;  
My next names one of Scotland's famous streams;  
My third sometimes the porcine frame surrounds;  
My fourth is one of five familiar sounds;  
My fifth and sixth together you may take,  
And something found in architecture make.  
If you are that denoted by my whole,  
You are a patient, persevering soul.

L. W. H.

## PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(Substitute the name of each picture for the picture itself, and find a diamond puzzle.)



## EASY TRANSPOSITION.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following sentence and you will find three articles of furniture: A Maple Latch Rib.

C. D.

## HALF WORD-SQUARE.

1. A PECULIAR bird. 2. Apart. 3. Part of a plant. 4. To decay.  
5. A preposition. 6. A consonant. E.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name an officer of the Revolutionary war.  
1. A celebrated exclamation. 2. A mason's tool. 3. Part of a ship.  
4. A precious stone. 5. A French coin. ISOLA.

## INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word curtailed.

1. In the — we found your —. 2. Will it harm the — to — it? 3. The — was burned in the — fire. 4. Where did — have his —? 5. On the — I will draw a — of the house. 6. I think the — is too — away. CYRIL DEANE.

## A CHARADE FOR 1876.

My first, if you will read aright,  
Graces the queenly rose,  
And floats from blossoming hill and vale  
On every breeze that blows  
It wears a crown, and yet its head  
Oft rests in lowly spot;  
'Tis known among the rich and great,  
And in the poor man's cot.  
Its course, like true love's, is not smooth;  
It meets with scorn and frown;  
It sees great changes, but through all  
Still wears the regal crown.

Without my second's aid you ne'er  
Could boldly utter No;  
The sun himself would cease to shine:  
We'd have no rain or snow.  
The Frenchman gay could never dress  
*En deshabille* again;  
Nor could he say his lady-love  
Appeared with skirts *en train*.

My third is very near, and if  
To seek it you should try,  
You'll find it in the darkest night,  
When least you think it nigh.

My fourth the lawyer often writes  
Upon his brief with care;  
But with a partner it appears,  
And has a foreign air.

My whole with hopes and fears is fraught,  
'Tis old, and yet 'tis young;  
Its history is still untold,  
Its songs are yet unsung.  
It brings a thought of ruins old,  
Of perfumes fine and rare,  
Of cruel war, of meek-eyed peace,  
Of all things new and fair.  
O poets, weave your sweetest verse  
To chronicle its fame;  
And all ye wise and witty ones,  
Now give to it a name. M. W.

## INITIAL CHANGES.

CHANGE the initial of a word often applied to a quantity of bread, and get to secure; again, and get part of a ship; again, and find a fastening; again, and discover to mate; again, and you will get what most boys like to possess. C.

## MELANGE.

1. BEHEAD a river in the United States, and find a title. 2. Curtail the river, and find a fruit. 3. Syncopate the river, and find a sound. 4. Transpose the title, and find a Shakspearean king. 5. Transpose the fruit, and find to gather; again, and find to diminish. 6. Transpose the sound, and get a jump; again, and get an inclosure; again, and find an excuse. 7. Syncopate to gather, and get a blow. 8. Curtail the fruit, and obtain a vegetable. 9. Behead the inclosure, and get a liquor. 10. Behead the excuse, and get a meadow. 11. Curtail the title, and find a part of the body. ISOLA.

## BROKEN WORDS.

FILL the first blanks with words made by dividing the word chosen for the remaining blank.

1. I was not, with so small a —, — to make the business a — one. 2. Unless he could — a prejudices, he had no other — than to leave the country. 3. I saw at my — — offered him which showed there had been great — since the simple customs of earlier days. 4. To — — would not have been deemed — by the Whigs in Revolutionary times. 5. She, taking his —, — him away from the delicate toy he so roughly —. B.

PREFIX PUZZLE.

(Prefix the same syllable of two letters to the name of each of the objects represented, and form a word.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

REBUS, No. 1.—“Honor and shame from no condition rise :  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.”

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Light gains make heavy purses.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Canton.

WORD-SQUARE.—  
R A P I D  
A R O M A  
P O L A R  
I M A G E  
D A R E D

PICTURE PUZZLE.—Be above oppressing those beneath you.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—  
A—C—E  
H—I R A—M  
S—C R A P E—R  
T—A P E—S  
W—E—D

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Bullet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Iceland, Volcano.

I — V  
C —om— O  
E —ar— L  
L —aconi— C  
A —nn— A  
N —ewto— N  
D —od— O

CHARADE, No. 2.—Nobility.

HIDDEN SQUARE-WORD.—L Y R I C  
Y O U T H  
R U P E E  
I T E M S  
C H E S S

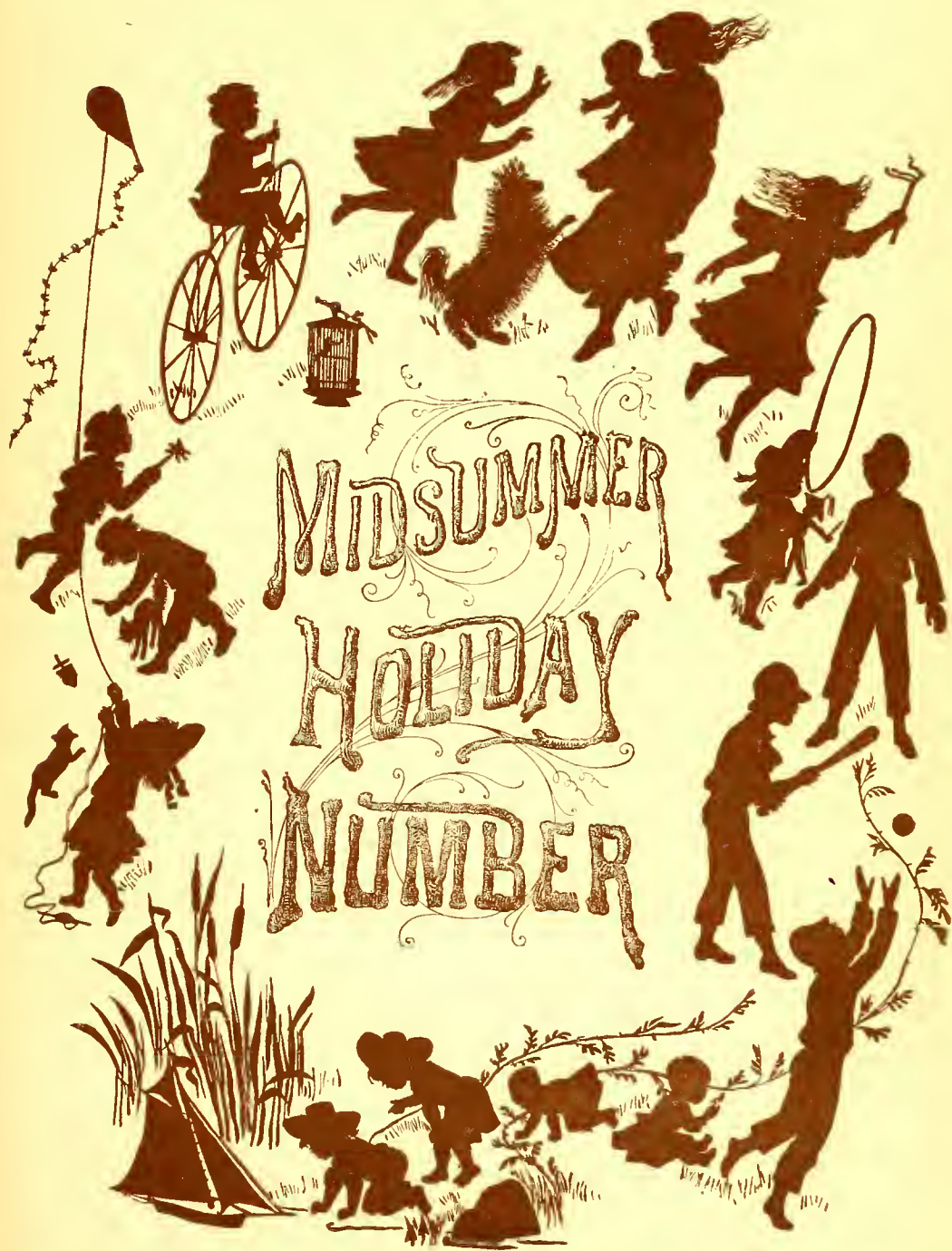
DIAMOND PUZZLE.—A, Apt, April, Tin, L.

REBUS, No. 2.—“Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.”

Maxwell W. Turner and Marion Abbot answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the May number.

ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES in the same number were received, previous to May 18, from Nelly Perry, “Alex.” Arnold Guyot Cameron, E. D. Hennessy, Marien McG. Dwight, Nellie Emerson, “Violet, Lily-of-the-Valley, and Heliotrope,” Allie Bertram, “Golden Eagle,” Martin Sampson, E. L. M., Nettie Marcellus, “Cad,” Harriet Brewer, Charlie Hotchins, Nellie Chase, Frieda E. Lippert, Charles S. Riché, Lulie M. French, Archie Wellington, Eddie H. Eckel, Nellie S. Smith, Brainerd P. Emery, “Lulie,” Ethan Allen, Tillie Alden Plume, Martin W. Sampson, Henry O. Fetter, Grace and Lucian Tripp, Camilla Ridgeley, Grace D. Hubbard, Fred Cook, Howard Steele Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, A. E. and C. Mestre, Emily Dibblee, Lillie J. Studebaker, John Hinkley, Herbert P. Moore, “Hodena,” Alice L. Campbell, Belle W. Brown, “Captain Nemo,” “Killdeer,” Nellie A. Morton, Albert Strong, Nessie E. Stevens, F. L. O., Mary L. Boyd, Minnie W. Hitchcock, Carrie S. Simpson, Louie Lawrence, E. A. Townsend, Emma Tritch, Willie H. Johnson, Wilson Rockhill, Fannie Townsend, “Apollo,” R. L. Parsons, S. Clinton Willets, Nellie Kellogg, L. A. Kittinger, Nell T. Davis, Robert L. Groendycke, Fannie H. Smith, Carrie Lawson, Annie Hayden, C. W. Horner, Jr., H. Engelbert, May P. Daly, Lilla M. Rowland, John Pyne, “Lou,” E. N. Hughes.







JEANNETTE AND JO.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1876.

No. 10.

## JEANNETTE AND JO.

BY M. M. D.

TWO girls I know—Jeannette and Jo,  
And one is always moping;  
The other lassie, come what may,  
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face and girlish grace  
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;  
Jeannette takes brightly every day,  
And Jo dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn—  
I saw them stand together;  
Their whole day's sport, 't was very plain,  
Depended on the weather.

“T will storm!” cried Jo. Jeannette spoke low:  
“Yes, but 't will soon be over.”  
And, as she spoke, the sudden shower  
Came, beating down the clover.

“I told you so!” cried angry Jo;  
“It always *is* a-raining!”  
Then hid her face in dire despair,  
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,—  
I tell it to her honor,—  
Looked up and waited till the sun  
Came streaming in upon her;

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds,  
Across a sea of glory.  
Jeannette and Jo ran, laughing, in—  
Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,  
The hopeful are the gladdest;  
And doubt and dread, dear girls, believe  
Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright;  
Take in the sunshine tender;  
Then, at the close, shall life's decline  
Be full of sunset-splendor.

And ye who fret, try, like Jeannette,  
To shun all weak complaining;  
And not, like Jo, cry out too soon—  
“It always *is* a-raining!”

## THE BEAR AT APPLEDORE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

MR. BRET HARTE once told you in ST. NICHOLAS so charming a story about a bear, dear children, that I hesitate about giving you mine—which, indeed, is hardly a story at all; but perhaps you may like to hear what I have to tell.

Our bear came from Georgia when he was a tiny baby-bear; but he was n't nice and soft and silky like Mr. Harte's bear,—he was rusty and brown and shaggy and rough, and he looked askance at everybody out of his little eyes, that were as black as beads. I dare say he did not find it at all agreeable to come all the way from Georgia to the Isles of Shoals; and I'm sure he did not find it pleasant after he arrived at his destination. He was tethered to a stick in a grassy space in front of the house, and the children played with him, morning, noon and eve, one whole long summer. Alas! I fear he was often weary of his brief life, and would have been glad never to have been born. For, I am sorry to say, there were many naughty and thoughtless children among those who played with him—unkind boys who poked at him with sticks and rolled him over and over in his helplessness, and teased and tormented him till it was almost too much to be borne. The little girls were kinder; one especially I remember, who used to hold him in her arms as if he had been a big kitten, and lay his dusky head on her shoulder, and put her cheek down against his shaggy crown so tenderly, and sit rocking to and fro on the grass with him hours at a time. And often after she went to bed at night, I would hear her sighing out of the fullness of her heart, "Oh, that dear, *dear* bear!"

Well, the poor little creature endured his captivity till the eighth day of September, when there came a tremendous storm, with a wind from the south, which was neither more nor less than a hurricane. Windows were blown in, buildings blown down, shingles ripped off roofs in flying flocks—there was a fine tempest! A great copper-colored arch spanned the black sky at eight o'clock in the evening; the sea lifted itself up and flung itself, white with fury, all over the island; and in the midst of the tumult the little bear disappeared. Nobody thought of him, there was such a confusion, everybody trying to save themselves from the fearful wind that had smashed the windows and broken into the houses and was destroying everything, in spite of all we could do. Terror probably gave the baby-bear strength; he tugged wildly at his chain, it broke, and he fled away

through the dark, and when the morning came we could not find him anywhere. Fortunately, the gale only lasted a few hours, and at sunrise next day the sea was calm, except just about the rocks, where it rolled in tremendous breakers and cast clouds of diamond drops up toward the sky. A fishing-schooner had been wrecked at the south side of the island; I went over to look at her. It was not cheerful to see her crushed hull heaving helplessly up and down, and the poor fishermen sadly picking up here and there fragments of ropes, rigging, and fishing-gear which the awful sea had spared them; so I wandered away along the shore, and at last sat down on the edge of a high cliff and admired the great gleaming, sparkling floor of the ocean and the wonderful billows that shattered themselves in splendor between me and the sun. I pushed with my foot a bit of stone over the brink of the crag, and heard it fall below; but, at the same time, I heard another and quite an unexpected sound—a noise hardly to be described, something between a hiss and a whistle, which came up to me from the gorge below. I knew at once it could be nothing but the bear, and leaned over and looked down. Sure enough, there he was, a black heap curled up on a shelf of rock just below me, a few feet out of reach. He looked so comfortable, for it was the sunniest, cosiest nook, and little vines of scarlet pimpernel trailed about him, and plumes of golden-rod waved out of clefts in the rock, and a tall mullein stood up still and straight beside him, its head heavy with thick-set seed-vessels. I was surprised to see him, and very glad, as you may imagine; so I called out, in the most engaging tones, "Good morning, my dear; I'm very glad to see you!" I am pained to say, he looked up at me with an expression of intense cunning and unlimited defiance, and uttered again that shrill, suspicious half hiss, half whistle, which being interpreted might signify "Malediction!" So fierce he looked and savage, with that distrustful sidelong leer out of his black eyes, he was far from being an agreeable object to look at; and as I could not carry him home alone, or even capture him, I was obliged to leave him alone in his glory. But I made a little speech to him over the cliff edge before going away, in which I sympathized with his sorrowful state. "If I only could have had you for my own, poor little bear, you should not have been teased and plagued and had your temper spoiled. Don't cherish resentment against me, I beg of you!

If you'll only stay here till I come back, I'll bring you something to eat, and lumps of sugar, my dear." And so I went away and left him snarling. But when I went back he had disappeared, and, though we sought for him everywhere, we did not see him again for nearly seven months. I was sure he was alive all the time, snugly stowed away in some deep crevice, sucking his paws, perhaps, which I had been told was a favorite pursuit of bears in the winter season. But my belief was scorned and flouted by the rest of the family. "What!" they cried, "you think that little creature could live in this zero weather so many weeks, so many months, with nothing to eat? Of course he is frozen to death long ago!" But I believed him to be alive all the same; and I was not surprised when, one evening in April, while the sky was warm and crimson with sunset, there rose a cry outside the house, "The bear! the bear!" and from the window I saw him, grown twice as large as he had been in the autumn, clumsily climbing over a stone wall near by. All the men about the house gave chase; but he plunged bravely over the rocks and suddenly disappeared, as a drop of water soaks into the ground, in a large seam in the side of the hill. There they found his cave, all strewn with bones and the feathers of fowls. They could not dislodge him that night; but in the morning they made a business of it, and at last brought him down to the house with a rope around his neck, a most reluctant and indignant quadruped. As there were no children then to tease him, he led a peaceful life for two months, and I tried by the most persevering kindness and attention to make his days less unhappy. I led him about from place to place, selecting new spots in which to fasten him, and feeding him with everything I knew he liked. I even brought him into the house, though he was as large as a Newfoundland dog, and spread a mat for him in the corner; but his temper had really been hopelessly soured in his youth, and though I knew he was delighted in the depths of his heart when he saw me coming with his beloved lumps of sugar, he never could refrain from lifting up the corners of his mouth in that ugly snarl, and uttering his distrustful hiss, till I became quite discouraged. At last he broke his chain again, and disappeared a second time. All summer he kept himself hidden by day, but crept out after sunset, foraging; and he was the terror of all the mothers who came to Appledore, and the children were watched and guarded with the greatest care, lest he should find one and run away with it. But there was n't really any reason for so much alarm. The poor bear was quite as much afraid of human beings as they could be of him.

Summer passed and winter came again, and he buried himself once more in the cave on the hillside and slept till spring. But when he emerged for the second time, behold, he had waxed mighty and terrible to see! With difficulty he was secured, and it was decided that now he was really dangerous and must be disposed of in some way. About a mile and a half from Appledore lies a little island called Londoners, owned by an Irishman, who had built upon it a cottage and fish-house, and lived there with his family. This man was found willing to take care of the bear; a price was agreed upon for his care and keep, and he was tied and put into a boat and rowed over to his new home one pleasant day in early summer, and there left and forgotten by the inhabitants of Appledore. But in August I went over to Londoners, one delicious afternoon, to gather the wild pink morning-glories that grow there in great abundance. I found them running all over the rocks and bushes, up elder and thistle stalks, and I carefully untwisted their strong stems and hung one vine after another over my shoulders till they fell down like a beautiful green cloak to my heels, for by carrying them in that way there was no danger of crushing or injuring the buds and rosy bells that still were open, though it was afternoon. The cool sea air prevents their withering and closing as they do on the mainland, and they keep open all day. I was going toward the beach with my burden, when suddenly I came upon the bear. Oh, but he was a monster! He gave a savage growl when he saw me, an indescribable sound of hatred and wrath, and his eyes glowed red and angry. You may be sure I started back out of his reach in a flash! He was fastened by a heavy chain to a strong stake; he had worn the green grass dry and dead as far as he could pace; he was huge, heavy, horrid. I came away from him as fast as I could. As I passed near the little shanty, there ran out from the door, and stood directly in my path, the most astonishing apparition my eyes had ever beheld.

It was a little girl of about six or seven years old; but *she* was a little monster. She was dressed in a flaming pink calico gown, and over her shoulders tumbled a thicket of dull, carrot-red hair, which looked as if it had never seen a comb,—so dry, so rough, so knotted and tangled, it was hideous. Her flat yellowish face was smeared with molasses, and its ugly dough color mottled with large shapeless freckles. She had the eyes of a little pig, small pale-blue orbs, with red rims; and she opened her broad, expressionless mouth and uttered some words which I vainly strove to understand. Still she kept repeating her incantation, over and over, with the same monotonous tone, till I really began to wonder if she were not some

dreadful little gnome sprung up out of the earth at my feet. I looked about; behind me crouched the dark bulk of the angry bear, before me in the distance I saw my friends pushing off the boat and making ready to depart. Suddenly, my ears having grown accustomed to the savage syllables of the strange being, it flashed on me that she was

large pink toad than a human being. Great was everybody's amusement at the idea of taxing the public for "looking at the bear." All who landed at Londoners, it seemed, were obliged to pay five cents for that privilege!

But the huge fellow was brought back to Appledore in September, and then his enormous strength



"HE WAS FASTENED BY A HEAVY CHAIN TO A STRONG STAKE."

saying, "Five cents for looking at the bear!—five cents for looking at the bear!" precisely as if she were a machine that could do nothing else; and she never stopped saying it till I broke into inextinguishable laughter, and answered her, "My dear Miss Caliban, I have seen the bear before! I did not come to look at the bear; and beside, I have n't brought any money with me, or I would give you some," upon which she turned and hopped back with a motion and clumsiness more like a

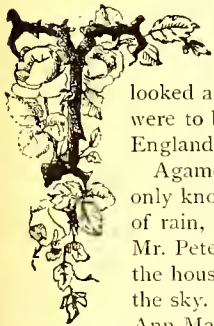
and enormous appetite made him anything but an agreeable addition to the family. Every night when it was quite dark and still, and all the inmates of the house asleep, he prowled about, seeking what he might devour. Bolts and bars were nothing to him; such little impediments as windows he minded not in the least, but calmly lumbered through them, taking sash, glass and all as he came. Then he made off with everything he could find in the way of provender, and kept himself

hidden all day, safely out of sight of men. One night the family had retired early, and all were wrapped in dreams. It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and dark and moonless, when he stole softly beneath the windows of the lower store-room, where were kept barrels of beef, pork and lard, and molasses, &c. He climbed to one of the low windows and set his mighty shoulder against it. Crash! it gave way, and down he plunged, making noise enough to wake the dead. Two women were sleeping above in that part of the house, but they were too frightened to leave their rooms and call assistance; so they lay and trembled while our four-footed friend made himself quite at home below. Oh, but he had a splendid time of it! He extricated great wedges of pork to carry off to his den; he wallowed into the top of the hogshead of lard till he must have been a melting spectacle; he worried the faucet out of the molasses cask and set the thick, sweet stream running all over the floor, and then rolled in it till he must have been a sugar-coated quadruped indeed. Never was a bear in such a paradise! He made expeditions to his den through the broken window, carrying off nearly a barrel of pork, and spent the greater part

of the night in that blissful lake of molasses. But when the morning dawned and the state of things below was investigated, great was the wrath and consternation in Appledore. What was to be done? Evidently this was too expensive a pet to be kept on a desert island; at this rate, he would soon dispose of all the provisions, and most likely finish off with the inhabitants in default of anything better! A dreadful decree went forth—that bear must die! He was, indeed, too dangerous in his fearful strength to be allowed to live. But to find him—there was a difficulty! One of the men was shingling on the highest roof; he looked about him, and afar off, curled in a green, turfy hollow, he saw the large dark mass of Bruin's body lying, like the Sybarite he was, steeping himself in sunshine, after his night's orgy in the store-room. Somebody was sent out with a rifle-pistol, and before he knew that danger was near, the sun had ceased to shine for that poor bear. It was so instantaneous he hardly felt his death, and I was glad to know that, at last, all his troubles were over; but I was sorry he had ever left the wilds of Georgia to take up his abode with us at the Isles of Shoals.

## THE PETERKINS' PICNIC.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.



HERE was some doubt about the weather. Solomon John looked at the "Probabilities;" there were to be "areas" of rain in the New England States.

Agamemnon thought if they could only know where were to be the areas of rain, they might go to the others. Mr. Peterkin proposed walking round the house in a procession, to examine the sky. As they returned, they met Ann Maria Bromwich, who was to go.

much surprised not to find them ready.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin were to go in the carry-all, and take up the lady from Philadelphia, and Ann Maria, with the rest, was to follow in a wagon, and to stop for the daughters of the lady from Philadelphia. The wagon arrived, and so Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carry-all.

A basket had been kept on the back piazza for some days, where anybody could put anything that would be needed for the picnic, as soon as it was

thought of. Agamemnon had already decided to take a thermometer. Somebody was always complaining of being too hot or too cold at a picnic, and it would be a great convenience to see if she really were so. He thought now he might take a barometer, as "Probabilities" was so uncertain. Then, if it went down in a threatening way, they could all come back.

The little boys had tied their kites to the basket. They had never tried them at home; it might be a good chance on the hills. Solomon John had put in some fishing-poles; Elizabeth Eliza a book of poetry. Mr. Peterkin did not like sitting on the ground, and proposed taking two chairs, one for himself and one for anybody else. The little boys were perfectly happy; they jumped in and out of the wagon a dozen times, with new India-rubber boots bought for the occasion.

Before they started. Mrs. Peterkin began to think she had already had enough of the picnic, what with going and coming, and trying to remember things. So many mistakes were made. The

things that were to go in the wagon were put in the carry-all, and the things in the carry-all had to be taken out for the wagon! Elizabeth Eliza forgot her water-proof, and had to go back for her veil, and Mr. Peterkin came near forgetting his umbrella.

Mrs. Peterkin sat on the piazza and tried to think. She felt as if she must have forgotten something; she knew she must. Why could not she think of it now, before it was too late? It seems hard any day to think what to have for dinner, but how much easier now it would be to stay at home quietly and order the dinner,—and there was the butcher's cart! But now they must think of everything.

At last she was put into the carry-all, and Mr. Peterkin in front to drive. Twice they started, and twice they found something was left behind,—the loaf of fresh brown bread on the back piazza, and a basket of sandwiches on the front porch. And just as the wagon was leaving, the little boys shrieked, "The basket of things was left behind!"

Everybody got out of the wagon. Agamemnon went back into the house, to see if anything else were left. He looked into the closets; he shut the front door, and was so busy that he forgot to get into the wagon himself. It started off and went down the street without him!

He was wondering what he should do if he were left behind (why had they not thought to arrange a telegraph wire to the back wheel of the wagon, so that he might have sent a message in such a case?), when the Bromwicks drove out of their yard in their buggy, and took him in.

They joined the rest of the party at Tathan Corners, where they were all to meet and consult where they were to go. Mrs. Peterkin called to Agamemnon, as soon as he appeared. She had been holding the barometer and the thermometer, and they waggled so that it troubled her. It was hard keeping the thermometer out of the sun, which would make it so warm. It really took away her pleasure, holding the things. Agamemnon decided to get into the carry-all, on the seat with his father, and take the barometer and thermometer.

The consultation went on. Should they go to Cherry Swamp, or Lonetown Hill? You had the view if you went to Lonetown Hill, but may be the drive to Cherry Swamp was prettier.

Somebody suggested asking the lady from Philadelphia, as the picnic was got up for her.

But where was she?

"I declare," said Mr. Peterkin, "I forgot to stop for her!" The whole picnic there, and no lady from Philadelphia!

It seemed the horse had twitched his head in a threatening manner as they passed the house, and Mr. Peterkin had forgotten to stop, and Mrs. Peter-

kin had been so busy managing the thermometers that she had not noticed, and the wagon had followed on behind.

Mrs. Peterkin was in despair. She did not like to have Mr. Peterkin make a short turn, and it was getting late, and what would the lady from Philadelphia think of it, and had they not better give it all up?

But everybody said "No!" and Mr. Peterkin said he could make a wide turn round the Lovejoy barn. So they made the turn, and took up the lady from Philadelphia, and the wagon followed behind and took up her daughters, for there was a driver in the wagon besides Solomon John.

Ann Maria Bromwich said it was so late by this time, they might as well stop and have the picnic on the Common! But the question was put again, Where should they go?

The lady from Philadelphia decided for Strawberry Nook—it sounded inviting. There were no strawberries, and there was no nook, it was said, but there was a good place to tie the horses.

Mrs. Peterkin was feeling a little nervous, for she did not know what the lady from Philadelphia would think of their having forgotten her, and the more she tried to explain it, the worse it seemed to make it. She supposed they never did such things in Philadelphia; she knew they had invited all the world to a party, but she was sure she would never want to invite anybody again. There was no fun about it, till it was all over. Such a mistake to have a party for a person, and then go without her; but she knew they would forget something! She wished they had not called it their picnic!

There was another bother! Mr. Peterkin stopped. "Was anything broke?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. "Was something forgotten?" asked the lady from Philadelphia.

No! But Mr. Peterkin did n't know the way; and here he was leading all the party, and a long row of carriages following.

They all stopped, and it seemed nobody knew the way to Strawberry Nook, unless it was the Gibbons boys, who were far behind. They were made to drive up, and said that Strawberry Nook was in quite a different direction, but they could bring the party round to it through the meadows.

The lady from Philadelphia thought they might stop anywhere, such a pleasant day, but Mr. Peterkin said they were started for Strawberry Nook, and had better keep on.

So they kept on. It proved to be an excellent place where they could tie the horses to a fence. Mrs. Peterkin did not like their all heading different ways; it seemed as if any of them might come at her, and tear up the fence, especially as the little



boys had their kites flapping round. The Tremletts insisted upon the whole party going up on the hill; it was too damp below. So the Gibbons boys, and the little boys and Agamemnon, and Solomon John, and all the party had to carry everything up to the rocks. The large basket of "things" was very heavy. It had been difficult to lift it into the wagon, and it was harder to take it out. But with the help of the driver, and Mr. Peterkin, and old Mr. Bromwich, it was got up the hill.

And at last all was arranged. Mr. Peterkin was seated in his chair. The other was offered to the lady from Philadelphia, but she preferred the carriage cushions; so did old Mr. Bromwich. And the table-cloth was spread,—for they did bring a table-cloth,—and the baskets were opened, and the picnic really began. The pickles had tumbled into the butter, and the spoons had been forgotten, and the Tremletts' basket had been left on their front door-step. But nobody seemed to mind. Everybody was hungry, and everything they ate seemed of the best. The little boys were perfectly happy, and ate of all the kinds of cake. Two of the Tremletts would stand while they were eating, because they were afraid of the ants and the spiders that seemed to be crawling round. And Elizabeth Eliza had to keep poking with a fern leaf to keep the insects out of the plates. The lady from Philadelphia was made comfortable with the cushions and shawls, leaning against a rock. Mrs. Peterkin wondered if she forgot she had been forgotten.

John Osborne said it was time for conundrums, and asked: "Why is a pastoral musical play better than the music we have here? Because one is a grass-hopper, and the other is a grass-opera!"

Elizabeth Eliza said she knew a conundrum, a very funny one, one of her friends in Boston had told her. It was, "why is ——" It began, "why is something like ——" No, "why are they different?" It was something about an old woman, or else it was something about a young one. "It was very funny, if she could only think what it was about, or whether it was alike or different!"

The lady from Philadelphia was proposing they should guess Elizabeth Eliza's conundrum, first the question, and then the answer, when one of the Tremletts came running down the hill, and declared she had just discovered a very threatening cloud, and she was sure it was going to rain down directly. Everybody started up, though no cloud was to be seen.

There was a great looking for umbrellas and water-proofs. Then it appeared that Elizabeth

Eliza had left hers after all, though she had gone back for it twice. Mr. Peterkin knew he had not forgotten his umbrella, because he had put the whole umbrella-stand into the wagon, and it had been brought up the hill, but it proved to hold only the family canes!

There was a great cry for the "emergency basket," that had not been opened yet. Mrs. Peterkin explained how for days the family had been putting into it what might be needed, as soon as anything was thought of. Everybody stopped to see its contents. It was carefully covered with newspapers. First came out a backgammon-board. "That would be awful," said Ann Maria, "if we have to spend the afternoon in anybody's barn." Next, a pair of andirons. "What were they for?" "In case of needing a fire in the woods," explained Solomon John. Then came a volume of the Encyclopedia. But it was the first volume, Agamemnon now regretted, and contained only A and a part of B, and nothing about rain or showers. Next, a bag of pea-nuts, put in by the little boys, and Elizabeth Eliza's book of poetry, and a change of boots for Mr. Peterkin; a small foot-rug in case the ground should be damp; some paint-boxes of the little boys; a box of fish-hooks for Solomon John; an ink-bottle, carefully done up in a great deal of newspaper, which was fortunate, as the ink was oozing out; some old magazines, and a blacking-bottle; and at the bottom, a sun-dial. It was all very entertaining, and there seemed to be something for every occasion but the present. Old Mr. Bromwich did not wonder the basket was so heavy. It was all so interesting that nobody but the Tremletts went down to the carriages.

The sun was shining brighter than ever, and Ann Maria insisted on setting up the sun-dial. Certainly there was no danger of a shower, and they might as well go on with the picnic. But when Solomon John and Ann Maria had arranged the sun-dial, they asked everybody to look at their watches, so that they might see if it was right. And then came a great exclamation at the hour: "It was time they were all going home!"

The lady from Philadelphia had been wrapping her shawl about her, as she felt the sun was low. But nobody had any idea it was so late! Well, they had left late, and went back a great many times, had stopped sometimes to consult, and had been long on the road, and it had taken a long time to fetch up the things, so it was no wonder it was time to go away. But it had been a delightful picnic, after all.

## MIDSUMMER AND THE POETS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.



IN our northern climate, the poetry of spring has to be sung or repeated with a cold in the head, too often to make it quite enjoyable. But June with us answers to the May of European poets, and this early summer-time is the sweetest and freshest of the year. Then all the buds are blossoming, all the birds are singing, and the air is full of nameless delicious scents from orchard and forest and meadow; from the young grass springing under foot, and the young leaves shaken out overhead.

One of the earliest specimens of English poetry is a little snatch of song beginning:

"Summer is y-cumen in;  
Loud sing cuckoo!"

It sounds like a child's voice calling to its mates in the meadows of the Past, and rings as clear to-day as on the unknown morning when it was first sung,—for Nature and Poetry never grow old.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare is founded upon the old faith in fairies, and it sparkles throughout with dew-drops and moonbeams. This great master of poetry saw the delicate tints and shadowings of beauty in Nature, as well as her splendors and her wonders; and with the coming on of summer, we are ready to follow his "dainty spirit" Ariel, singing

"Merrily, merrily shall we live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Perhaps the finest thing ever written about the month of June, is the well-known passage in Lowell's "Sir Launfal":

"And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And o'er it softly her warm ear lays.  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives."

There is a very pretty song by Motherwell, an English poet, beginning:

"They come, the merry summer months, of beauty, song, and flowers;  
They come, the gladsome months, that bring thick leafiness to bowers.

"Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide.

"The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously:  
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee."

The twenty-fourth day of June, given in the Calendar as the birthday of St. John, is Midsummer Day, and used to be superstitiously observed. On Midsummer Eve people brought green boughs from the woods to embower their doors, expecting to be protected from thunderstorms and other evils. Then they would go out and gather plants which were supposed to possess magical properties; among them, vervain, rue, St. John's wort, and trefoil. There is a Spanish song referring to this custom, a verse or two of which runs thus:

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens! 't is the day of good St. John:  
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon:  
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,  
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away  
The blessed, blessed morning of the holy Baptist's day!  
There's trefoil in the meadow, and lilies on the lea,  
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me."

And Mary Howitt has a pretty ballad about "Little Mabel," who went to wait upon her grandmother on Midsummer Day,

"When all the fairy people  
From elf-land come away;"

how she

"Swept the hearth up clean,  
And then the table spread;  
And next she fed the dog and bird,  
And then she made the bed:"

and how she went down the dell ten paces, to bring water from the Lady-well, and there at first saw nothing

"Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,  
That sat upon a tree."

But the second time, she saw

"Beside the well a lady small,  
All clothed in green and white,"

who gave her a fairy blessing, telling her that she should

"Have the will and power to please,  
And should be loved alway."

The brownies, too, looked kindly on little Mabel as she passed through the wood to gather dry sticks for her grandmother's fire, and they dropped a silver luck-penny in her path.



"WHERE PEACEFUL WATERS GLIDE."

Then, at dew-fall, her grandmother sent her "to  
milk the mother-ewe ;"

"And when she came to the lonesome glen,  
She kept beside the burn,  
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower,  
Nor broke the lady-fern.

"And while she milked the mother-ewe,  
Within this lonesome glen,  
She wished that little Amy  
Were strong and well again.

"And soon as she had thought this thought,  
She heard a coming sound,  
As if a thousand fairy-folk  
Were gathering all around."

And from the crowd came a voice, and then voices,  
granting her latest wish.

"Thus happened it to Mabel  
On that midsummer day ;  
And these three fairy blessings  
She took with her away

"'T is good to make all duty sweet;  
To be alert and kind;  
'T is good, like little Mabel,  
To have a willing mind."

No wonder the poets have loved to sing of the early summer. How the cheerfulness with which it inspires us rings through these lines of Bryant!

"Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs around,—  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?"

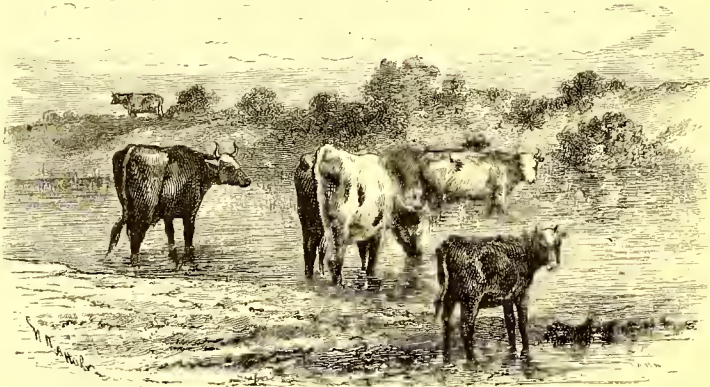
"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

"There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;  
There's a smile on the fruit and a smile in the flower,  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

The breezes of June seem to blow through these verses; but you may hear the "titter of winds" in the poplar and birch all summer. There is nothing

so. There is a shimmer of heat over the landscape, and the hills put on a veil of mist. Nearly all the birds have stopped singing; but the wood-thrush keeps up his heavenly music in the deep forests; the song-sparrow warbles on, happy in any weather; and the little pasture-sparrow, hid among the berry-bushes, pours out his tiny trickling melody, which seems like a drop of summer sunshine melted into a song. Over the mown meadows comes the shrill, hot twang of the harvest-fly, which might be the very voice of the August noon, complaining of its own heat.

The violets, and almost all the roses, are gone before midsummer comes, and flowers as well as birds are fewer than in June. But you will find the fragrant white pyrola in the shade of the pine-woods; the yellow St. John's wort stars the grass here and there, and the meadow-sweet waves its pink and white tufts along the dry road-side; while the red lily glows out among the brakes and bay-



"OTHERS STAND, HALF IN THE FLOOD."

that will fill you more completely with the spirit of midsummer than to loiter on a July afternoon through a pasture in which the young birches have come up wherever they liked, and listen to them as they whisper among themselves in the sultry weather.

The signs of midsummer are almost entirely sights and sounds of repose. June is like the breaking of the waves of beauty upon the shores of earth. But have you ever observed, after watching the waves on the beach until the tide has come in, and the last ripple has ceased, what a hush comes upon the mighty bosom of the sea? It is profound stillness and perfect rest, that almost makes you hold your breath, as Nature is holding hers.

Midsummer is the flood-tide of the year; and just such a calm settles down upon the heart of the earth, after surging into light and song and blos-

berry-clumps, a flame kindled by the August sun. The snowy water-lily, the purest and coolest and freshest of all the flowers, is the child of the midsummer months, and is a refreshment wherever seen, floating in its water-cradle, kissed by sunbeams and rocked by every passing breeze.

Coolness and shade are now the desire of every living creature.

The poet Thomson, who has written of all the seasons, has this picture of the cattle seeking shelter from the heat of a sultry noon:

"Around the adjoining brook that purls along  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream and now  
Gently diffused into a limpid plain,  
A various group the flocks and herds compose.  
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank  
Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip  
The circling surface."

The poets sometimes make us feel the stifling glow of midsummer' in their verses, as in these of Dr. Holmes :

" There! sweep these foolish leaves away!  
I will not crush my brains to-day.  
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?  
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

" Rain me sweet odors on the air:  
And wheel me up my Indian chair,  
And spread some book not overwise  
Flat out before my sleepy eyes!"

And Whittier thus vividly describes the out-door heat :

" White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway winds  
Before me; dust is on the shrunken grass,  
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass.  
Between me and the hot fields of the South  
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-mouth,  
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight."

The conclusion of the poem from which these lines are taken, refreshes one by contrast, just as a breeze would, springing up on a hot, still day :

" Yet on my cheek I feel the western wind,  
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,  
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,  
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,  
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,  
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,  
And, starred with white, the virgin's bower is twined.

" So the o'er-wearied pilgrim, as he fares  
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,  
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs  
Of a serener and a holier land,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-fall bland.  
Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,  
Blow from the eternal hills! make glad our earthly way!"

If you are in a mountain region in midsummer, you will see how all the summits sink into a hazy outline, and how all the rough precipices are hidden—buried in a soft, dream-like mist. Then you will feel the beauty of the "Summer by the Lakeside" poems, by the same author. One of them, "Noon," begins in this way :

" White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep:  
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep  
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

" O shapes and hues, dim beckoning through  
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view  
Beyond the purple and the blue,

" To stiller sea and greener land,  
And softer light, and airs more bland,  
And skies, the hollow of God's hand!"

There is something in the air of a midsummer day in the country that soothes us, as if Mother Nature were falling into a noontide sleep, and invited us, her children, to lay our heads upon her lap and slumber too. The little brooks slip over their rocks with a lullaby song, and the bee hums drowsily, as he journeys from flower to flower.

Midsummer has certainly a poetry of its own, and no lovelier specimen of it can be given than these verses of Bryant's, from a poem called "A Summer Ramble" :

" The quiet August noon has come:  
A slumberous silence fills the sky;  
The fields are still, the woods are dumb;  
In glassy sleep the waters lie

" And mark yon soft white clouds that rest  
Above our vale, a moveless throng;  
The cattle on the mountain's breast  
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

" Oh, how unlike those merry hours  
In early June, when Earth laughs out;  
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,  
And woodlands sing, and waters shout;

" When in the grass sweet voices talk,  
And strains of tiny music swell  
From every moss-cup of the rock,  
From every nameless blossom's bell.

" But now a joy too deep for sound,  
A peace no other season knows,  
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,—  
The blessing of supreme repose."

The poetry of Bryant is like the beauty of the seasons themselves. It contains them all, with their varying tints of cloud and leaf, their different skies and their ever-changing blossoms. In how many ways the summer wind breathes on you through his verses!

" He comes!  
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!

" He is come!  
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
And bearing on their fragrance.

" A thousand flowers,  
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,  
Nod gayly to each other."

Bryant's poem "To the Evening Wind" has kept freshness in the hearts of many of us men and women, ever since we loved and learned it in the breezy days of childhood. Do the children of to-day delight, as we did, in repeating—

" Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,—"  
" Go forth into the gathering shade, go forth,  
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!"  
" Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest!"

The poetry of rain in summer every child must have felt. There are summer rain songs that drop down into tired and suffocated lives as the showers glide to the roots of the grass in time of drought. Longfellow has one, beginning—

" How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!"



"THERE COME THE LITTLE GENTLE BIRDS."

And there is an exquisite little poem by Aldrich, called "Before the Rain":

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn  
 A spirit on slender ropes of mist  
 Was lowering its golden buckets down  
 Into the vapory amethyst  
 Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—  
 Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
 To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
 The white of their leaves; the amber grain  
 Shrank in the wind; and the lightning now  
 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

Midsummer is the time to enjoy the woods, to stroll by the brook, or to follow its empty bed up the mountain-side, where the ferns hang moist and green, and the moss is like velvet under your foot. It is the time for the free, happy holidays which

everybody needs, and which the good God meant us all to have. Longfellow has written of one of these :

“O gift of God! O perfect day!  
Whereon shall no man work, but play!”

Go with the poets, and they will show you how beautiful and wonderful are the common objects that belong to wild, neglected spots, and also those which lie unnoticed about your own dwelling-places. For the poets find nothing new; they only point out to you what you might have seen yourself had your sight been keen and clear as theirs.

One of them (Leigh Hunt) writes of the grasshopper, calling him a

“Green little vaulter in the summer grass:”

and another (Keats), listening to the same insect, will tell you that

“The poetry of earth is never dead.  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:  
That is the grasshopper’s;—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury; he has never done  
With his delights; for, when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.”

Still another poet (Emerson), addressing “The Humble-Bee,” says:

“I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid zone!  
  
“Hot midsummer’s petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,  
That tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers.”

And well it is to follow a wise guide like the bee—one that has the faculty of

“Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet.”

Go, then, with the poets,—no, *come* with them, rather, for they invite us. Children especially they love; and those of us who have anything of our child-heart left within us, will not be counted intruders if we join the pleasant company. Living out of doors with poets who *are* poets, and children who are *real* children, we might feel as if it were always summer-time in the world.

Mary Howitt is especially a poet of summer and of childhood. She says:

“They may boast of the spring-time, when flowers are the fairest,  
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;  
They may call it the loveliest, greenest, and rarest,  
But the summer’s the season that’s dearest to me.”

And who can refuse this delightful call of hers into the leafy forest?

“Come ye into the summer woods!  
There entereth no annoy:

All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves,  
And the earth is full of joy.

“I cannot tell you half the sights  
Of beauty you may see,—  
The bursts of golden sunshine,  
And many a shady tree.

“And many a merry bird is there,  
Unscared by lawless men:  
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,  
And the golden-crested wren.

“Come down, and ye shall see them all,  
The timid and the bold;  
For their sweet life of pleasantness,  
It is not to be told.

“And far within that shady wood,  
Among the leaves so green,  
There flows a little gurgling brook,  
The brightest e’er was seen.

“There come the little gentle birds,  
Without a fear of ill,  
Down to the murmuring water’s edge,  
And freely drink their fill;

“And dash about and splash about,  
The merry little things!  
And look askance with bright black eyes,  
And flit their dripping wings.

“I’ve seen the freakish squirrels drop  
Down from their leafy tree,—  
The little squirrels with the old,—  
Great joy it was to me!

“And down unto the running brook  
I’ve seen them nimbly go;  
And the bright waters seemed to speak  
A welcome kiud and low.

“The nodding plants, they bowed their heads,  
As if in heartsome cheer;  
They spake unto these little things:  
‘Tis merry living here!’

“Oh, how my heart ran o’er with joy!  
I saw that all was good;  
And how we might glean up delight  
All round us, if we would.”

So many beautiful things have been written about midsummer, it would be difficult even to name them all.

“Little Bell,” by Westwood, is one of the sweetest child-pictures ever drawn with pen and ink. Little Bell, and the squirrel, and the blackbird, and the lights and shadows of the woodland in July or August days—here they are: but you must find the poem, and make the whole of it your own.

“Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray,—  
‘Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
What’s your name?’ quoth he:  
‘What’s your name? Oh stop, and straight unfold,  
Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold!’  
‘Little Bell,’ said she.

“Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,  
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden locks,—  
‘Bonny bird,’ quoth she,  
‘Sing me your best song before I go.’  
‘Here’s the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell,’ said he.

"Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;  
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,  
And from out the tree  
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void of fear;  
While bold Blackbird piped, that all might hear,—  
'Little Bell!' piped he."

Sometimes a boy or girl says, "I should like to understand poetry; I do like to read it and repeat it, but I cannot always tell what it means."

The Creator is the great poet. All that is beautiful to eye or ear or heart is His handwriting. Wherever a bud opens, a rivulet slips along its pebbly path, or a leaf-shadow dances in the sunshine, there He has written a poem which He meant should be read with delight by every passer-by.

What the true poets do, is only to translate so much of His writing as they understand, for other's



"WHERE THE POOLS ARE BRIGHT AND DEEP.

Dear children, some things go under the title of poetry which are incomprehensible to young and old, to wise and foolish alike. But the way to understand *true* poetry,—that of nature, at least,—is to love the beauty of which it is the picture and the song. The best poetry is simple and natural as life itself; and by listening to the sweet voices which are always floating unheeded on the air, you will *feel* what it is, through all your being. Only keep eye and heart open, and never let it be possible for you to scorn or neglect the least thing that God has made.

Look for poetry, and you will find it everywhere,—in the fairy-cup moss under your feet in the woodland footpaths, in the song of the robin at your window in the morning, in the patter of the rain on the roof, in the first rosy cloud on the horizon at dawn, and the last that fades out in the west at sunset. For poetry is written all over the earth by a Divine hand, before it can get into books.

who see less clearly,—or oftener, who merely have less power to express themselves.

Every child who can speak the gladness he feels in the wonderful works of God is a little poet, singing with the brook and the breeze a song which he does not always know the meaning of himself, but which makes the world a happier place for those who listen.

Now we are turning over the leaves in Nature's Midsummer Book of Poetry; and we shall find there, if we are heedful, a thousand things we never saw before. It is a book in which the most



thorough reader will always discover something new, because the thoughts of its Author are infinite.

We who are far apart, who have never seen one another, can be reading this beautiful book together; and it is a pleasure to most of us older folk to have the children turn the pages for us. And childhood—we are thankful that it is so—surrounds us everywhere, like the birds and flowers.

Little wafts of song from children's lips come to us wherever we are, for vacation is one of the poems of child-life. And so we close our midsummer talk with this "Boy's Song" of the "Ettrick Shepherd"—a song overflowing with the spirit of vacation joys and summer weather:

"Where the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,  
There to track the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

"Why the boys should drive away  
Little sweet maidens from the play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell

"But this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow, among the hay;  
Up the water and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me."

## THE QUEEN OF THE MOLES.

BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

ONCE upon a time, in one of the outlying countries which border the Fairy Kingdom, there lived a good and beautiful maiden called Alixe, who had two lovers. Their names were Hyacinth and Tom the Piper.

Hyacinth was a handsome youth, and always well dressed. He had a rich uncle, and owned beside a large field of his own which was supposed to be worth a good deal, though he neither planted it nor reaped anything from it. Tom was less handsome, and a great deal shabbier. He, too, owned a field, but it was very small, and scarcely produced enough potatoes and kale to keep him alive. Indeed, if it had not been for his pipe-playing, he would sometimes have almost starved in the winters. For all this, Tom was so sweet-tempered and bright, and loved her so truly, that Alixe could n't help liking him in return; but as she liked handsome Hyacinth too, it became so hard to choose between them that at last she fixed upon this plan, an entirely original one,—at least I never heard of any girl who tried it before.

She asked the two young men to tea one night, led them into the garden, and, producing from her pocket some bulbs, said: "Look here, you two boys; this is a hyacinth-bulb, and this a tulip. I am going to plant them in two tubs. The hya-

cinth shall stand for Hyacinth, and the tulip for you, Tom, because your name begins with a T. Whichever of the two first shows a flower, hyacinth or tulip, I shall take him whom it represents for my husband, for I cannot bear doubt and disputes. And as it is not possible for me to tell which of you I like best, I will let the fates and the flowers decide. Will you agree that this shall be so?"

Neither of the youths was pleased with the plan, but neither of them dared to say so, for Alixe looked so earnest, and so very pretty in her red petticoat and blue kirtle, with the sunshine glistening in her hair, that they feared to lose her favor. So they both agreed; and every day after that they came, morning, noon and night, to watch the growth of the bulbs. Never were plants so carefully tended, watered, shaded from the sun and from wind, and the consequence was that never plants grew so fast before. Day by day saw them greener and taller, keeping along exactly in their growth, so that there seemed danger that both would flower at one and the same moment, and the riddle of the lovers be as far from answer as ever.

Hyacinth, however, who was not the good and honest fellow that Alixe supposed him to be, felt secretly enraged at this condition of things. One

evening, as he crossed the fields, he spied a corn mouse, who, having lamed himself in some way, was limping toward its home in a hay-stack. Seizing it, in spite of its struggles to escape, Hyacinth exclaimed:

"Come along, you little brute; you're just the creature I want. You shall eat up that tiresome tulip for me, and so I shall get rid of that rogue, Tom the Piper."

"But it will be very unfair," said the mouse—in a fine, squeaking voice, it is true, but as distinctly as possible.

Hyacinth stared with round eyes, as indeed he had reason to do.

"Don't be alarmed," continued the mouse; "I am the king of the field-mice, it is true, but I should disdain to hurt you or anybody else. I repeat, it would be unfair for you to set me to destroy your rival's plant. Alixe would cast you off forever if she guessed that you were capable of such a thought."

"I'll take extremely good care that she sha'n't guess," observed Hyacinth, recovering from his first surprise. "Just come along with me; and I say, Master Prig, if you don't chew that tulip up, you'll catch it to-morrow. I'll break every bone in your body."

He shook his stick fiercely as he spoke, and the mouse, king though he was, trembled with fright. Hyacinth carried his prisoner to the garden, popped him into the tub, and covered both mouse and tulip with a glass bell.

"Now," he said, "I shall come at five to-morrow morning to see how your majesty has got on. If your majesty has n't disposed of the tulip, remember, I shall carry out my threat! Every bone in your majesty's body! Good-night, King Mouse."

With these words Hyacinth went away, walking on tiptoe lest Alixe should hear him.

That night, for some reason, Tom was unable to sleep. He tossed and tumbled, till at last, dressing himself, he took his pipe and went forth for the refreshment of a walk, and to play a tune beneath Alixe's window. Tom's pipe was one of the sweetest ever heard, and he managed it so skillfully that its notes would now deepen and roar like a drum, and again breathe so softly that you would imagine only fairy lips could make such delicate notes.

The moon was shining full as he stood to play outside the garden wall, for a sentiment of respect forbade him to enter the garden at a time when Alixe was not there to bid him welcome. As he finished a plaintive air, he saw in the smooth gravel at his feet a mole, the largest ever seen, which, as the music ended, sat up on its hind legs and clapped its paws together as if in applause.

"Capital! Beautiful! Encore!" cried the mole, in a queer sort of under-ground voice. "I don't know when I have had such a treat before. I shall come up from my palace oftener if I am to have concerts like this."

"From your p-p-palace?" stammered Tom, amazed beyond words at hearing a mole speak.

"Yes, Thomàs," rejoined the mole, loftily, "my palace, for in me you behold Clawdia Digabus, the ninth Queen of the Moles! My power is immense. It extends over thousands of acres; the wrong side of them, it is true, but what of that? Now, hear what I will do for you in return for your music. I will burrow under the tub where your rival's hyacinth is planted, and will bite off the bulb as clean as a knife could do it. That will rather settle the point in dispute, I fancy."

"Not with my consent," said Tom. "I would n't lift my finger to hurt his flower. That would be too mean, even though by means of it he carries away my Alixe and breaks my heart. Better lose her than do a dishonorable thing."

"Ho! honor!" said the Queen of the Moles, blinking her tiny eyes spitefully. "Even now Hyacinth has a field-mouse on top of your tulip, the biggest and hungriest field-mouse he could find! You know what mice are. There won't be enough of your tulip left by daylight to make a meal for a midge."

"Oh, the shabby traitor, has he really?" cried Tom, flushing with anger.

"You can easily revenge yourself, you know," suggested Clawdia Digabus; "all you have to do is to give me a lift over the wall, and good-bye to his hopes of a hyacinth blossom! The game will be equal then, at all events."

"Oh, you little black-coated wretch!" exclaimed Tom, "how dare you tempt me thus? And the worst is, I want to do it! But I won't! I'd rather lose my chance with her I love, than be guilty of such baseness. Be off with you to the dirty place where you belong, you horrid creature, and put no more of your evil ideas in my head."

Queen Mole sat up on her hind legs again, and chuckled audibly.

"Bravo, Tom!" said she, "I guessed that would be your answer. You deserve to win Alixe, and I fancy you will. Heaven has ways and means for rewarding honesty. Your remarks to me, personally, are not over polite; still, I will do you a favor all the same. That favor is a bit of advice. It is to stay here till five o'clock, and you will see something interesting."

With these words the mole dived suddenly underground. Tom was puzzled, but for all that, he decided to stay. The night was still and warm, and he looked at Alixe's window, and thought of

her sleeping within, which was enough of itself to make the time pass pleasantly.

Just at daybreak came a sound of footsteps, and presently a dark figure crept along the road and began to climb the wall of the garden. It was Hyacinth, come according to promise, to see how the mouse had sped with the tulip-bulb.

Just as he reached the top, and stood on the coping, Tom, who could restrain himself no longer, called out, in a deep voice: "Shame!"

Hyacinth started, gave a jump, lost his footing,

him out of the briars. Hyacinth, whose coat was full of thorns, and whose face was severely scratched, was neither glad nor grateful for this assistance.

"What are *you* doing here?" he said, crossly. "Some mischief, no doubt, or you'd not be out of your bed at this early hour."

"Whatever else I am doing," retorted Tom, "I'm not putting field-mice on top of your hyacinth to eat it up."

"Oh, hush, hush!" entreated the terrified Hyacinth. "Here's Alix!"



"THE QUEEN JUMPED NIMBLY FROM THE THRONE." [SEE PAGE 620.]

and tumbled off the wall into the garden. One of the coping-stones, dislodged by the fall, tumbled off also, struck the glass bell over the tulip, and smashed it to atoms. Out jumped the monarch of the mice, and vanished under a gooseberry-bush; while Hyacinth, who had dropped into the midst of a briar-rose, rolled to and fro, swearing at the prickles, and trying in vain to extricate himself.

Good-natured Tom, fearing that his rival was seriously hurt, jumped the wall also, and helped

In truth it was Alix, who, rising with the birds, as was her wont, and hearing voices in the garden, had come out to learn what was the matter.

"Well! I must say you *are* early visitors," she cried, running down the walk, with a white kerchief tied coquettishly over her curls. "See, there's the sun, only just getting out of bed at this moment. How are the plants to-day?"

"Oh, I'm come for something quite different this time," said the ready-witted Hyacinth, who had quite recovered his presence of mind; "I

wished to get here before the carrier —— Ah, I hear his horse's bells now. not far off. Now, beloved Alixe! I much mistake if he does not bring something for you."

And in truth he did, for presently a parcel was handed in at the gate, addressed to Alixe. She opened it with great excitement; and lo! a beautiful china flower-pot, all gay with figures and gilding, and on the side, in letters of deep blue, was this posy:

"Hyacinth sends,—forbid him not,—  
Sends Alixe this flower-pot;  
If his happy plant shall win,  
'Tis to plant a hyacinth in."

Alixe was enchanted with the gift and the rhyme, and thanked Hyacinth with smiles and blushes, which made her fairer than ever. Tom, who could not afford to buy rich gifts, though he would have gladly offered Alixe the world, had it been his to give, looked on until he could bear the sight no longer, and, heart-sick, turned to go. "Wont you stay to breakfast?" said Alixe, carelessly, but scarcely heeded the answer, so absorbed was she in the flower-pot and in Hyacinth, and poor Tom walked slowly away.

So blind was he with tears that he scarcely heeded which way he went, until suddenly something round and hard hit him sharply between the eyes. He looked down and saw at his feet a queer brown lump of some sort, with a dragged green shoot clinging to it.

"I beg your pardon," said a faint voice, "I couldn't help it."

Tom peered more closely. The thing that spoke to him was a *tulip-bulb!*

"Yes," said the bulb, "look again, if you like; I'm a tulip. What's more, I'm *your* tulip, from the tub in the garden!"

"Oh mercy!" groaned poor Tom. "Are you really? There's the end of it, then."

"The end of me, you mean," rejoined the tulip. "You are right. Master Hyacinth, taking advantage of a spare moment while Alixe went in doors with her fine flower-pot.—Master Hyacinth, I say, has just sneaked into the garden, flung me over the wall, and planted in my stead the bulb of a nasty, ill-smelling onion! There's a fine trick for you! It was he who sent me flying through the air till I hit you so sharply, and it was his fault that I did so, not mine."

"Never mind whose fault it was," said Tom, disconsolately; "I don't care who hits me, or where! Oh, Alixe, Alixe!"

"You would better have taken the advice of the Queen of the Moles," remarked the bulb.

"No," persisted Tom, manfully; "better lose

all, than do a base thing. But this I will do, I'll just run back and tell Alixe the truth of the matter. That may change the course of events in my favor."

"Stop," cried the tulip. "Alixe is just now full of the flower-pot. She will think you a tell-tale, and only half believe you. I'll show you a better thing than that to do. Find a gift that she will like better than the flower-pot, and *then* tell her."

"I can't. I am not rich like Hyacinth."

"Pooh!" said the tulip, opening its eyes, which were only round holes in its surface, "what is Hyacinth? Heir to an uncle, who got his money by ill means, and is losing it by means equally ill. Possessor of a field which is spoiled and useless for want of tillage. Don't talk to me about Hyacinth's riches. He is poorer than you, Tom."

"Alixe does n't think so," said Tom.

"Not yet, but she'll find it out in time," said the tulip.

"How kind you are!" said Tom, stooping to study the odd face of the bulb, with its moveless eyes, and crack of a mouth.

"Well, yes, I mean to be kind. All we of the vegetable world are much indebted to you, Tom, for your invariable goodness to our race. Look how well we are cared for in your little patch of ground. No stones, no weeds, no destructive vermin, though of late, I confess, you have neglected us a little in your passion for Alixe. You are a good fellow, Tom, and not a potato among us but would lend you a helping tuber if it were in his power. So I'll tell you what, you must go to the Queen of the Moles, and get the seven great gems. Those will plead your cause with Alixe."

"But how can I go to the Queen of the Moles? I am neither a snake or an angle-worm!" replied Tom.

"Eat me. That's the first thing to do. Then you'll see how to manage," replied the tulip.

"Eat a friend like you! Never!" cried the horrified Tom.

"Bother about friendship," replied the tulip, impatiently. "Just do as I say, or else good-by to Alixe, Tom!"

These awful words nerved Tom to the desperate deed. He seized the bulb, put it to his lips, and swallowed it in big mouthfuls, scarcely giving himself time to notice the flavor, which was an odd one, a little rooty, a little sandy, and a little flowery, all at once, and quite unlike anything Tom had ever tasted before.

Scarcely had the last morsel gone down his throat when he found himself in the mole-hole, and rolling alone like a ball in darkness.

"Upon my word," thought Tom, "this *is* queer.

I don't feel like myself at all. I feel like a tulip-bulb. I wonder if I am one. I half believe I am."

Still his rolling through the tunnel continued. As his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the place, gray shapes became visible; shapes of countless roots, some thick and bulky, others fine as threads, all dropping from the earth above his head, or piercing it on either side. The floor over which he revolved was sandy and soft. Now and then a light became visible, set to show the windings of the path. These lights shone from the lamps of glow-worms, all dressed alike, and wearing numbers on their caps, in the language of the moles,—a language which, unluckily, our friend Tom did not understand.

On he rolled, for, being round, and without limbs, there was no stopping himself. Every now and then he passed through a village or settlement of moles, and caught glimpses of little moles playing on door-steps, mama-moles pairing potatoes or shelling peas with their sharp claws, and grave papa-moles, who looked up from their newspapers, and glared at Tom as he whirled by. Some instinct kept him in the right path, and on he went.

After a time he became aware that he had companions on his journey,—apples, potatoes, filberts, rolling along like himself. Every minute or two, a group of these would separate themselves from the rest, wheel into corners and stop; whereupon certain official moles, with gold stripes on their waistcoats, evidently policemen, would catch them by the collars, so to speak, and send them flying on again. Looking more closely, Tom perceived that these provisions were labeled each with a little ticket, and now and then somebody would stop, first one and next another, and trundle away into large holes, which Tom guessed to be hotels, from the large numbers of moles who stood on the door-steps, picking their teeth leisurely, and having the air of those who have just eaten a dinner.

At last he came to the capital city, much larger than any he had passed before. The burrows were more ornamented, the glow-worms bigger, and the moles more numerous and lively.

On, on, till suddenly he bounded into the midst of a circle of gorgeous, high-bred looking moles, who wore collars of silver, and on their fore paws rings set with precious stones. It was evidently the court circle, for there, on a throne of white mouse-skin, sat the great Clawdia Digabus herself. She was distinguished from the other moles by the fact that she alone wore an eye-glass and gloves; her claws beneath being neatly trimmed so that they should not tear the kid.

"All hail to your majesty!" cried Tom, who felt that he must say something. "May you live long to enjoy — What do moles enjoy?" he asked

himself, and then finished the sentence with—"darkness and night!"

As the voice was Tom the Piper's, and not the tulip's, Queen Clawdia recognized it at once.

"Oh ho!" she exclaimed, for queens when taken by surprise sometimes speak like other people. "Oh ho! It is you, is it? Well, what brings you here? Do you want to use me as a queen or as a hyacinth-gobbler?"

"As a queen, may it please your highness," answered Tom. "My visit has nothing to do with hyacinths—or rather, it has; but not the sort of hyacinths that grow in tubs. I am come to ask a favor,—nothing less than the seven great gems. I am not sure what the seven great gems may be, but I am quite sure that I want them."

"Indeed!" said the Queen of the Moles, satirically; "and pray what return will you make if I grant your request?"

"Your majesty, what return *can* I make? It is not a bargain I ask for, but a boon. Grant it me, because you are rich and I poor; because you are powerful and I am weak; because you have, and I want. In return, I will give my grateful thanks, and furthermore, not a mole among your subjects shall ever be killed upon any ground which I own."

"That promise would n't mean much if made by some people I know, Tom, but it is different with you. Do you remember a little frightened creature whom you released one day from Farmer Axel's trap, because it squeaked so pitifully and seemed so terrified? That was my third son, Prince Grainem. I have not forgotten that day, Tom, and because I recollect it so well I grant your wish. Go, Treasurer, and fetch the seven gems. Meanwhile, Tom, if you have your pipe in your pocket, suppose you give us a tune. We moles are fond of music, but we seldom hear any in this under-ground retreat of ours."

Tom bowed,—that is to say, he rolled over and over, having no feet to stand upon.

"Your majesty," he said, "I regret to say that I have not my pipe about me. Since I became a tulip I have dispensed with pockets."

"That is a pity. But at all events you can whistle to us. And pray make the whistle sound as much like your pipe as you possibly can."

So Tom, puckering to the best of a two-lip's ability, whistled a dancing measure. So clear and shrill and lively was it, that all the moles clapped their paws, and then began dancing like mad, whirling each other about in circles, the Queen in the midst, enjoying it as much as anybody. Suddenly, as the fun was at its highest, in walked the Lord High Treasurer, bearing on his head a wonderful casket of crystal, through whose transpar-

ent sides could be seen the seven great gems, arranged in an oval circle. They shone, each like a little sun, and so intense and dazzling was the light they sent forth, that the courtiers stopped dancing and gathered round, blinking with admiration at the wonderful sight.

The Queen jumped nimbly from the throne. "Here they are," she said.

Tom rolled over and over, in his attempts to reach the casket. How was he to carry it?—he had no hands!

"Do you know any marching airs?" asked the Queen, seeing his difficulty.

"Several," answered Tom the Tulip.

"Strike up then, and we'll all escort you out of our kingdom," said Clawdia Digabus. "Fall in, my subjects,—fall in, two by two. Burrower and hip——" waving her claws toward a couple of tall life-guardsmen, "push my tulip-friend along, and keep him rolling. Treasurer, carry that casket carefully. If you scratch it I'll have you skinned alive! Now, Thomas, strike up, and,—forward, moles!"

So, with light-running footmen ahead to keep the road clear, and all the court following, Tom was set rolling, and, to the tune of the Rogue's March, the procession of a thousand scampered toward daylight. The cut they took was a short one; but for all that, Tom's list of marches was quite exhausted before, at last, they emerged into the open air.

"There, Tom, there are your diamonds," said the Mole-queen, taking the gems from their casket. "Count them over when we are all gone, and five minutes after, you will cease to be a tulip and become a man again. Don't forget your promises, when you have the largest farm in the country."

With that she dived into the ground, and all her subjects after her.

Tom, being a tulip, had forgotten how to count; but one of his roots, which was a cube-root, prompted him, and no sooner did he pronounce the word "seven" than he sprang from the ground, a bulb no longer, but Tom the Piper in proper person. One minute later he met Hyacinth hurrying across the field.

"Wretch, impostor!" he called after Tom. "I was looking for you. My hyacinth is dead, and you are at the bottom of it, I am sure. Just wait a minute, and I will give you such a beating as you wont forget."

"Two can play at that game," replied Tom, stoutly. He took off his coat as he spoke, laid it carefully aside, rolled up his sleeves, and waited for Hyacinth to come on. But Hyacinth was staring at the diamonds which had fallen from the coat-pocket.

"Wh-at are they?" gasped he.

"Diamonds," said Tom, shortly.

"Diamonds! But who ever saw such diamonds? They are worth a kingdom,—or would be, if real. These are excellent imitations."

"You ought to be a good judge of imitations," said Tom, "but you happen to be wrong this time. The diamonds are real. They will look beautifully in Alixe's hair, don't you think so?"

"Alixe! Give such stones as those to that countrified little thing! You are mad. Oh, if they were mine! I should know what to do with them. Say, will you sell them to me? I'll give a quarter of my farm for them."

"A farm, all weeds and stones! No, thank you."

"Half, then."

"Oh dear, no."

"Come, the whole of it. You must confess that to be a handsome offer."

"Very well," said Tom, considering, "I'll sell for the whole. We will go at once to the lawyer and have the deed of gift drawn."

"On the contrary. We will go at once to the jeweler, and see if the stones are real," said Hyacinth.

"They are real as my love for Alixe," declared Tom, but he went with Hyacinth. The diamonds were pronounced of great value. The deed was signed. Hyacinth clutched his prize, seized his hat, dashed out of the door, and flew to the coach office to take passage for the capital. On the road he met Alixe, who called him to stop, but he took no notice of her, and half an hour later he had left his native town forever.

I may as well finish here, in a few words, the history of Hyacinth. The coach only carried him a few miles toward the capital, and set him down to walk the remainder of the way. Two days after, half dead with fatigue, he met a nobleman traveling alone who, for one of the diamonds, consented to give him a place in his chariot. On the way they talked together, Hyacinth's ambition was fired, and he gave his new friend a second diamond with which to buy him a title like his own. Thus he forgot his name. A third diamond was squandered in the purchase of fine clothes, in which he forgot his father and mother. A fourth went in the purchase of a palace, which made him forget his old home. The fifth diamond he presented to a lady of the court, who became his wife, and made him forget Alixe. The sixth filled his larder with luxuries, of which he ate so many that he fell ill; and the seventh paid for a splendid monument over his otherwise disregarded grave. Thus the seven great gems bought little beside disappointment, vexation, and early death, and for all the good they did

might as well have remained underground in the private treasury of the Queen of the Moles.

Far different was it with Tom the Piper. After Hyacinth's departure, he went to look at his new purchase. It was a sorry sight. The field was large, but had been neglected so long that it was run wild with weeds and brush, and covered thickly beside with moss-grown stones.

Tom for a moment felt dismayed. Then his courage rose again, and seizing a stake, he began to loosen and dig up the stones. The very first one he turned over revealed a nest of field-mice,—soft, tiny things, with closed eyes, and skins fine as silk.

"Poor little souls, I wot disturb them," said kind-hearted Tom to himself; "I'll just leave this corner for the mice. They *are* troublesome, it is true, but what is to be done?—all the world must live."

"Well reasoned, Tom," squeaked a voice close by.

Tom jumped! There, on a neighboring stone, sat the King of the Field-mice, with his leg in a sling, but looking bright and cheerful.

"Much obliged to you for not waking up my babies," he went on; "those small balls don't look like princes and princesses, but they are for all that, and a fine time we should have had if you had roused them. What's your grief now, Tom?"

"Cart-loads of stones to clean away, and no cart to do it with," replied Tom.

"Um! I see. You said, I think, that you would leave us this corner of the field?"

"Yes, I did, and I will."

"Will you throw in the stones? Stones are valuable building material, you know."

"You're welcome, I am sure. But it will take a dozen men three weeks to move them."

"We'll do the moving. It's a bargain, old fellow."

With this he gave a commanding squeak. At the signal up jumped an army of field-mice, and, first bowing to their monarch, fell to work as busily as bees, gnawing shrubs, rolling stones to one side, and digging up the weeds with their sharp little claws.

"Give us a look to-morrow," said the King to Tom, "and you'll see what you will see."

Sure enough, when Tom came next morning, the field was clear of stones, which were all neatly

piled on one side. The brush-wood was stacked ready for burning, and not a weed was anywhere visible.

"This is wonderful!" said Tom. "The ground is ready for tilling; but how am I to till it without either spade, plow or harrow?"

As he spoke, up through the ground, at his very feet, came the Mole-queen.

"If you'll make my subjects a present of all the worms, grubs and insects that are in the earth," she said, "we'll till the ground for you, Thomas."

"Will you, really?" cried Tom, overjoyed. "Take the grubs and welcome, though how you can want the nasty things, I cannot imagine. Meanwhile I will go to the village, play my pipe, and buy seed with the pence it earns me."

When he returned with his bag of corn, the field was burrowed all over, and the soil reduced to the finest powder. While he was planting the corn, Alixe came by. Her blue eyes opened with wonder when she saw what was doing.

"Why, this is Hyacinth's field," she said.

"Mine now," replied Tom. "And yours, dear Alixe, if you will have it."

"I am puzzled to know what to do," said Alixe, shyly. "My plants have both failed me. The hyacinth is quite dead, and the tulip looks very green indeed—certainly different. I should almost think it was an onion."

"It *is* an onion," said Tom. "Somebody pulled the tulip up, threw it away, and put an onion-bulb in its place."

"Oh!" cried Alixe, "and that somebody —?"

"Was Hyacinth!"

"Shabby, dishonest fellow! But what is to be done now?"

"I can tell you," said Tom, seizing her hand, "Marry me!"

I suppose this plan struck Alixe as a good one, for when last I heard from that country,—which, as I said, is on the confines of Fairy-land,—Tom was living in a cottage covered with roses and eglantine, and built in the middle of the field once Hyacinth's, which the moles and the field-mice had helped to cultivate. There were bee-hives, and a garden full of tulips. And Tom's wife, my informant said, had golden hair, blue eyes, and the sweetest face in the world. Of her name, he was not sure, but he thought it began with an A. Don't you think it *must* have been Alixe?

## LITTLE SNOW-DROP.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.



“AND ONE FLEW DOWNWARD, WITH OUT-REACHING HAND.”

ONCE, in the time of childhood's sweet romances,  
I watched a snow-storm gathering in the sky,  
And pleased myself with idle dreams and fancies  
About the airy flakes that fluttered by.

“ They are not snow-flakes, they are winter fairies  
That fly about to see what children do;  
I mean to make a wish,” I cried, “and there is  
The very one to make my wish come true!”

It floated down, a delicate snow-feather,  
And on the window-coping lightly lay:  
I laughed with glee, and clapped my hands together—  
“ It grants my wish; it does n't fly away!”



So through the night my fairies, trooping lightly,  
Their curling wreaths and dainty fleeces piled,  
And when the next day's sun shone on them brightly,  
It shone nowhere upon a happier child.

For while I slept, without a dream for warning,  
The wish I wished had come exactly true,  
And in my mother's arms I found that morning  
A baby sister with her eyes of blue.

I had not guessed there could be such a turning  
Of childish fancy to the actual thing;  
Though many a time, with unacknowledged yearning,  
I pictured all the sweetness it would bring.

And yet not all,—there are no words for showing  
Her sweetness, nor the joy it brought to me;  
A little snow-drop of the winter's growing,  
No summer blossom was as fair as she.

Her cheeks had such a color, faint and tender,  
As brier-roses in the hedges wear;  
And as she grew, a soft, sunshiny splendor  
Seemed always floating from her golden hair.

It was as if an angel, not a sister,  
Looked out at me from her clear, shining eyes;  
Alas! it was not long before they missed her,  
The angels she resembled in the skies!

One summer night, like sudden moonlight streaming  
Across the threshold of the door, they came;  
I saw their faces, and I was not dreaming,  
I heard them call the baby by her name.

They gathered swiftly round my little sister,  
And one flew downward, with out-reaching hand:  
"Come, little Snow-drop!"—and he softly kissed her—  
"The Father wants you in the happy land!"

My mother said I dreamed, for I was lying  
Upon the floor, her cradle-bed beside;  
Tired out with watching and with bitter crying,  
She would not wake me when the baby died.

It was not dreaming, though; I saw them clearly;  
Some day, perhaps, it may be mine to see  
The baby sister that I loved so dearly  
Leading the angels down to look for me!







3. (line)

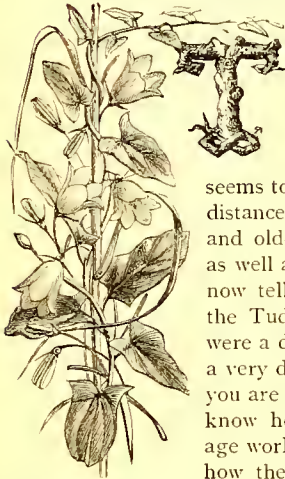
Strong mushrooms seen on the beach

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE TUDORS.



THE English kings I have told you of hitherto have all been Plantagenets, a race which retains, or seems to retain across the long distance, something of chivalry and old-world grace—knights as well as kings. But I must now tell you of the reign of the Tudors at Windsor, who were a different family, and of a very different kind. When you are older you will learn to know how the temper of an age works upon its rulers, and how the rulers, on the other

hand, influence the age, which is such a very interesting question, that it will tax all your powers to fathom it; but I will not attempt to talk to you about this now. But one historical question I think I must give you to find out at your leisure, and that is how the Tudors came to the throne, and what right they had to be kings and queens of England.

I will not say much of Henry VII., because—which is an excellent reason, though one which writers do not always pay very great attention to—there is not much to say; that is, concerning our immediate subject. He was a great and wise and powerful king, very thrifty, not to say miserly, and left England in greater subjection to the throne than almost any previous king had done, besides enriching the royal family and filling the royal purse. But yet he did some magnificent things, though he was so careful of his money, and built himself one of the most glorious tombs that ever king had—the beautiful chapel called Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. There are a great many people who are extremely economical where others are concerned, but who will cheerfully spend a great deal of money to glorify themselves. Henry the Seventh must have been this kind of man; for though he scraped and screwed during his whole life, he was evidently determined to have a magnificent resting-place, and had begun to build a beautiful chapel at Windsor before he thought of Westminster. We, however (whom Henry, you

may be sure, never thought of), are the chief gainers now, for we have two lovely chapels in consequence, the most perfect which the age could produce. The latter, the one at Windsor, was finished by Cardinal Wolsey, who also had the intention of being buried there. But you remember (you will find it all in Shakspeare) how the Cardinal fell, and died at Leicester, where the monks "gave him a little earth for charity." The chapel, after standing desolate for a long time, and being used for somewhat profane uses at royal weddings and such like, has been wonderfully decorated by pictures in colored marbles by her present Majesty, and is now called the Albert Memorial Chapel. I do not myself admire these pictures; but if you ever come to Windsor, you will see that the old chapel which Henry began for his tomb, and which Wolsey finished for a like purpose, though neither of them was buried there, has been made into the most costly and splendid shrine to the memory of that good Prince who was our Queen's husband and hero, though he, too, lies elsewhere in another grave—a curious little bit of architectural history.

However, to return to the Tudors. When we speak of this dynasty we mean one family, all the members of which reigned in succession—Henry the Eighth and his children. Of these children, the poor, pious boy who is known as Edward VI., and who died at fifteen, chilled by sickness and sadness, and the lonely grandeur which neither mother nor father protected, and which even his sisters did not warm with any glow of affection, may be left out of the record. Henry, with his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, are all we think of when we name this name; though there was a hot-blooded Queen Margaret of Scotland, who conveyed that same imperious strain to her granddaughter, Mary Stuart—who, though a Stuart, was a Tudor too. The Tudors, however, mean to us,—Henry, with his full face and staring eyes, the Royal Bluebeard, whose poor wives lost their heads without even such a plausible excuse as that dreadful chamber you know of; and Mary, who has had the terrible fortune to be called Bloody Mary, the most frightful title in history; and Elizabeth, the greatest and most fortunate of the race, one of the most famous sovereigns that ever reigned. I cannot pretend to tell you the histories of those three very remarkable people, which would carry us far away from our scene, and take more space than

your magazine can afford; but I shall try to show you how they lived when they came to Windsor, and a few scenes that happened here in their time.

No doubt you have heard a great deal about Henry VIII. His reign was so important in the history of England that some people try to think better of him than he deserved; and his private history was so wicked and cruel that some people, perhaps, think worse of him than he deserved; but few remember that he was about forty before he began his special career of wickedness, and that before that time he was a popular monarch, very splendid, and fond of pageants, and doing nothing worse than other great people had been accustomed to do. When he came to the throne he was but eighteen; so you see that very young people, not much older than yourselves, have been put into very powerful and important positions in the old times, and have had to learn to be men and princes, and to be flattered and obeyed when they ought still to have been under masters and teachers, which will perhaps make you envy them, and perhaps make you sorry for them. Which? I think it should be the last. When this splendid, handsome young prince (for he was handsome when he was young, with his bright hair and big blue eyes) came to the throne after his old eurmudgeon of a father, the people were delighted, for young princes are almost always popular. He came to Windsor in the first year of his reign, and built the great gate-way by which we now enter the Castle, and which is called by his name; and here is a little account of how this fine young king of eighteen behaved himself, which I do not doubt you will be pleased to see:

“He exercised himself daily in shooting, singing, dancing, wrestling, casting of the bar, playing on the recorders, flute, virginals, in setting of songs and making of ballads; he did set two full masses, every of them five parts, which were sung oftentimes in his chapel, and afterward in divers places. And when he came to Oking (on the way to Windsor) there were kept both jousts and tournays; the rest of this progress was spent in hunting, hawking, and shooting.”

What is called a “progress” here is simply a journey—a splendid and merry journey made on horseback; his gay young companions about the young King riding across the beautiful summer country through Richmond and by the winding Thames; visiting the great houses of the nobles on their way, where feasts were spread for them, where there was here a masque to be played, and there a tournament to be held. Gay music and splendid dresses, such velvets and brocades and cloth-of-gold as we never see nowadays, made a glitter and dazzle of brightness wherever the Court passed, and their progress was nothing but a succession of pageants and merry-makings. Though he was so young, Henry was married, and no doubt there

were ladies too in his train; and thus they went, singing and glittering beneath the sunshine, horses prancing, young voices chattering, hounds baying, the gayest company! All along the road as they went by, how the village people must have come out to gaze at them, shouting their hurrahs for young King Harry! And when he got to the gray old Castle, where so many other King Harrys had been before him, then what sports there were, and great dances in the Hall, and masques and feasts of all kinds; yet sometimes serious moments in which—perhaps after service at St. George’s, with the religious music still sounding solemn in his ears—the young King would retire to some private chamber looking out upon the woods, and note down a new chant for his choristers, proud of himself and them. How the courtiers must have praised those new chants of his, and thought them sweeter than the grand Gregorian tones!—for you know there had been few composers of music in those ancient days, and your Handels and Mozarts were not yet born.

Some years after this, a young poet, the Earl of Surrey, passed a great many pleasant boyish years in Windsor, of which he has left a record in a poem written when he was a prisoner in the same castle, which will show you what were the occupations of the gay young nobles in Henry VIII.’s reign. The prisoner, a young man, arrested when life was sweetest, pined and sorrowed in his tower,—no doubt seated at his window like the Scotch King James of whom I told you, for he tells us that

“Windsor walls sustained my wearied arm;  
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head,—

and sent his thoughts back to the cheerful days which he used to spend there in “the large, green courts,”

“With eyes cast up unto the maiden’s tower.”

The maiden’s tower was where the ladies used to sit out upon the roof looking down at the games below; and there the youths “cast up their eyes,” with “easy sighs such as folk draw in love.” Here is how young Surrey spent this sweet time of his youth. The palme-play (*jeu de paume*) of which he speaks is now, I believe, called tennis; the “sleeves tied on the helm” refers to the ladies’ favors worn on their helmets by the young knights, distinguishing them among their visored opponents, so that each lady could follow her own vassal through the mimic fight; for by this time tournaments had ceased to be anything more than pageants and sportive encounters of arms:

“The palme-play, when despoiled for the game  
With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love  
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame  
To bait her eyes which kept the leads above.

The graveled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm.  
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,  
 With chere as though one should another whelm ;  
 When we have fought and chased oft with darts,  
 With silver drops the meads yet spread for mirth  
 In active games of nimbleness and strength ;  
 When we did strain, trained with swarms of youth  
 Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.  
 The secret groves which oft we made resound  
 Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,  
 Recording oft what grace each one had found.  
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays,  
 The wild forests, the clothed holts with green,  
 With reins availed and swift y-breathed horse,  
 With cry of hounds and merry blasts between  
 When we did chase the fearful hart of force.  
 The void walls eke which harbored us each night,  
 Wherewith, alas ! reviveth in my breast  
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight ;  
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;  
 The sweet thoughts imparted with such trust,  
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play,  
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,  
 Wherewith we past the winter night away."

You see how little human nature changes in three hundred years. You boys and girls in the nineteenth century tell your "sweet thoughts" to each other, and swear friendship just as young Surrey did in 1535 or so,—and when you are older you will look back and sigh for these sweet days of youth, like the poet ; but I am glad to think that none of you are like to have such an end as noble Surrey had, who was beheaded in 1547, on the most false and foolish charge of treason—a mere pretext for judicial murder. So far as this goes, we may all be very happy that the times have changed. But youth was pleasant then as it is now.

I need not tell you how Henry VIII., after all the innocent gayety of his youth, and the splendor and extravagance which his love of shows and pageantry led him into, did a great many brutal and wicked things as he grew older, and beheaded one wife after another as he got tired of them ; nor how strangely it came about, by the guidings of Providence, that the Reformation, for which a great many good people in England were longing, was brought into the country by means of Henry's wicked desire to get rid of his queen, Katherine, and marry a pretty lady of the Court with whom he had fallen in love. It is wrong to give the name of Love to such a fancy, which began in wickedness and ended in blood ; for love is lovely and pure and true, not treacherous and vile ; and I wish very much, for my part, that the Reformation had come in a holier and better way—but, unfortunately, these are facts which we cannot deny. King Henry, after killing his two first wives, one with grief and the other with the axe, tried very hard to shut out his daughters Mary and Elizabeth from the succession to the throne by calling them illegitimate. But there was some sense of right in the

country, though it was so crushed by long tyranny that it trembled before the King and let him do almost whatever he pleased. Wolsey, the great cardinal, and Cromwell, the great statesman, and Cranmer, the great archbishop, all helped Henry, though I cannot suppose they liked it, to do those cruel things which he had set his heart upon, and get a new wife like a new mantle. But when he was dead, England roused up so far that none but the natural heirs could be put upon the throne. After poor little pious Edward VI., who was as weakly and as sad as Henry VI. (of whom I have told you), but who was better off than Henry in so far that he escaped all the troubles of life when he was fifteen—the country would hear of no one but Mary, who was the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Queen Katherine. Though they knew she hated Protestantism, yet even the very Protestants stood up for her ; which proves that they were honest men and loved justice more even than they loved their own side, and even their own lives.

I have not room to tell you much about Mary Tudor. When she was quite a young girl her mother was wronged ; many of the girls who read this will, I have no doubt, be old enough to feel how their own hearts would burn if their good mothers were wronged and made miserable as hers was. Poor Mary was embittered from her very childhood by this ; and who can wonder if in her heart she hated the new religious party which had helped her father to divorce and break her mother's heart ! Think what a terrible thing this was, and you will be sorry for her. And she was always ill, sick from her very childhood of a painful disease, and scorned and slighted at Court, where there was always another and another new stepmother, and no home for the poor princess who was out of favor. But now and then, when she came to Windsor in her youth, while her father's terrible career was going on, "my lady's grace," as she was called, seems to have been good and kind to the poor people about, who brought her presents of venison and fruit and cakes to show their sympathy. Mary gave them presents in return, and was godmother to their children, and seems to have shown some sweetness and natural grace, such as became a young lady and a princess. Three poor men were burnt alive under the Castle walls for heresy during this early period of her life, by King Henry's orders ; so that burning and beheading were no varieties to her—not things to make the blood run cold, as with us. She was kept in the background all her life till the moment when she suddenly rose to be mistress and monarch of everything, nobody venturing to say no to her. And then you have read in your histories how dreadful were the few years of her reign, and how this hardly used, suffer-

ing woman, who had sometimes herself been in danger of her life, and who had spent so many tedious, weary years in obscurity, came to be called Bloody Mary and to fill all England with the horror of her persecutions. Poor soured, wronged, un-

sure my lady's grace had no thoughts of blood in her mind. She was wild with sorrow and wrong and power and perverse faith when her hour of dominion came.

When this unhappy, bloody, fiery, heart-broken



QUEEN ELIZABETH.—[FROM A PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM LIFE.]

happy woman! The evil she did was all crowded up in these few years, and so seemed greater, perhaps, than it really was. But when she rode in Windsor Park, trying to forget her early troubles, and when she stood by the font in St. George's, holding the babies who were not little princes and princesses, but poor people's children, giving them kind presents and smiling softly upon them, I feel

Queen died, everybody was glad. Was there ever so sad a thing? Instead of weeping, the people rang joy-bells and lit bonfires, to show their delight. How glad they were to be rid of her! and not much wonder. The name of Elizabeth rang joyfully through the London streets and over all England as soon as the breath was gone out of her sister's worn and suffering frame. Elizabeth was

twenty-five; it has been the fashion to speak of her as old and ugly just as it has been the fashion to speak of her cousin Mary, the Queen of Scots, as beautiful; but in reality these two queens were like each other. I suppose Mary Stuart must have had more natural fascination than Elizabeth possessed; but, though you may be surprised to hear it, her features, according to her portraits, were very like those of the English queen, who was a handsome and splendid princess, with imperious, delightful manners, frank and gracious, though easily angered and passionate, and the most popular of all English sovereigns. History is not fond of this great woman, and much ill has been spoken of her; and she did many cruel and terrible things, and probably shed much more blood in her long reign than Bloody Mary did in her short one; but the people always loved Elizabeth—loved her at the beginning, and loved her to the end. This might be quite unreasonable, but still it was the fact. All that Mary did has been judged hardly, and almost all that Elizabeth did has been judged favorably. Such injustices are not unusual; they occur still every day.

Elizabeth was as fond of pageantry as her father. Wherever she went it was in state, making "progresses" everywhere; a slow manner of traveling, but very amusing for the people, you may be sure, who thus had so many fine shows provided for them, such as we have no chance of nowadays. At Eton (which, as I have already told you, is close to Windsor), the boys and the masters all came out and made Latin speeches to her, and presented her with books full of verses, all beautifully written out in Greek and Latin, for which you may suppose all the sixth form had been cudgeling their brains for weeks before, and in which the praises of the great Elizabeth were sung till words could go no further. Probably the fine ladies and the fine gentlemen were often tired of those speeches; but Elizabeth, who was herself a great scholar, listened to them all, and now and then would find out a false quantity and criticise the Latin. And since I have no room to tell you very much more about this famous queen, the greatest of the Tudors, I will conclude by showing you how in the beginning of her reign she carried on her studies at Windsor, and worked hard, as every one must do who wishes to fill a great position well, or to acquire a great position if they are not born to it. Elizabeth had no one to tell her what she ought to do, as you young people have. She was an absolute monarch, obeyed and feared by everybody around her. Now listen to what Roger Ascham says about her, who was one of the great scholars of the day:

"Ascham was so extremely taken with his royal mistress's diligence and advancement in learning, that once he brake out in an address to

the young gentlemen of England—"That it was their shame that one maid should go beyond them all in excellence of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth" (as he made the challenge) 'six of the best-given gentlemen of the Court; and all they together show not so much goodwill, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge as doth the Queen's majesty herself. I believe that, besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day than some Prebendarie of this Church doth reade Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her Privy-chamber she hath obtayned that excellence of learning to understand, speak and write, both wittily with head and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the universities have in many years reached unto."

Some years later than this, one winter, when the Queen was at Windsor,—to escape from the plague, or some other pestilence such as was more common in those days than they are now,—she amused herself by making a translation of *Bœthius*,



THE NORTH TERRACE, MADE BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

a Latin philosopher; and there is quite a curious calculation among the State records, made by one of the royal secretaries, of the exact number of hours which Elizabeth occupied in this work—so many hours one day, so many hours another. "And then accounting two houres only bestowed every day, one with another, the computation fallith out that in fowre-and-twenty houres your Majesty began and ended your translation." From this you will see that Queen Elizabeth, who had (as we say) so many things to be proud of, was proud of her work and her industry most of all.

This, however, was not her only way of spending her leisure, as you may well suppose. There were still great huntings of the "fearful hart," as in



Surrey's time, at which the Queen was one of the boldest riders; and here is a curious little bit of a letter, which you must make out for yourselves, written by the Earl of Leicester, and addressed to "the right honourable, and my singular good Lorde, my L. of Cantbrics' grace"—which means the Archbishop of Canterbury:

"My L. The Q. Matie being abroad hunting yesterday in the Forrest, and having hadd veary good Happ beside great Sport, she hath thought good to remember yor Grace with Pt of her Pray, and so comanded me to send you from her Highnes a great and fatt Stagge, killed with her owen Hand."

This was one of her amusements. Then there were great "triumphs" and tournaments, and plays and dances and every kind of festivity. One of the knights at a Triumph in honor of the coronation day spent four hundred pounds upon his dress and the present he offered, which was a much larger sum than it seems now. There never was so gorgeous a reign. There is a story that Shakspeare's play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was written at Elizabeth's command, to amuse her and her

Court. Fancy having Shakspeare to write plays for you, when you wanted something new! It was worth while in such a case, was it not, to be a queen?

I should like to tell you a great deal more about Elizabeth, but, alas! I have no more room. She built the fine terrace, which is shown in the picture, and which now makes a beautiful line at the summit of the Slopes, so rich with beautiful trees, and in the spring almost knee-deep in violets. And there is a fine gallery looking in the same direction, which now forms part of the Royal Library and is called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery. Opening off from this gallery is a tiny little octagon room, all windows, like a lantern, in which Queen Anne was taking tea when the news of the battle of Blenheim was brought to her. So you see how the generations are linked together in this old Castle. In the next chapter I will try to tell you something of the Stuarts, the next reigning family, who were very different from these violent and vigorous Tudors, but, like them, ended in a queen.

## LITTLE DAME DOT.

(Not a True Story.)

BY MARGERY DEANE.

LITTLE Dame Dot was a wee old woman—the weeci old woman ever you saw. She was so thin, and so little, and so light, that it did almost seem as though you could ride her on a feather; and you never would dare draw a long breath in the same room with her, for fear the draft of it would send her up the chimney.

Now being quite alone in the world, Dame Dot's sole comfort and care was a pair of bright knitting-needles. These, the good townfolk say, were never out of her hands, except on a Sunday, and even then she kept her fingers in motion from mere habit, though her eyes were intently fixed on the minister through the whole service.

At other times, sitting or walking, silent or talking, morning, noon and night, little Dame Dot was always knitting. If she had knit all her stitches in a straight row, it would certainly have reached round the world; but she knit round and round for stockings, up and down for blankets, and back and forth for comforters,—clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Whenever she walked abroad she carried her knitting with her, and in windy weather all the

people would say: "Little Dame Dot will surely blow away!" But she did n't, and she did n't, till nobody really thought she would, or that anything of the kind would happen to her.

But once upon a time, when it blew and blew and blew, something did happen. Little Dame Dot took her walk and her knitting, thinking of nothing but the gray yarn and the shining needles, though all the breezes were out, and playing tag with the leaves and sticks and bits of paper in the streets, and slamming blinds and doors in people's faces. A little breeze took her off her feet the very moment she appeared on the door-step; but set her down all right on the pavement, and off she went, saying to herself and to her needles: "One, two, seams; one, two, three." And they went clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Just as she reached the white church, with its tall spire, a bigger breeze than all the rest caught her in its airy arms, and, quick as a wink, carried her up into the sky and out of sight, needles and all, except the gray ball which she let drop in her hasty flight.

Soon after, down the street came little Billy

Baker. "What ever is this?" he said, as he tried to pick up something that was flying along the ground like mad.

"What ever *is* it?" said fat Tommy Tubbs, coming home from school, with a slate in one hand and a green apple in the other.

"What *ever* is it?" chimed in Polly Popp, going by in a red cloak, with her petticoats all in a flutter.

"It's a *ball* of yarn!" said Billy.

"It's a *ball* of yarn!" said Tommy.

"It *is* a ball of yarn!" said Polly.

"Wherever's the *end*?" said Billy.

"Wherever's the *end*?" said Tommy.

"Wherever *is* the end?" said Polly.

Then came all the boys and the girls, and the men and the women round about, to see whatever they three were talking about.

"See! see!" said somebody, pointing up above the steeple; and they saw a little speck, like a kite, way up in the sky.

"It's little *Dame Dot*!" said Billy Baker.

"It's *little* Dame Dot!" said Tommy Tubbs.

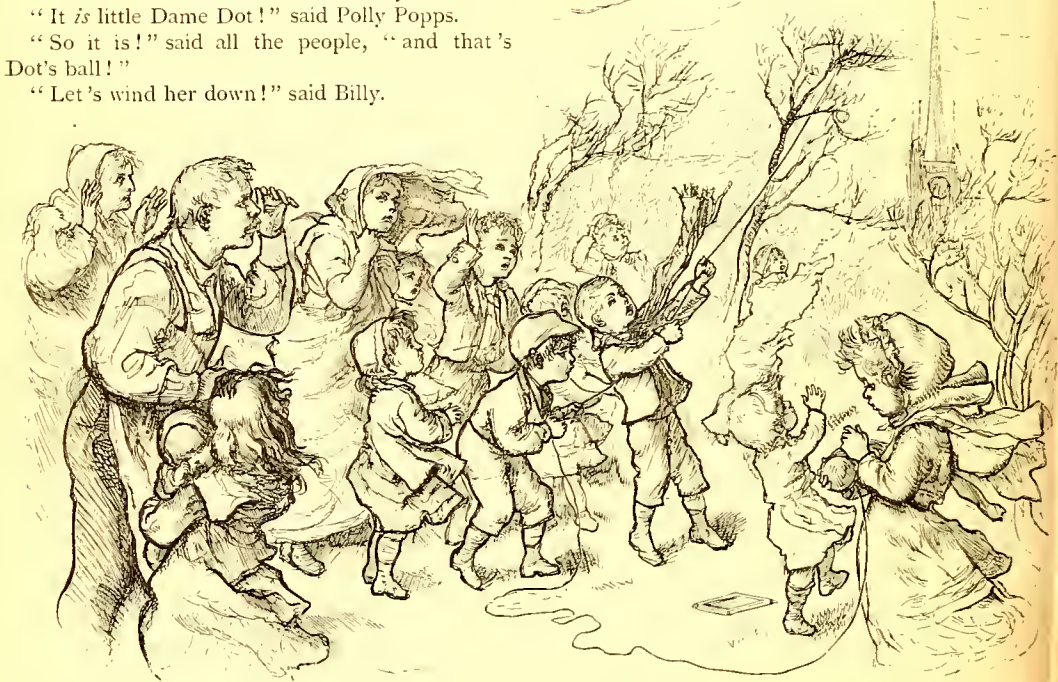
"It *is* little Dame Dot!" said Polly Popp.

"So it is!" said all the people, "and that's Dot's ball!"

"Let's wind her down!" said Billy.

same as ever, and as if the queerest thing that ever was heard of had not just happened to her.

Pretty soon they could hear her say: "One, two, seam; one, two, three," and then she touched the ground, and she said: "I thank you for my



"LITTLE DAME DOT CAME NEARER AND NEARER."

"Yes, wind her down!" said Tommy, and Polly, and everybody.

And Billy Baker pulled and pulled, and Polly wound, and little Dame Dot grew bigger and bigger, and came nearer and nearer, till everybody could see her knitting away for all the world the

ball, Polly Popp. I'm much obliged to you, Billy Baker. You are *very* kind, Tommy Tubbs," and she made a low courtesy to everybody, and walked off home, counting to herself. "One, two, seam; one, two, three." Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Billy Baker said: "Well, I never!"

Tommy Tubbs said: "Well, I never!"

Polly Pops said: "Well, I never!" and then all the people said: "WELL, I NEVER!"

Then spoke up Billy Baker: "Something must be done, or little Dame Dot will blow away and never come back any more, and whatever should we do in the village for comforters?"

"And mittens," said Tommy Tubbs.

"And garters," said Polly Pops.

"AND STOCKINGS," said all the people.

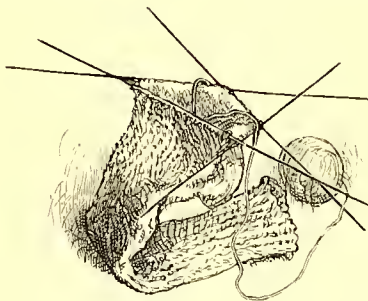
"We'll put weights on her," said somebody.

"Oh, yes!—we'll put weights on her!" shouted everybody.

And they did.

Never since that day has wee Dame Dot ventured abroad without one little iron weight hung on her neck, two little iron weights hung on her elbows, and three little iron weights tied on to her petticoats.

And she knits, and knits, and knits. Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!



## SPINNING AND WEAVING.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

A HUNDRED years ago,—everything of any interest just now was a hundred years ago, though this that I am going to say was just as true fifty years ago;—a hundred years ago, in every farmhouse and village house all over New England, there was one thing, and one interest, that has vanished and died out and been superseded. A thing that belonged to the *girls*; and an interest and ambition that the girls grew up to. A pretty picturesque thing, and a pretty feminine industry and emulation that cannot be replaced.

It was the old spinning-wheel, with its light lines and its graceful treadle; as artistic a fireside ornament as a harp, and as suggestive of low pleasant music, and quiet, restful moods. And the busy ambition was the spinning stores and stores of fine white wool and glistening flax, to make blankets and flannels, and beautiful bed and table linen; trying who, in her maidenhood, could lay by most, and smoothest, and fairest, against her matronhood.

Every girl learned to draw the buzzing threads,

and turn with quick deft motion the whirling circle that twisted them so swift and firm; to step lightly to and fro beside the big one, or lean from her low seat to the spindle of the little flax-wheel, as the yarn or the thread drew out and in, in the twirling and the winding. And so, every girl was a "spinstee," and kept on spinning, all her possible time, until she married, and took home to her husband's house, for years and years of thrifty comfortable wear, the "purple and fine linen" she had made.

You are spinsters now, every one of you. That is what the law calls you, until you are married women. And that is what life makes you, whether you will or no,—whether you like it or not.

You can't get rid of it; though the spinning-wheels are dropping to pieces in the old garrets, and the great factories are thundering beside the rivers, to turn wool and cotton into all the cloth the great hurried world needs; where no one any longer makes anything for himself, but makes or fetches,—or catches hold and pretends to have a

hand in fetching,—something in whole or in part for everybody else; that everybody else's work may come round to him, in the different kinds, as he wants it. All right; all inevitable. And yet you girls are spinsters, just as much as ever girls were.

What a poor, slack, twisted, uneven thread you turn off, some of you! What sleazy, unserviceable, fraying stuff it will weave into,—what rough, worrying garments it will make, and you will have to *wear*, one of these days, when you will begin to wish you had realized your spinsterhood, and minded better the distaff and the wheel.

I suppose there is not one of you who does not think that “by and by” holds all things right and beautiful for you; things just as you would have them; an ideal self, such as you would be, in an ideal home, such as you will surely make, “if ever you have a house of your own.”

When things go criss-cross,—when your life discontents you,—when the old and the tiresome and the hindering, the threadbare and the every-day annoy and jar,—then you think of this house of your own, this time of your own, this life of your own, that are coming, in which shall be freshness, and satisfying, and things in your own way. You improve wonderfully upon your mother's fashions: you “never will have” this, and you “always will have” that. Well, how is it to come about? I will tell you one thing; you never will jump into it and find it ready made.

It has got to be by your own spinning and weaving, now beforehand. You are getting your house and your home ready every day. By and by, well or ill plenished, you will have to live in it. Are you really laying up anything toward it, as the grandmothers made and laid by their sheets and their “pillow-biers,” and their pretty damask-patterned table napery, and saw them piling up in chest or on shelf, for the certain furnishing? If not, do you want to know how to begin? Are you willing to spin some little real thread every day? You can. You can always be about it. You can be growing rich in things that will be actual comforts and providings, ready to your hand when you want them, and when you cannot get them up in a hurry at the moment's need.

Everything you know how to do, that is done in a home, is something spun and woven and laid upon the store; something acquired for a life-time, that will last as those beautiful old linens used to last; something that you will never have to spin and weave again.

I do not mean something that you have done once, or once in a while, or that you think you know *how ought* to be done. I mean something that you have got at your fingers' ends, till it does not seem hard to you, or cost you the least toil of

thought and anxiety. Something that you can handle as you handle your crochet-needle, or run your fingers up and down the piano keys, playing your scales. Something that you can do as you “do your hair,” or tie a bow-knot in your cravat; with turns and touches that you do not measure or think about, but have got so used to that the right thing comes of it,—the result that is nice and becoming, and full of a skillful grace that cannot be analyzed or got at by method or recipe, but that you have just grown into, forgetting how.

The terror of housework, the terror of servantless interregnums, the toil and ache of things unaccustomed, the burden of care whose details are unfamiliar,—all these, with the breakdown of hope and strength that they bring, are because of things left till that time you are dreaming of; threads unspun till the house-linen ought to be in the closet. You could n't tie a bow-knot without labor and worry; you could n't make thimble and needle work together to take ten stitches, if you had done either thing just once or twice a good while ago, and not every day of your life for ever so long,—if you just knew the theory of the thing and had never put it to use. And every bit of a woman's work and responsibility in a home, when she takes it up as a strange thing, is like tying a bow-knot for the first time, or like sewing or knitting or crocheting to one who has never touched the implements before. When you think of trying one such task after another, day after day, in all the complex doing that “housekeeping” implies, with your very living depending upon it all the while, you may well fancy how it is that American girls break down under the physical and mental strain that comes upon so many of them with that fulfillment of their happy hopes—the having and ordering a “house of their own.” There is no help for it, but just the making all these things, in their knowledges, such parts of yourselves as the alphabet and the multiplication table, and the consciousness of the parts of the day and week and year, are; things that have been used till they are like limbs and senses—natural furnishings, that you feel as if you were born with. Then, you can take hold of life, and live. You have not got the whole way and method to invent for yourself.

And the best of all is, that *one* thing grasped in this way is the *essential* grasped of a great many more. Every side of a honeycomb cell is the converse side of another; every row of knitting is half a stitch all along for the next row; in all kinds of building and making, that which is completed is already the beginning of the farther structure.

Begin with your own things and your own place. That is what your mother will tell you if you rush to her, enthusiastic with great intentions, and offer

to relieve her of half her housekeeping. Don't draw that little bucket of cold water to have it poured back upon your early zeal. Reform your upper bureau-drawer; relieve your closet-pegs of their accumulation of garments out of use a month or two ago. Institute a clear and cheerful order, in the midst of which you can daily move; and learn to keep it. Use yourself to the beautiful,—which is the right,—disposing of things *as you handle them*; so that it will be a part of your toilet to dress your room and its arrangements while you dress yourself; leaving the draperies you take off as lightly and artistically hung, or as delicately folded and placed, as the skirts you loop carefully to wear, or the ribbon and lace you put with a soft neatness about your throat. Cherish your instincts of taste and fitness in every little thing that you have about you. Let it grow impossible to you to put down so much as a pin-box where it will disturb the orderly and pleasant grouping upon your dressing-table; or to stick your pins in your cushion, even, at all sorts of tipsy and uncomfortable inclinations. This will not make you “fussy”—it is the other thing that does that; the *not* knowing, except by fidgety experiment, what is harmony and the intangible grace of relation. Once get your knowledge beyond study, and turn it into *tact*,—which is literally having it at your fingers' ends, as I told you,—and order will breathe about you, and grace evolve from commonest things, and uses and belongings, wherever you may be; and “putting things to rights” will not be separate task-work and trouble, any more than it is in the working of the solar system. It will go on all the time, and with a continual pleasure.

Take upon yourself gradually,—for the sake of getting them in hand in like manner, if for no other need,—*all* the cares that belong to your own small territory of home. Get together things for use in these cares. Have your little wash-cloths and your sponges for bits of cleaning; your furniture-brush and your feather duster, and your light little broom and your whisk and pan; your bottle of sweet oil and spirits of turpentine, and piece of flannel, to preserve the polish, or restore the gloss, where dark wood grows dim or gets spotted. Find out, by following your surely growing sense of thoroughness and niceness, the best and readiest ways of keeping all fresh about you. Invent your own processes; they will come to you. I shall not lay down rules or a system for you. When you have made yourself wholly mistress of what you can learn and do in your own apartment, so that it is easier and more natural for you to do it than to let it alone,—so that you don't count the time it takes any more than that which you have to give to your own bathing and hair-dressing,—then you

have learned enough to keep a whole house, so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

*But don't keep going to your mother.* You have every one of you probably some little independence of money, or some possibility of economizing it. Buy your own utensils; set up your own establishment, if only by slow degrees. You will know the good of it then; and you will be setting up your character at the same time. There will be no sudden violent resolution and undertaking, which drafts aid and encouragement from everybody about you, getting up prospective virtue by subscription, and upsetting half the current order of the household for an uncertain experiment. Be in earnest enough to make your own way, and before you or anybody else thinks about it, you will have become a recognized force in the domestic community; you will have risen into your altitude without assumption, just as you are growing, by invisible hair-breadths, into your womanly stature.

Then, some day, you may say to your mother, “Let me have charge of the china-closet and pantry, please;” and you may enter upon a new realm, having fairly conquered your own queendom. And I can tell you this new one will be a pretty and a pleasant realm to queen in; an epitome of the whole housework practiced in dainty, easy little ways. Shelves to be kept nice, wiped down with a soft wet cloth wrung from the suds that cups and silver have come out bright from; cups and silver, plates and dishes, to be ranged in prettiest lines and piles and groups on the fresh shelves; cupboards to be regulated with light daily touches and replacements; yesterday's cake and cake-basket, fruit or jelly, custards or blanc-mange, to be overlooked and newly dished for the next table-setting; the nice remnant of morning cream to be transferred to a fresh jug and put in a cool clean corner; to-day's parcels, perhaps, to be bestowed; and the doors closed, with a feeling of plenty and comfort that only the thrifty, delicate housewife—who knows and utilizes the resources that are but uncomfortable odds and ends to the disorderly, heedless, procrastinating one—ever has the pleasure of. All this is, cosily and in miniature to the larger care of kitchen and larder, what the little girl's baby-house has been (if she began, like a true woman-child, to “spin and weave” for her womanly vocation) to the “house of her own” that she—you—began to talk of then, and that you are earning a right to now. And pretty soon this daily care,—this daily pleasure,—will have become a facile thing, a thing easily slipped into the day's programme, and never to be a mountain or a bugbear any more, either to do or to teach; because you “know every twist and turn of it.” and it is not a process of conscious detail, but a

simple whole that you can dispose of with a single thought and its quick mechanical execution.

In like manner, again, you can take up cooking. You can learn to make bread, until the fifteen minutes' labor that it will be for you to toss up the dough for to-morrow's baking, will not seem to you a terrible infliction, when it happens that you may have it to do, any more than the mending of a pair of gloves for to-morrow's wearing; simply because it will be an old accustomed thing that you know the beginning and the end of.—not a vague, untried toil looming in indefinite proportions, that are always the awful ones.

You can take some simple frequent dish, and for a while make it your business to prepare it whenever it is wanted,—dipped toast, perhaps, or tea-muffins; and you will wonder, when you pass on to some other thing of the sort in change, how the familiar managing one matter of measuring and mixing, boiling or baking, has given you "judgment" and handling for the clever achievement of the next. For there are declensions and conjugations in the grammar of housewifery, and a few receipts and processes become like "Musa, musæ," and "Amo, amare," and make you free of the whole syntax of cookery, and, like "all print" to Silas Wegg, all its parsing and construction are open to you.

I can only briefly hint and sketch in this one limited "talk." But a little leaven leaveneth; if you begin on the *principle* I try to show you, you will feel yourself gathering powers and wisdoms, and these very powers and wisdoms will themselves open to you the methods and suggestions of more. More, and deeper and higher; for you will begin to reach into things behind the outward ordering, that are inevitably related, and out of which all true and orderly expression grows.

You will begin to order yourself: you will have begun already. You are making the manner of woman you shall be in this living of yours, that is to be externally pure and sweet and gracious.

This also will have, and is having, its outward stage; but it deepens inwardly, in its own turn, day by day. Everything thorough must.

You want to make yourself pretty and pleasing; lovely, feminine, attractive in person and movement and dress. This almost always comes first; it is the object-teaching and leading; good and true *in its place*, and not thrown away as valueless or evil, even when the truth behind it comes to be seen and sought. A woman *should* be sweet and pleasing; if she have a sweet and pleasing nature, she will be, whether her nose be Greek or snub, her hair dusky or golden. There is a secret to it that I wish I could tell you without seeming to fall into the trite old sayings that you will think are put in

for properness,—to be agreed to and then dropped for quicker inventions; for little arts and tricks and studies and touches that slip dangerously into false habit and self-absorption, corrupting the nature and the life-love, and defeating desire with its own anxiety.

*The short road is not all the way round upon the circumference, but straight out,—a radius from the heart.* And this is not a moral saying, opposing itself to your inclination, but a real "open sesame" to help you quickest to what you want. It is the secret by which the rose blooms. You could not put its petals on; you can make a rag-rose so, but it will be a rag-rose after all. Nature has cunninger, sweeter, easier ways; she works no clumsy, laborious miracles, wrong-side out. She nurses a live, hidden something,—a true desire to *be*. And the sunshine and the rain, and all outside life that is, searches and meets the answering life in the green little bud; and *that* stirring, stirs all the lovely, secret possibilities that are under the green, outward into tender petaling and color and fragrance; and the rose, that was *meant* to be, is born. "For God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him; to every seed its own body." Just believe this; be alive to the things that are *not* yourself, and yourself shall surely be as beautiful as God sees you can be.

An old woman told me once, when I was a little girl: "Don't look much in the glass; it spoils your complexion." I suppose it was a device, but it hit the very fact. Look in the glass; think of yourself, and take care of your person, and your dress, just as much as must be, to put yourself in fresh and appropriate order; and mind you refer the question of how much that is, always and faithfully, to conscience. Then go away and forget; and don't get a habit of glancing and returning, needlessly. You cannot think how much that strict self-judgment would condemn will be saved by just making and keeping this rule. And how greatly you will gain, too, in the very things that you would take too much thought for, and that your Father knoweth your need of, and will give you as He gives to the lilies and roses. "*I am the rose of Sharon; I am the lily of the valley.*" Beauty and perfectness are hidden in Him, and come out from Him. If His life is in you, you need not be afraid. You will not be unlovely; you will not miss of anything that you can be. "No good thing, and no perfect thing, will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." But every over-anxiety hinders and interferes with His work. Every look that you study in yourself, for mere look's sake; every way you practice for affecting,—even for an involuntary instant,—will counteract and spoil some better look and reality that might have graced you. Don't

look in the glass too much, literally or metaphorically; it will spoil your *complexion*, which is your true harmony and putting together.

Lay up your treasure in heaven. Spin and weave for the life-garments; for these are in the unseen kingdom, and the seen things are only signs of them. Make yourself, every day, some even thread; weave carefully some faithful web in your temper and character. Be sweet, be beautiful in your thoughts. Be full of gladness along with others, full of interest in others' plans; grow strong in patience, by bearing evenly with little bothers; every one of them shall help you to be strong against great troubles and in great needs; calm and wise for yourself and your *others*, to save troubles and meet needs that will face you by and by. Spinners of your very selves you are; and, since life grows inevitably from the seed of self,—since it is existence, not imposition,—spinners of your own story and circumstance, beforehand, more than you dream. You are making, now, the plan

of a whole life-time; your occurrences shall be different, according as you spin at your wheel of character, the thread of your identity that is to run through them; for character does make circumstance; some things cannot happen alike to all, since all living does not lead into the same possibilities of happening.

This is the wonder of the spinning and weaving that we are all set to do for ourselves here in this world; working at wheels of life from which are fashioned and furnished our garment and our whole house for the time everlasting; the body and condition that we shall find grown out from the fitness we have made in ourselves, as surely as we find the flower grown from the seed we have planted: "Earnestly desiring"—and it is the real, earnest desire that all the while creates and determines in kind and quality—"to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven," or from the inward. "*If so be*, that being clothed upon, we be not found naked."

## MIDSUMMER FROLICS.



Down in the deep grass, close by the hill,  
Some one is having a party;  
Never was heard on a summer night still,  
Buzz of enjoyment so hearty.

Strange! for the elves are no longer on earth.  
Strange! for the fairies are over!  
But, sure as you live, there are frolic and mirth  
For somebody, down in the clover.

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## AN EXPEDITION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WINTER came suddenly. Early in November, the boys, climbing the long hill near their camp, could see that the sharp peaks of the Sierra, to the eastward, were covered with snow. The lower hills, or foot-hills, where they lived, were brown and sere; and looking westward, the Sacramento Valley was golden yellow in the warm sunlight, and violet and purple, streaked with gray, as the cloudy days came on. There were one or two rainy days, during which the creek rose rapidly, and the young miners improved the opportunity to wash out a good deal of loose dirt from their claim. Then came a sharp frost. The hills between the camp and the high Sierra were white with snow, save where the tall pines stood in solemn rows up and down these billowy slopes.

One morning, Arthur, shivering with cold and gaping with a great show of sleepiness, sat up in his bunk, and, looking over to the window, which was only partly shielded by a bit of canvas, exclaimed: "Halloo, boys! it's snowing!"

They looked out and saw that the ground had disappeared beneath a soft, fleecy mantle. Woolly rolls of snow hung on the edges of the cradle by the creek. The pine-boughs bent under their moist burden, and the cow stood chewing her cud disconsolately under the shelter of a big hemlock-tree near the cabin.

Mont looked grave, and said: "I must start for Nye's Ranch this very day."

Now Nye's Ranch was at the junction of the Yuba and Feather rivers, fifty miles away. It was the nearest depot for supplies, though a trading-post had been opened at Inskip, twenty miles north-east from Crowbait Gulch. But the Inskip trader brought his goods from Nye's Ranch, and his prices were enormous. Besides this, a company of Mexicans at Greasertown had promised to pay three hundred dollars, in gold dust, for the ox and cow, the survivors of the teams of the young emigrants; and part of the bargain included the delivery of the cattle to the purchasers.

It had been agreed that Mont should go to Nye's Ranch, riding old Jim, and deliver the cattle at Greasertown on his way down. The Spanish cattle of the country were thought good enough to slaughter for fresh beef. These American cattle were too valuable to be killed. It was more eco-

nomical to sell them and buy the meat needed for winter supplies. Flour, bacon, beans, and dried apples were required from Nye's Ranch; and it was decided that no more time should be lost in getting them. Mont could drive the cattle down the creek, get the money and push on into the valley, buy the provisions, and pack them home on old Jim.

The snow disappeared when the sun came out that afternoon; and when Mont started on his journey, which was not until the next morning, the air was clear and bracing, and the sky was brilliant with sunlight. The boys saw him ride down the winding trail with real sorrow, for he drove before him their old friends, Molly and Star. These faithful creatures had been their sole reliance during the latter part of their journey; and though the cattle were no longer useful to them, now that they were camped for the winter, it was hard to part with them. If it had not been so hard, Mont would have begun his journey to Nye's Ranch much earlier. As it was, Arty and Johnny looked down the trail with tearful eyes, when Mont, turning in his saddle, shouted back: "Don't eat up all the gold while I am gone."

But even Mont was a little heavy at the heart when he finally left the cattle at Greasertown, and rode away with his gold dust stowed in a belt about his waist and under his flannel shirt. He had a long and solitary ride before him; he was loaded with what seemed to him a great deal of money, and, for the first time since leaving Council Bluffs, he was separated from his comrades.

The rocky trail soon left the creek and entered a wagon-track, which, though it now seemed like a novelty of civilization to Mont, who had been living in the woods, was not so broad a trail as that in which he had traveled across the continent. His spirits rose as old Jim loped gallantly on the trail, jingling the slender camp equipage tied on behind, as he went. The air was absolutely hushed, and the wintry sun rained down its needles of light into motionless clumps of pines and spruces grouped in the narrow valley. On either side, the hills rose up sharp and clear in outline against the blue sky, their rocky ridges dotted with a few lone trees along their lofty crowns. Occasionally, a hare darted across the trail and was lost in the tangled ferns, or a gray gopher, with tail on end, drifted along ahead, like a leaf blown by the wind, and suddenly disappeared. A magpie screamed and scolded from



the top of a madroña-tree, and a solitary crow, heavily flapping its way through the crystal atmosphere overhead, croaked and eawed, and then seemed to melt away into the hills of brown and green.

Just before Scotchman's Valley opens out into the valley of the Sacramento, the walls on either side rise up to a great height. On the south, the ridge is over two thousand feet high, and is very steep and rugged, except at a point near the base, where the sharp slope widens out into a shoulder, or bench. On this bench, about two hundred feet from the bottom, were perched two or three miners' eabins. Mont, when he reached this spot, looked at the cabins as he rode down the trail, and, wondering why the builders had chosen such a lofty spot for their homes, was tempted to climb the narrow trail and ask for lodging, for it was now late in the day. But, reflecting that few people in these parts were prepared to take in strangers, though all were hospitable, he went on through the narrow pass, entered a round, flat valley which dropped gently to the west, and, between the openings in the groves of live-oaks, he saw the Sacramento Valley, laced with streams; Sutter's Buttes, a noble group of mountains, in the midst; and far away, the sharp summits of the coast range, pink and white against the evening sky.

The young man made his lonely camp in a clump of dwarf pines, as night came on, and built his fire, toasted his bacon, made a pot of coffee, and, slicing off a cut from the loaf which Arthur had put up for him, he ate his frugal supper with loving thoughts of the boys at home. The New England home seemed too far away now to be so present in his thoughts as the rude hut on the brink of Chaparral Creek; and as Mont hugged himself in his warm blanket, to sleep beneath the frosty sky, Barney Crogan, Hi, and the boys, came and went in his dreams.

Following the course of the Feather and Yuba rivers, the streams of trade and travel, which had already begun to move in this new land, met on a flat and willow-grown angle where Nye's Ranch had been built. Here the Rio de los Plumas, or Feather River, received the Yuba River, and flowed on to join the Sacramento. Here, once a week, came a small steamboat from Sacramento, fifty or sixty miles to the southward; and here were two or three trading-posts, built of sycamore logs and roofed over with canvas.

Mont had struggled across a wet and muddy plain, intersected with a labyrinth of small sloughs and streams. He found the little settlement a rude and noisy place. The ground was cut up with the tracks of many wagons, and trampled into a sticky paste by the feet of innumerable mules,

whose braying filled the air. Miners, red-shirted and rough-bearded, were coming and going. The traders were excitedly rushing about, selling their goods and sweeping in the gold-dust. This precious stuff was weighed in scales, after being rudely fingered over on the board counter, to scan the grains separately; and Mont was amazed to see how carelessly the gold was handled. Apparently, there was no coin nor paper money, but everybody had a buckskin pouch or a canvas shot-bag, in which the golden dust was kept. Now and again, some man from "the Bay," as San Francisco was called, exhibited a huge rude coin, valued at fifty dollars, and popularly known as a "slug." This was stamped with the name of the firm who issued it, and it very readily passed for the amount it represented.

The little open plaza about which the settlement was flung, like a strange and tangled dream, was crowded with men, wagons, cattle and mules. A few miserable Indians, squatted around a big sycamore, looked on without manifesting the least interest in the scene; and a grizzly bear, caged in a canvas-covered inclosure, or corral, and exhibited for one dollar a sight, added to the confusion by uttering an occasional howl. A tent, with "Freeman's Express" painted on its roof, first attracted Mont's attention, and to that he straightway bent his steps. The boys had sent letters down to Sacramento by various ways, and Mont now deposited another lot, one of which, written to Farmer Stevens, in Richardson, Illinois, gave him the points of Bill Bunce's story about Johnny, and besought him to look up the case, if possible.

The tent was crowded with men inquiring for "letters from the States." There was no post-office here, but the accommodating expressmen, in consideration of a few dollars' worth of dust, would take a list of names, send it to San Francisco, and bring up the letters of people who made Nye's Ranch their trading-point. Miners far back among the hills sent to the ranch by their comrades or nearest neighbors, and, in course of time, their precious letters, sifting through many hands, sought them out and brought them tidings from home.

There were no letters for the boys at Crowbait. They had expected none, as their list of names had been sent to Sacramento. With a homesick and lonely feeling, Mont made his purchases as soon as possible, loaded them on old Jim, and made his way out of the muddy and disagreeable little settlement. The sky was dark and lowering, and the sharp white peaks of the Sierra were lost in a gray mist, as he laboriously picked his way across the plain and camped for the night with a hospitable herdsman on the edge of Butte Creek.

When he resumed his journey, next day, the air

was raw and chilly; a slate-colored cloud closed over the foot-hills, and a mild but exasperating drizzle pervaded the plain as he left it and began to ascend the undulations which here seem like a groundswell, and, higher up, break into the tumultuous waves of the Sierra.

Mont pushed on impatiently, riding when the trail was easy, and leading his loaded steed where the way was steep and rough. Both horse and man were in haste to get home. Mont grew feverish and apprehensive as he saw the snow beginning to fall heavily, while he was yet only on his second day from Nye's Ranch. And when he camped that night in the manzanita-bushes, it was with great difficulty that he could kindle a fire. But he found a partly screened spot, where the snow sifted lightly in, and he could camp in comparative comfort. Jim was relieved of his load, and tied in a clump of trees which sheltered him; and Mont slept as best he could, and this was not sleeping well. His feet were sore with the chafing of a rough pair of new boots, put on when he left the trading-post, and now soaked with melting snow.

Next day, after Jim had browsed among the bushes, and Mont had swallowed a little hot coffee, they struggled on together, though the horse was now obliged to wade in a deep mass of snow, and Mont desperately kept up by his side.

Passing laboriously through the round valley where he had made his first night's camp, Mont entered the rocky jaws of Scotchman's Valley. The day was well advanced, but the sky was dark with storm. Overhead, the air was thick as with a drifting whirl of snow. The black-green trees by the trail were half-hidden and loaded with the snow. All trace of the route had vanished from the ground, and only a few landmarks, which Mont's practiced eye had noted as he rode down the trail, served to show the way in which he should go. There was the high, steep southern wall of the cañon, and there were the cabins on the bench below the upper edge. Poor Mont noted in the blinding storm the blue smoke curling from the chimneys of the cabins, and he longed to be by the cheerful fireside which he pictured to himself was within. Like showers of feathers, moist and large, the flakes fell, and fell continually. Mont's feet were wet and sore and lame. Once and again, he paused in his struggles and eyed the dismal sight around him, half-wondering if he should ever get through. The hapless horse panted beneath his burden, groaning as his master dragged him on through the drifts. Once, Mont, with numb fingers, untied the thongs that bound part of the load; then, passionately crying aloud, "No! no! I can't lose these provisions!" he made them fast again and labored onward.

He was now well up the cañon. Just opposite him were the cabins, and, as he looked up at them, the air began to clear. The snow fell only in scattered flakes, and the clouds showed signs of breaking away. Before him, however, the way looked even more hopeless than when it had been concealed by the falling storm. Behind, a few ragged, fading tracks showed where man and horse had struggled on in the drift.

Suddenly, a low and far-off moan broke on the utter stillness of the air. Mont, scared and half-delirious with excitement and fatigue, looked up toward the southern wall of the defile. The mountain-top seemed to be unloosed and falling over into the valley. The whole side of the ridge appeared broken off, and as it glided swiftly down, Mont noted, with fascinated minuteness of observation, that a broad brown furrow showed behind it where the earth was laid bare. Down rushed the mighty avalanche. The whole defile seemed to shut up like the covers of a book. In a twinkling the three poor little cabins were wiped out as with a wet sponge. The pallid mass swept on with a roar, its huge arms flying up toward the skies. It was not so much a wall of snow as a resistless torrent, broad and deep. The young man stood still, his heart ceased to beat; yet he stood and gazed, unable to flee, as the avalanche thundered down from bench to bench, struck the bottom of the cañon, and spread out in a confused mass of whiteness. In an instant, horse and man vanished in a waste of snow. The narrow valley was filled, and only here and there, where an uprooted tree or a fragment of a wrecked cabin showed above the surface, was there anything to break the utter desolation.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### PRIVATION AND DELIVERANCE.

"I ALLOW this is drestle disagreeable," said Hi. "Mont's been gone eight days; nothin' in the house to eat, and no neighbors within ten miles, so far 's we know."

"And I'm powerful hungry," chimed in Tom, who never missed an opportunity to make a complaint.

"I would n't mind," said Arty, once more going to the door and looking down the snow-covered trail,— "I would n't mind, if we only knew Mont was safe somewhere."

Barney grumbled and said that it served them right for letting Mont go down into the valley alone. They were fools, he thought, for having staid so high up among the mountains during the winter. If they had gone out when Mont went to Nye's Ranch, and had staid out, they would never

have seen any snow. There was no snow in the valley; and miners were "making money hand over fist" down on the American and Stanislaus rivers.

"Yes, yer hindsight is fust-rate, Crogan; but I would n't give much for your foresight," snarled Hi, who was chafing under this long and enforced idleness.

Barney, without a word, took his gun and went out in the snow to hunt rabbits. There was neither

looking for traces of their absent comrade. Greasertown was deserted. The six Mexicans who had lived there had packed up their light luggage and gone to parts unknown. On the rafters of their solitary cabin were laid two rude jig-saws, showing that the men intended to return. Drifts of snow were on the punchcon floor, and the wind sighed mournfully through the half-chinked walls of the log cabin. A lonely looking chipmunk gazed at the intruders, as he sat upright in the window-sill;



THE AVALANCHE.

flour nor meat in the cabin; but there was a plenty of coffee, some sugar, and a few beans. There was no immediate danger of starvation. Even at the worst, a few rabbits and squirrels could be snared or shot in the underbrush; and Arty had found that by crushing the dry berries of the manzanita, which still hung on the bushes, a very palatable sort of flour could be made. Barnard announced his intention of starving before he would eat such a mess, though Arthur argued that the Indians ate it and grew fat on it.

"But I'm not a Digger," was his brother's conclusive answer. "I'll starve first."

Matters looked even worse and more gloomy, four days after, when there was still no sign of Mont. Three of the boys, Hi, Barnard and Arthur, went down the trail as far as Greasertown, anxiously

then he uttered a little exclamation of disgust and disappeared.

"Yer might have shot him," muttered Hi, as he took up a junk bottle which had been used for a candlestick, and thoughtfully put his nose to its mouth.

"What does it smell of?" asked Barnard, with some sharpness.

"Don't know," replied Hi. "I was a-thinkin' that I might eat this 'ere taller droppings, if the mice had n't been before me."

Barney laughed, in spite of himself.

"Why, Hi, we are not so badly off as all that comes to yet. We need n't eat candles, like the Esquimaux. We can live on rabbits, you know."

"There's no fat on rabbits, and I must say I'm just a-pinin' for somethin' fat," rejoined poor Hi.

They had not even candles in their own cabin; but as they sat that night around the cheerful blaze of their fire, Hi acknowledged that it was far better to have fat pine-knots to burn than fat candles to eat.

After all, the great burden on their spirits was Mont's mysterious absence. If they could only be sure that he was safe and well, they would be happy. At least, that was what Barnard and Arthur said, over and over again.

"How much money did Mont have, all told?" demanded Hi.

"Let's see," said Arty, reckoning on his fingers; "there was the three hundred he got for the cattle, one hundred you gave him to send home for you, two hundred Barney and I sent off by him, and two hundred of his own for his mother. Why, that's eight hundred dollars altogether!"

"Eight hundred dollars' wuth of dust, and a hoss wuth nigh onto two hundred more, if he *is* old Crowbat. That's a good haul."

"What do you mean, Hi?" demanded Barney, starting up with an angry face.

"What do I mean?" replied the other, doggedly. "I mean that it's a good haul for a feller to get away with. That's what I mean."

"Do you mean to insinuate that Mont has gone off with our property, you confounded sneak?"—and Barney advanced toward Hi with sparkling eyes.

"I don't mean to insinuate nothin' agin nobody, Barney Crogan. So keep yer temper. Ye'll need it bumbye to keep from starvin'. If a highway-robber has corraled Mont with his dust, *that* would be a good haul for somebody, would n't it?"

"But there are no highway-robbers about these parts. We have never heard of anything being stolen anywhere, and people leave their stuff lying around loose everywhere."

Nevertheless, as Barney said this, he sat down with a sore feeling in his heart. After all, they did not know much about Mont. The old joke about his "store clothes" was still a tender subject in the camp, and Hi's unworthy suspicions found a lodgment in Barney's mind, though his eyes filled with angry tears when he tried to think better of his old comrade. He struggled weakly against the bad thoughts that rose in his mind. Then he reflected that the spare and unnatural diet to which they had been confined lately had reduced the moral tone of the camp. The young fellow rose and looked vacantly out of the little loophole in their canvas-covered window. The prospect without was not cheerful. The river was frozen over; the ground was white, and the sky was gray.

"Oh, well," said Arty, cheerily, "Mont is sure to come back. He's snow-bound somewhere, I'm

sure. Perhaps old Jim gave out, and he had to lie by somewhere until he got better."

"*Prehaps*," said Hi, with a marked emphasis.

"And then," went on the boy, without noticing Hi's interruption, "we are bound to get through this somehow. As Mont used to say, I feel it in my bones."

"Yes," said Tom, with scorn; "more bones than meat."

"Shut yer mouth, you Tom!" broke in his brother, angrily.

"Besides," added Arty, "mother used to say,"—and the boy's voice quavered a little,—"that the Lord will provide."

"I don't know," said Barney, gloomily, from the window. "It seems as if the Lord had gone off."

Arthur gave his brother a scared look, and remonstrated, with tearful eyes, "Oh, don't, Barney!"

That night, for almost the fiftieth time since Mont had been gone, Hi lifted the puncheons of the floor in one corner of the cabin, scraped away the soil, and dragged out the can of gold dust which formed the common stock. He smoothed it over, lovingly, in his hands, and let it drop back into the can with a sharp rattle.

"It's a heap of money," he said, with a sigh. "'T would buy a farm in Illinoy."

"But it wont buy a pound of side-meat in Crowbat Gulch," said Barney, with some ill-humor.

"Nary time," replied Hiram. "What's the use of gold if yer can't buy nothin' with it? Yer can't eat it, can't drink it, can't wear it,"—and, as if trying the experiment, he took up a bright lump and bit it. "Blame the contemptible yaller stuff!" said Hi, with a sudden burst of rage. "What's the good of it now?"—and he shied it into the fire.

The golden nugget struck the back of the fireplace and dropped into the blaze, as if astonished at its rude treatment.

Arty, with much concern, attempted to pull it out, but Barnard said:

"Let it be; you can poke it out to-morrow, when Hi and the ashes have both cooled off."

Johnny, from his bunk, had looked on this curious scene with much amazement. He did not exactly understand why Hi, who usually was the greediest for gold, should now throw a piece into the fire. Then, why did he bite at it? He might have known that gold was not good to eat, and he had no business to throw it away like that when he found that he could not bite it. Then the lad remembered Mont's last words, "Don't eat up all the gold while I am gone!" It was very strange. So, thinking of Mont, and wondering if he would ever come back again, Johnny turned his face against the rough wall of the cabin and softly cried himself to sleep.

Next day, the sun rose so bright and clear that the little valley was deluged with an intense brightness almost painful to the eyes. Barnard awoke, and sitting up in his bunk, half-wondered what it was that had so troubled him when he went to sleep. Then he suddenly remembered the privations and dangers of their situation; and he took up his burden of anxiety with a dull feeling of pain.

Arthur was already punching up the embers, and, with a little laugh, he poked out the lump of gold which Hi had tossed there the night before. "Ouch!" he exclaimed, as he dropped it on the floor, "it's hot as blazes!"

"Hard to get and hard to hold," remarked Barnard, soberly.

As the young miners gathered about their scanty breakfast, Johnny reminded them of Mont's last word about eating the gold.

"That was Mont's joke," said Barney; "but he little thought how near we should come to having nothing but that stuff to eat."

Just then there was a sound outside, as of tramping in the snow.

"What's that?" cried Hi.

"Grizzlies!" shrieked Tom; and everybody rushed to the door.

It was like a message from an outer and far-off world, in that solitary wilderness. As they flung wide open the door, there was Mont, limping along with a sack of flour on his back, and behind him was Messer with other provisions. Mont looked pale and worn, but he cried out, cheerily:

"Halloo! Crowbait!"

His comrades crowded about him to relieve him of his load, shake his hands, and ask all manner of questions. All but Hi, who, with a great gulp, sat down on a bench and broke into tears. The other boys, though with moistened eyes and tender hearts, in this hour of their deliverance, looked upon the tearful Hi with real amazement.

"What's the matter, Hi?" asked Mont, kindly putting his arm on Hi's shoulder.

"I did n't allow I was so powerful weak," blubbed the poor fellow. "I must have been hungry, and, besides, I'm so glad you've got back, you can't think."

Barnard's face clouded for a moment, as he remembered Hiram's suspicions. But Hi added:

"And I thought hard of you, too. Don't lay it up agin me!"

"Oh, no," said Mont. "So long as you are all alive, I am thankful and happy. 'Here we are again, Mr. Merryman,' as the circus-man says," and the young fellow gayly slapped Arty's back.

But Mont was not in very good case, and when he told his story, they marveled much that he was alive. The avalanche in Scotchman's Valley had

swept down the miners' cabins, but, fortunately, the only man in either of them had heard the hum of the slide as it came. Running out, he dashed into a tunnel in the rear of the cabin, where his comrades were at work, just in time to escape the flying mass which swept down the hillside and into the gulch below. Their cabins were gone, but the miners were alive, and thankfully they set themselves to recovering whatever was left of the wreck.

A dark spot on the surface of the snow attracted their attention. It was a horse's head.

"Thar must be a man whar thar's a hoss, you bet," was the sage remark of one of them. So, leaving their own affairs, the men went down and worked manfully until they had dug out old Jim, for it was he—dead in the snow. Anxiously, the good fellows plied their shovels until Mont, insensible and nearly suffocated, was dragged out to the light. He was carried up to the tunnel, where a fire, chafing, and some hot coffee, recalled him to consciousness. But his mind wandered, and he could give no satisfactory account of himself.

"Must be one of them Boston fellers up to Crowbait, just this side of Forty Thieves," muttered one of the party. "He looks too high-toned for one of the Forty Thieves folks. Besides, they all left a fortnight ago; but what's he a-doin' down here?" And the puzzled miner scratched his head.

Mont could only say, "Don't eat all the gold up!"

Out of the wreck of their cabins the miners soon reconstructed a comfortable shelter. Mont's provisions were nearly all found and laid by for him; and his rescuers made him, and themselves, as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

When the young man, after a day or two, was able to sit up and tell who he was and where he came from, he found himself so weak and lame that he could not travel. He moaned over this, for he was filled with alarm for his comrades, waiting at home for food. More than a week was already gone, and his feet were yet so sore that it was impossible for him to move. He *must* go, if he had to crawl. The boys would starve.

His new friends tried to persuade him that his "pardners" would be able to get along on wild game, and that it was more necessary for him to get well than for him to take food to them. Mont fretted, and continually fixed his gaze on the narrow cañon entrance through which he must struggle on to Crowbait.

One day, while thus looking wistfully out over the gulch, he saw the well-known slouchy figure of Messer crossing on the snow, now fast melting away. Messer was loaded with pick, pan, and "grub." He had left his wife at Frenchman's Misery, down the valley, and had come up to join

an old acquaintance in the hill diggings, where Mont was now confined against his will.

It was a fortunate meeting. Honest Messer said: "You uns was kind to we uns on the plains. I'll pack ye up to Chaparral, if that 'll do you any good."

Mont protested that he could walk; but he should be glad for some assistance with his load. Messer expressed a willingness to carry Mont and all the goods and provisions which poor old Jim had so far brought. So, after one more day's rest, the two men set out with as much of the stuff as they could carry. The trail was difficult, but they managed to reach Greasertown at the end of their first day. Here they camped in the deserted cabin, and next day, bright and early in the morning, they pushed on to Crowbait. Mont had hoped to surprise the boys. But when he drew near, and none came to meet him, his heart sank. There was no sign of life when he came in sight of the cabin. The sun was up, but no smoke issued from the rude chimney.

"Have they become discouraged and gone away?" he asked himself, with growing alarm. Then a pale blue wreath of smoke curled up from the chimney. "That's Arty! God bless the boy!" murmured Mont to himself.

Now he heard voices within, and the door opened. He was at home at last. All was well.

"It was a tight squeak you uns had of it," remarked Messer, solemnly.

Barney, standing behind Arthur, affectionately put his hands on the lad's shoulders and said:

"But this little chap reminded us that the Lord would provide."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### LUCK IN STREAKS.

MONT did not readily recover from his sickness. During the remainder of that winter, which yet had many privations in store for them, he was in firm in health. The boys had anxious hours and days. There was no physician in the region; their own slender stock of medicines was not of much avail in a case of serious sickness like this; and more than once the tender-hearted Barney, who could no longer endure the sight of his comrade suffering without remedy, went hastily out among the snow-covered hills, and, in the death-like waste of the forest, tried to find relief for his pent-up and sorrowful feelings.

It was not until the snow had melted, the wild geese had begun to clamor in the sky, and the ripple of the creek along its pebbly bars was heard once more, that Mont fairly recovered. The log cabin was continually damp, and as little sunshine could pour into it through the winter, it was not a good place for a sick man. But when the doors

and windows were thrown open wide, and the warmth of the early California spring flooded the little house with sunlight, the invalid recovered rapidly, and the shadow of a great trouble passed away from the household.

With the re-opening of the trails came new and old acquaintances. Almost before the snow had melted from the mountains above them, prospectors came hunting through the hills for gold. Many of these were newly arrived in the country, and they had already begun to think that the gold of the lower valleys was "played out," and that the precious stuff must be sought higher up in the Sierra. Nevertheless, all of these had gold dust with them, which they handled as carelessly as if it had been common dirt. Each man carried a little pair of scales about him, with which he weighed the ore when he bought or sold anything; for, as yet, there was no coin and no other currency than this.

With the spring, too, came news from home. Some of their neighbors at Forty Thieves brought up a package of priceless letters from Sacramento for the boys. Barnard and Arthur did not think any price too great to pay for a fat envelope from Sugar Grove; for that packet contained a wonderful letter of many pages, in which father, mother, sister, and each one of the brothers, had written something. It was a marvelous production, written during the early winter evenings, and the two boys read it over and over again with almost tearful delight. It seemed strange, in those distant solitudes, to read of the white calf which had been born to Daisy, and of the marvelous crop of bell-flower apples last year. Barnard put down the closely written pages which told him how the wheat crop had turned out in the ten-acre lot, how the pigs had been sold to Jim Van Orman, and how Jedediah Page was married to Dolly Oliver, and Father Dixon had been presented with a gold-headed cane by the citizens of the town. As the boy looked away from these simple annals of his far-off home, into the trackless forest which clothed the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, he seemed as one in a dream. He was obliged to look about him to be sure that he was in California and not in Illinois. The picture of the old homestead at Sugar Grove, the red barn, the well-sweep, the family about the big kitchen-table, and the neighbors dropping in to chat, now seemed something that existed in some other world than this.

Hi and Tom also had their budget of home news, which was none the less welcome, probably, because the handwriting was rugged, and because, as Hi expressed it, the dingy letter-paper "smelt con-foundedly of terbacker-smoke." Old man Fender and his wife dearly loved a pipe when any serious business, like that of letter-writing, was in hand.

Mont went away by himself to read his long letters from Cambridgeport. He had two sets of these—one in the stately, erect handwriting of his mother, and the other crowded full of fine hair-lines, expressing, doubtless, very comfortable sentiments, for the boys observed that Mont improved in spirits whenever he read these,—and, as this was often, the young man was always light-hearted, as of old.

"I would n't mind giving you a bit of one of our letters, Johnny," said Arty, genially, as he saw that the friendless little lad looked on the happy circle of readers with a troubled face. "only I suppose it would n't do you any good. You might 'play' that it was from your sister."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Johnny, stoutly; "but it is sort of hard-like, that I've got nobody to write to me. Nobody, nobody!"—and the lad's eyes filled with tears, in spite of himself.

Nevertheless, there was news about Johnny. Farmer Stevens had made inquiries and had found that one Doctor Jenness, known as a veterinary surgeon, otherwise "horse-doctor," lived at Lick Springs, Vermillion County; and that his sister, name unknown, had married some years ago, and had subsequently died in Ogle County, leaving a little son and some property. So much was already discovered by way of a beginning, and the good man was sure he should be able to trace the rest, by and by. Johnny heard the story without much interest. Arty was excited to know that his father was on the track of Johnny's parentage. It had been a great mystery to him. He was sure some great thing might happen yet. But the boy himself was satisfied with his present condition, and was at home with his new friends. Beyond these he had no concern whatever.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground, the boys went to work again with a hearty good will. They had put their mining tools in order during the winter leisure, and their very first ventures into the claim were richly repaid. They had worked well up toward the upper end of the gulch, skinning off the top soil and digging up the pay dirt next to the bed-rock. One day, Mont, who was manfully tugging away with his returning strength, fairly shouted with delight, as his shovel turned up a broken mass of gold, shining in one magical cluster. The boys came running, and Hi, stooping down, with hooked fingers eagerly clawed out the loose earth. There, in a narrow crevice in the bed-rock, like eggs in a basket, were thirteen lumps of bright, yellow, solid gold, some as large as butternuts, some smaller, and some about as large as marbles. They were all irregular in shape, but all were smoothly rounded as if they had been rolled and rolled for ages in the bed of a swiftly moving

stream. The earth was packed about them, and even in this soft bed appeared shining particles, which would have excited their expectations if they had not now the great luck in their grasp.

"I allow there must be at least fifty thousand dollars in that there hole!" said Hi, feverishly, as he fingered the glorious "chispas."

"Oh, Hi, you're crazy!" broke in Barney. "There is n't more than ten thousand in the whole lot, if there is so much. Gold dust is mighty deceiving, you know."

"Well, let's go for the nest," said Tom, valiantly brandishing the pick. "May be we'll strike another like it deeper down."

But this was a vain hope. The dirt was carefully scraped out of the little hole where the gold had been found. When washed, it paid well, though not in big lumps. The boys dug all around the lucky spot without finding any more rich deposits. Hi left his rocker by the creek, in order to be on hand when the next "big strike" was made; and he grew fretful as days went by and only fair wages were returned for their labors.

Their mine had yielded, since spring had opened, ten thousand dollars, of which about one-half had been found in what Johnny called "the lucky hole." So, with the letters home went a package of gold dust. Mining operations had thickened so among the mountains that Freeman's Express Company had pushed its agencies far up into the Sierra. Mounted messengers collected and delivered letters and small parcels, and no sight in all the year was so welcome to these exiles in the mountains of California as the lithe horseman, with his saddlebags strapped behind him and his pistols at his belt, rode over the divide and plunged into the gulches where men were delving in the mines.

Now they had money on the way home—"money in the bank," as Hi put it—and they returned to their work with new energy. They ran narrow trenches up into the slopes on either side of their claim. They sunk holes in the edges of the bank, the central portion of the triangular gulch having been carefully worked over. One day, when they weighed up their gains for that day's labor, they found just ten dollars. Hi frowned and said that "the youngsters" were getting lazy. Tom, as a representative youngster, resented this remark, and murmured something about punching Hi's head. Mont interfered in behalf of peace, and cheerily reminded them that there had been a time when ten dollars was a good show for a day's work.

"But that was when we were prospecting," said Barney, ruefully looking at the meager yield of gold. "Now we are supposed to be in a paying claim. Ten dollars a day is just two dollars apiece."

The next day's harvest was twenty-two dollars. The next was worse yet—only five dollars. But on the third day they washed out eighty-five cents!

An expert from Swell-Head Gulch was called in to view the premises. He walked over the ground, asked a few questions, and, when the lucky find was described, said, with great contempt:

"That war only a pocket."

Then he scooped up some of the earth next the outer edge of the bed-rock last laid bare, poked it about in the palm of his rough hand, with a knowing air, and said:

"Boys, your claim is played out."

So saying, he stalked away, without giving the matter a second thought.

In an instant almost their castles in the air had tumbled. Barnard sat down on the ground in a most depressed condition of mind, saying:

"Just our luck!"

Hi growled: "And we've been and gone and sent all our money home."

Arty turned to Mont, and asked with his eyes:

"Well?"

And Mont said: "There's only one thing to do, boys. As Bush would say, we may as well 'get up and dust.'"

(*To be continued.*)

## THE FAIRY'S WONDER-BOX.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

GOD has given to the people of this world a wonderful garden, full of all sorts of beautiful things. Everybody wanders in this garden sometimes; but some people go there oftener than others, and see a much greater variety of wonderful things. It is called the Garden of Imagination, because it is full of a great variety of images. They are not like images made of marble or china or wax, for they float about, and keep changing. Indeed, they come and go so fast, that it is often hard to tell what they look like, before they are gone. But some little girls talk about the things they see in this garden, and then other little girls say they make up charming stories.

This wonder-garden swarms with fairies. Indeed, it is the place where all the fairies in the world come from. One of them is very busy picking up little bits of colored glass and glittering metal, and placing them in all manner of beautiful patterns. It is perfectly wonderful how many elegant figures she will make out of a few broken bits of things, that seem good for nothing till she touches them with her fairy fingers.

One day a little girl, who was called Mattie Mischief, tried to reach a flower on the mantel-piece, and she knocked down a splendid vase of Bohemian glass, all ruby-colored and gold. When her mother saw the precious vase broken into fragments, she told Mattie she must go to her own room and stay till supper-time, because she had been a naughty little girl. She was so mischievous

that she was often sent to her room, and when she was there she tried to amuse herself by wandering about in the Garden of Imagination; and there was no end to the stories she used to tell about the things she saw there.

So when she had done crying about the broken vase, she went off to this garden again to seek for company. And there she saw a fairy dancing and capering round some small pieces of the red and gold glass, which she had picked out of the dusting-pan. You never saw anything so beautiful as that little fairy. No butterfly or dragon-fly was ever half so handsome. All manner of bright, changeable colors shimmered over her transparent wings and her little gauze skirt, so that she looked as if she had been dipped in a rainbow. In her hair she wore a little blue forget-me-not, which contrasted prettily with her golden curls, as they went flying round, glancing in the sunshine, as she danced.

"Why, you charming little creature!" exclaimed Mattie. "What is your name? What are you going to do with those little bits of glass? They are good for nothing."

"My name is Prisma," replied the fairy. "I am going to put these pieces into my wonder-box. I can make something out of nothing; I can. You'll see! you'll see!" and away she flew.

Mattie told her mother about it afterward; and her mother said, "I think you have been sleeping, my child, and have had a dream."



"I wish I could dream about that little Prisma again," replied Mattie. "She was so pretty and so graceful!"

She thought so much about her, that she soon wandered away into the Garden of Imagination again; and there she saw Prisma seated on a dandelion blossom, with her little feet crossed, to rest herself. A purple morning-glory, with a piece of the stem attached to it for a handle, made a beautiful large umbrella for her; for in that garden flowers do not wilt after they are gathered, as they do in common gardens. But the busy little creature did not stop long to rest. She saw a bit of shining mica among the gravel, and she jumped down from her flowery perch to pick it up.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Mattie.

"I am going to put it into my wonder-box," said Prisma. "Look under this mullein, and see what a heap of treasures I have found."

Mattie raised a leaf, and saw under it some broken beads and broken glass-buttons, of all sorts of bright colors, mixed with links of chains, some of gold, some of silver, and some of polished steel.

"You foolish little thing! What do you pick up such rubbish for?" said Mattie, and she gave the little heap a push with her foot.

Prisma was so vexed, that her face flushed as red as a damask-rose leaf. "Rubbish!" she exclaimed. "If you were to look at it in my wonder-box, you would n't call it rubbish, I can tell you!"

She spread out her gauzy wings, with a little clicking noise, and flew away.

Mattie was sorry she had offended Prisma, for she was afraid she should never see her again, and she wanted to ask if she might see her wonder-box.

A few weeks after, when Mattie was walking out, she met one of her young friends named Louisa.

"I am glad I met you," said Louisa. "I want you to come with me to look at a beautiful new plaything I have had given me."

So they went home together, and Louisa brought a long box, with a peeping-hole at one end of it, and asked her friend to look into it.

Mattie shouted, "Oh, how beautiful it is! I never saw anything so splendid."

Louisa turned a little wheel in the end of the box, and as she turned, pearls and emeralds and rubies and diamonds rolled about, forming an endless variety of stars, crosses, and circles, and elegant flowery patterns, all gorgeous with bright colors.

Mattie did not know how to express her delight. Every new pattern that came seemed handsomer than the others, and she shouted "Oh! oh!" continually. "I wish I could take them all out and string them," said she. "Would n't they make a splendid necklace? Where did you get it? and what do you call it?"

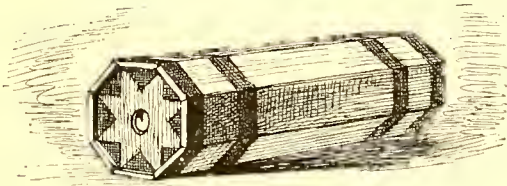
Louisa replied, "My aunt gave it to me. She said the name of it in Greek was kaleidoscope, and that it meant in English a beautiful sight."

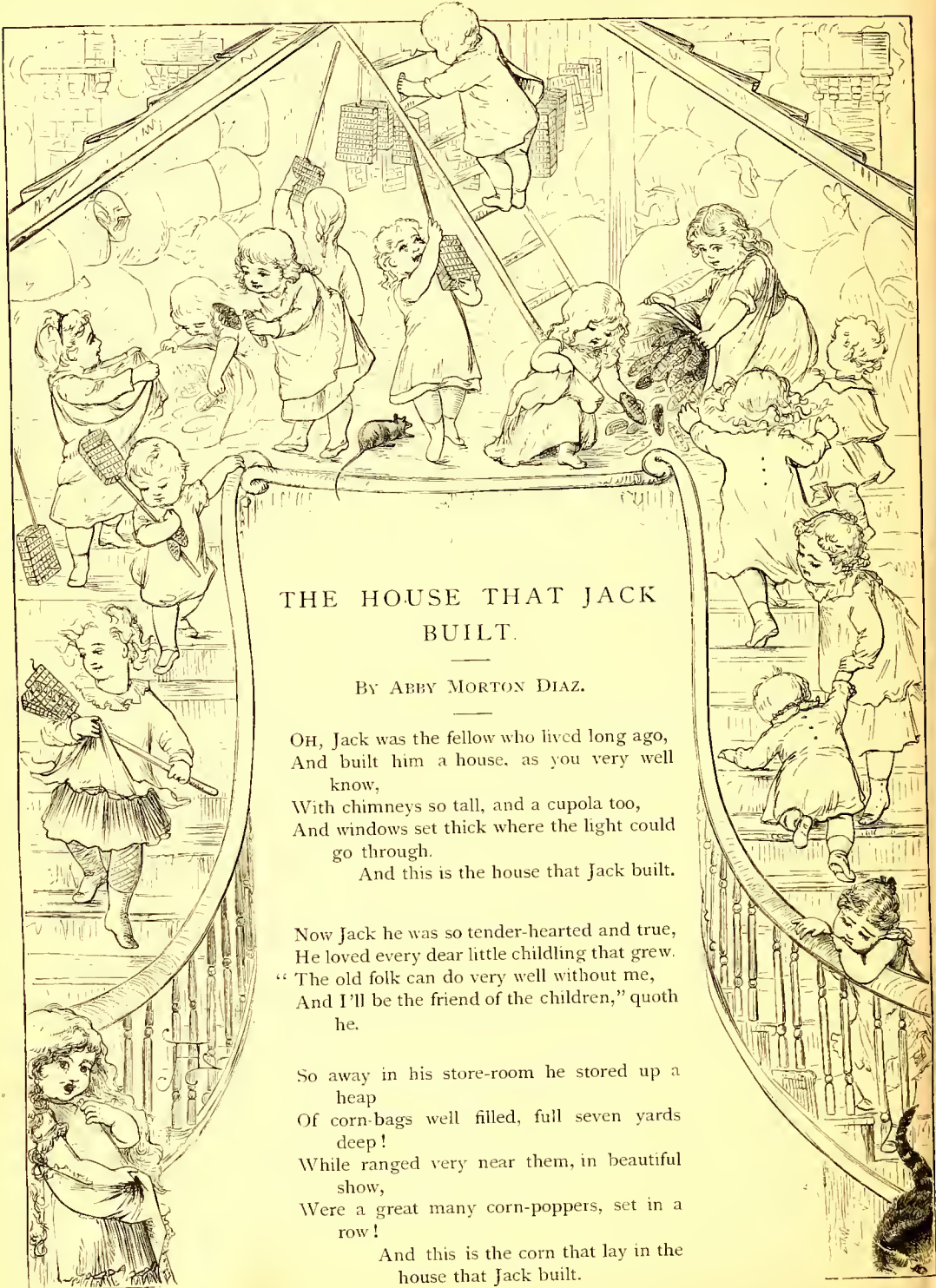
"I think it is a whole lot of beautiful sights," exclaimed Mattie. "Where *do* they all come from? What *makes* them come?"

All at once, they heard a whirring noise, as if a humming-bird was in the room, and Prisma lighted on the top of the kaleidoscope.

"Where do they come from?" she repeated. "They come from under the mullein-leaf. What *makes* them come? I make them come. I told you I could make something out of nothing. You may call it by a Greek name if you like, but it is my wonder-box. You said they were rubbish, and now you think they are pearls and emeralds and rubies, and want to wear them for a necklace. But you must be careful to keep them in my wonder-box, for if you take them out they will all look like rubbish again. That is the way with fairy things."

Again she spread her gauzy wings with a clicking sound, gave Mattie's ear a little tap as she passed, and flew away.





## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

OH, Jack was the fellow who lived long ago,  
And built him a house, as you very well  
know,  
With chimneys so tall, and a cupola too,  
And windows set thick where the light could  
go through.  
And this is the house that Jack built.

Now Jack he was so tender-hearted and true,  
He loved every dear little childling that grew.  
"The old folk can do very well without me,  
And I'll be the friend of the children," quoth  
he.

So away in his store-room he stored up a  
heap  
Of corn-bags well filled, full seven yards  
deep!  
While ranged very near them, in beautiful  
show,  
Were a great many corn-poppers, set in a  
row!

And this is the corn that lay in the  
house that Jack built.

And a blazing red fire was ever kept glowing,  
By a great pair of bellows that ever kept blowing;  
And there stood the children, the dear little souls,  
A-shaking their corn-poppers over the coals.

Soon a motherly rat, seeking food for her young,  
Came prying and peeping the corn-bags among,  
"I'll take home a supply," said this kindest of  
mothers;  
"My children like corn quite as well as those  
others."

And this is the rat, &c.

Just as Puss shuts her eyelids, oh! what does she  
hear?  
"Bow-wow!" and "Bow-wow!" very close at her  
ear.

Now away up a pole all trembling she springs,  
And there, on its top, all trembling she clings.  
And this is the dog, &c.

Said Bose to himself, "What a great dog am I!  
When my voice is heard, who dares to come  
nigh?"

Now I'll worry that cow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if she  
Should run up a pole, how funny 't would be!"



"A-SHAKING THEIR CORN-POPPERS OVER THE COALS."

Run quick, Mother Rat! Oh, if you but knew  
How slyly old Tabby is watching for you!  
She's creeping so softly—pray, pray do not wait!  
She springs!—she has grabbed you!—ah, now  
't is too late!

And this is the cat, &c.

Too late, yes too late! All your struggles are  
vain;  
You never will see those dear children again!  
All sadly they sit in their desolate home.  
Looking out for the mother that never will come.

When Pussy had finished, she said, with a smile,  
"I think I will walk in the garden awhile,  
And there take a nap in some sunshiny spot."  
Bose laughed to himself as he said, "I think not!"

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Poor Bose! you will wish that you'd never been  
born  
When you bark at that cow with the crumpled  
horn.

'Way you go, with a toss, high up in the air!  
Do you like it, old Bose? Is it pleasant up there?  
And this is the cow, &c.

Now when this old Molly, so famous in story,  
Left Bose on the ground, all bereft of his glory,  
She walked to the valley as fast as she could,  
Where a dear little maid with a milking-pail  
stood.

And this is the maiden, &c.

Alas! a maiden all forlorn was she,  
Woful and sad, and piteous to see!

With weary step she walked, and many a sigh;  
Her cheek was pale, a tear bedimmed her eye.  
She sat her down, with melancholy air,



THE CAT THAT CAUGHT THE RAT.

Among the flowers that bloomed so sweetly  
there;  
And thus, with clasped hands, she made her  
moan.

“Ah me!” she said. “Ah me! I’m all alone!  
In all the world are none who care for me;  
In all the world are none I care to see.  
No one to me a kindly message brings;



THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

Nobody gives me any pretty things.  
Nobody asks me am I sick, or well.  
Nobody listens when I’ve aught to tell.

Kind words of love I’ve never, never known.  
Ah me!” she said, “’t is sad to be alone!”  
Now up jumps the man all tattered and torn,  
And he says to the maiden, “Don’t sit there,  
forlorn.  
Behind this wild rose-bush I’ve heard all you  
said,  
And I’ll love and protect you, you dear little  
maid!  
For oft have I hid there, so bashful and shy,  
And peeped through the roses to see you go  
by;  
I know every look of those features so fair,  
I know every curl of your bright golden hair.  
My garments are in bad condition, no doubt;  
But the love that I give you shall never wear  
out.  
Now I’ll be the husband if you’ll be the wife,  
And together we’ll live without trouble or strife.”  
And this is the man, &c.



THE DOG THAT WAS TOSSED.

Thought the maid to herself, “Oh, what beautiful  
words!  
Sweeter than music or singing of birds!  
How pleasant ’t will be thus to live all my life  
With this kind little man, without trouble or  
strife!  
If his clothes are all tattered and torn, why ’t is  
plain  
What he needs is a wife that can mend them  
again.  
And he brought them to such sorry plight, it  
may be,  
’Mong the thorns of the roses, while watching  
for me!”

And when this wise maiden looked up in his  
face,  
She saw there a look full of sweetness and grace.  
’T was a truth-telling face. “Yes, I’ll trust you,”  
said she.



THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

“ Ah, a kiss I must take, if you trust me ! ” quoth he ;

“ And since we’re so happily both of a mind,  
We’ll set off together the priest for to find.”

Now hand in hand along they pass,  
Tripping it lightly over the grass,  
By pleasant ways, through fields of flowers,  
By shady lanes, through greenwood bowers.  
The bright little leaves they dance in the breeze,  
And the birds sing merrily up in the trees !  
The maiden smiles as they onward go—  
Forgotten now her longing and woe ;  
And the good little man he does care for her  
so !

He cheers the way with his pleasant talk,  
Finds the softest paths where her feet may walk,  
Stays her to rest in the sheltered nook,  
Guides her carefully over the brook,  
Lifts her tenderly over the stile,  
Speaking so cheerily all the while ;

And plucks the prettiest wild flowers there,  
To deck the curls of her golden hair.  
Says the joyful maid, “ Not a flower that grows  
Is so fair for me as the sweet *wild rose* ! ”

Thus journeying on, by greenwood and dell,  
They came, at last, where the priest did dwell,—  
A jolly fat priest, as I have heard tell :  
A jolly fat priest, all shaven and shorn,  
With a long black cassock so jauntily worn.  
And this is the priest, &c.

“ Good morrow, Sir Priest ! will you marry us  
two ? ”

“ That I will,” said the priest. “ if ye’re both lov-  
ers true !  
But when, little man, shall your wedding-day  
be ? ”

“ To-morrow, good priest, if you can agree,  
At the sweet hour of sunrise, when the new  
day  
Is rosy and fresh in its morning array.



THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

When flowers are awaking, and birds full of glee,  
At the top of the morning our wedding shall be!  
And since friends we have none, for this wedding  
of ours

No guests shall there be, save the birds and the  
flowers;

Next morning, while sleeping his sweetest sleep,  
The priest was aroused from his slumbers deep  
By the clarion voice of chanticleer,  
Sudden and shrill, from the apple-tree near.  
“Wake up! wake up!” it seemed to say;  
“Wake up! wake up! there’s a wedding to-day!”



“GOOD-MORROW, SIR PRIEST! WILL YOU MARRY US ‘TWO?”

And we’ll stand out among them, in sight of  
them all,  
Where the pink and white blooms of the apple-  
tree fall.”

“Od zooks!” cried the priest, “what a wedding  
we’ll see  
To-morrow, at sun-rising, under the tree!”

And this was the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that  
caught the rat, that ate the corn that lay in  
the house that Jack built.

## AUNT KITTY'S LITTLE SPINNERS.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

It was a long time ago that Dick and I planted the turnip-seed which came up silk-worms. We were staying at grandfather's, because mother was sick and we were in the way at home.

He had just been making his garden, and he gave us a spot in one corner of it, and told us we might have all the seeds that were left and sow them. So we took the paper bags and planted cucumbers, corn, cabbages, squashes, and everything together—enough, I suppose, for an acre. And still we had a little room left; so we went after more seeds, and found, on a shelf in the kitchen, two or three sheets of paper all covered with small slate-colored ones. Dick ran and asked Aunt Kitty if we might have "that turnip-seed."

"Yes, yes! Any of the seed! Run away now. Don't trouble me!"

And away we went. But they stuck to the paper, and as we were in a hurry to get done planting, and go fishing, we laid the sheets on the top of the ground and sprinkled a little soil over them, for we had heard grandfather say that small seeds must not be covered deep.

We were gone till about dark; and when we came home there were lights moving about the kitchen—a great search seemed to be going on. Grandpa and Aunt Kitty, and Kezia, the girl, had each a candle, and were hunting in corners and under chairs. When we opened the door, Aunt Kitty said: "Perhaps the children can tell."

"Children!" cried grandpa, severely, "have you been meddling with the silk-worms' eggs!"

Dick answered, "No!" and stood to it stoutly. But a thought came into my head, and I asked, "Were they on some papers on the shelf, grandpa? And were they stuck on? And did they look like seeds? Oh! oh! we planted them in our garden."

"What!" shouted he. "Those eggs, that I took so much pains to get! Planted them? Are Sarah's children idiots?"

We were frightened almost out of our senses, but we flew to our patch, and took up the papers carefully, and carried them to Aunt Kitty. And lo! our seeds had turned into hundreds of tiny black worms! The sun's heat had hatched them. The wind had blown off the grains of earth we had put on, and there they were, alive and well.

We were sent to bed in disgrace; but next morning Aunt Kitty was so good as to explain all about them. She said everybody was going into

the business of raising silk-worms, hoping to make their own silk. Grandpa had set out the mulberry trees the year before, and bought the eggs, which had been preserved all winter in a box in the cellar, where it was warm enough to keep them from freezing,—for that would spoil them,—but not warm enough to make them hatch. The right time was about the last of May, when the mulberry trees had leaved out. The worms lived on those leaves. Not out of doors, though, in this country; but the leaves must be picked and brought into the house; and the worms must be fed three or four times a day for a month or more, when they would leave off eating and spin their cocoons.

At this point we both cried, "Oh! Aunt Kitty, can't we? may n't we? Oh, may we feed them?"

Now, Aunt Kitty liked us; and she said she was sure we should do right, if we only knew.

Even grandpa, when he found the worms all right, said we were not to blame, and were *not* "idiots," but pretty good children, after all.

So it came about that we helped tend silk-worms; and in those next few weeks we saw all that anybody did about their doings.

Grandpa made some long tables in the upper hall; and over one-half we spread newspapers and put the worms on. They were not bigger than the smallest ants. After that, everything went on like clock-work; and how fast they did grow! Dick and I picked the leaves—the tenderest ones at first. If it looked like rain, we brought in an extra quantity, and put them in the cellar, so that they might not wilt, because then the worms would not like them.

They must be kept clean, too. So every morning we spread fresh papers on the uncovered half of the table, and then sprinkled the mulberry-leaves over them; and no sooner had we done this, than all the worms would start from the soiled papers as fast as they could go, after their breakfast; and soon they would be on their leaves; and then we gathered up all the litter, and carried it off, and we never lost a worm.

They became real pets to us, and seemed to know us. They were very tame; and had some queer ways. The most curious thing was their changing their skins; they did this four times, growing dull and sleepy and half-sick for a little while, till they had worked their way out of their old skins, when they would appear as good as new,

and begin eating with all their might. They started *black*; but after the fourth shedding of their skins, came out a pale yellow. And now they became more and more interesting. We used to bring in twigs of mulberry, and watch them go

the bush; and before long we found that he had fastened some fuzzy, shining stuff, like the finest fibers of split sewing-silk, all around him.

This, Aunt Kitty said, was *floss*; and all silkworms made it in their own countries (where they lived on trees), to keep out the rain; and those which were cared for in houses were not wise enough, with all their wisdom, to see that *they* did not need to do so.

After this was fixed, he would begin on his cocoon; and if nothing hindered him, he would never stop until it was done; and never break the thread—carrying the same one back and forth, up and down, hour after hour, for three or four days; and when it was all spun out of his little body, there would perhaps be a thousand feet of it of *double* thread, for he always has two strands to it, finer than the finest hair.

He began on the outside; so for a few hours we could watch him; and it did not trouble him in the least. At first, he was altogether in sight; but pretty soon there was



THE CHILDREN SPRINKLE A LITTLE SOIL OVER THE SILK-WORM EGGS.

hurrying to begin on a leaf; they would eat down on one edge, cutting out a beautiful scallop, notched as neatly as a little saw; and all eating together, they made a humming sound which could be heard all over the room.

Now was the time, Aunt Kitty told us, to watch sharp and see them begin their cocoons. They were now about three inches long; and instead of growing, they seemed to shrink a little, and became so nearly transparent that you could almost see through them. When one refused to eat, and went rambling about in an uncertain way, as if he was hunting for something, we knew he was ready to spin. So we laid little bushes down, and pretty soon he would climb up, find a place that suited him, fix his hind feet firm, and begin to stretch his head back and forth and every way, as far as he could reach. And where he had touched, we could see a little yellowish film, bright as spun gold, and not heavier than a spider's thread, on

a screen, like yellow gauze, through which we could see his head moving with as much regularity as machinery; and by and by the web grew so thick that we could not make him out at all.

The outermost was the "floss;" next came the "fine silk," and inside of all was a lining of what was called "glued silk," as hard and firm as a skin, which finished his tight little chamber, the most beautiful and perfect that could be. After it was all done, and he had spun his last fiber, it was as pretty in shape as a bird's egg. Then he shed his skin again and went to sleep, as a chrysalis. But he did not intend to stay there. He had made one end of his cocoon—the pointed one—thinner than the other; and if he was let alone, in a few weeks he would wake up and gnaw his way out, and appear in the world as a brown moth.

But that was just what Aunt Kitty and the silk-makers did not wish him to do. There would be an ugly hole in the cocoon if he did so, and the



threads of silk would be cut; so the poor worm that had spun such beautiful stuff for us must be killed.

We went up with her, after they were all done spinning, and there were the bushes full of the lovely, lemon-colored cocoons, larger than robins' eggs. We picked them off, pulled away all the floss, and then she put them in a warm oven, and kept them there long enough to destroy the little life inside.

The next thing was to get the silk off into such shape that it could be used. And one day, just before we went home, Aunt Kitty brought down a basketful of the cocoons and put some of them in a kettle of warm water. The next thing she did was to reach in a little whisk broom and catch the ends, which the water had loosened. At first a good deal of fuzzy, flossy stuff came off; but after a while she found the right end, and then, pulling gently at it, it unwound, just as the worm had spun it; and she put the threads from six or eight cocoons together, and wound them very carefully on a reel.

Afterward, she twisted all these doubled threads on the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and had some nice skeins of sewing-silk, which she dyed blue and black, and other colors. And the floss, and all the waste ends, she carded, and spun it on

grandmother's little linen wheel, and knit herself a pair of silk stockings from it.

But Aunt Kitty told us that where they made silk they had very different machinery from hers; and after we grew older we found out more about it. After it is unwound from the cocoons and made up into skeins, or "hanks," as they are called, it is sent to the manufacturer to be woven on looms. It is known as "raw silk," because it has not been dyed or cleansed, but is just as the silk-worm made it.

Once, our silk goods all came from other countries—France, China, and those regions where the silk-worm and the mulberry trees are more at home than they are here; but now great quantities of the raw silk are sent to America, and are woven here; and some of the most elegant silk goods are made here, as fine and lustrous as a queen could ask for.

After that summer they kept no worms at grandpa's. It was too much trouble. Besides, the mulberry-trees died—it was so cold there in the winter. Aunt Kitty did not wind all the cocoons, and the last time I was there I found some of them on a high shelf in the hall-closet; and that is how I came to think of writing about the little spinners.

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## LOVE'S JESTING.

*(An Incident in Mozart's Childhood.)*

"His disposition was characterized by an extreme sensibility and tenderness, inasmuch that he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him, and if they jestingly answered in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears."—*Holmes's Life of Mozart, chap. 1.*

BY H. E. SCUDDER.

IT is a little child  
That sits upon my knee—  
A little child so wild,  
So running o'er wi' glee.

He lays his chubby hand  
Upon my hairy cheek;  
His chubby hand—dear wand,  
That makes my will so weak.

"Do you love me?" he says,  
His soft blue eyes to mine.  
"Love me!" he says—sweet ways,  
Pure eyes! too soft to shine.

"Love you! Oh no!" I laugh,  
And bite his little hand;  
"Oh no!" I laugh, and half  
Look cold and sternly grand.

Down roll large bitter tears;  
He sobs with breaking heart.  
Large bitter tears: such fears  
My jesting words impart.

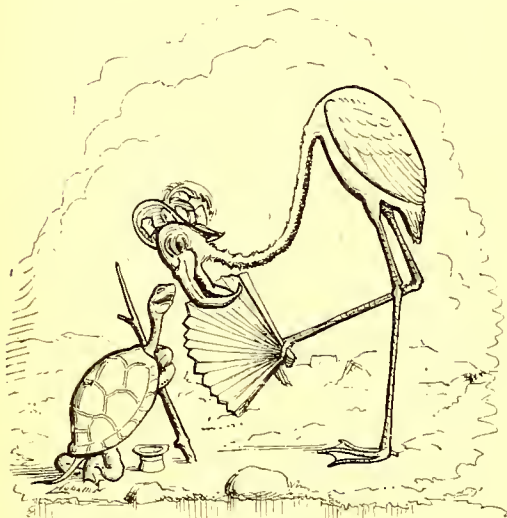
I soothe the foolish child  
With tender, loving words.  
The foolish child!—he smiled  
And fled to chase the birds.

## SONG OF THE TURTLE AND FLAMINGO.

(Written for BOYLY BUMPS and WILLY BO LEE.)

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

A LIVELY young turtle lived down by the banks  
Of a dark-rolling stream called the Jingo,



THE LOVERS.

And one summer day, as he went out to play,  
Fell in love with a charming flamingo—  
An enormously genteel flamingo!  
An expansively crimson flamingo!  
A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

Spake the turtle in tones like a delicate wheeze:  
"To the water I've oft seen you in go,  
And your form has impressed itself deep on my  
shell,

You perfectly modeled flamingo!  
You uncommonly brilliant flamingo!  
You tremendously 'A one' flamingo!  
You inex-pres-si-ble flamingo!

"To be sure I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,  
And *my* language is not your fine lingo;  
But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright  
flame,

You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!  
You blazingly beauteous flamingo!  
You turtle-absorbing flamingo!  
You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"

Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever  
before,

And that was quite un-nec-ces-sa-ry,  
And she stood on one leg and looked out of one  
eye,

The position of things for to vary,—  
This aquatical, musing flamingo!  
This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!  
This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:  
"Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?  
I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,  
And you're an illogical turtle,—  
A waddling, impossible turtle!  
A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!  
A highly improbable turtle!"



THE FATE OF THE TURTLE.

Then the turtle sneaked off with his nose to  
the ground,  
And never more looked at the lasscs;  
And falling asleep, while indulging his grief,  
Was gobbled up whole by Agassiz,—  
The peripatetic Agassiz!  
The turtle-dissccting Agassiz!  
The illustrious, industrious Agassiz!

Go with me to Cambridge some cool, pleasant  
day,  
And the skeleton-lover I'll show you;  
He's in a hard case, but he'll look in your face,  
Pretending (the rogue!) he don't know you!  
Oh, the deeply deceptive young turtle!  
The double-faced, glassy-cased turtle!  
The *green*, but a very *mock*-turtle!

## SAM'S FOUR BITS.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

DOUBTLESS all of you enjoyed Christmas, but I question whether there was another boy in the United States who was as happy as Sam, on the twenty-fifth of last December.

Sam is seven years old, and as bright a little darkey as ever "toted" a bucket of water on his head, or whisked a fly-brush over a dinner-table. His mother cooks for "Mahs'r George," and Sam, consequently, is always to be found about the "big house." Indeed, Sam comes from an aristocratic family. For generations his "people" have been house servants, without a field hand among them, and have never resided in the "quarters." Sam is quite a pet with every one. He is useful, too, as well as ornamental. He feeds the chickens with a grace that is all his own, and every evening at sunset his voice can be heard for at least a mile, calling up the pigs: "Pig-oo-oo-oo-ee!"

On Christmas Eve, Sam hung up his stocking by the dining-room chimney, looked up the flue to see "if dar was anyt'ing in dar to stop Santa Claus from comin' down," and then trotted away to the kitchen garret to bed. Whether he dreamed of Santa Claus, and, if so, how his imagination pictured the little Dutch saint, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain, he got up unusually early the next morning. The day had scarcely begun to break, when Sam's father, Uncle Henry, and old Aunt Phillis, his mother, were aroused by a shout of "Chris'mus gif', pappy! Chris'mus gif', mammy! Chris'mus gif'! I done cotch you bofe!" Then Sam hurried on his clothes, and hastened over to the house to examine his stocking.

There it was, just as he had left it, except that it was full instead of empty. Full of what?

"Lord-ee! what a big awinge! What's dis? 'nudder awinge, I'spec'—no, dis yer's an apple. Whooh! jes' *look* at the candy! What else in dar?" Sam thought that was all; but he took the stock-

ing by the toe and shook it, and out dropped a silver coin.

"Money! Wonder how much dis is? 'Bout 'lebenteen dollars, may be—I's gwine to ax mammy."

So Sam ran to show his father and mother what Santa Claus had brought him.

"Fo' bits in silber!" said Aunt Phillis. "Bress my soul! I aint seed no silber befo' since reb times! Gimme dat money, Sam, an' let me put it away in the big chist."

Now this did n't suit Sam at all. He had seen a great many things go into "de big chist" that never came out again, and he was by no means disposed to let his shining "four-bit-piece" meet with such a destiny. "No, mammy," said he; "please jus' let me keep it. I aint gwine to lose it. 'Sides dat chist sets right up by de chimley; an' ol' Santy might come down an' open it, an' take his money out ag'in."

"Let de chile hab de money, Phillis," said Uncle Henry; ef he loscs it, 't aint much, an' it 'll learn him to be keeful. Let him keep it."

So Sam kept his money. Baron Rothschild never felt as rich as he did. He would sit about in corners, talking to himself and looking at his "four bits." If he went across the yard he would stop every few steps to feel in his pocket, and see if it was still there. Indeed, never before did fifty cents seem so important to any one since the time when

"David and Goliath went out fur to fight,  
Fur nuffin' but a silber half-a-dollar—  
David up wid a brick, and hit Goliath such a lick,  
Dat de people over Jordan heerd him holler."

Sam enjoyed his "awinge," his apple, his "puck-awns," and his candy; but the charms of all these—and they had many—paled before the brightness of the silver. He was never tired of examining it.

He wondered whether the bird on one side was a hawk, or a buzzard, or a turkey. He tried to count the notches on the rim, but, as he did n't know what came after five, he was obliged to give up the attempt in despair.

When dinner-time came, Aunt Phillis made Sam a little cake, and she pressed the coin down on the dough so as to leave a very beautiful impression. The cake was baked, and although the mark of the half-dollar became much distorted in the cooking, still, if you looked very hard, you could see what it had been. Sam thought it a wonderful work of art. He carried it off to the back gallery steps, and sat down and ate it; beginning at the edges, and eating up to the mark, until he had a round piece just the size of the coin, with the impression on one side. Then he played with that a while, and finished by eating it, also.

Time now hung heavy on Sam's hands. He began to think, or "study," as he would have expressed it, about what to do next.

What he did next was to lay his "four bits" down on the ground near the steps, and then walk off around the corner of the house. Directly he came back, walking slowly, and looking about as if he had lost something. He kicked among the grass with his feet, shaded his eyes with his hand, and appeared to be very anxious.

"Lemme see," said he, "I come 'long dis way yestiddy, an' I reckon I los' dat money somewhar 'bout dis place. I mus' done dropped it out my pocket. Wonder if anybody picked it up. Lawsy! I done found it. Right under my eyes! Ef it had a been a snake it would ha' bit me. I nebber seed de like sence ol' Hecky was a pup!" So saying, he picked up the money with great demonstrations of joy. Then he laid it down in another place, and marched off as before.

This time, however, the play turned out differently. There was a venerable Shanghai rooster that stayed in the yard that everybody called "Old Jack." He was very old and very cross, and he and Sam were deadly enemies. Many a fight had they had, and, although Sam generally got the best of it, Old Jack used to give him a great deal of trouble.

Now, just as Sam went around one corner of the house, Old Jack stalked around the other, closely examining the ground, in quest of a beetle or a worm, or some other agreeable delicacy of that sort. The bright piece of silver attracted his eye, and he advanced toward it. He had not yet determined whether or not it was good to eat, and was about to begin a closer examination, when back came the owner. At sight of his foe, Old Jack seized the coin and ran, intending to carry it off and inspect it at his leisure.

Sam set up a tremendous yell, and gave chase. Old Jack ran first in one direction and then in another; but finding himself closely pursued, he took refuge beneath the smoke-house. This building, like nearly all houses at the South, was raised from the ground on small pillars about a foot high, and Old Jack had gone under it, with Sam's money. He dropped it on the ground and crowed loudly, "adding insult to injury."

Sam had begun to cry, but that triumphant crow changed the current of his thoughts. He resolved upon measures of war.

Arming himself with corn-cobs, he began a vigorous fire upon the enemy. Old Jack, however, did not appear to mind it much. It is hard to throw corn-cobs under a house with any degree of force or precision. Sam discharged all he could find, but in vain. Then he sat down and scratched his head.

"I's gwine to git dat money, somehow," said he; "I's jes' got to hab it, shore, and dare's no use talkin' 'bout it. Ol' Jack's got to git out from under dar; you heered me! I aint a-foolin' now."

So Sam got down on the ground and began crawling under the smoke-house.

Whether Old Jack dreaded a combat in such close quarters, or whether he had fully satisfied himself that the half-dollar was too hard to be digestible, or whether he was influenced by both considerations, is unknown; but when he saw Sam, he rushed out from his retreat, leaving the silver piece behind him. But Sam was too quick for him. He grasped Old Jack by the leg, and scooped up his coin with the other hand.

"Dar! dat's business. Dis ol' rooster 'zarves to hab his neck broke. I'll fix him, 'fore long," said Sam, as he ran toward the house with Old Jack in his hands. But suddenly changing his mind, he dropped the rooster and pulled his half-dollar from his pocket.

The money had got rather dirty under the house. So had Sam; but then *he* was dirty already, so it did n't make any difference. The "four bits," however, must be cleaned right away, thought Sam; so he went off to the kitchen to wash it. Before he got there, however, he stopped and seemed to consider. A splendid idea had occurred to him. He had seen his mother use an egg to clarify the coffee every morning, and the thought came up to him, if an egg would clear coffee of those black, muddy grounds, would 't not be just the thing to brighten up his "four bits?" It was worth trying, anyway, he thought.

"Dar's dat little Dominica hen a-cacklin' now," said Sam, "she's jes' done laid. Wonder if I kin git the egg out de nes' 'dout mammy seein' me?"

He peeped into the kitchen. There was Aunt

Phillis, fast asleep in front of the fire. Then he went and got the egg. He carried it around back of the house and sat down, and, having broken in one end of the shell, he poured the contents over his piece of money.

"I'll let it stay on dar a little while," thought he, "so 's to let it git right clean."

In the meantime he went into the kitchen and got a gourdful of water out of the "piggin," which he carried out with him. Thinking that it was now fully time, he proceeded to wash the egg

"only jes' put some egg on it to clean off de dirt, sah, and now it's done got as black as I is!"

"Put egg on it?"

"Yes, sah. I seed mammy clarin' de trash out ob de coffee wid egg."

Sam considered the loud laughter which followed as a deep personal insult; but he forgave Master George, for he cleaned his "four bits" for him. When he received it it was wet, and Sam ran out to the kitchen to dry it. He laid it on a chip close to the fire, and sat down to watch it, singing to himself, not loud enough to disturb his mammy, a verse of the only song he knew:

"When I jumped ober de mantel-piece,—  
Shiloh!

I greased my heels wid candle-grease,—  
Wake 'em up, Shiloh!"

"Jes' look," said Sam, when he had finished his song, "dar 's dat nice little fo' bits a-layin' in front o' de fire a-winkin' at de ashes, jes' as happy as a terrapin when you pours col' water ober him. Wonder if it knows it's Chris'mus? Chris'mus is de bes' time dey is. Dey ought to hab it wunst a week, instid ob Sunday. What's de reason water-millions neber is ripe Chris'mus? Hey! de chip's on fire!"

Sam seized his money; it was hot, and old Aunt Phillis, who had been enjoying a heavenly vision



"HE RAN TOWARD THE HOUSE WITH OLD JACK IN HIS HANDS."

off. What was his horror and amazement to find that his precious "four bits" had turned black!

Sam looked at it wofully. He tried to wash the stain off, but he could n't. What was to be done? He was afraid to ask his mammy, because she would certainly whip him. He concluded to go to Mahs'r George.

That gentleman was enjoying a pipe and a newspaper, when Sam rushed in crying: "Oh, Mahs'r George, Mahs'r George, my silber done turned into one ol' piece ob iron, sah!"

"Why, how 's this, Sam?" said Mahs'r George, looking at the coin, "what have you been doing to it?"

"I aint done nuffin' to it, sah," replied Sam,

of a fat 'possum, baked with sweet potatoes, awoke with a great start at her son's cry of anguish.

"You Sam! what you don', sah?"

"Oh, ma-a-ammy! Dat nasty fo' bits!"

"What's de matter wid it?" asked Aunt Phillis, and she stooped and picked it up. Then there was another howl of wrath and agony—a slap—an explanation.

To relate what immediately followed would be too painful. We will only say that after a few minutes the wretched infant issued hastily from the door, with tears in his eyes, and his "four bits" (which had now got cool) in his hand.

Melancholy could not last long with Sam. "The fountain of his tears," was like one of those springs

that never run except immediately after a rain; so, within a few minutes, he forgot his troubles.

There was a well in the yard which was one of Sam's favorite places of resort. The low wooden box that covered it made an excellent seat, and it was delightfully exciting to drop a "rock" down into the water, and hear the splash it made. Sam liked the place, and he went there with his half-dollar and set down. He laid the silver down by his side, and regarded it with all the airs of a capitalist.

"I aint made up my mind yit," said Sam, "what I's gwine to get wid dis money. Let's see. Shall I buy a mule like pappy's? I dunno. I wants some sardines, an' a shot-gun, an' free or fo' hogs, an' a Spanish harp, an' seberal odder t'ings. May be fo' bits wont git 'em all. How much is fo' bits? I knows what curb-bits an' snaffle-bits fur hosses is, but I nebber heered 'bout fo' bits. Well, lemme see. Nix' time pappy goes to town wid the wagon, I'se gwine to ax him kin I go 'long; den I kin look in all de stores an' see what I wants. Dar! I knows! Mahs'r George he pays me for pickin' blackberries,—I'll git a bucket. Las' time, he paid

me in candy; I'll ax him to pay me money nex' time, and den I'll get a whole heap of fo' bites, an' buy more buckets, an' git dem niggers in de quarters to pick for me, an' pay 'em half what dey makes, an' den —"

Here the youthful Alnaschar jerked up his foot in ecstasy, and it struck the half-dollar. The soliloquy came to an abrupt end, for the "four bits" had gone down the well! A broad crack in one of the boards, just where it ought n't to have been, had received the unlucky coin, and Sam heard it when it struck the water below. Here was a death-blow to the bucket and blackberry scheme of fortune! Sam would have turned pale, if he could.

"Well, now, aint dat de mischief?" said he, looking over into the well. There was no use in looking, however; the money was gone "for good." So Sam straightened himself up, drew a long breath, and went off to find Old Jack, saying to himself:

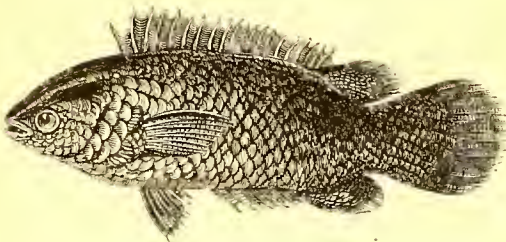
"I don't keer. What's de diff'rence? De ol' fo' bits was more trouble dan it was wuff, no-how!"

## SOME FISH THAT WALK.

By J. Z. S.

"WHEN the fish come ashore what luck we'll have!" So the boys used to say when I was a boy and the fishes would n't bite. But then, we did n't live in India, where the fishes—one kind of them at least—do come ashore very often.

They are curious little fellows, those traveling



A FISH THAT WALKS.

fishes,—about six inches long when full grown, and shaped like a perch.

They have the fortune, or misfortune, to live in a country where the swamps and ponds frequently

dry up in hot weather. Then the little fishes have to travel or die. So they travel.

Usually they do not wait till the last moment, when the pool is dry, but take time by the forelock; and, choosing a dewy evening or early morning, set out in search for better quarters, in a deeper pool or running stream. At such times the damp grass will be full of them, thousands of finny wanderers running the gauntlet of pelicans and other devouring foes, often seeking water in a thirsty land where no water is. Travelers have encountered them toiling along a dusty road, even in the broiling heat of a tropic noon!

"Impossible!" do you say? "Fishes breathe water and cannot live in air."

Hardly. Fishes breathe air *in* water, and will die in water without air as quickly as in air without water. Only keep their gills wet, and most fish will get on very well in air. If their gills are allowed to become dry the fishes smother, as the purifying air is unable to act upon their blood through gills not moistened.

Happily for these traveling fishes, they have snugly stowed away in each cheek a sort of sponge which holds water enough to keep their gills moist for several days; consequently they are able to live that long out of their natural element.

The Hindoo fishermen take advantage of this faculty, and send the fish—which are plentiful in

But this is not the only peculiarity about these fish. They not only go ashore on occasions, but they,—I'm afraid you can hardly believe me,—they *climb trees!*

What they want to climb trees for I confess I can't imagine, unless it is to take a good look at the surrounding country, to note the bearings of



THE WALKING-FISH MEET AN ENEMY.

the Ganges—as many as a hundred and fifty miles, to the Calcutta market, alive.

It is a common practice, too, for the boatmen to lay in a stock of fish for their voyage, packing them in earthen pots without water, using daily what they want for food, and finding them, five or six days after packing, as lively as when first caught.

the nearest sands against a time of drought. That they do climb trees, however, is attested by many observers of unquestioned truthfulness. In some parts of India the natives call them Tranquebar, which means *tree-climbers*; and their scientific name (*Anabas scandens*) tells the same story.

On the opposite page you will see a picture of one of these fish, about half the natural size.

## SOME FUNNY SUMMER VERSES.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



## THE MOUSE.

I'M only a poor little mouse, ma'am!  
 I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!  
 With a fragment of cheese, and a *very* few peas,  
 I was having a little carouse, ma'am!

No mischief at all I intend, ma'am!  
 I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!  
 If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,  
 And the trouble-would be without end, ma'am!

My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!  
 She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am!  
 She hoped I might find a bit of a rind,  
 For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am!

'T is hard living there in the wall, ma'am!  
 For plaster and mortar will pall, ma'am,  
 On the minds of the young, and when specially hung-  
 Ry, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!  
 (*Don't* look at that terrible knife, ma'am!)  
 The noise overhead that disturbs you in bed,  
 'T is the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!  
 Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!  
 I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,  
 Oh, I'll NEVER come back any more, ma'am!



## THE PUMP AND THE STAR.

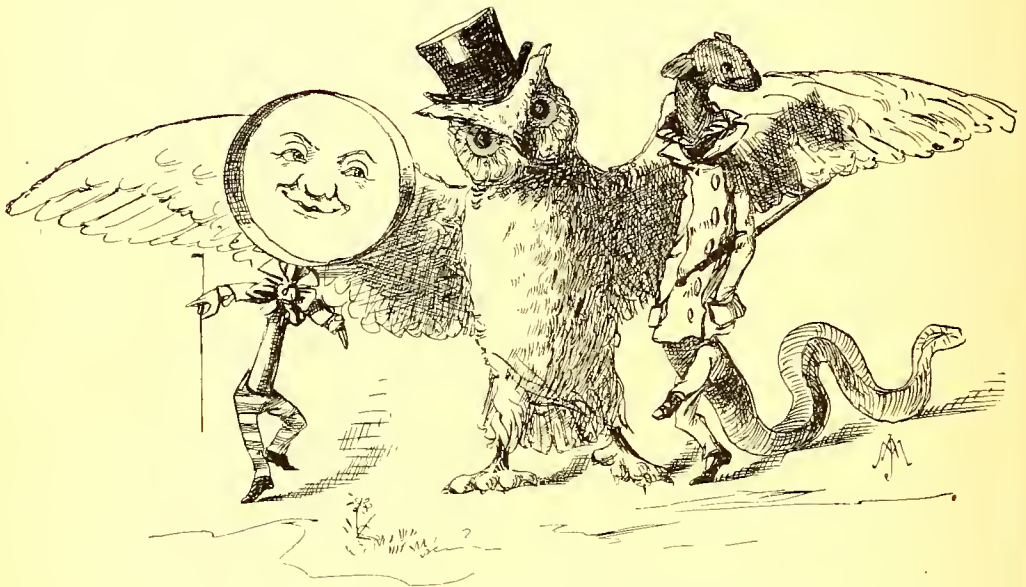
WITH a hop, skip and jump,  
We went to the pump,  
To fill our kettles with starch ;  
He bade us good-day  
In the pleasantest way,  
With a smile that was winning and arch.



“O Pump!” said I,  
“When you look up on high,  
To gaze on the morning star,

Does it make you sad,  
Oh, Pumpy, my lad,  
To think she's away so far?"

Said the Pump, "Oh, no,  
For we've settled it so  
That but little my feelings are tried;  
For every clear night  
She slides down the moonlight,  
And shines in the trough by my side."



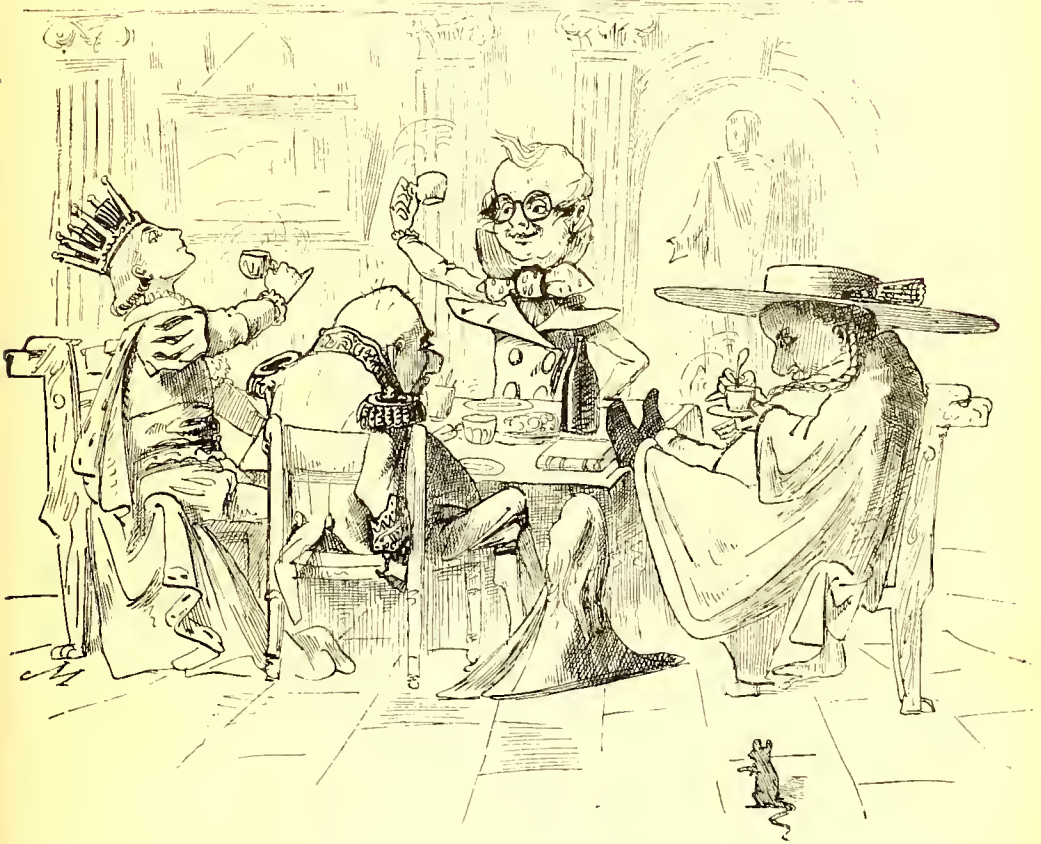
THE OWL, THE EEL AND THE WARMING-PAN.

THE owl and the eel and the warming-pan,  
They went to call on the soap-fat man.  
The soap-fat man, he was not within;  
He'd gone for a ride on his rolling-pin;  
So they all came back by the way of the town,  
And turned the meeting-house upside down.

PUNKYDOODLE AND JOLLAPIN.

OH, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!  
How does the Emperor take his tea?  
He takes it with melons, he takes it with milk,  
He takes it with syrup and sassafras silk.  
He takes it without, he takes it within;  
Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!  
 How does the Cardinal take his tea?  
 He takes it in Latin, he takes it in Greek,  
 He takes it just seventy times a week.  
 He takes it so strong that it makes him grin;  
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!



Oh, Pillykin, Willykin Winky Wee!  
 How does the Admiral take his tea?  
 He takes it with splices, he takes it with spars,  
 He takes it with jokers and jolly jack-tars:  
 And he stirs it round with a dolphin's fin;  
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

Oh, Pillykin Willykin Winky Wee!  
 How does the President take his tea?  
 He takes it in bed, he takes it in school,  
 He takes it in Congress against the rule.  
 He takes it with brandy, and thinks it no sin:  
 Oh, Punkydoodle and Jollapin!

## BRAVE TIM, THE CENTENNIAL CAT.

BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

THERE lived in the village of Pleasant-town an interesting family of cats. Their names were Tab, Tim, and Puss. Tab, the mother, died, and left Tim

and Puss to seek their own living. They first wandered down to the edge of the woods, where there was a pretty little brook. The cats sat down by the edge of the water and watched the shining perch glide swiftly by. They wished very much that they could catch some of them, for they were very hungry. Finding their wishes were vain, they hid in a corner, and both fell asleep.

Not far from the woods a circus-tent had been pitched. The music, the beating of drums, and the general noise, woke up the kittens in a fright.

Puss began to mew sadly; but Tim, who was brave and daring, started for the circus grounds, followed by timid Puss.

At length they found a good hiding-place among some loose boards, close



TIM AND PUSS WATCH THE FISHES.

to the great balloon that lay swelling and puffing upon the ground. Tim was in delight, for close by he spied some pieces of the men's dinners, and soon he and Puss made a good meal. Puss then stretched herself upon some dried leaves, to watch the people; while Tim scampered among the boards, and cut up all the capers he could think of.

Now the fun began! The great balloon was filling, and the air rang with shouts. No one noticed Tim, who had lost all fear, and was even climbing ropes and darting like lightning all around.

"There! she's going!" bellowed the boys, as the balloon was ready to begin her voyage.

Tim, not knowing his danger, had given a spring and was holding tightly to the rope which hung from the basket. Suddenly, the air-ship shot upward, with Tim—luckless Tim!—clutching the swaying rope.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah!!"

"Look! look!" roared men and boys.

"See the cat dangling!—ha! ha! ha!" They all expected to see Tim tumbling down among them, but in this they were mistaken. Tim was brave still. He did not let go his hold.



TIM CLINGS TO THE ROPE.

"This is seeing the world!" he thought as he was whirled through the air.

Now he heard a voice. It said: "You brave scamp, I'll haul you in!" Tim's heart beat wildly as he felt a hand lifting him into the basket, and heard the same voice say: "Poor fellow! you are safe now."

Tim curled himself in a corner to listen, and to wonder where in the big world he would land, and if he would ever see Puss again.

"Never mind," he thought: "Puss is pretty and gentle, and will be sure to find friends. I mean to see the world."

The balloon sailed gayly on, and Tim more than once caught the word "Centennial." "What does it mean?" he thought, pricking his ears.

Tim caught the word "Centennial" again. The friendly voice he had first heard began. It said:

"We will drop down a little, and sail right over the show."

They were just in time. The bright sun shone down upon a glorious scene. Palaces, grand and high, looked upward; statues and fountains, flowers and beautiful shrubs, high trees, and winding paths lay below, and thousands and thousands of people thronged in and about all the buildings.

"Oh, the world!" again thought Tim, as he stretched his neck over the basket. "And this is the 'Centennial,' too! Oh, oh! how nice!"

"Honor to the brave!" Tim heard these words. He opened his eyes, and saw that the beautiful moon was shining over the river, upon the ships, and falling like a crown upon the tops of the Jersey pines.

"We shall come down in a very good place," said Tim's friend, after a while, "and I'll take charge of the little fellow. He's too courageous a scamp to turn adrift here."

Tim's heart grew big with gratitude, and he purred so loud that his friend caressed him tenderly, saying: "You shall have a soft place upon the parlor rug, and be the children's plaything."

"Not I," thought Tim; "that would suit Puss. I'm too brave a cat to waste life so. It's the world for me,—the great, wonderful world that I want to see! But I won't forget my friend, nor Puss. Poor Puss!"

That morning he was taken to his new home. Tim thought his master's house very fine. The carpets were soft and rich; the children pretty and kind. But as he stretched himself up before the parlor glass, he said:

"Mew, mew, mew! The big world for me!"

Full of his fancies, Tim curled himself up in a warm, sunny spot, just to settle his plans, for the children had gone out to the "Centennial."

"I'll hear all I can to-night," he said, "and to-morrow I'll go to the Centennial."

Tim entertained the family that evening with all his antics, as payment for their kindness, because he expected to leave them next day.

Accordingly, when daylight peeped in at the windows, Tim was all ready—up and dressed! Dressed? Yes, the cunning fellow had borrowed a pair



TIM AT THE CENTENNIAL.

of the baby's boots, which were of a lovely pink; a large paper collar from his master; and some red, white, and blue ribbons from the little girls.

Off the fellow proudly strutted, reaching the Centennial grounds in good time. Little did he care for the smiles of proud ladies, the laughter of saucy children, or the many foreign fingers that were pointed at him; while, in tongues unknown to him, they asked, "What is it?"

"They take me for a mighty prince perhaps!" chuckled Tim, with a wink of his eye. "I look so very foreign!"

He pricked up his ears and rushed into the throng of curiosity seekers, still bent upon seeing all he could of the gay world.

Now I assure you, dear children, that among all the wonderful curiosities in the Mammoth Show of 1876, there is none more wonderful than "Brave Tim, our Centennial Cat"—if you only can find him.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY MIDSUMMER to you, my hearers, and a grand good time all through the school vacation ! And now I'll tell you

## HOW TO GET COOL.

WHEN the thermometer stands at 90 deg., my warm young friends, don't fume, nor fuss, nor fan yourselves into a blaze. No. Sit down in some quiet place and think *only of cool things*. Think of snow; think of ice; think of cold water trickling down your back. Think of holding a live eel in each hand. Imagine yourself under an icy shower-bath, or sitting at night-fall on top of an iceberg; then try to shiver. Do all this without once stirring from your position and you'll get cool, or my name's not Jack.

## BATH OF AN ICEBERG.

LET us see if I can tell it to you as vividly as the fish-hawk seemed to tell it to me:—Imagine a great sea with waters black from the intense cold, but flecked all over with snow-white wave crests. There is land in sight, but not a tree, not a green field, only cold land, dazzling and glittering with glaciers and snow-peaks. On the water are floating, swiftly and silently, great icebergs that look like gleaming marble palaces which some unseen spirit has set in motion.

All at once one great berg, the largest and most beautiful of all, begins to move uneasily,—to waver as if looking about to see if it is observed. Then suddenly, with swift and graceful majesty, it plunges its high crowned head beneath the waves. There is a moment's struggle; the sea swells and tosses; then out of its bath, presenting a new and even more beautiful front than before, comes the glittering berg, calm and mighty still, to float on its southward way.

## INFANTS IN SHILLING PACKETS.

HERE'S an advertisement that the Deacon cut out of an English newspaper (I'll be obliged to the editors if they'll kindly print an exact copy):

**D**R. RIDGE'S FOOD.—When you ask for Dr. Ridge's Patent Food for Infants in Shilling Packets, see that you get it, and Beware of Imitations.

Infants must be pretty cheap on the other side of the ocean. Cheaper than chromos.

## BIRDS THAT LIVE BY STEALING.

I COULD scarcely believe it true that any birds could live by stealing. But the wild duck tells me that in the Arctic regions there is a sort of gull, called by the sailors the burgomaster-gull, that gets its living in the meanest possible way. It actually steals nearly all of its food from honest birds such as the douckies, eider-ducks, and ivory-gulls. Worse than this, it steals from the eider-ducks even its eggs. The wicked creature!

My hope is that when you study the habits of our burgomaster-gull you may be able to explain this ugly business in some way—appearances may be against him.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S REASONS FOR RECOMMENDING THE USE OF BOWS AND ARROWS IN WAR.

DEACON GREEN lately went to Philadelphia, and on his return he brought a present for the Little Schoolma'am. What do you think it was? Why, a very small blue book, published in New York over fifty years ago, called: "*The Life and Essays of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself.*" One of the essays is a letter to Major Gen. Lee, and in it Mr. Franklin says some things that will interest you in this Centennial year. Deacon Green read it aloud to the Little Schoolma'am out under the willow tree, and you shall hear it too—or, at least, some extracts from it. You must remember that B. F. alludes to the fire-arms of 1776:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11, 1776.

DEAR SIR:— \* \* \* \* \* They still talk big in England, and threaten hard; but their language is somewhat civiler, at least not quite so disrespectful to us. By degrees they come to their senses, but too late, I fancy, for their interest.

We have got a large quantity of saltpetre, one hundred and twenty ton, and thirty more expected. Powder mills are now wanting: I believe we must set to work and make it by hand. But I still wish, with you, that pikes could be introduced, and I would add bows and arrows; these were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside:

1. Because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket.
2. He can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet.
3. His object is not taken from his view by the smoke of his own side.
4. A flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business.
5. An arrow sticking in any part of a man, puts him *hors du combat* till it is extracted.
6. Bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition.

B. F. then quotes a Latin account of a battle, in King Edward the Third's reign, and adds:



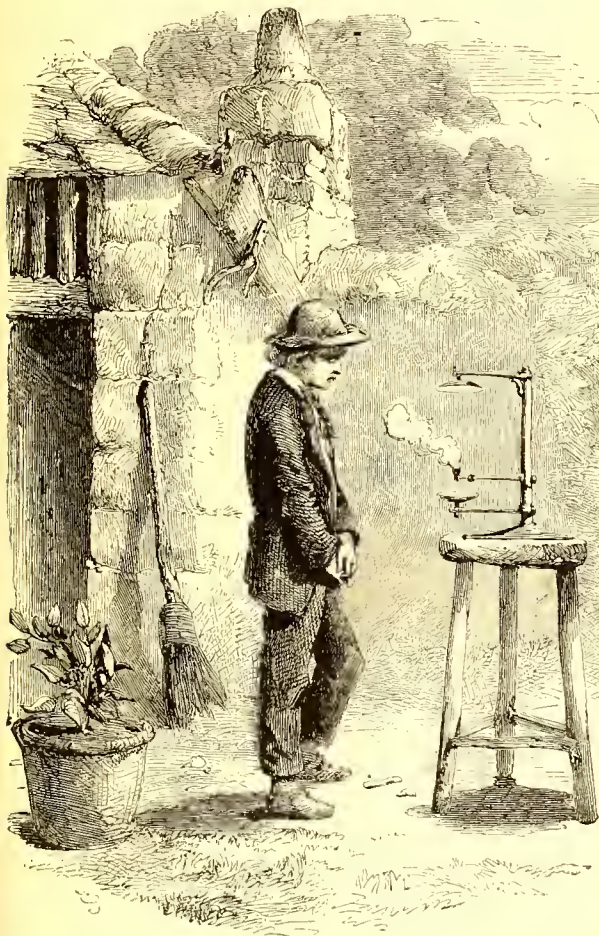
If so much execution was done by arrows when men wore some defensive armour, how much more might be done now that it is out of use!

I am glad you are come to New York, but I also wish you could be in Canada. There is a kind of suspense in men's minds here at present, waiting to see what terms will be offered from England. I expect none that we can accept; and when that is generally seen, we shall be more unanimous and more decisive; then your proposed solemn league and covenant will go better down, and perhaps most of our other strong measures be adopted.

I am always glad to hear from you, but I do not deserve your favours, being so bad a correspondent. My eyes will now hardly serve me to write by night, and these short days have been all taken up by such variety of business that I seldom can sit down ten minutes without interruption. God give you success!

I am, with the greatest esteem, yours affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.



A PICTURE FROM THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

DEAR JACK:—Will you please send this picture to our boys and girls with my compliments, and ask them to tell me the lad's name; when and where he was born; and for what he became celebrated? You see him here trying certain experiments with phosphorus, so you may know he was scientifically inclined, even in his youth. He died at Geneva, nearly fifty years ago. He wrote verses when only nine years old, and out of the letters of his name the following words can be made: Dame, Ham, Red, Mad, Up, Vamp, Dray, Pray, Pad, Rave, Damp, Yam, Hay.—Yours truly,

"LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM."

#### TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

"Oh, Jack," writes a correspondent from Aiken, South Carolina, "I've a bit of news for you. A lady here made forty glasses of orange marmalade, and placed them in her garret to dry off. Then she went down-stairs, feeling that, having done a virtuous action, she should surely have her reward. When next she went into that garret, she found the floor covered with dead bees. What could it mean? Like Cassim, or somebody in the Arabian Nights, she hastened to her precious forty jars, and, to use her own words, 'My goodness sakes! if

those bees had n't been and gone and sucked all the juice out of that marmalade, and left it dryer 'n chips!' Out of forty jars, only fifteen were good for anything. The bees—who, by the way, belonged to a neighbor's hive—had been having a glorious time, but had died from too much enjoyment. They had taken in the richness of a hundred orange blossoms with each dainty drop. Poor things! Surely we, who never have too much pleasure, ought to be very thankful!"

Humph! I suppose so.

#### KAFFIR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

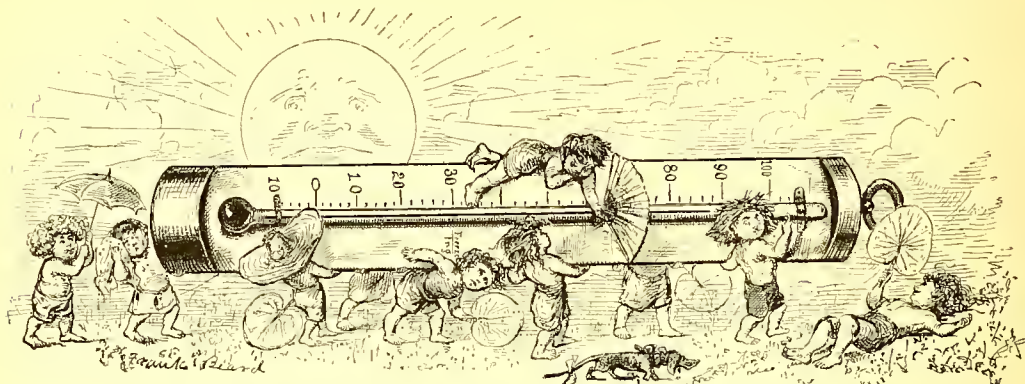
DEAR, dear! I just heard two travelers talking of the curious ways prevailing in certain countries which they have lately visited—in books. The Kaffir, now, is not allowed to speak familiarly to his wife's mother, nor to look her in the face. When he sees her coming, he hides his face behind his shield, and she skulks behind a bush till he has passed. He never speaks her name; and if it becomes necessary to talk to her, he is obliged to go a little way off, and shout his remarks.

No reason that I can find out. It seems to be merely a matter of etiquette.

#### KAFFIR LETTER CARRIER.

TALKING of Kaffirs, their letter-carriers are funny fellows. They dress mainly in their own beautiful black skins, and a plentiful covering of grease. The Kaffir postman carries one letter at a time, directly

from the writer to the person to whom it is addressed, and his mail-bag is a split stick, into the opening of which he fastens the letter, holding it far out from his body. He will take one letter sixty or seventy miles, on a run most of the way, and bring back an answer, for the sum of twenty-five cents, or an English shilling. You can see him when you go to Kaffir-land.



OLD SOL: "WHO'S RUNNING THIS THING, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?"

## DEACON GREEN'S REPORT ON THE COPIES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

AN honest-minded committee of five feels much responsibility in examining, say two thousand, copies of the Declaration of Independence, sent in by boys and girls, and selecting from the same the twenty that best deserve prizes. At first it would seem that such a committee must be five times as capable as one man, and only one-fifth as anxious, but it is not so. On the contrary, each man of the committee has four serious hindrances to a speedy decision, and the two thousand copies which each has to consider, become, in effect, five-folded to ten thousand, before the decisions are finally made.

Therefore, my friends, you will infer that we, the committee, have had a hard time of it—a good time, too, for it has been refreshing to see what crowds of young patriots and steady-going boys and girls cluster about ST. NICHOLAS (and the prizes!). Many hundreds of beautiful copies of the great Declaration were sent in, and these were examined and considered, and reconsidered until our heads grew dizzy, it seemed as if twenty cracked independence bells were sounding in our ears. The rest of the committee were enthusiastic over the correct and the finely written copies, but somehow my heart went out to the blotted sheets whereon chubby little fingers had toiled and blundered. While the four wiser ones were ecstatic over the neatness, skill and accuracy of hundreds of bright competitors, I sat wistfully holding the very worst Declarations of the lot, and, in imagination, wiping the tearful eyes of youngsters who could n't possibly win a prize or get on the Roll of Honor. However, the committee soon gave me to understand that this sort of thing would n't do—and so, to make a long story short, we considered and reconsidered once more, and sorted and compared and consulted the "conditions," and finally we awarded the prizes as follows:

The first ten prizes, you will remember, are "Liberty Bell Ink-stands," and the second ten prizes "Card-board Models of Swiss Architecture" to the younger five, and books to the elder five.

### FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

*(From ten to thirteen years of age.)*

Henry S. Redfield, Hartford, Conn.  
Maggie J. Cady, Nichols, N. Y.  
Hortense Henshaw Ward, San Francisco, Cal.  
Linda L. Bergen, Waverley, N. Y.  
Fannie Vail Culver, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)*

Marion C. Frisby, West Bend, Wis.  
Frederick Lathrop, Albany, N. Y.  
Stanley Smith Covert, New York City.  
Clarence Marshall McClymonds, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Ruth Merington, New York City.

### SECOND PRIZE WINNERS.

*(From ten to thirteen years of age.)*

Winifred Louise Bryant, Brunswick, Maine.  
Helen C. Luckenbach, Bethlehem, Pa.  
Fred. H. Sturtevant, Washington, D. C.  
Minnie P. Frames, Baltimore, Md.  
Liang Poo Shi, Northampton, Mass.

*(From fourteen to twenty years of age.)*

Julianna Randolph Winslow, Baltimore, Md.  
Charles S. Latham, San Francisco, Cal.  
James Augustus De La Vergne, Jr., Clinton, Mo.  
Max Meyerhardt, Rome, Ga.  
Clara Binswanger, Philadelphia, Pa.

But when these were awarded, there lay the dozens of copies that had nearly won prizes, and the hundreds that were almost as good as the dozens, so carefully done, so neat, so admirable—taking the ages of the writers into consideration—that, but for having the Roll of Honor in which to place them, the committee might have gone distracted. Let no one suppose that because this Roll is long, it is on that account less a Roll of Honor. Every name that is here deserves to be here, and we five are proud to say so.

Many of you, my friends, who do not find yourselves on these lists may feel that injustice has been done. But do not believe it. If you were to see your copies again, you probably would be astonished at the omissions, and the mistakes—in spelling, that escaped your attention.

For instance, two very elaborate Declarations, each superbly put upon a great sheet of paper, marvels of neatness and penmanship, contained positive errors of spelling and copying—not the mistakes

in spelling which really occur in the fac-simile of the original "Declaration," and which every child had a right to follow in this case, nor yet the slight verbal differences that had to be allowed because they occur in the various forms of the "Declaration" printed in books of authority—but positive errors that could not be overlooked, and that marred the otherwise wonderful excellence of the copy. One very beautiful copy (by Ellis C.) was spoiled by divided monosyllables, such as h-ath, th-em, Ju-dge, h-old, occurring at the end of lines, part being on one line and part on the next. Other words, such as en-larg-ing, c-haracter, tra-n-sporting, wit-hout, etc., were broken in an equally remarkable way. Speaking of this, I would suggest to very many of you who sent in copies, that no word of one syllable, nor a syllable forming part of a word, should ever be divided by writing part on one line and part on another. And let me call attention here to the very common mistake of writing the word government, *goverment*. The committee (looking at the poor rejected Declarations) shudders to think in how many civilized American homes that word is pronounced "government." Never let a Sr. NICHOLAS boy or girl commit this offense, I beg.

If the "signers" of 1776 could look over these copies of the Declaration, they would be interested, no doubt, in some of the young signers of 1876. For instance, Roger Sherman would see the names of his three great-great grandchildren, Mary E. Boardman, Elizabeth Haskell Boardman, and Hettie L. Greene; Matthew Thornton would find his great-great-granddaughter, May Greeley; Samuel Huntington would discover his great-great-niece, Mary Pearsall Coley, and a certain South Carolina signer would be amused at the letter of Henry Hone Leonard, who writes:

"Thomas Heyward, of South Carolina, was my great-grand-uncle, his niece was named Thomas after him, and when she grew old, she was called 'Aunt Tom.'"

But, in one sense, we all are descendants of the "signers," and I am sure all of you, especially those who have expressed such satisfaction in at last "knowing every word of the Declaration," will unite with me in doing honor to their memory.

Now for the grand Roll of Honor, but allow me, before giving it, to thank you for your hundreds of hearty letters, and to sign myself, with the committee's sincere compliments to you all,

Yours to command,

SILAS GREEN.

### ROLL OF HONOR.

(Girls and Boys of from Ten to Thirteen Years of Age.)

Frank Bourne Upham	Lucy W. Alexander	Amy C. Thacher	Gertrude F. Van Duzen	Hobart Amory Hare	Bessie S. Smith
Josephine M. Wilkin-son	Katie Sturges Benton	Jamie Mitchell	Mary E. Lester	Amy Massey	Charles Morse Hazen
Stephen T. Livingston	Nelly W. Chapell	Charles P. Machesney	Susie E. Buckminster	Mary K. Hankins	Helen Beal Hall
Lyman B. Garfield	Florence Townsend	Florence E. Bennett	Nessie E. Stevens	Lucia A. Ferris	Hannah N. Thomas
H. Percy Chilton	Ella Reed	Alfred H. Dunkerley	Maud Getty	Mabel Shippie Clarke	Grace L. H. Hobart
Rachel E. Hutchins	Edgar A. Law	Charles L. Dunkerley	Jennie Custis Young	Carrie R. Heller	Nannie Barnard
Edith Eaton	Eliz. H. Boardman	Lillie Ray	Dorsey Ash	Emma Luella Flagg	Virginia B. Page
Fred M. Pease	E. C. Wilstach	Mary McC. Kidder	A. Blanche Nichols	Esther M. Turlay	Mary L. Matthews
Clarence E. Doolittle	Horace L. Jacobs	Charles B. Willson	Emily M. Thompson	Willie Dibblee	Jennie B. Barnard
Sara G. Timmins	Woolsey Carmalt	Elmer B. Hudson	Martha Preble Adams	Olivia S. Wilson	Allie Collingbourne
Lucy Hamlin	Edward C. Mills	Constance Furman	Allen H. Moore	Marland C. Hobbs	Nettie Williams
Anna Jerenson	Maxwell W. Turner	Libbie Montross	Harry W. Chapman	James A. Little	Lutie R. Munroe
Philip W. Ayres	Alice C. Twitchell	Kate Graham Gilbert	Robbie S. Tew	Anna Belle Moore	Luman C. Pryor
Carrie P. Smith	Stella Brown	Lizzie E. Moorhead	Arthur D. Smith	Hattie A. Thomas	Nellie A. Hudson
Alice B. Prescott	Carrie Louise Cook	Mary E. Poole	Frank Howard Wells	Francine M. Gale	Rebecca F. Hamill
Harry R. Nyce	Helen D. Wheeler	Jessie Lamport	Molly Montgomery	Fannie F. Hunt	Etta Crampton
Manie Field	Margaret Miller	John Hubbard Curtis	J. Barton Townsend	Howard G. Thompson	Jacob Bein
Sadie S. Morrow	Willie R. Page	Lizzie M. Knapp	Ethel A. Littlefield	Charlie F. Clement	Blanche L. Turner
Wm. R. Macknight	Susie C. Amory	Amy Shriver	Anna Taylor Warren	Emma C. McAllister	Ada E. Mott
Etta Beckman	Joseph Moore Bowles	Chester T. Hoag	Bessie Daingerfield	Harry Walsh	Lewis H. Rutherford
Lorella M. Palmer	Eva Germain	Anna Bergitta Olsen	H. W. Plummer	Kittie Sanders	Nellie M. Tremaine
Emma J. Knight	Wm. Peck McClure	Annie Fitzgerald	Mary Louise Smith	Emma Hanford	Hattie Butler Tucker
Grace B. Stearns	Ella M. Woolley	Lillian E. Taylor	Carrie W. Hunter	Maude Bartlett Tripp	Mary B. Chadwell
H. Mertoun Downs	Sadie Georgeette Colby	Wm. F. Livingston	Finnie Collins	Lulu E. Orth	Clara H. Thomas
Edwin K. Ballard	C. Alice Robinson	Elsa Lincoln Hobart	Ellen Kemble Lente	Nellie C. Beckwith	Sarah Saxton Frazee
Louis P. Taggart	Annie M. Marsh	Edmond C. Van Diest	Charles A. Herpich	Susie D. Sherwin	Gracie Townsend
Cora A. Lock	Fred L. Smith	Debbie Duane Moore	Lizzie C. Treadwell	Josephine Willis	May McColla
Nellie Washburne	Maude Calkins	Hattie L. Seymour	Ella Higbee	Minnie D. Keyser	Anna Wolgin
Gertrude B. Adams	Susie Ganson	David C. Halsted, Jr.	Maud E. Potts	John Frederic Huckel	Alice Eliz. Bunnell
Thomas T. Baldwin	Maria P. Boeckee	David C. Halsted, Jr.	Leonie G. Giraud	Elizabeth Leggett	Sarah F. Chapman
	Minnie Woolley		Lizzie A. Hewins	George A. Pettengill	Virginia Waldo
			Anna C. Felton	Frank C. Colville	Maria E. A. Whittlesey
			Anna S. Catlin	Annie H. Close	Isaac S. Laubenstein
			Bella Townsend	Rena R. Chamberlin	Isabelle S. Roorbach
			Anna F. Rew	Mattie O. McCarter	Hettie L. Greene
			Joseph Abbott Chapin	Emma Dodge Boyd	Wm. Osborne Safford
			Annie Carskaddon	Marion J. Seaverns	Bessie J. Seelye
			Edwd. Russell Kellogg	Laura Augusta Wilson	Frank G. Moody
			Jeanie J. Durant	Ora Lea Dowty	Nathaniel Greene, Jr.
			Louise Rankin Albee	Florence A. Kendall	Bessie Harris Smith
			Clara J. Elliott	Charles Wesley Ashby	Mabel Page
			E. L. Richards, Jr	Lizzie Kiernan	Helen Tyler Brown
			Carrie Newell	Frankie M. Sebley	Edith Whiting
			Hattie C. Allen	Minnie Elouise Blass	Frank D. Leflingwell
			Thomas C. Griggs	Amelie Louise Rives	Alfred Howard Fuller
			Nellie De Golyer	Florence G. Russell	Sarah B. Coolidge
			Augusta M. Carter	Mina Snow	Julia A. Hibben
			Kate Louise Dana	Ettie J. Armstrong	Kath. Betta Hammond
			Sarah W. Learned	Bertha Colt	Edmund Platt
			Lizzie O. Marston	Jennie C. Reando	Laura Hart
			James Craig Crawford	Emma Rhodes	Rosie M. Bodman
			Louis Noble	Lizzie P. Wells	Agnes E. Deane
			Mary E. Boardman	Kate B. Walsh	Maggie U. Quinby
			Nellie S. Colby	Lizzie Selden	Louis N. Geldert
			Harry Walter Shaw	Geo. Clinton Goodwin	Clara Hurd
			Arthur Hudson Brown	May F. Southgate	Agnes Estella Hall
			Elise Dana Howe	Elizabeth L. Marquand	Lillian Page
			Charles F. Williams	Isabel Derrick	John W. Harris
			Elkanah Williams	Bessie S. Garrett	Ada F. Crandall
			Mary McMartin	Emma B. Griffith	Lucy K. Maynard
			Harry H. Small	Jennie Sage	Ernest Lane Angle
			Ursula Paret	Virgie C. Castleman	Jossie Percival Sutton
			Amos Russell Wells	Cornelia Fulton Crary	Julia Harrison Moore
			Ernest Albert Munsell	May Grace Stewart	Lily L. Pinneo
			Willie R. Howland	Lillian Graves	Sarah H. Fiske
			Fredenc Davis	Dodie Mann	Wm. Thomas Rayner
			Sanford Norris Knapp	May Terry	Harry Brown Prindle
			Howard F. Boardman	Carrie Wood	Helen C. Bates
			Thomas F. Forster	Carrie Wiggins	Phellen Ellen Pratt
			Nathalie Homans	Katie F. Gibson	Jeanie Moore
			Henry R. McCabe	Fred A. Howard	Lydia S. Rommel
			Mabel C. Chester	Arthur L. Brandigee	John Wm. Potter
			Bessie Cocke	May Fitton	Mary G. Austin
			Lizzie Eva Lee	Harvey C. Jewett	Lillie D. Richards
			Carleton Brabrook	Willie Edwards	Isabel C. Halsted
			Susie Goldmark	Lizzie Beach	Mary Abbie Wentz

Minnie E. Patterson	Howard Steel Rogers	T. Morton Lipscomb	Herbert H. White	Ida Lathers	Nettie C. Beal
Gracie B. Weed	Minnie A. Lyon	Nattie G. Valentine	Hattie J. Chamberlain	Sophia Jarrett	Julia E. Ogden
Nora Abbott	Florence Ware	Hattie A. Whitzel	Ellis Chandler	Annie Greene	Laura Fletcher
Ida Marion Chase	Libbie M. Dunkerley	Mary Van Diest	Mary G. Lockwood	Minnie Bowen Potter	Hugh W. Pemberton
Jeannie G. Greenough	Mary Bell French	Mary B. Stebbins	Herbert Putnam	Emily S. Haynes	Minnie C. Short
John Tudor Gardiner	Helen G. Perinchief	Lucy Beverly Talcott	Andrew D. Blanchard	Anna Middleton	Emilie R. Vincent
Maggie W. Hogeland	Wilhelmina N. Jones	James H. Skinner	Minnie O. Steele	Belle C. French	L. Addie Meeker
Leon Hornstein	Annie L. Thorn	Emily Richardson	Emma H. Kirby	Charles M. Fish	Elise Johnson
Ernest Farnham	Mary E. Huggins	John H. Townsend	John T. Sill	Fannie M. Hannahs	Alice W. Huell
Anna Grace Carter	Lizzie C. Selden	C. Eleanor Lewis	David Hays	Alice Flora White	Kate M. Wetherell
Edgar C. Leonard	E. Louise Tibbetts	Mabel Gordon	Burton A. Randall	Addie J. Davis	George B. Houston
Walter John Stevenson	Maudla Kay	Rosalie A. Ogden	Chas. Leland Harrison	James M. Treadway	Emily Grace Gorham
Richard Fiske Smith	Minnie Roebuck	Dora Matthews	Carrie L. Warren	Cleora A. Bonneville	Lottie E. Skinner
Annie F. Butler	Mary Pearsall Coley	Ella Grigg	Sarah M. Jaques	Charles W. Adams	Mary S. Clark
R. Bennett Wynkoop	May Greeley	Sadie T. Steele	Lina F. Warren	Virgie Harness	Annie D. Latimer
Hattie M. Daniels	J. Louise Wright	Henry Hone Leonard	Jessie J. Cassidy	Nellie A. Morton	Agnes Taylor
Clara B. Presbrey	Lena C. Smith	Annie F. Neill	Harry H. Wyman	Guy M. Watkins	May Davenport
Fanny L. Tyler	Mattie A. Morgan	Freddie G. Davies	Albert White	Annie Eliza Watts	Clara J. Hicks
J. M. Firth Bartlett	Louise Hooker	Melia F. Hodgkins	Josie M. Hadden	Ella G. Damon	Daisy Martin
Wm. Russell Fearon	Jamie W. Tupper	Selwyn N. Blake	Lizzie Grubb	Ida Groff	Dora Wheat
Laura G. Smith	Bruce Throckmorton	Zula Jones	Charles Hart Payne	Allie Van Ingen	Alice Copeland
Gertrude H. Abhey	Mary Throckmorton	Robt. Bowman, Jr.	Ossian E. D. Barron	Mary Stevens	Ella C. Upham
Henry R. Gilbert	Bessie Sergeant	Margaret House	Martha D. Berry	Alice Louise French	Caroline E. Bruorton
Sadie A. Vinal	Foster A. Rhea	Bertha Kirby	May F. Doe	Ernest E. White	Howard S. Bliss
Lucia Lee Bates	Sophie Perkins Rhea	Achsa McCullough	Laura A. Jones	Janet Cross	Eunice King Hazen
Lizzie Simons	Jane S. Ledyard	Theodora M. Schmid	Alice Blanchard	Ernest E. Hubbard	Fannie S. Adams
Julia Lathers	Gertie E. Taylor	Arad Taylor Foster, Jr.	Abbie A. Story	Alice Maud Wight	Wm. B. Shufeldt
Louise K. Johannott	Kitty Stebbins	Katie M. Hancock	Sarah P. Ranney	Lillie E. Earp	Sarah Isaacs
Alice Hansell	Craig McClure	Harry Glaser Archer	Mary M. Pryor	Anne C. Gleim	Irving Perley Favor
Walter C. Fish	Sarah Ellen Odneal	George Oakley	May E. Strong	Lucy E. Roberts	Edwin Oliver
Catherine E. Abbott	Stevie B. Franklin	Bessie S. Weeks	Stephen W. Libby	Jennie E. Shugg	Emma P. Willits
Alice F. Brooks	Mamie D. Clark	Jessie V. V. Thomas	Augusta P. Canby	Louis T. Reed	Clara Nice
Mabel C. Stanwood	Wm. P. H. Bacon	Mary T. Abbot	Fanny A. Lester	George E. Willis	Mary Alice Russell
Maria Adams Rogers	Willie H. Mooney	Ruth Crosby Dodge	Cora M. Oakfield	Laura Haines	Hattie Ella Buell
Clement Newman	Anna F. Bird	Robert Hale Birdsall	Florence Washburne	Julia Cleaveland Lyman	Minnie L. Ellis
Birdie Irene Luce	Margaret Mather Sill	Addie Inogen Carver	Helen M. Shattuck	Louis Meyerhardt	Ida Axtell
Georgianna Hollister	Marian Rhey Case	Gertrude H. Osborne	Emma Lee Tuttle	Mary F. Thompson	Carrie Hirschfelder
Grace L. Phelps	Minnie Rheem	Herbert P. Moore	Carrie M. Crowell	Sarah Newberger	Adelia A. Nichols
Frances J. Parker	Harriet Avery	Chas. Henry Hannam	Lottie F. Gilbert	Mary Balfour Leiper	Lizzie Jamieson
Charles J. Humphrey	Irene W. Haselhurst	Chas. M. Hutchins	Alice T. Gold	Edward A. Williams	Isabella H. White
Eliza May Lucas	Freddie S. Goodrich	Mary Y. Hogan	Willis E. Frost	Annie Mary Hayden	Mary Latimer Wills
Daisy Hunt	Mabel C. Barber	Florence Dow	Charles W. Gaston	Cornelia Brown	Mary De Witt Searcy
Lulu E. Habershaw	Grace R. Meeker	Katie Noble	Nettie Graham	Addie S. Church	Carrie Parker Johnson
Minnie Brua	Nannie James	Nellie F. Elliott	May F. Allen	Chas. R. Trowbridge	Callie Webster
Lizzie Mitchell	Mary C. Foster	Alice Smith	Grace S. Hadley	Annie E. Hillands	Charlotte J. Blake
Etta N. Congdon	James McComb	Ida F. Quimby	Charles R. Thurston	Abbie A. Stough	Sarah H. Sergeant
James Weir	Charles E. Ruperd	Julia P. Shaw	Mamie R. Gaston	Lizzie M. Baker	Agnes B. Williams
John B. Jackson	Alice A. Eager	Emmie Louisa Lewis	Mary Rogus Atlee	Cleaveland A. Parker	Lizzie C. Wells
Fannie M. Beck	Maud J. Miner	Eliza McFarland	Daniel Rawlins	Sarah McClurg	Milly S. Rann
Bertha E. Taylor	Lorena B. Wilson	Robert G. Beatty	Geo. W. Hutton, Jr.	Eleanor M. Pike	Eva M. Reed
Abby L. Barney	John Isaac Perkins	Elinora Iselin Horn	Ida Werner	Venard Marsh	Jennie C. McElroy
Gertrude W. Cornell	Kittie McDermott	James Alden Guest	Mary Eudora Bixby	Verard Black	Kittie J. Dunn
Emily T. Colket	Kitty E. Rhodes	Ella Carr	Rena D. Smith	Lottie Huggins	Nellie B. Wright
Anna E. Lester	Birdie Kingston	William Scott	Julia Frances Peck	Kenneth L. Browne	Carrie S. Simpson
Edith W. Judd	Mattie J. White	James G. Carson, Jr.	Mary Louise Webster	Hattie F. Lockwood	Ida May Seaton
Grace Forman	Alice W. Davis	A. Kremer Miller	Libbie E. Noxon	Emma Wetmore	Cora L. Shoemaker
Pauline Koeche	Lizzie T. E. Rogers	Katie E. Hubbard	E. D. Hennessey	Millie E. Twitchell	Lila F. Atkinson
Jennie F. Dedham	Arthur L. Pease	Emily D. Garetson	Eva A. Smith	Emma Hall	May R. Shipman
Mamie C. Gerard	Mary Grace Shippie	Albert H. Adams	M. E. Buckminster	John E. Lewis	Mabel M. Mason
Adalina Pratt	Artella Babcock	Amy Crary	Lizzie Merrill	Helen R. Massey	Woods P. Johnson
Mary C. Huntington	Henry K. Morrison	Ella A. Wrigley	Anna F. Mathouet	Abbie C. Brown	Lizzie Beard
Nettie R. Gardner	Mary S. Clark	Lily Reid	R. Helen Fry	Carrie O. Chester	Fred Herbert Adams
Kate Bird Runkle	Addie B. Smith	Newcomb Cleveland	A. Eugene Billings	Theodora Chase	Nannie G. Laubie
Mary A. Armstrong	Fannie E. Cushing	Fanny Elizabeth Peck	Walter Hanks	Emily Augusta Cook	Luouella H. Markle
Hattie F. Roberts	Reta A. Whitlock	Two "Canadians"	Minnie L. Myers	Samuel Lewis	Laura M. Hixson
			Ida Pease	Allie I. Havens	Annie J. Biiss
			John M. Townsend	William Henry Dix	Annie R. Warren
			Fred M. Clark, Jr.	Lina H. Barton	John H. Hopkins
			Mary L. Allen	Katie H. Harris	Grace Collins
			Lucy E. Keller	Emma Augusta Tefit	Emma Koch
			Nettie Ely	W. F. Smith	Richard H. Knowles
			Virginia B. Ladd	Edgar N. Stevens	Henry O. Nute
			Arthur C. Smith	Willard E. Keyes	Flossie E. Valentine
			Ella L. Ostrom	Charlie A. Pierce	Lizzie Tredway
			Sarah W. Putnam	Edith L. Danielson	Effie M. Jennings
			Wm. E. Myers	Edwin Horner Gayley	Jas. Hart Yarrowburgh

## ROLL OF HONOR.

*(Girls and Boys of from Fourteen to Twenty Years of Age.)*

E. B. Halsted	Sarah A. Ellithorpe	Ella J. Darwin
Sarah F. Lincoln	Clinton H. Bradley	Nannie W. Clark
Percy W. Eaton	Adele W. McAllister	William Wirt Duncan
Wm. Wesley Runyon	Willie L. Amerman	Flora C. Hanley

Cora Frost	Geo. H. Striewig	Mamie Stratton	Sophie Adams Hall	E. Lizzie Sadtler	Lillie C. Bass
Dixie Lee Bryant	Arthur W. Condict	Carrie Skinner	Helen C. Cornell	Ada G. Horton	May T. Kemble
Ada M. Woolley	Nellie E. Sherwood	Jessie Longley	Nina Leonard Nevins	Wm J. Cloves	Edward F. Kingsbury
Eugene A. Baker	Georgiana R. Young	Sophie Wright Fitts	Willie T. Eastburn	Jennie M. Shattuck	Bertha E. Saltnarsh
Juliet McB. Hill	Elizabeth M. Sherman	Nellie C. Sayers	Marion Chitty	Charles E. Wessel	Addie S. Ketcham
John T. Loomis	Mary A. Sayer	Bessie Selden	Edward Wm. Herron	Lizzie Nenhaus	Tessie Bertha Connor
Leva Par Delford	Grace Clark	Nellie Lobdell	James H. Lancashire	Emma M. Pierce	Birdie Bennett
May Harvey	Ruania E. Chase	Sophie K. Card	Atherton Clark	Anna M. Garretson	Gracie J. Hicker
Cora E. Chapman	Alice B. Pirtle	Hattie E. Hoag	Frances Eliza Rowell	Fanny N. Osburn	Mary Watson
Hugh Du Bois	Mary D. Hodges	Allie M. Joyce	Florence Graham	Amelia A. Adams	Francis E. Morse
Wm. R. Cordingly	Charlie Sale	Gracie E. Bushnell	Rachel Adler	J. A. Bowne	Libbie Lee
Anna M. Lagowitz	Annie M. Rudd	Mary E. Selden	Chas. Grant Rust	Mollie Gatchel	Angie Gascoigne
Warren W. Smith	Turpin Gerard	Emma L. Hyde	Mary C. Taylor	Carrie Towne	Cora Lippitt Snow
Lilla M. Hallowell	Louise Achey	Mollie E. Gird	Mollie E. Gird	Susie M. Acker	Henry T. Miller
Emma E. Porter	Willie B. Sears	Emelie S. Farwell	Emelie S. Farwell	Addie M. Sherman	Iva M. Ingram
John J. Zebley	Julia B. Frayser	Eliza A. A. Morton	Eliza A. A. Morton	Winifred P. Ballard	Agnes Eliz. Stevens
Emmie D. Merrill	Fanny M. Hyde	Harvey W. Temple	Harvey W. Temple	Maude Lovett	Kirk McNair
Henry P. Canby	Natalie J. Brown	Adelle A. Sexsmith	Adelle A. Sexsmith	Maria Storrs Peck	Ida Patchen
Wm. Arthur Locke	E. Eva Cast	Julia Parsons Roberts	Julia Parsons Roberts	Frank E. Davis	Rosie R. Atwater
W. H. Burns	Helen G. Black	Edgar J. Wheeler	Edgar J. Wheeler	Lulu C. Luce	Florence Harding
Willie Boucher Jones	Charles S. Mills	Richd. Edward Ferris	Richd. Edward Ferris	Ida Brown	Lillian L. Evans
Mary A. Tobey	Nellie F. Eames	Wm. A. Stout	Wm. A. Stout	Lillie Bishop Perkins	Florence M. Drew
Minnie Loreign Reid	Eliza Van B. Parker	Winthrop Alexander	Winthrop Alexander	Nellie J. Watson	Elsie L. Reeves
Lucy Purinton	Bacon Starr	Louise Valliet	Louise Valliet	Geo. F. Curtiss	Esther C. Britain
Howard Willis Preston	Walter L. Seward	Katie Hilliard	Katie Hilliard	Helena Goodwin	Lulu L. Wylie
Julia A. Watson	Benjamin M. Lewis	Mattie A. Vinal	Mattie A. Vinal	Alice M. Evans	Hattie A. Lusk
Florence Donnelly	Lennie Colby	Helen H. Stewart	Helen H. Stewart	Thomas C. Diggs	Wm. G. Sutherland
Carrie T. Granger	Philip Cooke Kennedy	Ella J. Eddy	Ella J. Eddy	Abby D. Baker	Edith R. Packard
May B. Reese	Della Vic White	Ella Hogeland	Ella Hogeland	Leula Wethered	Helen Edna Briggs
Howell Stewart	Carrie Holdeman	Lulu S. Rex	Lulu S. Rex	Alice Stickney	Estelle Keller
Frank Ellis	Marion Abbot	Geo. T. M. Tilden	Geo. T. M. Tilden	Fannie W. Armstrong	Lucy C. Ross
Gertrude M. Denison	Carrie Stilwell	Bertha F. Poindexter	Bertha F. Poindexter	Jennie L. Barnard	Jennie J. Wilson
Edith E. Morris	George Valliet	Fannie L. Clark	Fannie L. Clark	Annie Gore	Ella Gallup
Eliz. Burrill Curtis	Belle Wilson	Clara A. Potter	Clara A. Potter	Laura Crosson	Charles M. Catlin
Ella Lyon	Harry L. App	Margaret Frayser	Margaret Frayser	Anna Stratford	Henry Allen Tenney
May Remington	Minnie A. Myrick	Anna Stratford	Anna Stratford	Mary C. Washburn	Six "Canadians"
Bessie B. Randall	Mary E. Herron	Mary C. Washburn	Mary C. Washburn	Minnie Merry	Mary E. Dunakin
Everett D. Van Dusen	Florence Emilie Hyde	Minnie Merry	Minnie Merry	Eva L. Fulton	E. M. Bergen
Lily F. Swords	Ethel Beecher Allen	John Prentice Terry	John Prentice Terry	Bessie E. Dickinson	Addie C. Mead
Kate F. Howland	Josephine B. Miner	Bessie E. Dickinson	Bessie E. Dickinson	Dora Laura Goble	Benjamin M. Wright
Helen L. Stanton	Lucy Coverts	Dora Laura Goble	Dora Laura Goble	Elsie S. Adams	Martha Hall
Fred R. Galloupe	Edith Harrison	Mary A. Morey	Mary A. Morey	Mary Wikoff	Marion Wilkinson
Charles K. Mount	Alfred T. Guyott	Jeannette Benjamin	Jeannette Benjamin	Annie Dwight Rhea	Helen M. Boynton
Mary C. Gerts	Mabelle L. Jones	Maddie Hawkins	Maddie Hawkins	Grace Benedict	Maggie Chalmers
DeForest C. Williams	Bessie A. Peck	Anna L. Knight	Anna L. Knight	Phebe A. Booth	Sibyl Louise Olmsted
Gertrude Huntington	Isabelle C. Corbett	Amelia Y. Johnson	Amelia Y. Johnson	Libbie Dusenbury	Florence Bickford
Theresa M. Lawrence	Clifton B. Dare	Elmer E. Hoover	Elmer E. Hoover	Rachel Littell	Bessie C. Battelle
A. Bradford Wallace	Ella Mendenhall	Rachel Littell	Rachel Littell	Mamie A. Tuttle	Olive Parker Black
Mary Eliz. Fairfield	John Henry McEwen	S. Halsted Watkins	S. Halsted Watkins		H. Winfield Matthews
Thos. Randolph Elrod	Fannie M. Lincoln				Carrie A. Tupper
					Herbert T. Abrams



## ICE-CREAM.

BY MARION HARLAND.

ONE cup of *fresh* milk, one cup of sweet cream, two-thirds of a cup of white sugar, four eggs, two scant tea-spoonfuls of Colgate's vanilla extract. Heat the milk to scalding, in a farina-kettle. Beat the eggs light and stir in the sugar. Pour the hot milk, a little at a time, upon the eggs and sugar, stirring

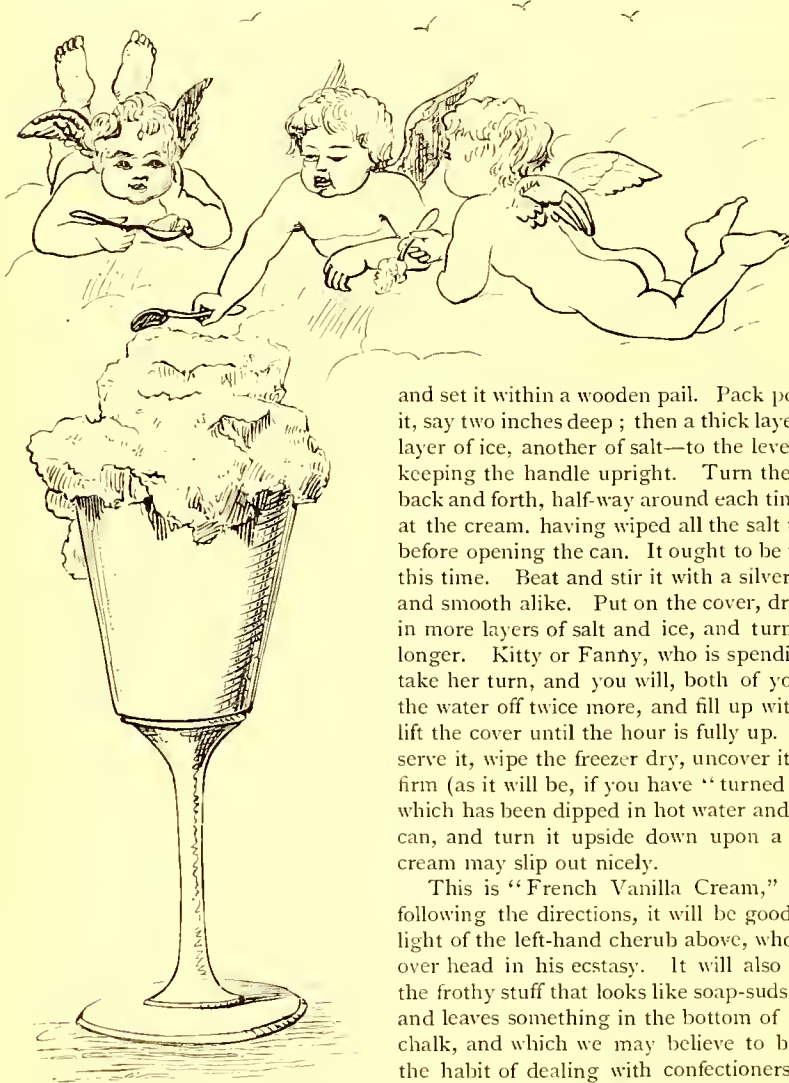
all the while. Put this custard back into the farina-kettle and let it boil about eight minutes, or until it is pretty thick, *stirring all the time*. Pour into a bowl, and when cold stir in the cream and vanilla. Have ready a clean tin can or pail, with a *tight* top, lapping on the outside,—if mamma has no freezer. Put the custard in this,

and set it within a wooden pail. Pack pounded ice very hard about it, say two inches deep; then a thick layer of common salt; another layer of ice, another of salt—to the level of the lid of the tin pail, keeping the handle upright. Turn the "freezer" by the handle, back and forth, half-way around each time, for half-an-hour. Peep at the cream, having wiped all the salt water from about the cover before opening the can. It ought to be frozen around the edges by this time. Beat and stir it with a silver spoon until it is all thick and smooth alike. Put on the cover, drain off the salt water, pack in more layers of salt and ice, and turn steadily for half-an-hour longer. Kitty or Fanny, who is spending the day with you, will take her turn, and you will, both of you, enjoy the frolic. Pour the water off twice more, and fill up with ice and salt; but do not lift the cover until the hour is fully up. Then, when you wish to serve it, wipe the freezer dry, uncover it, and should the cream be firm (as it will be, if you have "turned" faithfully), wrap a towel, which has been dipped in hot water and wrung out, all around the can, and turn it upside down upon a flat dish, so that the ice-cream may slip out nicely.

This is "French Vanilla Cream," and if you are careful in following the directions, it will be good enough to excuse the delight of the left-hand cherub above, who is throwing himself heels over head in his ecstasy. It will also be more wholesome than the frothy stuff that looks like soap-suds and tastes like pot-cheese, and leaves something in the bottom of the saucer very much like chalk, and which we may believe to be really chalk, if we are in the habit of dealing with confectioners who mix plaster-of-Paris with frosting, or color candy with poisonous paints, or put earth

in chocolate caramels, or are guilty of any other tricks of the kind.

N. B.—The ice should be broken into pieces not larger than a pigeon's egg. The easiest way to do this is to put it between the folds of a piece of old carpeting and pound it with a mallet. Every bit of it is saved by this process.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

BOYS AND GIRLS! This truly Midsummer holiday number of ST. NICHOLAS is offered you in honor of the season. We know that with you "the holidays" are not confined to Christmas times, and so ST. NICHOLAS, coming out in the prime of summer, must give you only its choicest and best. This is why, among all the pleasant things in this issue of the magazine, you find a paper that not only is full of midsummer poetry, but full of just the heartiest help for enjoying it. Miss Larcum (who, you may remember, helped Mr. Whittier to compile his "Child-life in Poetry") knows how truly young souls enjoy all that is sweet and beautiful on the green earth; and she knows, too, how keenly you all would enjoy what some of the best poets say about it, if you only knew just how, and in what spirit, to read them. She tells you that the best poets are the simplest; and the most fitting subjects for poems are the thoughts and things that are oftenest felt and seen—by young and old—and we hope you'll enjoy every word she says. Mrs. Oliphant, too, and Mrs. Whitney and Noah Brooks and Celia Thaxter and Lucretia P. Hale and Lydia Maria Child, and all the others who have helped us in our effort to make this the very crowning number of ST. NICHOLAS—we thank them in your name, and wish them peaceful and happy Midsummers to the end of their days.

Potsdam, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take your magazine, and think it is splendid. I like "The Boy Emigrants" the best. I would like to know if all the stories that Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches are true. I have the history of the United States, beautifully bound. Our printing-office caught fire just as we were going to Sabbath school, and we all ran to see the fire. When we came home from Sabbath school, it was all out. Just in the midst of the fire two dogs got to fighting, and they had to part them with water. My teacher said that I could spell better than I could write. I have a little brother who is very sick with the lung fever, and is very cross. I have a little friend to whom I take my ST. NICHOLAS after I get through it. Please put my letter in the Letter-Box.

JOHNNIE SEELEY.

J. S. offers the following original conundrum:

Why cannot an uncut wisdom tooth properly be considered as a part of the human body?  
Ans. Because it's a purely inside dental affair.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and have always read the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine with much pleasure. I subscribed to it for two years. Since I came to Germany I have been studying hard to learn the German language. I have been here for nine months, and can read and write quite nicely. Every day for an exercise, I translate some little German story; they amuse me very much, and I thought perhaps some of your boy and girl readers would like them too. I enclose one that I translated to-day:

## "THE PILGRIM.

"In a magnificent castle on the Rhine, many years ago, there lived a rich knight who spent much money in order to adorn his castle, but he did very little for the poor. One day there came a poor pilgrim who begged him for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily ordered him away, saying:

'This castle is no inn.'  
'Allow me to ask you only three questions,' said the pilgrim, 'then I will go on my way.'

'I grant your request,' replied the knight.  
'Who lived in this castle before you did?' asked the pilgrim.

'My father,' answered the knight.  
'Who dwelt here before your father?'

'My grandfather.'  
'And who will live here when you have passed away?'

'My son, if God permits.'

'Then,' said the pilgrim, 'if each one lived here only for a certain time, the castle is indeed but an inn or temporary stopping-place. Let me advise you in the future not to spend so much money in adorning a place which you occupy for such a short time; rather do good to the poor, then you may enjoy an everlasting abode in Heaven.'

"The knight took these few simple words to heart. He gave the

poor pilgrim a lodging, and was from that time ever a kind benefactor to the poor."

I am studying now without a teacher, and translate with no other help than my dictionary. I may stay here for some months, and would like to tell you something about this very quaint old city. Some of the buildings have been standing for nearly eight hundred years.—Your little reader,  
E. R.

New York.

DEACON GREEN—DEAR SIR: I have just finished writing the Declaration of Independence, and think, perhaps, some of the boys and girls would like to know why Charles Carroll signed himself "of Carrollton."

He was a very wealthy man, and when he was signing his name, some one said, "There goes a million, but the British won't know it." "I'll let them know," said Carroll, and signed himself of Carrollton. Hoping my "Declaration" will meet with your approval, I remain, your young friend,  
S. K. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was staying in the country during the summer, I had a ride on an engine, which I am now going to tell you about. One summer morning a gentleman and I thought we would like to go on a little excursion. So we got in the steam-cars and rode about twenty miles, and then got off. When we were there a short time the gentleman said to me: "Suppose we go back in an engine?" I consented at once. It was easy work to ask the engineer if we might ride, and then get on. So off we went full speed. I forgot to say that the engine had no cars attached, and was all alone. I rang the bell, pulled the whistle, and sat on the look-out. Suddenly the engineer said that a train was due at L—, and that we would have to get there so as to get on the switch track before the train came up, so we put on full steam and flew along like the wind. I was nearly shaken to pieces, the engine jarred so.

"How many minutes have we got to get there?" I asked.

"About five," the engineer replied.

I happened to look out the window and saw a train ahead of us. "Hurry up," I said.

The engineer crowded on all steam. Suddenly the station came in sight, and we rounded the curve just as the train came up.

We rode the rest of the way in safety, and, after thanking the engineer, we returned home. A week afterward that very engine blew up, and the engineer was killed.  
LELAND COLBY.

EMMA R. sent the following answer to the charade in our April number:

No wearied pilgrim seeks a shrine,  
Without my first begins his prayer;  
No rich man ever took his ease,  
Without my second ends his care.

No sun by day, no moon by night,  
Their glowing warmth and light afford  
Without my third! And so, 'tis true,  
My whole is mightier than the sword.

Weimar, March 28th, 1876.

I wonder how many of the youthful readers of the ST. NICHOLAS have heard anything about "Queen Louisa, of Prussia." While you in America are making such grand preparations for the celebration of our proud Centennial, we have been enjoying a little centennial with the Germans in memory of their beloved Queen Louisa. If she had lived till the 10th of March, 1876, she would have been one hundred years old. In Berlin there is a great deal to remind one of her beautiful life, and the good she accomplished, and the papers are full of little interesting incidents connected with her;—stories of her childhood, and what touches a very tender chord in the German heart, the deep love she cherished for her Fatherland. The winning, loving traits of her character are dwelt upon with a peculiar pathos, and every child in Germany can but admire and respect her memory. She was queen during a period of peculiar trial. When that ambitious conqueror "The Emperor of the French," was making Germany so much trouble, Louisa trembled for the safety of her country, and so strong were her sympathies that she not only felt the trials and perplexities of her husband, King Frederick William III, but the sufferings of her beloved people. Once, not far from Weimar, she met the proud, victorious Napoleon, and tried to turn him from his course. Her beauty, loveliness and dignity impressed him deeply. He never forgot this interview, and acknowledged that his treaty with

the Germans was much more favorable than it otherwise would have been.

Another reason why the name of Louisa is so honored by the German nation is, because her son, the present Emperor (who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday), has accomplished so much for the Germans. He has won and retains the hearts of his people, and the germs of his success and patriotism were implanted by the gentle, lovely mother, who died when he was still young.

Her life is well worth studying, for, aside from her having been a noble and high-minded queen, she was a true and faithful daughter to her afflicted father; a most devoted wife and tender mother, and one of the most interesting and lovely characters that history has on record. Those who have visited that wonderful piece of art erected to her memory—the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg—in the garden of that palace which she so dearly loved, must ever remain impressed with that magical piece of marble, which but faintly suggests her exquisite loveliness.

Jean Paul wrote of her that fate had destined her to wear the flower wreath of beauty, the myrtle wreath of honor, the crown of a king, the laurel and oak-wreaths of fatherland's love, and a crown of thorns. There still awaited her the crown of glory which the God of the Christian reserves for those who love Him.

The name of Queen Louisa of Prussia has become a national symbol, her memory a legacy, and her tomb a shrine of patriotic pilgrimage.

E. M. P.

Who can tell a correspondent, J. H., why salt is used in freezing ice-cream?

Madison, Wis.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who is the author of these lines?

"For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt, would be disloyalty—  
To falter, would be sin."

Yours truly, H. M.

The above lines form the last stanza of the poem "The Right Must Win," written by Frederic William Faber.

Bath, Maine.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I have two sisters older than I, and a little brother younger. He is real cunning; he is not old enough to read the ST. NICHOLAS, but he likes to look at the pictures. My papa is writing a book about the Douglas family, and will have it printed soon. He likes the piece "About Heraldry," in the May number of 1875, very much. I have heard him tell the verse about the Black Douglas, but not the story; he is going to have the verse printed in his book. I love flowers dearly. I have a great many gardens in the summer, and I have quite lots of plants now. I have ten bouquets at a time sometimes in the summer. I went a May-flowering the other day, but did not get many flowers. I would like to have you put my name down as a Bird-defender, although I never killed a bird nor never expect to.—Yours truly,

ALICE M. DOUGLAS

We would like to ask a question of the Bird-defenders—not that we suppose the element of cruelty enters into the question, but because, as lovers of birds, they are supposed to know, or to be interested in searching out, many facts regarding their habits.

In reading a description of the seat of an English gentleman (Esholt Hall, Yorkshire), we noticed this remark: "In the wood, opposite to the house, a singular circumstance in natural history occurred in 1821; three young woodcocks of one brood were brought to maturity, a fact seldom if ever ascertained."

The question is: Why was this so singular a circumstance?

Fort A. Lincoln, May 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you from Fort Lincoln, on the west bank of the Missouri River, opposite Bismark, the terminus of the N. P. R. R. An expedition has been fitting out from here to go into the Indian country, and day before yesterday they broke camp and started off at five o'clock in the morning. I will tell you in what order they marched past the officers' quarters:

First came General Terry, who is in command of the expedition, accompanied by his staff. Next came a band of forty Arickarree scouts, mounted on Indian ponies, and singing their horrid war song, which sounded to me like "yow-yow-wow!" Then came the regimental band, playing the "Girl I left behind me." Following this came the seventh regiment of cavalry, at the head of which rode General Custer, and by his side his beautiful wife, who was to accompany him to the first camp. Next came a battery of Gatling guns, each drawn by eight horses. Last of all came three companies of infantry, which marched with resolute and steady tread. The expedi-

tion was accompanied by a train of one hundred and fifty wagons. It is going to drive Sitting Bull, and his band of hostile Sioux, on to the reservation. If it accomplishes anything wonderful, you will probably read of it in the newspapers.

Fort Lincoln is a very large Post, but we cannot go outside of it alone for fear of Indians.

As I fear I am taking too much space, I must say good-bye.

MARY A. MANLEY.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: This is a true story I am going to tell you about. We have an old Dorking rooster named Jack. He is a great pet, and, consequently, thinks he is lord and master of everything and everyone. Well, grandmamma has a brood of fine young turkeys. One day their mother died, and grandmamma was very much bothered about them. What was her surprise to see, as she was walking out on the terrace one day, old Jack with the whole brood nestling under his wings. She called us all, and we were so astonished! I think it was very funny. Dear Little Schoolma'am, what do you think?—Your loving

AMALIE.

Mumford, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In my May number of ST. NICHOLAS I find a notice of a church in Mumford, Napa County, California, which is built of petrified wood. We have in our own village of Mumford, Monroe Co., New York, a Presbyterian church which is built of a stone very similar to that you describe. The walls and tower are now complete, and we hope the church will be finished the coming season. This stone was taken from a quarry near the village, and contains a great many petrified willow leaves, twigs of cedar, mosses, etc. Some excellent specimens have been sent to the Centennial Exhibition. They are arranged in a glass case, and with them are some of the ferns and cedars which grow in a swamp near the quarry. These petrifications are, of course, very curious and beautiful; the church is visited by a great many people from all parts of the country.—Yours very respectfully,

ETHAN ALLEN.

THE answer to the French riddle in our July number is as follows:

*Dix mois six tu m'aime.* (Ten months, six "tu"s love me.)  
*Adele: Dis-moi si tu m'aime.* (Adele: Tell me if thou lovest me.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing G. G. Sampson's questions in the May number of your Monthly respecting the "Marriage of the Adriatic," I send the following account of its origin, etc. "In the year 1173, Pope Alexander III. was so persecuted by Otho, son of Frederic Barbarossa, that he fled for safety to Venice, and, entering the monastery of St. Charite, lived for a long time in secret and unknown. When the Venetians discovered who he was, they not only treated him with great respect, but placed their army and navy at his service. In a naval battle, Otho was taken prisoner, and presented by the Venetians as a vassal to the Pope, by Sebastianus Zianus, commander of the fleet. Alexander immediately took a ring off his finger, and giving it to the commander, told him that as long as he kept that ring he should be lord and husband of the ocean, and that he and his posterity, on the anniversary of the victory, must espouse the sea. Therefore, in memory of this grant, the custom of throwing a ring was annually observed. A splendid barge was built called the Bucentaur, and in this magnificent ship the doge, attended by a thousand gondolas and barges, sailed to a place in the Adriatic called the Apostle Gates, situated at the entrance of the gulf. The patriarch who went with him poured holy water into the sea, and the doge then dropped a ring of great value, repeating these words: 'We espouse thee, O sea, in token of real and perpetual dominion over thee.'" I hope this account will be satisfactory.

G. B. K.

LIZZIE M. D. sends us the following

"EPIC IN A NUTSHELL."

I'm going to write an epic,—ho! and this is the first line;  
The second this, and please observe how strong it is, and fine.  
And this the third; A king is born; he loves, he fights, he dies.  
So, ere the fourth, the whole is told, or else the writer lies.

Sacramento City.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been making your Holiday Harbor, published in your magazine in the December number of 1874.

I used instead of card-board the wood of a strawberry box, and I find it answers the purpose, if anything, better than card-board,—provided you have a sharp knife,—for this reason, it is very hard to cut card-board, and when you do cut it, it is very hard to cut evenly; but with strawberry-box wood and a ruler, you can cut very easily. Will some of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, that have already made the Holiday Harbor out of card-board, try strawberry boxes, and I think they will like it better than card-board, for the reason already mentioned.—Respectfully yours,

A CONSTANT READER OF ST. NICHOLAS.



## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals and finals name two summer amusements—one for girls and one for boys.

1. Marco bought the farm cheap. 2. I was in Rome on Easter Sunday. 3. I saw some gay dresses at the Carnival. 4. I expect to visit Quito this year. 5. A tour in Italy is pleasant. 6. Have you been near Naples? 7. What a grand cathedral has been built in New York!

Words having the following significations are concealed in the above: 1. A pony. 2. A Shakspearian character. 3. The last. 4. To leave. 5. A Bible name. 6. To gain by labor. 7. An appendage. CYRIL DEANE.

## SQUARE-WORD.

My first, when shot, is never hurt,  
E'en though its feathers fly;  
My next we do when plucking fruit  
From branches hanging high;  
My third we like the fruit to be  
If it is fair and sound;  
My fourth, a clay which painters use,  
Of different colors found;  
My fifth, a question you would ask  
If searching something were your task. J. P. B.

## INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. My sister — went to see the —. 2. The — of the — was sixpence per pound. 3. Father — the — wagon last week. 4. In the center of the — cross was a large —. 5. The — entered the carriage and took a —. 6. She went to the —, but was not — to remain there long. 7. — can he be? He surely is not —. H. C.

## METAGRAM.

I SIGNIFY to dress by heat;  
But change my head, I'm good to eat.  
If changed again, I am a fish,  
Which, cooked, you'll find a pleasant dish.  
Another head, if you should please,  
The last could swim in me with ease.  
Then, if you change my head again,  
I mean to cause or to constrain.  
Change it again, and you will find  
An implement of useful kind.  
Once more, and I'm on your account.  
Again, my meanings will amount  
To half a dictionary page;  
To learn them will require an age. L. W. H.

## A LITTLE STORY.

## Containing 25 Hidden Cities of the United States.

It was in August, a half-century ago, that I offered for sale my farm, preparatory to going West in the fall. Rivers were not then traversed by steamers, nor the land by rail-cars, so that neither the rich nor folks who were poor could travel rapidly, as now. I was to be accompanied only by my wife, Ella, and my dog, Ponto. I purchased a chart for direction.

On a Saturday I said to my wife, "We will do our last washing to-night, and start Monday. We will take only such things as are new; have no useless articles to encumber us. We shall do very well now with but little, and perhaps sometime be rich." Monday we started, and Ponto led off for weeks through the forest, but our progress was slow. Ella rode upon horseback as well as myself. One day my horse, in attempting to drink, stepped upon a little rock, stumbled, and I nearly fell into the brook. Lynx eyes were watching, unknown to us, and had I not fallen I should have been pierced by an arrow which struck a tree just above my head with a dull bang, or thud.

Turning quickly, I discovered an Indian disappearing in the bushes; but a single shot from my pistol gave that Indian a polish which rendered unnecessary any more painting on his part. He could not have expected such a rebuff, alone though he was; but not till I pondered on my narrow escape did I begin to get mad. I, so near my future home, to be so attacked! It showed a poor prospect of the delights of a home so rural. Eight days more, and we should be at our journey's end, if no accident happened.

But the next day we were stopped by a large party of Indians armed with bows and tomahawks, who surrounded us like a mob. I let them do as they chose, for resistance was useless, and we were

taken to their village. Luckily for us, one night we were left without a guard, while they were celebrating some great event; and, in the noise and confusion occasioned by their whoops and halloos, we got off in safety. In a few days, but after many privations, we reached our long-sought-for port. Land cost nothing, and we were soon prosperous. Our harvests were prolific; level and fertile was the land which I had chosen, and I am now reaping the benefits of my toil.

Hundreds of acres of wheat, corn, and farmer's stuff, rank for the harvest, can I now call my own.

Forests were on every side when my life was in its spring;  
Fields of waving grain and produce now to me their treasures bring.  
GARDE.

## CHARADE.

My first is little but mighty;  
My next is myself or a part;  
My third you may pitch at your pleasure;  
My whole you may be in your heart. L. W. H.

## DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A bird. 4. The founder of an ancient city. 5. To besiege or attack. 6. A color. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. To plunder. 3. An ancient poet. 4. Puzzles. 5. Made angry. 6. A small piece of iron used in machinery to fasten bolts. 7. A consonant. IVANHOE.

## DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

My first a plant, with pods which hold  
Wealth that is quickly turned to gold;  
The value of my next, 'tis found,  
Lies in the part beneath the ground;  
My third a tree—of it we prize  
The nut, and that which round it lies;  
My fourth has wealth in wood and fruit,  
My fifth has value in its root;  
If money from my sixth be gained,  
From every part 't will be obtained.

Downward, from left to right—you'll find  
An acid fruit with acid rind. J. P. D.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals name two characters in Sir Walter Scott's writings. 1. To communicate, or make known. 2. The name of a great queen. 3. Something that we could not live without. 4. One of Shakspeare's characters. 5. One of the West Indies. 6. A mixture or medley. 7. A flag or banner. ISOLA.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS enigma is composed of sixteen letters. The 4, 6, 5, 7, 3 is what a young lady is very liable to become. The 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 is useful, where open fire-places are used. The 16, 2, 9, 8 is to cast off, to let fall, or may be something near your house. The 1 is the beginning of a turtle and the end of a serpent. The whole is the name of a noble army whose mission is peace, not war. CYRIL DEANE.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

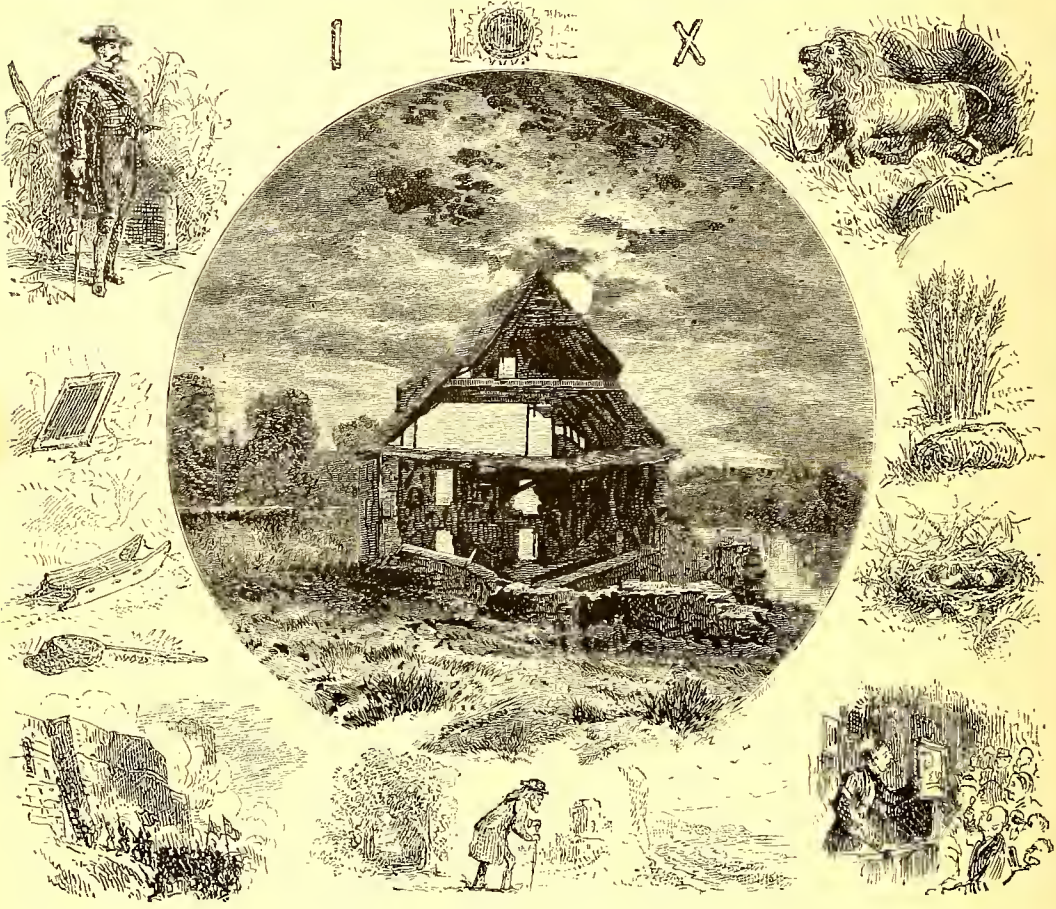
My whole is the name of a great hero.  
My first is in walk, but not in run;  
My second in happiness, not in fun;  
My third is in spear, but not in gun;  
My fourth is in light, though not in sun;  
My fifth is in win, but not in won;  
My sixth is in pound, and also in ton;  
My seventh in spinning, but not in spun;  
My eighth is in daughter, but not in son;  
My ninth is in roll, but not in bun;  
My tenth is in green, and also in dun. R. W. G.

## BEHEADED SYLLABLES.

TAKE the first syllable from a word meaning a guide, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning that which is correct, and leave a clergyman; from a word meaning to give, and leave a clergyman. J. P. B.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

(The central picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—“Knowledge is power.”  
 CHARADE.—Indefatigable.  
 PICTORIAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S  
 ACE  
 WHEAT  
 SCEPTER  
 ALTAR  
 NET  
 R

EASY TRANSPOSITION.—Table, Lamp, Chair.

HALF WORD-SQUARE.—P A R R O T  
 A L O O F  
 R O O T  
 R O T  
 O F  
 T

A CHARADE FOR 1876.—Centennial.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Ethan Allen.  
 E—urek—A  
 T—rowe—L  
 H—ul—L  
 A—gat—N  
 N—apolo—N

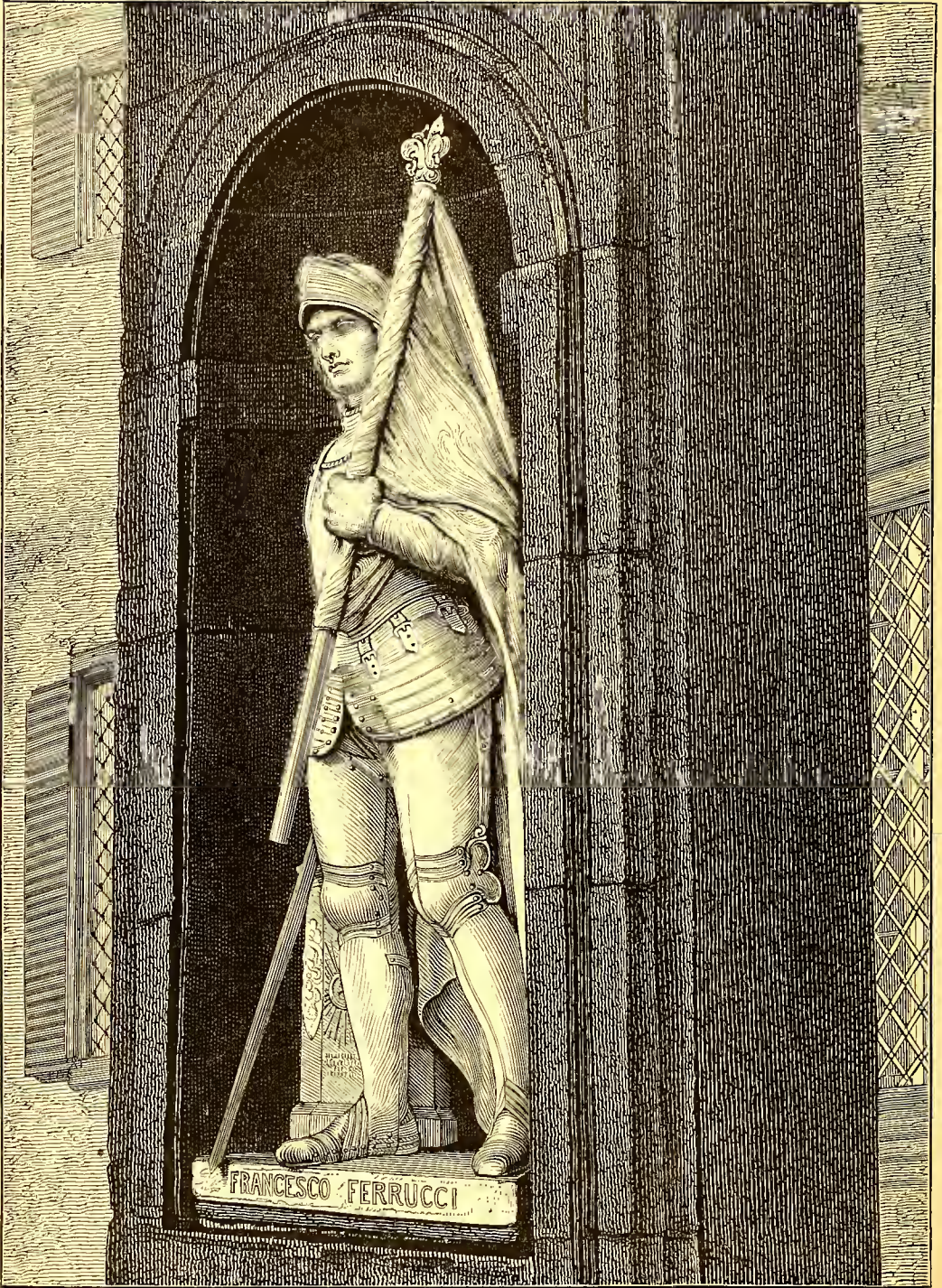
INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Study, stud. 2. Ruby, rub. 3. Flamingo, flaming. 4. Homer, home. 5. Plank, plan. 6. Farm, far. INITIAL CHANGES.—Batch, catch, hatch, latch, match, watch. MELANGE.—1. Pearl, earl. 2. Pearl, pear. 3. Pearl, peal. 4. Earl, Lear. 5. Pear, reap, pare. 6. Peal, leap, pale, plea. 7. Earp, rap. 8. Pear, pea. 9. Pale, ale. 10. Plea, lea. 11. Earl, ear.

BROKEN WORDS.—1. Profit, able—profitable. 2. Alter native—alternative. 3. Inn ovations—innovations. 4. Commend a Tory—commendatory 5. Hand, led—handled.

PREFIX PUZZLE.—Prefix: Im. Impeach, impress, impanel, impair, impost, impatient, impose, implant, impart, impale, impediment, impostor.

Adelaide Underhill, M. W. Collet, Robert L. Goundy, e, and Tom Loomis answered correctly *all* the puzzles in the June number. ANSWERS TO SPECIAL PUZZLES in the same number were received, previous to June 18, from Willie Dibblee, Maggie B. Acheson, Eugene L. Lockwood, M. F. Rohnert, Arthur B., Brainerd P. Emery, Mamie E. Cummings, H. R. Wilson, Eddie Herbert Lewis, Florence A. Merriam, Mary H. Wilson, Jenny R. Miller, E. S. W. Blanke, E. P. S. Robinson, John R. Lapham, “Anubis,” William Chauncey Hawley, “Alex,” Bessie Foster, Eddie Roleson, Brenda Balmain, Alexis Coleman, May F. Southgate, May Wallace, Arthur D. Smith, Emma Elliott, Alfred Edward Vultee, S. B. H., C. W. Hornor, Jr., Harry Edmonds, Howard S. Rodgers, H. Engelbert, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Katie S. Hughes, Evelyn Dudley, Amy W. Finney, Willie E. Furber, E. D. J. Hennessy, Hattie L. Hamilton, Eleanor N. Hughes, “Apollo,” Jesse A. Chase, Alma Bertram, and Lizzie Kiernan.





STATUE OF FERRUCCI, IN FLORENCE.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

NO. II.

## FERRUCCI AND HIS FOES.

BY R. H. D.

IF this soldier could speak and tell us why he turns such a grim face to the world, and holds his flag with so fierce a grip, we should hear a chapter of one of the strangest stories in history. The story belongs to a stretch of country in middle Italy (you can find it on your map), reaching from the sea-coast to the high hills, over malarious marshes through which no traveler will pass, any more than through the Dead Sea.

A thousand years before our Lord was born, before ancient Rome (dead and buried ages ago) was ever heard of, a mysterious people suddenly took possession of this country. No human being knows to this day whence they came; not a man or woman among them betrayed that secret. They were a dwarfish, thick-set race, with black hair and eyes, very different from the tall, graceful Greeks. They worshiped drunken, death-dealing gods, and every day tried to put them in a good humor by human sacrifices; or rather, to be precise, they left these murderous gods and murderous feasts to the priests to attend to, and went about their other business. Now you would hardly guess what this business was. When we go back into these moldering, gray regions of time, we expect to be met by men in skins, but little better than the beasts that they hunted. These men, surrounded by skin-clad, beast-hunting nations, built for themselves comfortable and splendid homes, where the wife ruled equal with the husband; they dressed in richly embroidered garments, and fine linen of their own weaving; played upon many instruments, invented bronze, filled their houses with statues, vases, and pictures of fantastic design. If any fighting was to be done, they hired soldiers to do it, and remained

comfortably at home, trading, farming, or building towns to which magnificent aqueducts brought water, and beneath which were vast systems of sewers and drains, such as none of our modern cities can equal.

This mysterious people long ago disappeared from off the face of the earth, but some of their great bronzes and marbles remain, and every year vessels of their wonderful pottery are dug up out of the ground. Some of their necklaces and jewels, crusted gray with time, are among the wonders of the Exposition. You will find in many an American cabinet, a red or yellow unglazed vase or urn with black figures of strange men and women upon it; they are at prayer, or eating, or marrying, but even about the death-ded they are dancing, or in some way making the best they can of their lives. These are portraits which the Etruscans made of themselves thousands of years ago. If it were not for these bits of clay, they would seem to us but a fable of the old ages.

One of their cities was named Fiesole, and as it stood on too high ground for the market-people to climb with their produce, a few sheds were put up at the base of the hill, under which they could trade. The sheds grew, in course of time, into a hamlet; the hamlet into a busy trading-town. Etruscans and Romans here bought, and sold, and married together. Money ruled; Firenze (or Florence, as we call it) was but a great market-place; the wealthy traders became princes, while the man without money was a slave except in name.

The boy who reads ST. NICHOLAS is apt to think very little about money. He is not likely, however poor, to grovel before his rich neighbor. He knows

that knowledge is cheap and work plenty, and that he has free chance to win power or fortune. But any boy, born poor in Florence, knew that there was no chance for him; the collar was on his neck, he was a drudge for life. One family had put a yoke upon his class, and for four centuries drove them like dumb beasts.

When New York was a wilderness, peopled by bears and wolves, a wool merchant, on a wharf in Florence, named De Medici, began to attract notice by the enormous sums which he made and spent as rapidly. He built magnificent ships,—gondolas, to float upon the blue Arno,—princely palaces in which he held a royal state. He built palaces for the city too, established schools in them where the sons of the nobles learned philosophy; furnished great libraries of rare manuscript. The greatest architects, sculptors, painters, and philosophers of the world worked for this wool-merchant gladly, he was so generous and friendly a patron. They gave him the name of the father of his country, and under his rule Florence became the most beautiful city in the world. But Cosimo de Medici was the father only of the rich and noble. The poor he trampled under foot; they were of no more value to him than the swine in the stalls of Fiesole.

If we could keep these unfortunate wretches out of sight, the story of Cosimo, his sons and grandsons, would be splendid as a dream of enchantment. They wakened all Italy to new, wonderful industries. The great magicians in art, science, and song worked at their bidding. Gardens, churches, marvelous work in gold and silver, more marvelous pictures sprang into being; great poems were written, scholars from all countries thronged to Florence, and in the shadows of vast palaces were given place to pursue their studies in peace; the whole known world, in a word, flushed into a glory of beauty and grace under the rule of the Medici, as a tropical forest into flower beneath the summer sun. But the poor, remember, shared the fate of the creeping things in the forest. The only men who took any account of them were a few good, common-sensed Christians, headed by a monk named Savonarola, who went about with such gloomy foreboding faces in this sunshiny, beautiful city, that they were called "weepers."

Lorenzo, the grandson of Cosimo, was known as the Magnificent; the poor were almost willing to be crushed to death by such a genial, superb master. There was a little boy of eight, employed as a page in the palace, of noble blood we may be sure, or the great Lorenzo would not have noticed, as he did, his fancy for molding figures in clay. Walking, one day in the garden, the prince found the little fellow copying the figure of an old faun.

He had altered the mouth to make it laugh. "Well done, Michelangelo," he said; "but old men do not have such teeth as thou hast given thy faun. Close his mouth."

The boy bowed, but said nothing. The next day, Lorenzo, passing that way, found the faun still laughing, but with his teeth broken and decayed with age. The prince placed the boy at once in a gallery of sculpture, and employed the first masters of the age to teach him. Now Lorenzo is chiefly known in history as the patron of Michael Angelo. Lorenzo's son, who was made Cardinal at thirteen, and Pope at thirty-seven, was of the same age as the young sculptor, and had known him as a boy; he was so anxious that he should finish the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, that he raised the money necessary by means which Luther protested against as unlawful, and out of this small dissension began and widened the great breach of the Reformation.

Another of this family was the Catharine of France who laughed and joked while seventy thousand of her subjects were slaughtered in one night.

You must not think that the Florentines submitted tamely to the iron rule of the Medici. The common people took courage, from time to time, fought and were always beaten, only to rise again. The great war of the Guelphs and Ghibellines had been going on for four hundred years; the Guelphs usually meaning those who fought for the cause of the down-trodden people, and the Ghibellines for the imperial power. The long fight came to an end in the siege of Florence, in August, 1530, when the treacherous Giulio de Medici, then Pope Clement, with the help of Charles V., invested his native city, determined to destroy or conquer it, to give it over to the rule of his villainous son, Alessandro. For a year, the people within suffered terrible straits of disease, want, and at last starvation. Our brave soldier, Ferrucci, was within, commanding part of the Florentine forces. He led a forlorn hope out of the city through the lines of the enemy, and was returning with a transport of provisions to his starving people, when the imperialist army attacked him. The account of the battle has almost faded from the ancient, yellow pages of Guicciardini, where we read it. But we find that Francesco "was born of the common people, and discovered a mighty bravery of heart and military skill." He was taken prisoner and put to death in this battle, and the beautiful city struggling to be free, finding that he was dead, surrendered herself up to her tyrants. She was given over to plunder, and for two centuries after, to the rule of the Medici. When the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS have grown old enough to turn from it willingly to great books of

history, they will find no story in them stranger than that of this mighty family, who wore their royalty so graciously; who were keen lovers of all art, learning, and progress; who were generous as children to their few friends, but studied murder as a science for the annihilation of their enemies. The sword and guillotine served them when thousands were to perish; but all subtle poisons were

at their command—they gave death with a smile in a flower, or sent it with loving words in a letter. There is not one of the name alive, fortunately for the world.

But the honest, grim face of Francesco Ferrucci tells us a story of bravery and freedom, better worth the reading of little children than the story of the Medici.

## MY RICHES.

BY E. G. TAYLOR.

OLKS are complaining now, I hear, about their poverty,—  
Of money scarce, and times as hard as times, perhaps, can be;  
But I am very rich, for I have raiment, food and health,  
And multitudes of treasures—yes, I'm rolling in my wealth.

I have two eyes to see with—they are worth ten thousand pound;  
A pair of ears to hear with, and feet for walking round;  
No one could purchase these from me for twenty thousand more;  
My hands, so useful, raise the sum of thousands to three score.

My tongue, though oft unruly, yet to me is such a prize.  
I would not sell it cheaper than I would my precious eyes;  
My head, though somewhat empty, fits upon my neck so well,  
I would not part with it though you the price to millions swell.

I own a life-long interest in that huge world, the sun;  
The moon is partly mine also; my list is but begun,  
For I have stock in all the stars that seem to crowd the sky;  
They shine their dividends on me, although they are so high.

The clouds that gather in the sky, and shed on me their rain,  
And winds that bring them hither, are my servants, it is plain;  
I plant no fields, and yet I garner harvests full and grand,  
In eye-crops, rich and beautiful, o'er all our fruitful land.

I hold no houses in my name,—that is, they're not called mine.—  
For to the cares of property I never did incline;  
But if I held by legal claim all dwellings 'neath the sun,  
I'd do as now—let others have them all, excepting one.

I've had great artists painting for me very many years,  
For centuries before my name among Earth's sons appears;  
The masters, old and new, for my delight have done their part;  
I go to see my galleries, rejoicing in their art.



Romancers, poets, essayists, historians, all have vied  
 With one another zealously, their skill and genius tried,  
 To offer me a literature; and let their very selves,  
 From divers climes and ages, speak from the book-case shelves.

Astronomers are on the watch, like sentinels, to see  
 The movements of the heavenly host, and they report to me  
 The latest news received from constellation or from star,  
 Or of the frisky comets plunging into space so far.

Inventors tax their brains for me,—sharp-witted men and keen,—  
 To put in my possession some new wonderful machine,  
 By which my toil is easy made, and I subdue, as king,  
 The stubborn earth, and make it all to me its tribute bring.

The railways spanning our broad land, and managed with such skill,  
 Are mine, to all intents at least; they take me where I will.  
 My telegraph thrills through the world, down underneath the sea,  
 And brings each distant country a near neighbor unto me.

And thus from ev'ry quarter, whether sea or earth or sky,  
 My riches are enormous; and I cannot, if I try,  
 Join in the murmurs of my friends, pretending I am poor.  
 All things are mine—God says it, and His word is ever sure.

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LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE MOSQUITO.



SCENE I.



SCENE II.



SCENE III.



## HOW THE CHILDREN CRUISED IN THE WATER-WITCH.

BY E. W. OLNEY.

ONCE upon a time, during a heavy gale in December, a pleasure-boat was driven in from sea and stranded far above high-water mark on old Rye Beach. Her name was the Water-witch. She never again rode over the crested waves, yet when winter storms raged loudly, cold hissing surges struck her side once more, great blocks of ice piled up around her, icicles hung from her boom and froze on to her deck below. When the days of darkness and tempest were passed and the light-house keeper's children came out to look for drift-wood in the early spring, there she lay against the rocks high out of water, her tattered sail still set, her rudder hard down to starboard, and her keel deeply imbedded in the sand.

And there she staid all summer, her canvas rotting and her seams yawning, while the children took possession and played at voyages. Many a cruise up and down, far and wide over the world they took, many a fair island they discovered in fancy, while they sat in the boat bedded in rocks and sea-weed, and told over and over again all the sea-tales their father had ever related to them.

The light-house keeper's children's names were Malcolm, Frank and Nanny. Malcolm was a tall boy of thirteen, with a pale determined face, and large gray eyes that seemed always looking in dream-land. He was full of fancies. Sometimes he was silent, and seemed so busy listening to some voice beyond the hearing of other mortal ears, that he never once heard the voices of the other children who talked from morning until night. Then, by and by, he would wake up and tell Frank and Nanny such wonderful tales as made their hearts beat. Frank was nine years old, with big brown eyes, rosy cheeks and curly hair. He thought his tall brother was the cleverest and dearest fellow in the world, and only wanted to do his will without a wish of his own. Nanny was a little maid of five. Her eyes were blue as the skies, and her hair had surely learned its trick of golden color from the sunbeams. She loved everybody in the world, was happy anywhere, whether playing with her brothers or wandering alone along the beach searching for the little pools of water left by the receding tides, and singing little songs to her own sweet image mirrored in the tiny lakes, believing the reflection to be a little sweet maiden smiling up at her.

Sometimes her brothers went on stern warlike cruises after pirates and buccaneers, and left her safe behind them. Then again, they would put

her in the hammock and let her sail with them to the

• "Summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

When she did not share their voyage, and they waved their hands to her and threw her kisses in fond adieux, she would cry a little at the parting and desolately feel as if their sail was really set to waft the Water-witch across the seas; but presently, when she still heard their voices as they rushed about their little ship, cutting cables and drawing up their anchors, she would smile again and busy herself gathering sea-weeds, of which she made wreaths fantastically to crown her sunny hair, or gathered shells and strung them into girdles and necklaces, or held a great conch to her ear and listened with thoughtful eyes, and lips apart, to the story it was forever telling.

"The little sister shall go with us to-morrow," Malcolm would often say when tea-time came, and he and Frank had cast their anchors and were at home again; and in the morning he would take the little girl's hand and ask:

"Where does Nanny want to sail to-day?"

"Where the oranges grow," the little sister answered, with such a queer little lisp, and such a dear, eager little face, that both Malcolm and Frank kissed her at once.

"Now we are on shipboard," said Malcolm, after they had climbed into the boat. It was very pleasant thus to be on shipboard. The sail flapped in the wind and the sun shone warmly, and down beyond the wet beach the sea rippled and glittered, and the birds shrieked and dipped as they flew after the fish, leaping out of water in their play. It was almost better than being really on shipboard on the ocean, for here no one could be seasick; yet if they looked off on the one hand, they could see nothing but the blue sea line, dotted with the white sails of ships and the smoke-stacks of the steamers crossing and recrossing each other in the offing, while at the same time, in the other distance, was the familiar rocky beach where the children had played all their lives, with the high light-house on the point beyond and the little stone cottage nestling beside it, where their mother was sitting sewing in the door-way, with her loving face turned toward them. Now when you in sober earnest start on a voyage and go to sea, there is nothing but water, water everywhere about you, and your heart will ache with longing many and many a time before

you can see the dear home faces turned toward you with a smile.

"This is a calm voyage," said Malcolm, who was at the helm. "We are in the Tropics now. This is the sun that burns the people brown, quite brown, and crisps their hair when it is at its hottest."

"Where the oranges grow," put in Nanny.

"Oh, yes," cried Frank, "oranges and figs, and dates and bananas, and cocoa-nuts and guava-jelly! They all grow here."

"Guava-jelly does not grow," corrected Malcolm wisely. "The guava is a fruit like an apple, and

knees to wait just one day, just twenty-four hours more, and then he would go back, if no signs of land appeared. Then, while his heart was turning faint within him, and while he was almost in despair, the bough of a tree, with fresh green leaves on it, floated past him. Oh, how he thanked the good God! And soon he heard the voice of singing-birds, and butterflies appeared dancing hither and thither, as if to beckon him on to the new lands. Let us play that we, too, are looking for beautiful islands, all flowers and fruits, and singing-birds."

So they chatted to each other about such a



GOING ON BOARD THE WATER-WITCH.

jelly is made from that as mother makes it from quinces."

"I don't care how it's made," said Frank; "I only know it's awfully good with bread and butter."

Malcolm grew silent, and sat with his gaze steadily fixed upon the sea; his pale face flushed a little, and his eyes shone.

"When Columbus made his great voyage and discovered America," said he after a time, "he sailed on west and west, always without knowing where he was, to find land at last. He had a great faith which kept up his patience, but his men grew angry and mutinous and were eager to turn back. Columbus could have done nothing if his crew had risen against him; he begged them almost on his

voyage; and Malcolm, as if in a dream, felt himself really to be sailing beneath warm, eternal suns, with a crystal sea spreading far about him, broken here and there into shifting rainbow tints, as great fishes turned on their sides and showed fins of silver and gold. And the wind that blew softly through and through the tatters of the old sail made it a sort of harp, on which it sang wonderful songs, sweet and restful as a mother's lullaby to her babe. Nanny too, as she swung in the hammock rocked by Frank, lay listening to the wind-song and the distant cries of the sea-gulls. It was, indeed, just like a fairy-tale, this journey to the Tropics.

"Do you not see," said Malcolm, with his eyes half closed in his dream, "do you not see now the sea-weeds all growing thicker and thicker, and

how the slow waves upheave a thousand floating things? There are husks of the cocoa-nut and branches of the palm. Smell the warm, faint air ——”

They seemed indeed to inhale the perfume of fruits and flowers, and their hearts hailed the islands, with their lofty mountain-peaks in the distance, while in the foreground rose now strange and beautiful trees, unlike any they had ever seen before. They made believe that they were really touching these palm-fringed islands, where tree and flower and vine were tangled together in a rich growth, fragrant with delicious odors, and covered with bloom; radiant birds, like flowers themselves, darted from flower to flower, and parrots of gorgeous plumage chattered from the trees, where monkeys were swinging by their tails and chattering in return. Dusky natives, their eyes shining like stars, swam in the transparent waters; others put off from the shore in canoes, and brought them juicy fruits with which they freighted their little ship.

“You have got a wonderful cargo,” said Frank, laughing; “who ever saw such a ship-load of oranges?”

“Have we?” cried Nanny, waking up suddenly, to find Frank swinging her hammock, and holding a handful of fruit toward her. Her brothers’ voices had lulled her to sleep as they talked of the transparent waters through which they could look down, down, and see the coral reefs far below them like a miniature forest. She had now dreamed, while she was asleep, of a sunshiny island, with birds like flowers, and flowers like marvelous birds, and heavily laden trees holding out their juicy fruits to her.

“Here is an orange for you,” said Frank, “and a bunch of raisins, and some Brazil-nuts.” And she woke up quite ready to believe they really had touched at wonderful islands while she slept, since here she found such fruits from the Tropics in her lap.

“That was a fine journey, was it not, little sister?” asked Malcolm, as by and by their mother rang the dinner-bell on the cliff, and they all hungrily scampered home along the sands. “Tomorrow we are going to the cold countries. We never took you so far as that, Nanny.”

“Oh, let me go too,” cried the little maid. “Was I not very good to-day, brother?”

“You went to sleep,” said Malcolm, “and lost a great many beautiful sights. Girls were never made for travelers, I expect; yet you shall go tomorrow, if you will.”

“Now this is different,” said Malcolm next day, as they all sat in the boat again. We will wrap

ourselves up in cloaks, for we are no longer in the Tropics.”

They were setting out for the North Pole, you know, and, as if the sun and wind were in the joke of it, they had withdrawn all their warmth and the day was cold, and the east gale blew hard and made one shiver as if it came off an iceberg.

“I expect we shall see icebergs to-day,” said Malcolm. “Far out at sea, you suddenly catch a glimpse of something shining in the horizon. Then it begins to appear like a white cloud, and after awhile, you see what it really is that floats down slowly but with wonderful force against tide and current across your path. The sun shines into it until it gleams like a million broken rainbows; and it is shaped in all sorts of beautiful forms, like steeples and towers and domes; and all its cold white height is reflected far, far down into the water with a sort of strange, ghostly light that makes you shiver.”

“Who told you about it, Mal?” asked Frank.

“Father. Father has often seen them at sea. Once he saw one so large it looked like a great cathedral; like the cathedrals on earth, yet more glorified—like the cathedrals they have in heaven, I suppose.”

So Malcolm talked as they sat in the boat, and dreamed they were sailing due north to look for a North-west Passage. He told them of those frozen seas where

“The ice was here,  
The ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It crashed and growled,  
And roared and howled  
Like voices in a swound,”—

and all the terrible tales he had ever read of the fate of explorers among those floating fleets of icebergs. But little Nanny cried to hear about such brave men as had perished there by lingering and painful deaths; so Malcolm endeavored to make her forget her grief by stories of the queer animals that show themselves in sunny weather, disporting on the ice and in the water—the polar bears, and the human-faced walruses and seals. He imitated the playful roar of the walrus and the husky bark of the seal, until the little sister was merry again. She heard about the reindeer too, and the eider-ducks, covered with their wonderful down, and the funny-faced, large-mouthed, small-eyed Esquimaux, as they traveled on sledges or paddled about in their little canoes.

Nor did Malcolm fail to tell about the summer sun which set away in the north at midnight, dipping low into the sea only to rise again without any interval of night, and begin a new day. There was no bed-time there for little people, no proverbs

either about rising with the sun. But in winter it was all bed-time; the gloom and darkness were almost unbroken by any dawn, yet the aurora-borealis would flash down its fires of red and gold, lighting up this strange, ghostly, frozen world with its flames that moved to and fro from horizon to zenith, like the slow waving of gorgeous banners.

Yet, notwithstanding all these wonderful tales, neither Nanny nor Frank loved to be in the frozen seas, and were glad when Malcolm said they would sail for brighter lands. So, without waiting for the explorers to discover the North-west Passage for them, they sailed across the open Polar ocean and emerged pleasantly into the sea of Kamschatka, through Behring Straits, and steered straight for Japan. These were queer countries which the children heard of then, as Malcolm told them wonderful tales of the far distant lands of China and Japan, filled with a swarming population, grotesque to foreign eyes, yet highly civilized and excelling in arts.

Surely their little boat must have entered that wide, land-locked harbor, filled with ships of war, trading junks and merchant craft from every country; for the world's trade finds in Hong Kong its connecting link, and brings its merchandise and gold to exchange for the fragrant tea, the creamy silks, the wonderful porcelains, carved ivories, and rare lacquered work, which they find ready for them there.

You cannot guess at these wonderful stories that Malcolm told about these far-away peoples, nor how wide open little Nanny's blue eyes grew with an ever fresh surprise.

And it was in this way that the children cruised in the Water-witch in the silence and solitude of the old Rye Beach, with the cool sea-winds blowing about their hair, and the sound of the Atlantic waves in their ears. So the summer passed while they played in the old boat, and rattled its chains, and cast their anchors, or pulled at the creaking

ropes, shouting the quaint song they had heard from the 'long-shore men:

"Heave away, my bully boys,  
Heave away, my Johnnies;  
Heave up the anchor, boys,  
Brace round the main yard,  
Haul taut your port bow-line,  
And let the good ship fly."

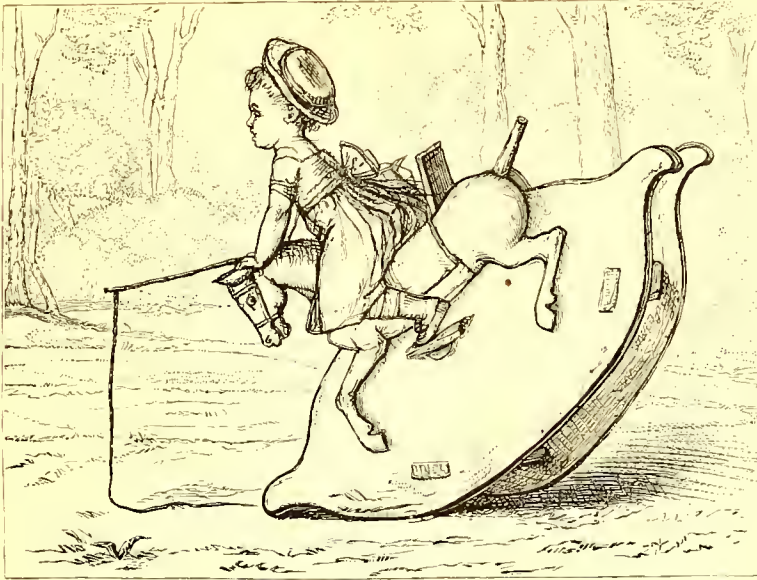
But alas, one night in September, a great gale came up at sunset, and blew hard from the south-east until dawn, and the light-house keeper's children, as they lay in their beds in the little stone cottage, dreamed they were far out at sea, storm-tossed and rocked by tempest. It was a fair, still morning when they awoke, and they ate their breakfast hurriedly and ran out on the beach to discover what the storm had brought them this time; what strange, beautiful gift had been borne up to them from the mystic ocean-world.

But the gale had offered them no treasure save spoils of sea-weed, shells, and dead star-fish, yet had carried away what they loved best. For when they looked for the familiar mast, prow and keel of the Water-witch, lo! they had vanished. The wind and rain had battered her to pieces; the high, equinoctial tide had floated away her planks, and only here and there a tattered fragment of discolored sail, a shrunken timber, or planks strewn over the rocks, remained to tell the sad story.

The children set up a great cry of sorrow for their lost ship. Never again, though they might cruise from Pole to Equator, could they find such wonderful lands as those to which the Water-witch had borne them while she lay stranded above high-water mark; search as they might the wide earth over, no treasures could they gather half so fair as those they had dreamed of.

The timbers floated in again by the next tide, and the children gathered them for the drift-wood fires around which they all sat telling stories during the long winter evenings that followed their short summer of delight.





"SOMEBODY STOP HIM! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!"

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE STUARTS.

AGAIN a change of dynasty. The brilliant, bloody, terrible and momentous reign of the Tudors lasted from the accession of Henry VII. in 1485, to the death of Elizabeth in 1603. Elizabeth, you know, would never marry; and indeed, considering how much she must have been disgusted by her father's feats in that way, and by the unpleasant marriage of her sister, I do not wonder that she should have set her mind against it. And the nearest heir Elizabeth had was the son of her cousin, Mary Stuart of Scotland, whom she beheaded, you remember, and who was her rival and opponent in everything as long as she lived, as she still is in history. Mary was beautiful and fascinating and unfortunate; and because of this, a great many people have always been very ready to forget that she was as willful, hot-headed, cruel and wicked in

some portions of her career as the worst of the Tudors. Her son James, however, was neither beautiful nor fascinating. He was an awkward, ungainly, learned person; and public opinion has perhaps done him almost as much injury on account of his want of personal advantages as it has given undue favor to his mother on account of her beauty. I told you before about the early Stuarts in Scotland, what a gallant unfortunate family they were, always in trouble, and often wrong, but, on the whole, lovable and honest, and doing their best for their country. That Tudor blood which the Lady Margaret, Henry VIII.'s sister, brought them, did not do the race any good; neither did the hot French blood of the Guises, one of whom was Queen Mary's mother. And the whole existence of these unfortunate people in England was disastrous—bad for themselves and bad for the country. I have very little to tell about James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, except that the Windsor account-books

are full of sums paid for ringing the bells when the King came to the Castle; and there is one thing he did when he held his first chapter of the Garter, which will give you a little idea of the extravagance and costliness of the time. He made a rule that no knight should have more than fifty attendants. This the English historians said was because the Scots lords, upon whom the King conferred the order, were not so rich as the English. "Whatsoever they might do in their own country, I know not, but here they have not such numbers of tenants and attendants as might any way equal the number of the English." "Every one had a multitude of servants and all of them in their chains of gold." You may imagine how the followers of these wealthy English lords would swagger about in their gold chains through the narrow Windsor streets, and how they would jibe at the proud, poor Scots with their smaller following. Englishmen, we fear, have always had a little inclination to pique themselves on their wealth. But you might see a great many Knights of the Garter nowadays, assembled at Windsor for a chapter of the order, without seeing any trace of the fifty servants in golden chains, to which King James limited his nobles. But the town was a great deal gayer, as you may well suppose, when all these gorgeous knights in their fine dresses, each with fifty men after him, embroidered and plumed and gilded like himself, came riding one after another over the bridge and up the steep causeway that sweeps round the base of the Curfew Tower, with the bells ringing and all the good people gazing. When they come now, they come by the railway in ordinary morning dress, with one smooth valet perhaps in charge of my lord's luggage. What a difference! On the whole, in some things there must have been more variety and amusement in Windsor in the old days.

And there was variety enough later, when King Charles I. succeeded King James, and when the troubles began between the King and the Parliament, of which you have read in your histories. You ought to know about these troubles very well indeed, for, but for them, America perhaps might never have been the country it is, and you might have been born (as many of you as we had room for) in the old villages and old towns of England, instead of beginning your lives all the way over that great salt ocean, without any love for England in your young transatlantic bosoms; though it cost your great-grandfathers and mothers many a pang and many a tear ere they could wrench themselves from their English home. I do not suppose that there can be many Americans who believe in that unhappy King Charles, as some old-fashioned people in England still do—as a saint and martyr. But he was one of the most remarkable of that curious and

generally unfortunate class who do wrong, intensely believing it to be right. I cannot tell how it is that this sort of people (virtuous criminals we may call them) should suffer more for their wrong-doing than the people who do wrong out of sheer wickedness, and who are far more wicked than they; and I do not suppose that you are able to discuss such a strange question. King Charles was not a bad man; he lied and broke faith not because he liked it, but because he thought he was so right, and his adversaries so wrong, that it did not matter what he said to them, nor what he did to establish his grand object. There are several pictures of him in Windsor, with that strange narrow, obstinate, melancholy face which makes some foolish folks forget his great sins against his country. Such a man as this, determined in his own way and beyond the reach of reason, is one of the most dangerous and terrible creatures in the world. The Tudors, too, were determined to have their own way, but simply because it was their own way and pleased them; but Charles thought his way the most right way, the only right way, and this made him fatal. If he had succeeded, there is no telling what might have become of us all; but even in not succeeding he managed to do a great deal of harm. He put the big Atlantic between us and you, and he made England red with blood and war and murder, and he lost his own head—unhappy king—in the end, for which a great many excellent people forgive him everything that went before.

But there was little thought of all this when the bells rang for the young prince, the heir of the kingdom, who was more loved than his father as being more English, every time he came into Windsor. The Court were always coming and going, making "progresses" from London, sometimes by land, sometimes by water, hunting in the Forest and holding all kinds of stately revels, though the King was often as much in want of money as many of us are. There are huntings of stags in Berkshire still, when a poor innocent, half-tamed deer from the Forest is carried to a considerable distance, and then let loose to find its way back to cover if it can, with men and dogs in full cry after it; but in earlier days the stag-hunt was more natural, and the woods and forest paths rang with hunting-horns. Then Prince Charles and his favorite, Buckingham, would go to the river in the summer evenings, "into the Thames near Eton, where the best swimming is; but," says the worthy old chronicler, lest we should be alarmed for our Prince, "so attended with choice company and a boat or two, that there could be no danger." All the evil was brewing, but no one knew how bad it was to be in those tranquil days; and if the strong Thames, rushing then as it rushes now with a great



CHARLES I. (FROM A PICTURE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

*swirl* and foaming current under the elm-trees and drooping willows, had carried away Prince Charles one of those evenings when the sun was setting, and drowned him safe down the stream among the water-lilies, no doubt all the histories would have

said, as they say of his elder brother Henry, who died young, that if this gracious Prince had been spared he would have made one of England's noblest kings.

But what a change it made in Windsor when

King Charles's power fell, and the Roundheads, as they were called, took possession of the Castle. It is never pleasant to hear, even when a great and rich person may not happen to be good, of his poorer neighbors becoming unkind to him in his downfall; and this, I fear, is what the people of Windsor were when Charles began to sit unsafely on his throne. His neighbors in the little town, instead of being sorry for him, broke down the park palings, and began to hunt the deer and spoil the beautiful park; and they took down the King's arms from the church; and they rang the bells when the dark, serious Parliamentary soldiers, with their hair cut short and no long love-locks falling on their shoulders (which is what is meant by the name Roundhead) came in and took possession of the Castle. It did not much matter to the Mayor and the Corporation for whom they rang their bells. And this is not a pleasant thing to know. But it is astonishing how quietly people take great public events. I have a curious old MS. book, the diary of a clergyman at that time, written in the most beautiful old-fashioned handwriting, which you would almost want a microscope to see; and do you know, he seems to have been much more excited by the wind that blew down one of his apple-trees than by the execution of King Charles! The apple-tree has a much longer sentence than the king. Is not this strange? But instead of Triumphs and Tournaments and royal Progresses and glorious Knights of the Garter with fifty gentlemen in gold chains behind each of them, there was nothing but simple dresses and simple living and long preachings in the Castle when the army of the Parliament was there. One fast-day we are told of, was kept from nine in the morning till seven at night. Now there was very great occasion for prayer and serious thinking at such a time of national trouble; but ten hours, I am afraid, was longer than any one could fix their thoughts upon such solemn subjects. Oliver Cromwell was at Windsor that day. He was not like any of the splendid kings of whom I have told you, but he too was a great ruler and prince among men, doing a very hard and terrible work in the world, with mistakes like other people, but yet better than any other man of his time could have done it. He and some of his officers "prayed very fervently and pathetically" on that long fast-day; and if you can fancy this great man, a new world in his own person, moving about through the Castle, which was the very embodiment of the old world, and thinking sadly perhaps, as he looked across the sunshiny country, of all the miseries of that battle between the old and the new, which he had to lead and carry through, you will find him as interesting in his sad-colored suit, a plain Englishman,

as any of the gay princes that ever swaggered there. But you will understand this better when you grow older, and can enter into all the great changes that were involved, and learn how the salvation of a country is seldom managed easily without pain or bloodshed. It would be too serious and too long a story if I were to tell you about Cromwell; so instead I will tell how sad was the ending of King Charles. Had Charles I. got his way he would have ruined England as his sons afterward tried hard to do; but that is not to prevent us, when he failed and paid for all his falsehoods and his sins and mistakes with his life, from being sorry for him. For in himself he was not a bad man; but only the terrible misfortune had happened to him that he mistook wrong for right. There is no memory belonging to Windsor, and no scene in all its history so melancholy and tragical as that of his burial, which took place in the dark time of the year,—the "dead of winter," as we call it in Scotland,—in gloom and silence, as you shall hear.

Charles was brought to Windsor before his trial for a few melancholy days. There had been a plan made for his rescue on the way, but that failed like so many other of his enterprises. He reached the Castle where he had spent so much of his youth, and which he had entered so often in royal progresses, everything gay and bright around him, "placed in the middle of a hundred horse, every soldier having a pistol in one hand." The townspeople, though they were not partisans of the King, had their hearts touched by this melancholy sight. They went out upon the road to meet the gloomy procession. "A great influence of people resorted to the town's end, and upon his Majesty's passing by, a great echo arose from the voice of the people crying, 'God bless your Majesty, and grant you long to reign!'" Unhappy Charles! His face, which had been sad in its best days, had no doubt a tragical dignity in it now as he came out of the wintry park in that gray December afternoon, and heard the people shouting. His reign had been over for some time, though he was still the King's majesty, and some five weeks or so was all the time he had to live; but perhaps a little hope awoke in his forlorn bosom when he heard those shouts which meant so little. As soon as he had entered the gates, the Royalists in Windsor went off to drink his health at the public-houses; that was a great deal easier than standing up against those stern, strong Roundhead soldiers and setting the King free. As for Charles, he was the kind of man who shows best in trouble. The disposition which made him seem morose in his better days became him now. "Since the King came to Windsor he shows little altera-



tion of courage or gesture," says one of the people who were watching him, "and as he was formerly seldom seen to be very merry or much transported with any news, either with joy or sorrow, so now, although he expects a severe change and trial, yet doth he not show any great discontent." But he did remark the difference of the behavior of those about him from what he had been used to. No one now served the fallen monarch with the devout respect of former times, or knelt to him as of old. He asked about this, we are told, but hearing that it was by order of the Parliament, said with natural dignity that he "had never looked upon these as more than things ceremonious which were at the election of any whether they would use them or not." He had "three new suits" supplied to him, poor king, after all his wanderings and fightings, "two of them cloth, with rich gold and silver lace, the other of black satin, the cloak lined with plush," and put on one of them on the first Sunday in the year; and there he lived sorrowful in his old rooms all despoiled and bare, refusing to keep the Puritan fast-days, but "using his own private devotions when he pleaseth," and keeping a cheerful aspect, as cheerful as it was in his nature to look,—sometimes saying that he hoped in six months to see peace in England, sometimes that help from without would set him on his throne,—brave in his narrow, tenacious way, showing no signs of trouble. "He hears of the preparations to bring him to tryall and seems to be well satisfied for what follows; but is very reserved in his discourse thereupon, having not fully delivered his mind whether he intends to plead or not." Thus he lived for some three weeks through the dark short winter days, and those long tedious nights which hang so heavily over the unfortunate. Christmas-time! What feasting there had been in Windsor! What heavenly singing in the great chapel! What solemn services and joyful meetings! But all was silent now. No butterfly courtiers to make the old town look gay; no merry good wishes; no music in St. George's, which was all stripped and bare, the knights' stalls and banners, and the altar with its plate and candlesticks, all taken away, and nothing but a blank, silent, shivering space under the glorious roof. And rough soldiers snatching their hasty meals in the banqueting-hall, instead of all the fine company that used to assemble there; and in the royal rooms King Charles alone, only a sad friend or two with him, the people admitted to stare at him by times, and nothing before him but humiliation and downfall. But Vandyke's portrait of him on the walls was not more rigid, less unbending, than he.

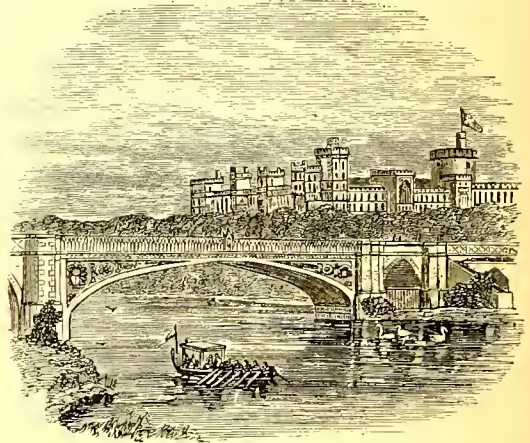
In the middle of January he was taken to London, and there was tried and beheaded, as you know. You and I have not the time to inquire

(and perhaps, between ourselves, are not clever enough to decide) how far this could have been helped, or what excuse they had who did it. The only thing we can be sure of was, that Charles was not a bad man, nor Cromwell an ambitious hypocrite, though I do not think the one was a martyr, nor the other a spotless hero. It was on the 30th of January, 1649, that this terrible event took place, and, after that, occurred the saddest scene that old Windsor ever saw. Four of the King's faithful servants (and he had faithful servants all through his career), the "Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, and the Earls of Southampton and Lindsay," requested leave to bury him, and carried the body back to the Castle. They took with them that Bishop Juxon who attended the King on the scaffold, to read the service over him now. But the Governor of the Castle, who was a certain Colonel Whitchcott, would not allow the Burial Service. He told them that "the Common Prayer-book had been put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison when he commanded." You will see from this that persecution was not all on one side, but that whoever was uppermost in these violent times did his best to crush his neighbor. You could not fancy anything more heartless than the Puritan's refusal to allow these heart-broken men to say holy prayers over their king's and their friend's grave—except, indeed, the refusal of that same king to let these Puritans live along with him in the native England which had room for them all. When the faithful lords found it impossible to change this decision, they went sadly to St. George's to find a place to lay him, but found the chapel so bare, so naked, so altered that it was only with hard ado that they found a vault in the middle of what had once been the choir, where they could lay the King. Here they found a little space for King Charles, close by the great leaden coffin where Henry VIII. lay peacefully, unwitting who was coming. The Duke of Richmond marked out roughly upon "a scarf of lead" the letters of his name and the date. Then, all in silence, at three o'clock in the January afternoon, when it was no more than twilight in the cold and naked chapel, they carried the coffin, then covered with a black pall, of which "the foure lords" carried the corners, with a forlorn attempt at state. As they came down the Castle hill toward the chapel with their burden, it began suddenly to snow, and the snow fell so thickly and fast that soon "the black pall was all white." Was there ever a more mournful sight? In the dim chapel that snow-covered coffin would be the one spot of wintry lightness. "The Bishop of London stood weeping by to tender that his service, which might not be accepted." Thus they laid him in the dark

vault to molder with the other royal bones, dropping the whiteness of the snow-covered pall (an emblem, they said, of his innocence) into the black gulf with him—not a word said, not a prayer except in their hearts, the Puritan governor of the Castle standing by to see his orders executed. When all was over, he locked up the empty echoing chapel and took the keys away. Windsor has seen weeping and sorrow like every other old house where men for generations have lived and died, and more than most, for in the old days suffering and sorrow were apt to follow in the paths of kings; but never has our venerable Castle seen so melancholy a sight.

If the story of the Stuarts had been a drama, a great tragedy such as Shakspeare could have made, no doubt it would have ended here; but human creatures are dreadfully careless of dramatic completeness, and never know when to stop. If Napoleon, now, had been killed at Waterloo, what a much finer finish that would have made to his life than the miserable exile at St. Helena! But he was not killed, and the Stuarts did not come to an end. After a time, as you know, they were restored, and King Charles II. reigned in his father's stead; but he was not at all like his father. Charles I. was a good, perverse soul in his way, with a purpose for which he thought he was justified in lying as well as in dying—yet, if he did the one he could do the other also; but Charles II. was a man without any purpose at all except his own miserable pleasure, and his life was a thing too base, too unclean, too selfish to be worth talking about. When the great Italian poet, Dante (of whom, I have no doubt, you have heard), wrote his wonderful poem about heaven and hell, he described a place where there was a crowd of wretched spirits gibbering in an unintelligible language. When he asked who they were, his guide, who was leading him through that world of spirits, answered him: "Let us not talk of them—*non ragionam di lor*; look at them and pass by." These were the men who lived only for themselves. And Charles II. was one of these—he is not worth the trouble of telling you about. The country voted him £70,000 to build a tomb for his father; but he never did it, and, it is even said, never tried to find out the place where the snow-covered pall was thrown down. But he kept the money all the same. However, he filled old Windsor once more with gayety and brightness, and lodged his wicked favorites in the gray towers, and made the walls ring with riot. And, if the truth must be told, the people, who were tired of fast-days and preachings, and of the severity of their Puritan rulers who would have liked to make them good by force, were glad of a little dancing and singing again, and forgave the

second Charles his wickedness on account of the brighter colors, and gayer customs, and careless ways which he brought into fashion. And he built a little and decorated a great deal. "Then was now the terrace brought almost round the old Castle; the grass made clean, even, and curiously turfed; the avenues to the new park and other walks planted with elms and limes, and a pretty canal and receptacle for fowl." And inside there were also great decorations; and if you ever come to Windsor, you will be obliged to crane your neck to look up at the roofs which Verrio painted, and where you will see fat goddesses swimming about among red and blue clouds, not much worth the trouble of looking at; but they were thought very fine in King Charles's time. But the Castle, no doubt, wanted a great deal of cleaning, for I must



NORTH FRONT OF WINDSOR CASTLE—PARTIALLY BUILT BY CHARLES II.

tell you one thing about those Puritans who were, as I have just said, so severe. When the King was killed and the royal family banished, they took in a great many poor people into the big Castle, and gave lodging there to the houseless. They might have done worse, don't you think? and this shows you that what they did was not done for their own advantage. The poor folk were all bundled out at the Restoration when the Stuarts came back, and I have no doubt there was a great deal of cleaning wanted. But I do not think it is one of the worst associations of our Castle that in that time of misery it opened its old towers and chambers to the desolate.

Charles II. was neither a good man nor a good king; but he was popular, and had those gracious manners which are of so much importance to a prince. But his brother, James II., who succeeded him, was not popular; and when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, which was the most honest

thing he did, and showed an inclination to carry out his father's tyrannical intentions, the country made short work with him, and sent him away, putting his daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange, in his place. Indeed the bringing back of the Stuarts was evidently a mistake altogether. They had not learned anything by their misfortunes, and the country had learned that it could get on very well without them. There is not very much to say about this King James at Windsor.

There was one strange custom, however, of which I must tell you, though it did not belong exclusively to his reign. It would appear that a great many people suffered from scrofula in those days, and at certain fixed times all those who were ill of this complaint came to be "touched" by the King, which was supposed to be a certain cure. This strange superstition procured the name of "the king's evil" for one of the most penetrating and miserable of diseases. More than fifty people, according to the record, came to Windsor from Eton alone to be "touched for the evil" in one year. It was a strange prerogative, was it not, to give to a king?

James's daughter, Mary, accepted his throne in his life-time, while he went sadly to France to live the rest of his life and die in exile. But it was not she who reigned, but her husband, William of Orange, a powerful prince, though he was not a pleasant one.

And after them came Queen Anne, in whose days there was such a great revival both of letters and arms, and prosperity for the nation, that, though she did not count for very much in it, her time was like an echo of Queen Elizabeth's, and her name is associated as Elizabeth's was, with success and splendor of every kind. I told you of a little octagon room opening out of Queen Elizabeth's gallery, where this other royal lady was taking tea when she got the news of the battle of Blenheim. In a big hall close by there hangs a little flag worked with the French *fleur-de-lis*, which the Duke of Marlborough still presents every year, as a kind of quit-rent, the tenure by which he holds his splendid house of Blenheim, near Oxford, which the country gave him. Opposite to this flag is another little tri-colored flag, also renewed every year, which is the Duke of Wellington's homage for the estate of Strathfieldsaye, which he got in the same way after the battle of Waterloo.

It happened to me once to go over the Castle with a great French lady, when these flags, signs of victory over her nation, were quite fresh and bright. You may suppose it would have been very disagreeable to have explained to such a visitor

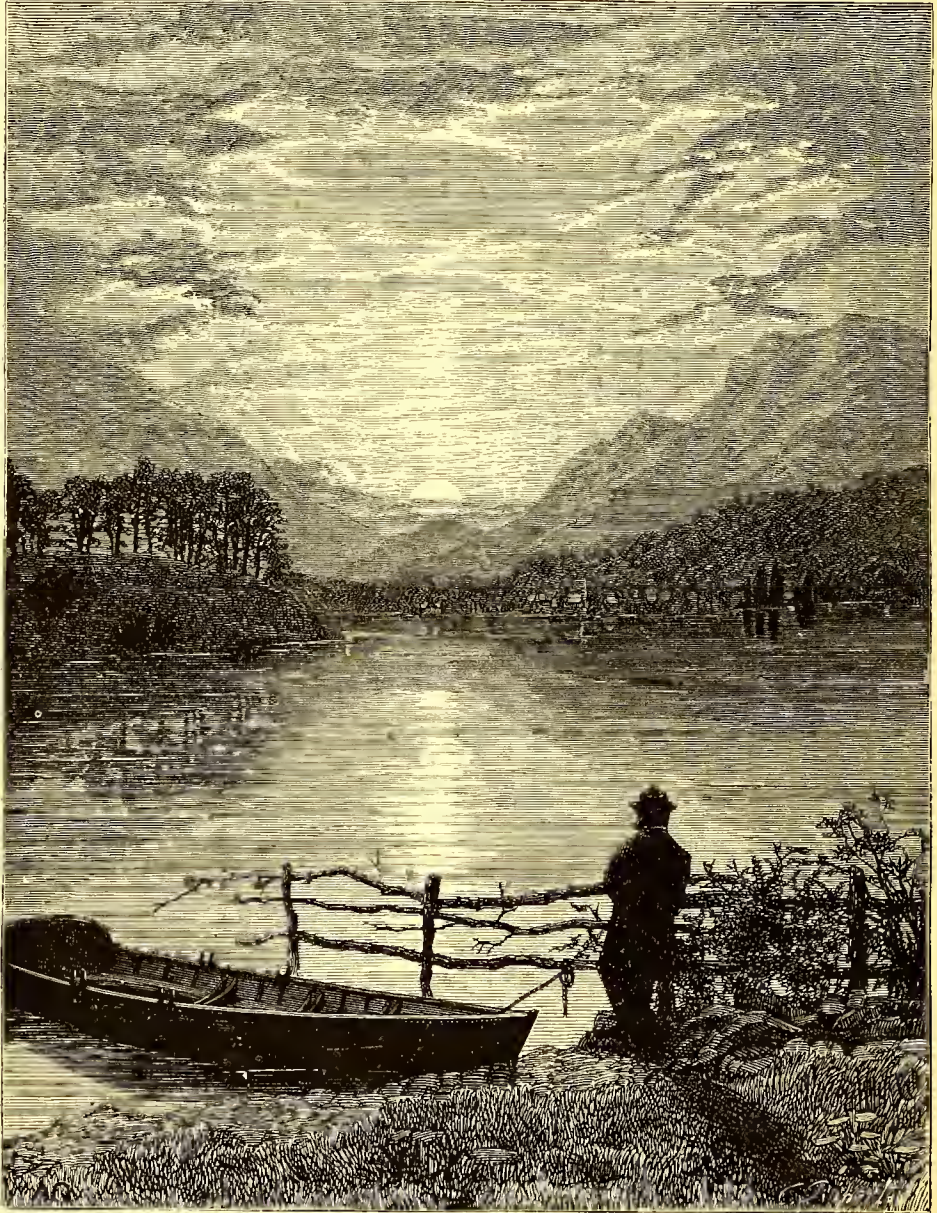
what they meant, and perhaps there was a little satisfaction in the smile with which we English looked at each other and agreed to say nothing about them. But there they hang, and there every year the two dukes send these proud offerings, signs of the services by which they got their lands, just as they might have done four or five hundred years ago. It is a curious little bit of the middle-ages amid all the less picturesque proceedings of to-day.

And so the Stuarts ended in Anne as the Tudors ended in Elizabeth. You may have heard the romantic stories of the two Pretenders, as they were called—James II.'s son and grandson, both of whom tried to recover the throne of which they were the legitimate heirs in succession. Prince Charles Edward, whom in Scotland we call Prince Charlie, with a lingering fondness, roused all the Highlands and made a dash at the crown, which for a moment looked as if it might be successful. But their day was past, and there was no more hope for this race. These two unfortunate princes died eating the bread of strangers—mock kings in melancholy exile—and the story of this family is written all the way through in blood and tears. The only comfortable, matter-of-fact sovereign among them was Queen Anne, and she was the most fortunate; yet she too, poor lady, saw all her children die, and knew that her successor to the crown would be a far-off German cousin, whom England accepted but did not love.

But these changes mattered little to the old Castle, which saw them come and saw them go, and gave shelter to all in their turn, inclosing their splendors and their sorrows impartially within its gray walls, preserving their names here, and there in a gallery or a tower, serene and indifferent like the green earth herself, which takes no notice what kind of petty creatures we are who walk about her fields and woods. The kings and the queens pass on like a long procession, every one leaving some little trace, no one affecting much the royal old house which is hospitable to all. Some have built, and some have mended; some have planted the great trees and made the soft green glades of the park, which are so delightful to us now; others have hung the walls inside with carvings and tapestries, and thrown up those vaulted roofs, and smoothed those princely terraces. Queen Victoria goes on doing now what her predecessors began to do four hundred years ago. Apart altogether from the big imperial history with all its political changes, you might write a little peaceful history of all the English sovereigns without ever stirring out of Windsor.

And now that they are in their graves,—some under our feet in St. George's, with the music

pealing over them daily, like King Charles in his pall of snow; some in Westminster, some in other tombs less royal,—their old home stands as fair as ever, remembering them and making them remembered, stronger and richer and more beautiful for each of them, yet surviving all.



A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

## THE LAND OF THE GRIGS.

BY ELIZA WOOD.

THE little boy Allen went to the "Land of the Grigs," one rainy night in the month of June. He says he was wide awake in his bed, and just stepped out of a window on to a roof, slid down the roof for a mile, and went through a blazing light-house, and landed on a rock in a meadow where a great many voices were singing and croaking and calling all around him.

Now we know this was all a dream; but he did go to Grigland, because he can tell you a great deal about it.

He found himself sitting on a warm stone by the edge of a pool of black water, little grasses waving in it, bushes shutting it in from the meadows, large trees not very far off, and in the sky were violet and golden clouds as if at sundown, and everywhere were little white violets. "Take me," whispered one dear little violet, that he could reach without getting off his stone. "Take me, and you will know what all the voices are saying." The breath of the violet was so sweet that the little boy took it into his hand and looked into its fair face.

"Now what would you like to know?" asked a voice in the black water.

"Nothing," answered the little boy.

"Then you can come again," said the voice, and there was a loud splash.

"Why did n't you ask him something?" said the violet.

"Because I know things," said the boy.

"Then tell me what that small boat is in the water that comes later every night?"

"The moon, of course," said the boy.

"What is it for?" asked the violet.

"For shining when the sun goes down."

"What else did you say you could tell me?"

"Oh, everything, most,—how to whistle, and ring the school bell, and rattle bones, and spin tops, and fly kites, and you can't have a gun till you are big, and when something black chases you, it is your shadow, and 'thou shalt not steal;' but I forget the long one about gravy images."

"Thank you," said the violet.

"Where is this?" asked the little boy.

"The Land of the Grigs, this is; you can hear them talking in the water down there with your—your moon."

"Do they tell nice stories?" he asked.

"Sometimes they do. I like to hear them talk to the cows when they come here to drink. Just

scratch a frog on the back, and they will begin talking to you in a minute."

The little boy stepped off his stone and scratched a green frog with a small stick.

"If you should ever want to swim," said the frog, "just do this in the water."

He did it so quickly that Allen could not see what he did; but he thanked the frog when he came back, hanging his fore-legs down, and slanting his hind-legs.

"I'd like to know how to lie in the water that way without touching bottom," he remarked.

"This! do you mean this?" asked the frog. "This is just done by—doing it, you know. Hang your legs down, slant your legs out; don't think about it at all. Any baby frog can do this."

"I'd like to know," said the frog, in his turn, "how you get across the meadow with your fore-legs anywhere,—hanging down, or in the air; and sometimes you swing them around your head, with a piece of your head in one foot."

"Perhaps that's my cap," said the boy. "Why you just take it off and swing it round, or throw it in the air, if you like, and kick it; my little brother can do that."

"Mine can't," said the frog.

"I was a boy first," began a voice in the water, "but I did not like it."

Little boy Allen listened with both his ears. He liked to hear about "boys once." The Grig's voice was soft and pleasant, like a rustle in the reeds.

"No, I did not like to be a boy," he said. "I had to go to bed every night, and had a velvet cap tied under my chin to go to school, as soon as I had eaten my breakfast, and school was the worst place of all. You sat on a bench, and if you didn't know all there was in the books, somebody was whipped for it."

"Did you know then?" asked a crow.

"Not any more," answered the Grig, "and the teacher said what was worst was, 'you don't want to know, and you never will know, and you never will be a man, sir.'"

The Grig's breezy voice grew quite awful when he talked like his teacher.

"They would not let me alone to be a boy," he continued, "they kept poking me up to read like a man, and hold up my head like a man, to have my hat tied under my chin, and do sums and geog'fy like a man."

"You do know about the battle of Bunker's Hill, don't you?" asked Allen.

"No," shouted the Grig.

"Nor Putnam, and Adam and Eve, and Cornwallis and Cæsar, and Daniel Boone, and the Ionian Isles?"

"No—no—no!" roared the Grig.

"Tell us some more things that you don't know about," said Allen.

"Oh, there's lot o' things! Five times six is sixty-six. If you put three eggs, and two pigs, and six dogs in one cart, and go five miles, how many carts will go one mile in an hour?"

"Stop him up there!" called out a Grig. "We always laugh when anybody knows anything, especially a boy," explained the Grig who had been talking. "We feel so sorry for him, for

We are merry, laughing Grigs!  
We are shouting, chaffing Grigs!  
And we don't know a thing,  
And can only dance and sing,  
With the Grigs, Grigs, Grigs,  
With the Grigs."

All the Grigs in the black water joined in the chorus; some high, some low, and there was a sound of castanets and pipes and reeds.



ALLEN AND THE GRIGS.

"I don't know that, nor geog'fy!" continued the Grig. "They would turn over as soon as I had found out what was on one side of the world; slap over, and ask you what is on the other side."

"Eastern Hemisphere," said Allen, so promptly and gravely that all the Grigs laughed in chorus, and he thought that even the crow smiled. He was very much confused; but the white violets looked kindly at him and gave him courage to say: "Why do you laugh at me? It is the Eastern Hemisphere on the other side. Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia."

"But I like to know things," insisted the little boy. "My big brothers and father knows things," he added sadly and ungrammatically. "You must know 'em before you grow up to be a man."

"No, you need n't," called out a piping little voice on the farther edge of the pool.

"Yes, you need, too," said the boy, very stoutly, for he was beginning to doubt.

Just then it seemed as if it must be pleasant to be "A merry, laughing Grig," and not to know a thing. He was oppressed by the extent of his knowledge. "You do have to know things," he

asserted, daringly, "and I like it. I like to very much, I do."

"What do you like?" asked his friend the Grig with the pleasant voice.

"I like the things you didn't like when you were a boy—sums and geography and history. I am at the reign of George III., to find out why we had to break away from the mother country," he intended to say, but the Grigs laughed so immoderately that he had to join in with them, or sit still and look very foolish.

"Come down here and tell us all about it, old fellow," said a Grig, at last; but he could hardly speak for laughter. "It will be fun to have a little chap like you tell us why we br-broke away from the m-mother country. Excuse my smiling."

"I'll tell you up here as much as I know about," Allen answered, "if you don't laugh all the time, for that confuses me and makes me laugh too,—and it was a very sad time in our Colonial history, you know; but you don't know, I think you said?"

There was some stifled laughter, but one Grig remarked sternly: "No, we do not know. Crack your little whip, my hearty, and whoever laughs again during this very sad time of our co-colonial history, shall be immediately changed into a wise, studious, learned little boy."

Little boy Allen cleared his throat and blushed. He squeezed the white violet in his hand, and looked down at the moon that seemed a silver boat in the very black water.

The Grigs were suddenly as silent as the moon; the white violets seemed to listen, too; he thought he felt their fragrant breath against his cheek. The crow, with his head sidewise, fixed one eye upon him, and muttered unintelligibly.

"I can't speak it like the books," he said, apologetically, "because sometimes I forget the long words."

"Oh, no! Don't, don't, don't!" roared the Grigs.

"Dear me, I was afraid you had all gone away, you were so still. I am glad you have n't, though. I'll tell you as well as I can." His voice was very faint as he began.

"We had come over from England, the mother country; and this America was our home, and we loved it very much, as much as English people loved their home, and perhaps more, because we had, most of us, to work hard to keep warm in winter, and to get food and clothes. It was a struggling time for us, a hundred years ago, it was a struggling time. It —"

"Oh my, how many times are you going to repeat that fact?" asked a Grig.

"That's what we always have to do in our De-

bating Society, when we are not quite sure what will come out next. Where was I?"

"It was a struggling time for us.' There's where you are," said a Grig, "and you'll set us off roaring again, if you don't look out. What made it a struggling time for us, Little Gravity, if I may presume to ask you honor a question?"

"Certainly," said Allen, politely, "we always like questions in our Society. It was a struggling time, because it was. We were in our infancy, and infants always do struggle."

"Yes, they always do," shouted the Grigs, "tell us some more."

"The British nation had adopted measures that made matters so very alarming," continued the boy.

"Ha, ha! Excuse me," said the breezy Grig. "What had the dear old mother done? We want to be clear about this. It is so much more fun than dragging it out of books at school. But what had the British nation done? Five minutes for deliberation."

"Thank you," said little boy Allen. He tried hard to remember the long words of the history; but he could not help counting the stars in the water, till a voice said:

"Time is up."

"She had nagged us for a long time, and was so hard upon us, that even Lord Chatham said, we could n't be expected to make up, if they did n't ease off a little."

"But what had she done to us,—that is the point?" insisted the pleasant-voiced Grig.

"I'll have to look over it again, and come back and tell you," answered little boy Allen. "It seems to me that we were taxed very much more than we could pay, and badly used about a great many things; and when Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and other Americans, went to England to see about it, they were snubbed, and told they had n't any right to ask questions. Then Lord Chatham tried again to arrange our affairs, by asking that we might not be taxed any more unless we agreed to it ourselves at home, in our assemblies, and they just would not listen to him."

"A scrubby lot!" remarked a Grig.

"It was taxation without representation, that we objected to," said the little boy. He had thought very hard until he remembered the words of the book.

"Taxation without representation," repeated a deep-voiced Grig, who seemed to be near the surface, "and he's a fat little chap sitting on a stone, and if you'll believe me, even those long words don't upset him."

"I learned them to-day," said the boy. "Whoever understands the subject best, when we debate

before the master next term, is to have a gold medal."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Grigs, and for a few moments there was such a clapping and clacking, and piping and bassooning, that Allen could not speak at all.

He was much encouraged, however, by their applause, and continued with great solemnity as soon as they were silent.

"We had no representatives in England, and yet we were taxed in the Colonies. When we found that the Tax Bill had really passed both houses of Parliament, and had become a law, our indignation was boundless. In Boston harbor the flags were hung at half-mast; the bells in the churches were muffled to ring a funeral peal; the Act was burned as soon as it came from the King's printing-house, and on the day upon which it was to be enforced, not a sheet of stamped paper was to be found anywhere, so they could not carry on any business that required stamps, and the courts of justice were closed."

"Good! very good!" said the deep-voiced Grig near the surface. "How did it end? How did it end?" called out a great many voices.

"It ended in the repeal of the Act in the British Parliament; but I have n't quite got to that."

"Enough! enough! enough!" piped up shrill voices in great numbers all around the edge of the pond.

"Don't you want to hear how they enforced the

Stamp Act again, and the heavy duty upon tea, and glass, and ——"

"Too much at a time, young un!" said a gruff voice.

"But we rebelled and fought about it, and declared our independence, Fourth of July, and ever so much more.—American Revolution!"

"Come again! come again!" shouted all the Grigs, in all their voices, high and low, clear and shrill, deep and sweet, breezy and strong.

"There's George Washington," said the little boy; "I have not brought him in yet. And 'Hail Columbia, happy land!' and 'Star-Spangled ——'"

"Oh, scratch my back!" said a frog.

"And all men free and equal."

"Come again! come again! Scratch my back, bully boy! Come again! Scratch my back." All the voices joining in to stop little boy Allen, and the crow still looking at him sidewise, and drawing a lead-colored shade over his eye. The little white violets hanging their heads, and no silver boat now in the black water.

He thinks he saw in the sedge near him just the very point of a red silk night-cap, that must have been on the head of the breezy-voiced Grig, and if so, he is sure he will know that voice again, and he is going back, he says, the first night that he hears all the voices calling at once:

"Come again! come again! Scratch my back! Come again, bully boy, come again!"

## THE LEGEND OF ANTWERP.

By M. R. H.

MORE than three thousand years ago,  
Antigonus lived, the merchants' foe;  
The grim old giant his castle held  
On a bend of the lovely river Scheld.

Dark and gloomy against the sky,  
The castle lifted its turret high;  
While planted upon the rocky crag  
Always floated the battle flag.

Around and about those vine-decked shores  
Flashed white-winged ships and gleaming oars;  
And happy and lucky the sailor bold  
Who passed unchallenged, for goods or gold.

For the giant claimed, as a tax and fee,  
Half the treasure brought over the sea;  
And far and wide as the eye could reach,  
Balcs and boxes bestrewed the beach.

From early morning to set of sun,  
The task of robbing the ships was done;  
All grimly clad in his coat of mail,  
Antigonus watched for the coming sail.

This was the rule that the giant made,  
Briskly plying his robber trade:  
Failing to bring the gold to land,  
He cut off the skipper's good right hand.

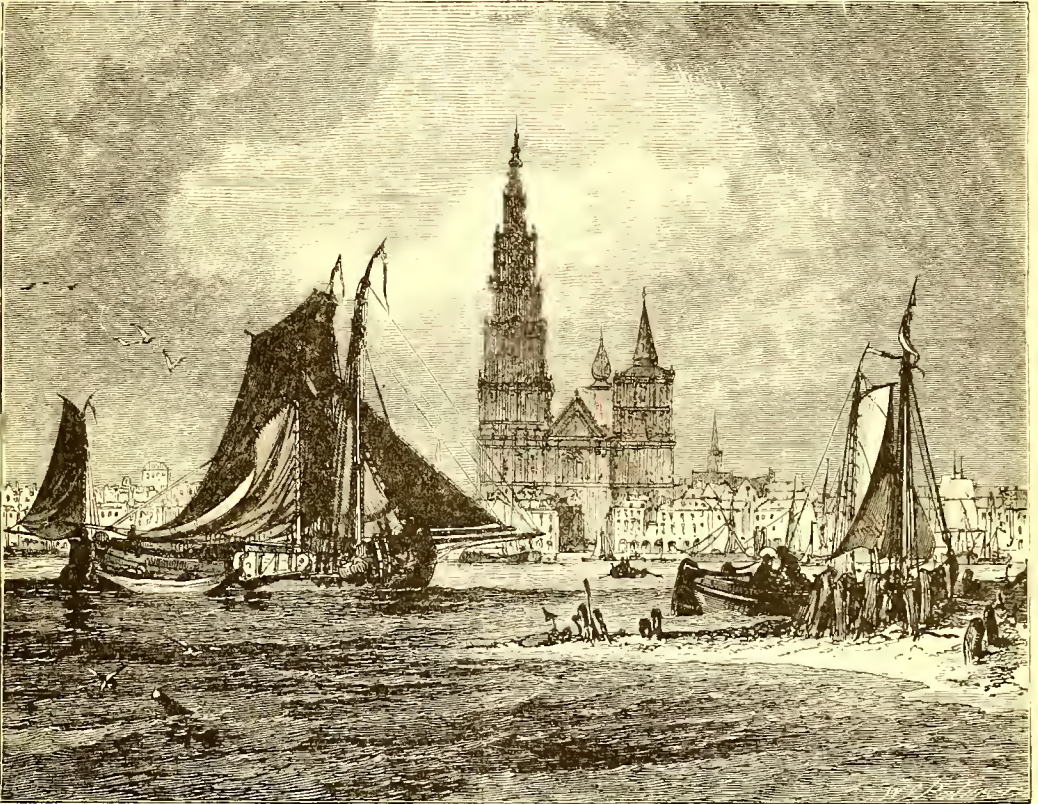


Then up rose the valiant knight Brabo,  
To fight the giant, of course, you know;  
And the good old legend tells, beside,  
How by Brabo's weapon the giant died.

So the conquering hero's deed and fame  
Is kept alive by the country's name;  
Brabant they call the land this day,  
For love of the knight, the legends say.

Many and many a winter night,  
When hearths are cheery and faces bright,  
The children will cease their noisy play,  
To hear of the giant, passed away.

"Ah! he never lived!" laughs a gay fraulein;  
"I know very well what the elders mean!  
Why, the name is from *ae'ntwerf*,\* I've been told,  
And not from *hand-werpen* † of giant bold!"



THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

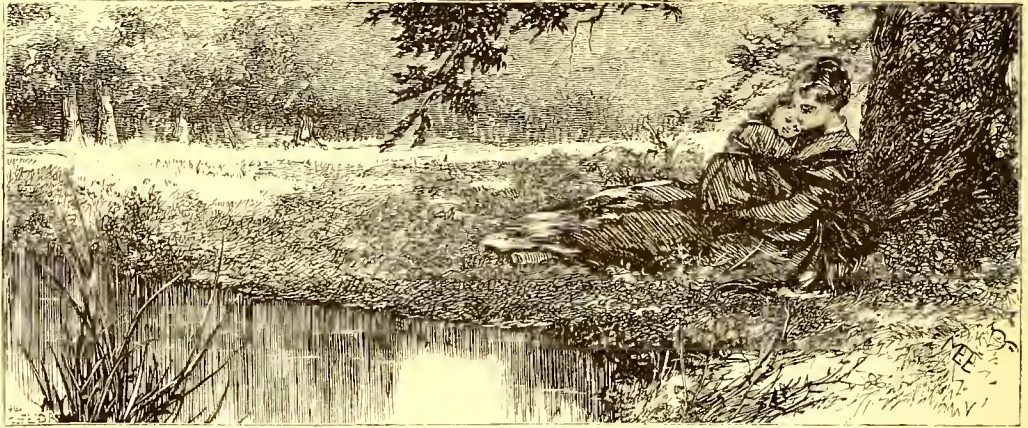
Still past the quaint old Belgian town  
Of Antwerp the river runneth down;  
And still on the city arms doth stand  
A hand that's clasping another hand.

"Oh, scoffing fraulein!" the children plead,  
"We believe the story—we do, indeed!"  
And ovr and over they hear it told,  
The legend that now is centuries old.

It will last, they say, to the end of time;  
It is told in prose, it is told in rhyme;  
But the little ones say, in whispers low,  
"It is well that it happened so long ago!"

\* On the wharf.

† Hand-throwing; because the hands, when cut off, were thrown into the sea.



BY THE BROOK-SIDE.

## A TASTE FOR READING.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

MANY years ago an enthusiastic girl, whose name you never heard, deliberately set out to "improve her mind." Blindly and secretly groping about for the best way, she stumbled upon various maxims for the guidance of earnest young souls, and putting them all together, she adopted for herself a set of rules intended to correct all her faults and complete her education, and of which I will tell you only those which were to direct her reading. The first required her to rise at five o'clock, retire to a cold room in the third story, and read for two hours in some "solid" work; and the second, never to read a second sentence until she understood the first.

Dear me! I see her now, poor struggling soul! wrapped in a shawl, eyes half open, poring over "Finney's Theology," the most solid book in her father's library. No one can ever know the tough wrestles she had with the "Theory of Divine Government," and "Moral Obligation," nor the faithfulness with which she adhered to the second rule, of understanding each sentence; which often resulted, by the way, in limiting her reading to a single half-page in a morning.

Have *you* found out that you know very little?—that books are full of allusions totally dark to you? Have you learned that graduating, even at

a college, will not complete your education? Do you long for cultivation? Then to you I hold out my hands. Let us see if we cannot avoid the rocks that have wrecked so many honest endeavorers besides the girl of that far-off day with her Theology.

For the first, and greatest of these rocks—you will attempt too much. You will wake up to your needy condition suddenly, perhaps, and looking over the biography of Franklin, or some one else who lived by rule,—or at least made rules to live by,—you will, if you're an earnest soul, lay out for yourself such a code of laws, mental, moral and physical, as an aged philosopher would find hard to live by. Eagerly you will begin, and faithfully carry them out for a while; but human nature is weak, enthusiasm will die out, your lapses from rules will become more frequent, and you will fall back into the old careless life, discouraged; perhaps resume your novel-reading, and never advance beyond the shallow life you see about you and find so easy.

My dear girl! don't be so hard with yourself. Don't expect to jump from light novels to Carlyle, and to relish his bracing atmosphere. Do not begin with a book that requires the close attention of a student, and force yourself to read, yawning,

with wandering mind and closing eyes. Do not open a dry history, beginning at the first chapter, resolved to read it through anyway. Never stint your sleep, nor freeze nor starve yourself. All these are worse than useless; they discourage you. A taste for solid reading must be cultivated, and books that are tedious at fourteen may be lamps to your feet at forty.

There is an easier and better way. You need not despair of acquiring an interest in instructive reading, even if you have always read novels, have little time at your disposal, or have reached the age of gray hairs. It is never too late to begin to cultivate yourself.

Do not lay out in detail a "course of reading." Probably you would not follow it, and the moral effect of making a plan and giving it up is injurious. But there is another reason for my advice. When you become interested in a subject, *then* is the time to follow it up, and read everything you can get hold of about it. What you read when thus keenly interested you will remember and make your own, and that is the secret of acquiring knowledge: to study a thing when your mind is awake and eager to know more. No matter if it leads you away from the book with which you set out; and if it sends you to another subject, so that you never again open the original book, so much the better; you are eager, you are learning, and the object of reading is to learn, not to get through a certain number of books.

"What we read with inclination," said wise old Dr. Johnson, "makes a strong impression. What we read as a task, is of little use."

When you read a book that interests you, you naturally wish to know more of its author. That is the time to make his acquaintance. Read his life, or an account of him in an encyclopedia; look over his other writings, and become familiar with him. Then you have really added something to your knowledge. If you fettered yourself with a "course," you could not do this, and before you finished a book, you would have forgotten the special points which interested you as you went through.

You think that history is dull reading, perhaps. I'm afraid that is because you have a dull way of reading it, not realizing that it is a series of true and wonderful stories of men's lives, beyond comparison more marvelous and interesting than the fictitious lives we read in novels. The first pages are usually dry, I admit, and I advise you not to look at them till you feel a desire to do so; but select some person, and follow out the story of his life, or some event, and read about that, and I assure you, you will find a new life in the old books. After getting, in this way, a fragmentary ac-

quaintance with a nation, its prominent men and striking events, you will doubtless feel anxious to know its whole story, and then, reading it with interest, you will remember what you read.

But there are other subjects in which you may be interested. You wish first to know about the few great books and authors generally regarded and referred to as the fountain-heads of the world's literature. It is impossible, in a little "talk" like this, to give definite directions for gaining a knowledge of these. Needs vary in almost every case, and a book that might wisely be selected for one girl, might be a very poor choice for another. Almost every one can turn to some judicious relative or friend who, at least, can start her in a good direction. Once started, the way is delightful and easy. There are many entrances into the great temples of literature—you need not go in by all of them.

There are many well known and often quoted authors, concerning whom you will wish to be informed, even if you never read their works. You want to know when they lived and what they wrote. The world of books is too large for any one to know thoroughly; you must select from the wide range what suits your taste, and be content to have an outside, or title-page, knowledge of the rest.

Above all, in your reading you want to avoid becoming narrow and one-sided. Read both sides of a question. If you read a eulogistic biography of a person, read also, if possible, one written from an opposite stand-point. You will find that no one is wholly bad, nor wholly good, and you will grow broad in your views.

But perhaps you don't know how to read by subjects. Let me tell you. Suppose you see an allusion to something that interests you—say Sir Walter Raleigh; look for his name in an encyclopedia or biographical dictionary (which you will find in every tolerable village library). Reading of him, you will become interested in Queen Elizabeth; look her up, in the same books, and in English history; observe the noted men of her reign, look them up, read their lives; read historical novels and poems of her times; look at the table of contents of magazines and reviews, and read essays on the subject. You see the way open before you. Once make a start, and there is scarcely an end to the paths you will wish to follow.

If you have no special subject of interest, take up an encyclopedia, slowly turn the leaves, and read any item that attracts you, not forcing yourself to read anything. If you have any life in you you will find something to interest you; then you have your subject. If it is some historical person

or event, proceed as I have already indicated; if scientific, overhaul the dictionaries of science, lives of scientific men, discussions of disputed points, etc.; if geographical, turn to a gazetteer, books of travels, etc. One book will lead to another.

Right here let me say, I hope you have access to these works of reference, either in your own house, or that of a friend, or at a public library. But if your case is the very worst—if you have none, cannot buy them, and have no public library in your neighborhood, let me advise you to drop everything else, and make it your sole and special mission to start one, either by influencing your parents and older friends, or by getting up a club of your mates. A strong will and earnest effort will accomplish wonders, and all older people are willing to help younger ones to useful tools.

To return to your reading. Your memory is bad, perhaps—every one complains of that; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One I mentioned above: to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflec-

tions, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a lifelong lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh, and ready for use, as to have always on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case, you will not "forget your French" with the majority of your schoolmates.

A love of books, dear girls, is one of the greatest comforts in life. No one can be wholly unhappy or solitary who possesses it. From thoughtless youth to hoary age, books are a refreshment for the weary, society for the lonely, helpers for the weak. A taste for good reading is one of the best gifts in the world—better than beauty, almost better than health, and incalculably better than wealth. The pleasures of a comfortably filled mind can never be estimated.

In conclusion, let me beg that whatever you learn in books you will learn thoroughly. Content yourself with no smattering surface acquaintance, but endeavor to thoroughly know and understand your subject, step by step, as you go on. Master one subject, and you have taken a long step toward a broad and cultivated womanhood.

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## JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LITTLE John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,  
 And a blithe little man was he:  
 And he won the heart of a little mermaid  
 Who lived in the deep blue sea.  
 And every evening she used to sit  
 And sing on the rocks by the sea:  
 "Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!  
 Wont you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,  
 And he opened his little door;  
 And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped  
 Until he came down to the shore.

And there on a rock sat the little mermaid,  
 And still she was singing so free—  
 "Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!  
 Wont you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,  
 And the mermaid she made one, too,  
 And she said: "Oh! I never saw anything half  
 So perfectly sweet as you.



In my beautiful home, 'neath the ocean foam.  
 How happy we both should be!  
 Oh, little John bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!  
 Wont you come down with me?"

Little John Bottlejohn said: "Oh, yes,  
 I'll willingly go with you:  
 And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,  
 For perhaps I may grow one too."  
 So he took her hand, and he left the land,  
 And he plunged in the foaming main;  
 And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,  
 Never was seen again.

## OUR COLONIAL COINS.

BY G. D. MATHEWS.

PROBABLY very few of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS know anything of the coins of this land before it was a *country*, when it was merely a home



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

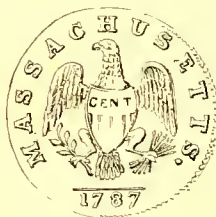


REVERSE.

and a shelter for colonists from Europe. This Centennial year, therefore, will be a fitting season for saying something about those odd-looking pennies that one sometimes meets with, and which have so close a connection with our early history. Many of these coins were semi-national in their origin, being issued by State authorities, before as well as after the Declaration of Independence. Some were private ventures, struck here or in Great Britain; while others, again, were issued by France for her colonies in Louisiana. Of these pieces, many are now rare, but we shall describe a number of them, coming down to the period when



MASSACHUSETTS CENT.



REVERSE.

the United States Government exercised its prerogative as an independent power, of issuing its own money.

Wampum—that is, strings of shells ground down so that each piece was about the size of a grain of corn—was used by the Indians for ornament and for barter. The early colonists, through trading with the Indians, became accustomed to this article, and used it to some extent among themselves. But as it would not be taken by the merchants in Europe for goods ordered from them, a metallic currency was soon demanded.

In 1652, therefore, the General Court of Massa-

chusetts issued at Boston some silver pieces of the value of twelve and of six English pennies each. These coins were merely round, flat pieces of silver, with "N. E." (New England) on the one side, and the value, XII. or VI., on the other. The frugal authorities wasted no money on engraving, not even announcing the year in which the coins were issued.

This coinage was, however, so distasteful, because of the absence of any design, that another series was at once issued, on some of which is a scraggy oak-tree, inclosed in a circle of dots, outside of which are the words "Masathsets. in," while round the edge on the reverse is the remainder of the legend, "New England, An: Dom."



CONNECTICUT CENT.



REVERSE.

On this reverse is the date, 1652, in the center, with the numeral of value, XII., VI., III. or II., below it. On others of this design is a pine-tree; and while of both these designs occasional issues took place during nearly thirty years, yet the date 1652 is the only one used.

Charles the Second, it is said, regarded this coinage of the colony as an encroachment on his prerogative. We believe, however, that his dislike was overcome by the statement that the design was a memorial of the famous oak-tree hiding-place of his father!

In 1685 the Boston Mint was closed by royal



CONNECTICUT CENT.



REVERSE.

command, and remained so for more than a century. After the Revolution, Massachusetts issued

for local use copper cent and half-cent pieces. On these the device is that of an Indian chief with bow and arrow. To the left of his face there is a star,



CONNECTICUT CENT.



REVERSE.

while the legend is the word "Commonwealth." On the reverse is an eagle, with arrows in its left talon and an olive branch in its right, the breast being covered with a shield, on which is the word "Cent." The legend on this side is "Massachusetts," and the coins bear the date 1787 or 1788, the former being much the rarer piece. In 1788 the Federal Government prohibited all further coinages by the local States, intending to establish a national mint, and thus a second time the Boston Mint ceased operations.

While Massachusetts was the only State that ever issued silver coins, other States surpassed her in the amount of their issues of copper. In 1785, Connecticut issued a copper cent, stamped with a bust that passed for Washington, with the legend, "Auctori Connee." (By the authority of Connecti-



VERMONT CENT (REVERSE).



REVERSE, 1787.

cut). On the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the words, "Inde. et Lib.," contracted for "Independentia et Libertas," with the date. Copper cents were also issued by this State in 1786, 1787, and in 1788.

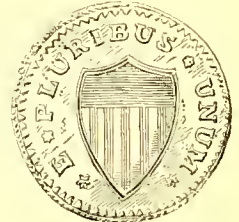
To Vermont belongs the honor of having a coinage issued by her own authorities even before she was recognized by Congress as an independent State. In 1785, this State coined a cent with a device as poetical as it was patriotic. On the obverse is the All-seeing Eye; around this are thirteen radiating lines, alternately long and short, with a star between each; while the legend reads, "Quarta. Decima. Stella"—Vermont claiming to be the fourteenth star in the Federal galaxy. On the reverse is a portion of the sun's disk as he rises

over pine-crowned mountains; while between the date (1785) and the base of the mountains is a plow, the legend being, "Vermonts. (in some cases Vermontis) Res. Publica." In the following year on cents of this design we have "Vermontensium;" but on other cents, in place of this early design, there appears a conventional bust of Washington in armor, with the legend "Vermon Auctori," while on the reverse is the Goddess of Liberty, with the customary "Inde. et Lib.," and the date, 1786, 1787, or 1788.

New Jersey, or, as it was first called, Nova Cæsarea, had no State coinage till 1786; but in that year, as also in 1787 and 1788, cents were issued of a very distinctive device. On the obverse



NEW JERSEY CENT.



REVERSE.

is a plow, surmounted by a horse's head, with the legend, "Nova Cæsarea," and bearing the date 1786. On the reverse is a large heart-shaped shield, the legend being "E Pluribus Unum."

We have now described the designs on the State coinages of money previous to our national issues; but a second division of this early money may be made of the coins prepared abroad for use here. Of these the rarest, and, at the same time, the most interesting, is the silver shilling, or groat, struck in 1659 in England by Lord Baltimore for circulation in Maryland, of which territory he was governor and proprietor. These pieces, known as the Baltimore shillings, show considerable taste in their device.

Another of these foreign coined pieces is called the Carolina halfpenny. This has on the obverse



CAROLINA HALFPENNY.



REVERSE.

a large elephant, standing. On the reverse are the words, "God preserve Carolina and the Lords Proprietors, 1694." The date shows that this was

struck during the reign of William and Mary, while the device of the elephant connects it with some of the great firms that traded with the East Indies. This halfpenny was, therefore, probably issued by some persons who had an interest in American as well as in Asiatic commerce.

In 1722, an Englishman named Wood obtained leave to coin twopennies, pennies, and halfpennies for use in the colonies. Having to pay a large sum



ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY.



REVERSE.

for this privilege, Wood re-imbursed himself by making the coins worth intrinsically only half their legal value. From their legend, these are known as the "Rosa Americana" series.

The colony of Virginia could not be overlooked by the industrious money-makers across the Atlantic, and in 1773 the "Virginia halfpenny" made its appearance. On the obverse is a head of George the Third, and on the reverse the arms of Great Britain, a crown, and the word "Virginia."

Our Declaration of Independence, and the hostilities which followed it, did not prevent the engravers of Great Britain from still seeking to profit by the American market. An immense number



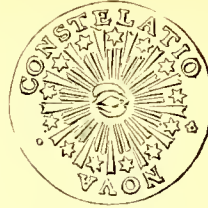
VIRGINIA HALFPENNY.



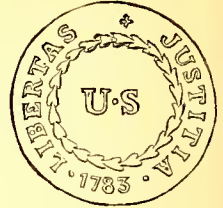
REVERSE.

of coins and tokens were now struck in England and sent here to be used as halfpennies or cents. Of these, we have the "Nova Constelatio" series, having on the obverse the All-seeing Eye, with radiating beams, between each of which is a star, the legend being "Nova Constelatio." On the reverse, a wreath incloses the letters "U. S." in Roman characters, while the legend is "Libertas + Justitia," the date being 1783. In 1785 there was another issue, the legend reading, "Libertas et Justitia," while the "U. S." is in script characters.

Another extensive issue was that of the "Washington cents," of which there were several varieties.



NOVA CONSTELATIO CENT.



REVERSE.

The earliest of these is called the "small-head cent," from the size of the bust of Washington, the legend being "Washington and Independence," with the date 1783. On the reverse is a figure of Liberty seated, with the legend "United States."

On a second type of this series we have the obverse and the reverse alike, the design being that of the obverse of the cent just described, the word Washington alone appearing, so that this is known as the "double-headed Washington cent." A third type has an entirely different head, and, from the



WASHINGTON CENT.



WASHINGTON "UNITY" CENT (REVERSE).

error in the legend on the reverse, is known as the "unity cent."

New York State seems to have had no local mint, so that the coins called "New York cents" were all imported. On some of these there is a bust of Washington, with the boastful and un-Washingtonian legend, "Non vi sed virtute vici" (not by force, but by virtue, I conquered); with a reverse of Liberty seated, the legend being "Neo Eboracensis" (New York), and the date 1786.

To our very incomplete sketch we must yet add a brief description of the currency used in the



ROSA AMERICANA HALFPENNY (ANOTHER ISSUE).



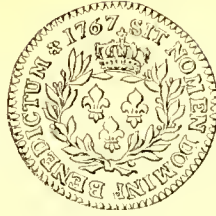
SMALL-HEAD CENT (REVERSE).

French colonies of Louisiana. In the beginning of the last century, Louis XV. issued a copper piece



having two L's crossed beneath a crown, with the usual French legend, "Sit nomen Domini Benedictum" (Blessed be the name of the Lord); while on the reverse there is simply, in three lines across the field, "Colonies Françoises, 1721," or 1722.

In 1767, there was another issue of copper money, but with a different device. On the obverse there is a wreath inclosing the French arms,



LOUISIANA CENT.



REVERSE.

words "Colonies Françoises" are in two curved lines.

A fuller description of the coins that go under the general name of American colonials is forbidden by our space. Should any of our readers be coin-collecting, we wish them, however, to remember that the most useful collection is that which contains good specimens of the different types or patterns of the various coins, and not merely "full sets" of the issues of any particular coin.



LOUISIANA CENT.



REVERSE.

with the legend and date. On the reverse are two scepters crossed with L., XV. in the angles, the letter A denoting the Paris Mint mark, while the

## TWO OF THEM.

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.

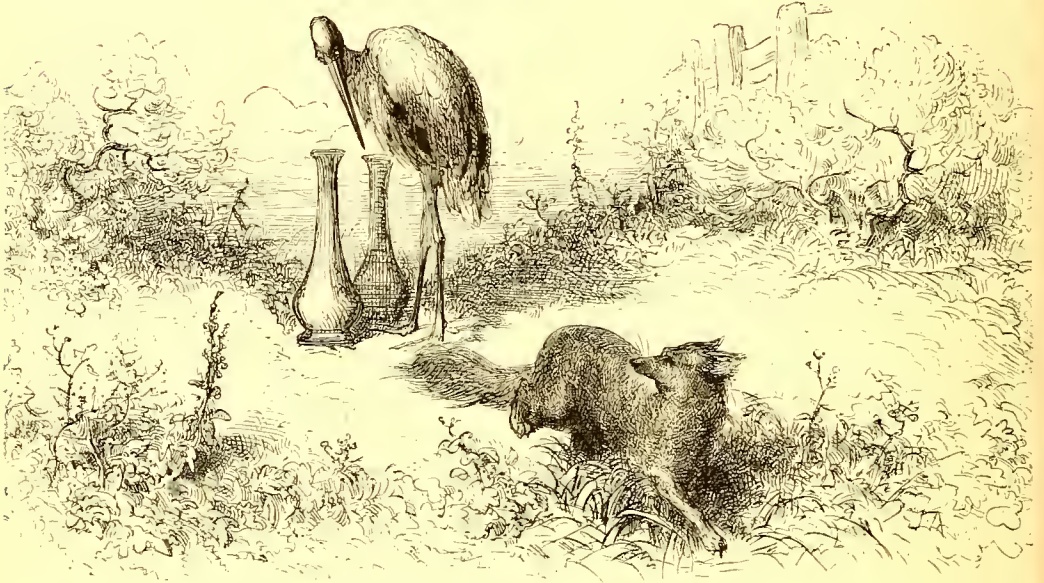
A BROOK and wee Elsie  
 Were playing together,  
 One frolicsome day  
 Of the sunny weather,  
 At "tag" and "bo-peep;"  
 Naughty creatures were they,  
 For the brook and wee Elsie  
 Had both run away.

One time, when they paused  
 In a lovely cool place,  
 Elsie saw in the water  
 Her round dimpled face;  
 And "How funny!" she said,  
 With a wondering look,—  
 "Now, how could my face  
 Get into the brook?"

A half-minute later,  
 A gypsyng bee  
 Left Elsie in tears,  
 Sorry object to see.  
 "Here's another queer problem,"  
 The little brook cries;  
 "Now, how did I ever  
 Get into her eyes?"

## THE RACES AT SHARK BAY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



THIS picture of the fox and stork always puts me in mind of the Great Races at Shark Bay. The true account of that affair is this:

It was Uncle Jeems that brought the boys down to the bay. Their fathers had gone out to sea for a day's trolling for mackerel, and, being afraid to leave a lot of city boys running loose over the farm, called the old man out of the stable, and put them under his care.

"Fuss-rate," said Uncle Jeems, coming up when the gentlemen were gone. "I'll gib yoh a day's spoht, young gemples!"

"You'll attend to your own concerns," said Pugh, loftily. "Come, Potter. If we are to spend the day at Shark's Bay, we can provide amusement for ourselves, I imagine,"—and they walked away arm in arm. Ted and Joe and little Polly clung to Uncle Jeems, and trotted after them.

Pugh and Potter were academy boys, and quite ten years old. They always "imagined" and "presumed" when Ted would have said he "thinked it out." When they landed from the boat, the other day, they were quite sure all the boarders were looking at them, just as at home on Broadway they thought the crowd admired them passing by. Their only reason for expecting this public attention was that Pugh was studying Greek verbs and

Potter had a watch; and there are a great many persons of whom these things can be said.

Though we do meet people sometimes, who think everybody is admiring them, who do not even study Greek, and have not a watch.

Since they came to the country, Pugh wore his best clothes of gray cloth, and Potter a full suit of white linen, with magnificent neck-ties and scarf-rings. They were very much ashamed of the flannel shirts and old trousers in which their fathers would go fishing.

"What kind of sport shall we have?" Ted asked the old man when they came in sight of the bay.

"Dat's foh de young men to say, sah,"—and Uncle Jeems sat down on a log and began to pick the barnacles off it.

"Never you mind," said Potter, graciously. "We'll take care of you little fellows."

The bay was a very little bay, only two or three miles wide. It sparkled in the sun, and now and then a crab came to the top and made a ring of ripples on the tan-colored water. There was a strip of sandy beach all around it, and back of that, green and brown marshes, as far as you could see inland. The bay opened out into the sea, which, no doubt, was a very grand background; but Ted and Polly took very little account of it—it was so

big and uncomfortable. Sand-hills and the mud in the marsh were the things,—that is if you went in for enjoyment.

Pugh and Potter consulted awhile. Then Pugh said, as if he were making a speech:

“We are going to have races —”

“Oh, goody!” cried Polly.

“Hooray!” shrieked Ted and Joe. “Raccs!”

“The Grand Races of Shark Bay!—that’s the name of them. Two heats. I’m to lay down the rules for the first heat, and Potter for the second. Now d’ye understand? Two heats?”

“Two heats! Hooray!” yelled Ted and Joe, while Polly swung her sun-bonnet by the strings and screamed louder than either.

“That will do. You’ll make me deaf, child. Now I’ll make the rules for the first race. The starting-point is this log—just here, and that boat drawn up on the beach is the goal. Every man entering the race must put down a quarter of a dollar —”

“Have n’t got a quarter,” sung out Ted.

“Hooray!” began Polly, but stopped short.

“Well, put in what you have got.”

Potter and Pugh each took out their porte-monnaies, and flung down a quarter of a dollar on a mossy log. Ted and Joe whispered eagerly together.

“Is the one that wins to have *all* the money?” asked Joc.

“Yes, yes. Come, don’t be all day about it.”

“Now, I’ve got fifteen cents and Ted’s got fifteen. If we put in ten each, we’ll have five for the second heat. Will that do?”

“Don’t yoh resk yoh money, chillen,” growled Jeems. “You have n’t got de ghost of a chance ’gainst dah long legs. Don’t yoh see?”

But Ted and Joe were breathless with eagerness.

“Can we go in on that? Can Polly go in, too?”

“Oh yes, yes.” Pugh and Potter laughed and exchanged significant glances. “Now,” said Pugh, “fifteen minutes for preparation.”

He disappeared suddenly in the marsh-grass. Potter took off his coat. Ted and Joe, anxiously watching him, did the same.

“Mine’s a frock,” said Polly, ready to cry. But when Potter unlaced his shoes, and Ted and Joe did likewise, she tore off both shoes and stockings and hopped about in her fat, bare feet.

“Take your places!” said Potter, throwing back his suspenders. His face was very red, and he looked now and then anxiously at the little heap of twenty-five and ten-cent notes.

They all stood in a row by the log, right foot out, looking impatiently about for Pugh.

“I think Polly ought to have a start. She’s the littlest,” said Ted.

“That’s against Latin rules,” said Potter, solemnly. “*Mensa, mensæ, mensæ, mensam.*”

“Oh!” said Ted, looking aghast. “I did n’t know.”

“Come along. Pugh!” shouted Potter, sharply. “I hear you back there. Time’s up! I’ll give the word. One—two—three! Go!”

They all dashed off, Potter ahead. But he stopped short when Pugh broke through the marsh-grass mounted on his velocipede, which he had brought down with him from town. It ran like lightning over the hard beach.

“Unfair! Foul! Back! back!” shouted Potter, and after him Ted and Joe.

“It *is* fair,” said Pugh. “There was no agreement that it was to be a foot-race.”

Potter was silent a moment. “Come on, then,” he said, sullenly.

“We can beat him, anyhow, Potter,” shouted Ted, wild with excitement.

They made a fresh start. Potter ran leisurely, not trying to win. Poor little Polly tumbled down after a yard or two, and came back crying to Uncle Jeems. Ted and Joe went tearing along only to see Pugh, seated on his crimson velvet cushion, run easily before them all the way and round the goal with a triumphant sweep of the wheels. He rode back laughing, gathered up the money, and put it in his pockets.

“Yoh gwine t’ take dem chillen’s money?” said Uncle Jeems.

“That’s the rules of the race,” said Pugh.

“Why, of course, that’s the rules of the race!” cried Ted. “Come on! Second heat! Plank down your five cents, Joc.”

Joe obeyed. Pugh and Potter put down their stakes.

“Starting-point and goal the same,” said Potter. “Fifteen minutes for preparation.” And *he* disappeared in the marsh-grass.

“I wont run this time, boys,” said Polly, looking first at one red little sole and then the other.

But Ted and Joe were hot with eagerness to be off. They danced up and down in front of the log. Pugh sat, smiling, on his velocipede.

There was a stir presently in the grass.

“Time’s up!” cried Joe. “One—two—three —”

“Go!” shouted Potter, dashing into the course on his pony. He had not had time to saddle him, and rode clinging to the mane. Pugh rushed forward for a few rods, but was left far behind.

Ted and Joe raced furiously along until they were out of breath. The flying heels of the pony left only a cloud of sand in their faces.

They came back red and perspiring, ready to cry, but swallowed down the sobs as they pulled on

their coats. Potter cantered up and stuffed his winnings into his pocket.

There was a miserable silence. The sun was hot and glared upon the sand.

"I don't think races is very good fun," said Polly.

Potter and Pugh chuckled.

"Is that all the sport you know?" asked Ted.

"That's all," said Pugh.

His velocipede would not run except on the narrow strip of hard beach; he gave it a kick and sat down. Potter's pony was minded to go to its stable; he abused it for an obstinate little beast, and, jumping off, let it gallop back. Then he sat down beside Pugh. Their full pockets did not seem to put the two boys into a good humor. Ted and Joe put their hands into their empty ones, tried to look indifferent, and yawned.

"Is dem dar races done run?" said Uncle Jeems, dryly.

"Yes," said Ted. Polly nodded two or three times. A tear ran down to the tip of her little red nose, and hung there.

"Wal!" (the old man got up slowly) "reckon it's our tuh'n now, chillen!"—and *he* disappeared in the marsh-grass.

Pugh and Potter sneered, but Ted and Joe stared all about them with wide-open eyes.

In two minutes, on the water from behind a clump of cedars and bay bushes, appeared Uncle Jeems, aboard of the dirtiest, loveliest little boat you ever saw. A regular schooner, fully twenty feet long, with two masts and sails, and a red streamer fluttering at the peak!

"Dis yere 's de full-rigged, fast-going ship Polly, bound foh Europe, Californy, and Japan!" cried Uncle Jeems, steering her up to the shore. "Ted, commander! Joe, fust captain! Polly, passenger! Uncle Jeems, crew! All aboard. Rig your maintopsail, my hearties!"

Ted and Joe had no breath to cheer. Their eyes were set with astonishment and delight. Polly gave a little cackle of a "Hooray!" and then jumped up and down, holding up her arms. "Me? me? Did you mean *me*, Uncle Jeems?"

"Yoh's de on'y lady ob de name ob Polly I know yereabouts," lifting her on deck with a jump. "All aboard, captain!"

Ted and Joe swarmed over the bow. Pugh and Potter came close as they could. They had quite forgotten their dignity in the excitement.

"Is n't she a beauty? Regular sea-going vessel, is n't she, Uncle Jeems? Something like a boat, to have two masts!"

"Look at the anchor!" shrieked Polly. "And the dear little house shut up by a lid!"

"That's the forecastle, you goose," said Ted.

"But just see the rudder! Why, you can turn it! Can I steer—oh, can I steer?"

"Ob course. And Mars Joe, he min' de sail. Miss Polly, she captain ob de center-board. You hold dat stick tight, honey. Now we's off. Rig yer jib-boom! Man yer topsail halyards, my hearties!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" shouted Ted and Joe; and the little boat went plunging out into the flashing waves, the red streamer flapping overhead in the sunlight, and the masts, with Ted's steering, rocking topsily to and fro.

"We've got to take keer of shipwreck," said Uncle Jeems, gravely.

"Of course! of course!" cried Ted and Joe.

The water in the bay was not two feet deep, but they did not know that.

Pugh and Potter looked disconsolately at them and the boat, driven here and there before a free wind.

"Father would never let me go in a boat alone," said Pugh.

"Seems as if we'd lost our one chance," rejoined Potter. "Hang the old darkey! Look here, Uncle Jeems," he shouted, "are n't we to go aboard?"

"Ship 's commanded by Cap'in Teddy, sah. I'se de crew."

"I say, fellows!" cried Pugh. "This is poor fun for us."

"That's so!" said Joe. "Put about, Ted. Take 'em aboard."

"Take 'em aboard!" cried Polly. "Hooray!"

"Let dem dar alone. Dat's my 'dvice," muttered Jeems. But he brought the boat ashore, and the boys jumped on deck.

No sooner did they find themselves safely there than they began to take command.

"Give me that rudder, Ted," said Potter. "Joe, let Pugh have that rope. Let that stick alone, Polly. What do such chubs as you know about sailing a vessel?"

He dropped the rudder in a minute, however, to rush with Pugh to the bow, to look at a fish jump out of the water. And then—how it came about nobody could say (Uncle Jeems had the sheet in hand, and surely he knew how to manage it)—the boom swung around, and over went Potter and Pugh headlong into the water.

"Dat ar bow's a dangerous place," said Uncle Jeems, quietly.

The children screamed. Potter and Pugh scrambled up and stood with the sea-weed and muddy water up to their knees, spitting it out of their mouths, wringing it out of their hair.

"Take us aboard!" they shouted, as the Polly sailed swiftly away. "We're drowning! Take us aboard!"

"Dis yer ship's under full headway," said Uncle Jeems. "It's onpossible to turn her. I reckon yoh wont drown dis day."

They waded ashore and looked back, dripping and soggy with mud, to see the crew in the boat unpacking a basket full of cold chicken, biscuits, and delicious fruit. The sun was warm overhead, and the wind filled the sails, and the bright ripples dashed against the sides of the boat.

"They'll not come home until night," said Pugh. "They're having too good a time to think

of coming ashore before night. We may as well go to the house."

Polly's father went down to meet them that evening, for they did not come in until the moon was shining. He carried Polly in his arms.

"Uncle Jeems has given my girl a grand holiday!" he said. "It was a pity those lads fell overboard, Uncle!"

"Yes, sah," said the old man, gravely. "Dat was a most onfortunate—accident!"



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

## THE BUCK-SKIN BREECHES.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

GRANDPAPAS all were once little boys—  
Is not that a remarkable poser?—  
Devoted to toys,  
Nonsense and noise,  
Addicted to jack-stones and similar joys,  
Crazy for races with Rover and Tozer,  
Yet forced to sit still and say, "Yes, sir," and  
"No, sir;"  
And the boys of all time, experience teaches,  
Have their first new balls and their first new  
breeches.

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Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six!  
That is the date—like a burr it sticks;  
For grandpapa told it, many's the while,  
As he spoke of the past with a sigh and a smile;  
The wondrous year,  
To memory dear,  
Which of all his youth rose up most clear,  
When his homespun suit was kicked to the  
rear;  
When his father took him o'er dale and down,  
Three hundred miles to the Quaker town.

And in bliss that humanity rarely reaches,  
He donned his first buff buck-skin breeches.

Grandpapa had a most notable sire—

Brave, the Old General, and stout and true;  
Prompted by honor and duteous ire,

He pledged himself with the noble few,—

Look in the list.

It cannot be missed,

He wrote it himself with his resolute fist;  
Among the old Signers his name you will see,  
Beginning with "William" and ending with "d":  
Strong to bear stress in Church and State.  
He wanted his boy to be just as great.

"This lad of mine," said the fervid sire,  
"I'd like him filled with a patriot's fire!"  
So, to foster the feeling, what did he do  
But buy him the suit of a patriot true;

Waistcoat of buff,

Surcoat of blue,

Queer-cornered hat of a somber hue,  
Buckles of silver, shining and new,  
Stockings of silk, to the knee each reaches.  
And a sumptuous pair of buck-skin breeches

There was the happiest boy in creation!  
What cared he for the great Declaration,  
The throes of a kingdom, the birth of a nation?  
Matters of state,  
Little or great,

Hearts of oak that compelled their fate,  
Sacred vows and death drawn speeches,—  
He'd have sold them all for his buck-skin  
breeches!

But, alas, for the bliss of the bounding heart!  
A slip, and the cup and the lip must part;  
A breath, and the sweet becomes a smart;  
A flash, and the smile has grown a tear;  
A space, and the boy is crying, "Oh dear!"

The hour is near,

The breeches are here.

But I can't get into them, that's quite clear!  
I can't get in, nor anywhere near!"

"Can't!" said the General, and frowning heard,  
While the soldier's pride in his breast was  
stirred.

"Never, again, sir, utter that word!

You're a free-born man.

That always can,

And *must*, and *shall* perfect his plan!

See that your aim be just and right,

Then cleave your way with a dauntless might!  
Leave 'can't's' to cowards that fear the fight!

"Come, Pomp and Cæsar!" he quickly cried,  
"Catch hold here, both of you, one on a side;  
The suit is right, but the boy is too wide;  
Now firmly take it,

And thoroughly shake it.

And if it wont bend, why then we'll break it;  
Many a pillow too plump for the case  
Has to be shaken down into its place!"

So the fat little boy was put in at the top.  
While the breeches were shaken, flippety-flop;  
They tossed him up with a jump and a hop,  
They settled him down with a sudden pop,  
And with every jerk the deeper he'd drop,  
Till, finally, word was given to stop.

The boy was in,

As snug as a pin:

Pomp and Cæsar were all of a grin,  
And the breeches fitted as tight as his skin.

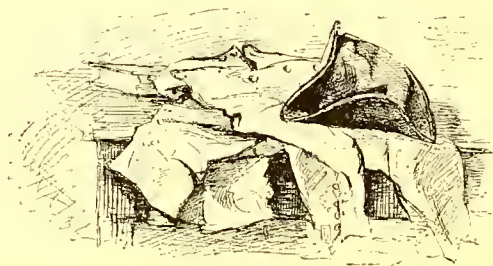
Ah, that was the spirit of Seventy-Six!  
It would n't confess itself caught in a fix;  
If there was a way, 't would find and take it;  
If there was n't a way, 't would speedily make  
it;

When laws were vexing, or breeches straight,  
It rarely tarried to ruminate,  
But couched its lance, and conquered Fate!

Yet happily, still

Its place we can fill, —

Can span the deep river, or breast the hill,  
Or leap the abyss with a hero's thrill;  
For a golden heart and an iron will  
Are the lords of every earthly ill.



## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## WANDERING ONCE MORE.

WHEN the boys finally resolved to leave Crow-bait diggings, they found it easier to remove than they had thought. Little by little they had reduced their outfit. The cattle had been sold, their horse was dead, the tent had been used up in various ways, the box of their wagon made into trunks and benches, and the running gear traded off for flour to a man who had happened that way early in the spring. Nevertheless, as they loaded themselves with their mining tools and slender stock of provisions, and made ready to turn their backs on what had been home to them, they could not help feeling sad. Since they had left the States no place had so long been their camp.

But their preparations for a tramp were soon finished, and, one bright spring morning, they marched up the creek. The faithful Pete trotted along at Arty's heels, very much surprised, apparently, at this sudden desertion of the old home.

"Good-bye, old Boston!" said Arty, as they turned a bend in the river which would shut the log-cabin from view. "Good-bye! we've had a good time and some hard luck with you."

"Good riddance to old Boston, I say," grumbled Tom, who was staggering along under the weight of sundry pots and pans; "I'm glad to get shut of the place. Too much work, and too little gold."

"Oh, shut your mouth and come ahead!" scolded Hi. "It appears like you all wanted to make speeches on the old shebang." Nevertheless, Hi breathed a long sigh, and set his face with a hard look, as if he was determined that he would not regret leaving their first home in California.

They had heard of Table Mountain as being a very rich mining region, and thither the little company of gold-seekers now bent their steps. Their way was along the foot-hills, covered with verdure, and knee-deep in wild flowers. The slopes were splashed with great patches of blue, white, orange, and yellow, showing where the wild larkspur, heliotrope and poppy grew in prodigal luxuriance. The pines and spruces were spicy with balsamic odors, and the air was soft with the early summer heat swept up from the Sacramento Valley.

Now and then they encountered a party of miners—two, three, or half-a-dozen—laboriously climbing the steep trails which led among the hills; and, now and again, they stumbled on others who

were working at claims which they had taken up by streams and in gulches. But, for the most part, the young lads had the country to themselves, as they tramped steadily onward to the north. It was a vast solitude, almost untrodden by the foot of man. The few prospectors who came and went were soon lost in the well-nigh pathless wilderness. There were no houses to be seen, no roads, and even the trails which they crossed occasionally seemed to have been traced out since the snow had melted. Gray rabbits bounded out and in among the ferns. Ground-squirrels set up their tails like banners, and drifted on before the wayfarers, and the parti-colored magpies screamed angrily from the bushes, as if resenting this intrusion by human strangers.

On the second day, climbing up a sharp ridge, late in the afternoon, they beheld a little village on the summit of the next divide. Between the ridge and the divide was a wide ravine, through which ran a pretty stream, and all along its banks the fresh earth was tumbled and heaped. A few rough-hewn beams and puncheons showed where men had been working. But no miners were in sight.

"Those fellows knock off work pretty early in the afternoon," said Barney, as the party rested on the ridge.

"Good diggin's, and makin' lots of money, most likely," added Hi.

"From this distance their camp looks quite homelike," said Mont, "though I suppose we should find it mean enough when we get into it. But see how well that double row of cabins is set against the background of trees. If there was only a little paint on some of those shanties, it would look quite like a hamlet among the mountains of Vermont."

"Only you never see that nasty red earth among the Green Mountains," added Barnard, with disgust, for the natural scenery of the country never pleased him. It was "foreign," he said.

The boys wondered what the settlement was, and so, picking up their burdens, they scrambled down the hill-side, waded through the tall grass in the bottom, and crossed the creek on a rude little bridge, which had evidently been made to enable the miners to drag in their lumber from the woods near by.

"Pears like as if these fellows had n't been at work here lately," said Hi, curiously scanning the diggings. Water had settled in the holes where the miners had been digging. The only tools to

be seen were worthless and rust-covered, and a broken sluice-box lay warping in the hot sun. It looked as if the place had been left for a night, and that the workers had never waked again to their labors.

The boys climbed the divide and entered the settlement. It was traversed by a single street or alley, which ran through the middle. There were eight cabins on one side, and seven on the other. These were built of rough logs, hewn boards or puncheons, and one or two were pieced out with blue cloth, now faded and mildewed. Looking down the street, the lads saw that every door was open, and that most of these, swinging outward, had an unhinged and neglected look. Here and there, in the middle of the narrow street, was a scrap of cast-off clothing, an old hat, a broken tool, or a battered bit of tin-ware; and, thickly strewn the ground, were dozens and dozens of empty tins, in which meat, vegetables, or oysters had been preserved.

But nobody was in sight. Arty timidly peeped into the first cabin on the left. Nobody there. Tom blundered into the house on the right. Nobody there. So they went, almost holding their breath, half-suspecting a surprise, down through the little village. Every house was empty, silent and tenantless. All save one. In the last house on the left, where somebody had planted wild columbines about the door-step, and a few pink flowers were unfolding themselves, as if satisfied that the old solitude of the place had returned, little Johnny started back in affright. In the gloom of the interior, a pair of huge fiery eyes gleamed from one corner.

"Wha-what's that?" he stammered, and backed toward the door. Arty came and looked over his shoulder, and when the eyes of the boys had become a little accustomed to the darkness, they descried a solitary cat sitting on a table strewn with bones, broken pipes and bottles, the only surviving inhabitant of this deserted village.

"Poor puss!" said Arty, advancing toward her. Puss set up her tail, cried "Phit! phit!" darted through the door, and disappeared in the underbrush, pursued by Pete, who was apparently delighted at seeing an old acquaintance. It was the first cat he had met in California.

The boys stood still, with a sort of awe which even the comical flight of the cat could not quite dispel. They were in a deserted camp. A village of the dead. Where were its inhabitants? Had a plague carried them off? If so, who had buried the last man? The untenanted settlement bore no sign to show who had lived here or where they had gone. Some unmeaning letters, hacked in the door-ways in moments of idleness, probably

gave the initials of some of the vanished settlers; and a few rabbit-skins shriveling on the cabin-walls, where they had been nailed by the hunters, reminded the visitors that destructive men had lived here. But that was all. The red sunlight sifted down in an empty street, and partly glorified the silent, shabby and forlorn mining camp.

"These chaps have heard of some rich diggings somewhere. They have been easily discouraged here. And they have packed up their traps in a hurry and vamosed the ranch." This was Barney's deliberate opinion, after he had surveyed the ground with some care.

It was the most reasonable explanation possible. Mont said that if the entire community of Swell-head diggings had vanished in a single day, bound for Gold Lake, as the boys knew, why should not a bigger settlement leave in a hurry, and make a rush for some other such folly?

"Anyhow, here's a house apiece for to-night," added Mont, "and a plenty left for storage. We may as well camp here."

The young adventurers examined the habitations with a critical air, but finally agreed to keep together in one of the largest of the cabins. Arty declared that it was "too poky" to sleep alone in any one of these deserted mansions. Somehow the others were of the same opinion.

When they straggled out into the early daylight, in answer to Mont's cheerful call, next morning, Barney crossly said:

"I thought you said this was a deserted village, Mont?"

"So I did."

"T is n't so, there's plenty of tenants."

"I know what he means," said Arty, with a comical look.

"What then?" demanded Mont.

"Fleas!"

Everybody laughed. They had been long enough in California to find out that these were tenants which never caught the gold fever, and never vacated any premises whatever.

That day brought them, after frequent stoppages for prospecting, to Table Mountain. It was a long flat-topped eminence, almost perpendicular as to its sides, and shelving rapidly down into a well-wooded and broken country, cut up by small streams. All along these streams were good diggings, it was said, and the chances were promising for gold-mining almost anywhere.

In a broad open space, through which a shallow creek poured over bars of sand and gravel, was Hoosiertown. Miners' cabins, tents and booths, were dotted over the rocky interval, and all along the creeks were men working like beavers. There were sluices, long-toms, cradles, and all sorts of



contrivances for mining. At one place on the stream, the miners had run a dam out into the current from one bank, and then, curving it down stream, had turned it back again to a point a little below the side from which it had started. This was a "wingdam." By making it tolerably tight, the place thus inclosed was partially free of water. Rude pumps were also put in to pump out the water, and these were worked by means of "flutter-wheels," which were moved by the flowing stream outside of the dam very like the wheel of a water-mill. In this wingdam men worked with the water up to their middle. They dug up the bottom of the stream—sand, gravel and stone. As the water sunk away and the bottom was cleaned, they found gold—gold in lumps and fine scales—which had been washed there in the far-off times.

This was going on all along the stream, and everywhere men were busy with all sorts of wooden machines, rude and clumsy, to be sure, but good enough for the present purpose.

The boys looked on with silent amazement. This was a real mining settlement. Here were more than one hundred men at work, and using contrivances that had cost much labor and money. They seemed to be determined to get every scrap of gold, even though they had to wipe up the river, scrape down the mountain, and root out the forest. They were very much in earnest, anxious, without comfort, and, for the most part, haggard and ragged.

The borders of the once pleasant stream were gashed with diggings, and disfigured with timber-like mining apparatus. Even upon the hill-sides the surface was dotted with heaps of red and yellow earth, where greedy prospectors had burrowed in for gold. In the valley, on either side of the stream, the cabins, with gaping seams open to storm or wind, weltered in the sun; and the barren and comfortless place wore a homesick look to the young gold-hunters.

Arty's quick eye detected a woman's frock hanging on the thorny branches of a manzanita-bush near a cabin which looked less untidy than the others.

"Hooray! there's a woman in this camp, anyhow," said Hi, with enthusiasm, when Arty had pointed out the purple calico on the manzanita. "Let's go and take a look at her."

Rather shamefacedly, as if afraid of womankind, the lads straggled up to the cabin and dropped their packs on the ground. A comely young woman, brown in face and bare of arms, but wearing a smart ribbon in her hair, came to the door with a shap, "Are you here again?"

"Nance, with hoops on, as sure as I'm alive!" exclaimed Hi; and his under jaw dropped clean

down to express his utter amazement. Nance blushed to the roots of her hair, and said:

"Why, I thought it was that ornery feller, Missouri Joe; he's a-sparkin' round here just continual."

"Howdy? boys, howdy?" broke in the good Mrs. Dobbs, who now came forward and looked over her daughter's shoulder. "We're powerful glad



NANCE COMES TO THE DOOR.

to see ye. 'Pears like old time to see you, boys. My old man war a-speaking about you no more'n yesterday."

Nance, recovering herself after her first surprise, welcomed the lads, and the whole party, seated on the door-step and about the cabin, exchanged all the news they had to tell. The Dobbs family had been here since the snow left, which was early, for not much snow fell in these parts. They had done well. They were doing well. Philo Dobbs had a "pardner," and the two had a wingdam, from which great things were expected. Yes, there were plenty of chances here. Why, even tunneling had been tried, and from some of these holes

men had got out gold, as Mrs. Dobbs expressed it, "hand over fist."

"Yes," she said, when Mont had remarked Nance's rapid growth,—"yes, Nance has got to be right peart of a gal. If she had a little more age onto her, and did n't kick up her heels now and then, she'd be quite a young woman."

"La, ma, how you run on," pouted Nancy, the warm blood glowing through her brown cheeks.

"You see we've put her into long gowns: Clothes is powerful dear in these parts, to be sure; but she's the only young lady in Hoosiertown, and I tell my old man, says I, something must be sacrificed to appearances, says I."

What with a hoop skirt, a long calico dress, shoes on her feet, and a ribbon in her hair, Nance was really quite a changed person. Arty and Tom regarded her with an unwonted respect, and Hi blushed every time he looked at her.

The boys set up their camp in a deserted cabin which Philo Dobbs had once occupied, and which he gave them full use of for the present. At last they were in a considerable community again. They felt almost as if they had got back into civilization. At night, the notes of a violin and a flute from one of the cabins, showed that the tired miners were solacing themselves with music, and sounds of talk and laughter floated on the evening air. After all, "it was homelike to be among folks again."

So said honest Hi, as the boys contentedly sat about the door of their new home. Then, clasping his hands over his knees, Hi looked absently at Pete, who was winking and blinking at him, and added: "And she's the only young lady in this yere town!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A SEPARATION AND A CALAMITY.

A GREAT variety of mining was carried on in the vicinity of Hoosiertown. As we have seen, the stream was lined with works for extracting gold in several different ways. And, back from the valley, in the low hills of the region, were some of the operations known as "dry diggings;" here the earth was pierced to a great depth by perpendicular holes, or shafts. Sinking through the dirt which had no gold in it, the miner finally reached a layer of earth far under the non-paying mass, where coarse gold was found; then, striking this "pay-streak" underneath the ground, dug it out carefully and hoisted it up to the surface, where the gold was washed out.

They burrowed in all directions as long as the pay-streak led them on; and the holes thus made were so much like the dens of coyotes, or little

prairie wolves, that this sort of mining was called "coyoting." As the "coyoting" miner advanced with his burrow far below the surface, crawling on his hands and knees, and laboriously dragging his basket of dirt to the shaft, where his partner hoisted it up, he was nothing more or less than a burrower. "Dirty work brings clean money," he thought; or his mind went back to wife, mother, children, and friends at home, as he dug in the gloom and silence underground.

The earth thus undermined was propped up as the "coyoters" burrowed in all directions, to keep it from caving in upon them. Usually, the overhanging roof of the burrow was so tough that it needed no support. But it often happened that the mass settled and quietly shut down forever upon the workers below.

Prospecting over the hills with Philo Dobbs one day, Hi and Mont came upon a flat place where a considerable patch of the ground had settled a foot or two, leaving a ragged brown edge to show how far the surface had dropped.

"This yere," said Dobbs, striding into the middle of the depression, "is where the Redman boys was caved in on last fall. That there hole is where their shaft was."

"Caved in upon?" asked Mont, with a shiver. "How many of them were there?"

"There was the three Redman boys; they were from Maine, they was; two brothers and a cousin. Then there was a chap from Illinoy; name was Eph Mullet. They were the chaps that was caved on."

"Eph Mullet!" exclaimed Mont. "Why, Hi, that was Bill Bunce's partner. Don't you remember?"

"Sure enough," said Philo Dobbs. "I mind me now that that Bunce had a pardner, but I did n't know his name was Mullet. He and Bunce must have fallen out, for he was surely in the Redman party, and is buried under this very spot." And, as if to give emphasis to his words, Dobbs rose on his toes and came down heavily on his heels in the middle of this strange grave.

"And where was the man at the mouth of the shaft all this time?" asked Hi, indignantly. "Why did n't he run down to the camp at Hoosiertown and give the alarm, and have these poor fellows dug out?"

"Oh, he got off safe. But as for Hoosiertown, that was n't built then. This was last fall, and nothing had been done at Hoosiertown except a little prospecting on the creek by some stragglers, who had scratched about a bit and had lit out again for better diggin's. Here you can see where the survivin' pardner, as it were, started in to dig for his mates. But, lor! he had to go down twenty

odd feet. No wonder he gave it up as a bad job, and put out by himself."

"What a horrible story!" said Mont, looking at the sunken tract of earth, which covered so much sorrow.

"Yas, yas," replied Dobbs, "there's any number of poor fellers huntin' for gold, and leavin' their bones among these yere hills, in pits, ravines, and gulches; and their folks at home a-wonderin' why they don't never turn up. Turn up! Why, they'll never show a hand till the Day of Judgment." And Philo Dobbs thoughtfully picked up a bit of pay-dirt, and rubbed it out in the palm of his hand.

Coyote-mining had a gloomy outlook to the boys, but Hi was very much taken with the hill-diggings in which we saw some of the miners at work. Some of these were nothing more than coyote holes run horizontally into the side of a hill, until the pay-dirt was reached. As these rude tunnels were easily dug, and the gold so found was coarse, the temptation to carry on that sort of mining was great. Hi declared in favor of hill-diggings.

But Mont and Barnard had found a place nearer the camp, which promised better. Besides, it was the only kind of mining which they knew anything about, and they were afraid of any new experiments. Hi was obstinate, and, moreover, he was tired, he said, of the old way, which had not been profitable enough. He wanted to get his money—lots of it—and leave. Miners were already going back to the States with their "piles." Poor Hi thought he must make his "pile" right away, and leave for home.

Mont and Barnard shook their heads, sorrowfully. Mont kindly argued the matter with their obstinate comrade. But Barney indignantly blurted out, "Why you would'n't burst up the partnership, would you?"

"Yes," said Hi, doggedly. "I'll go into the hill-diggin's myself, if you don't. That is, Tom and I."

"Tom and I, indeed!" broke in that young person. "I'd like to know what makes you think I'd go along with you. I'm goin' to stay with the rest of the crowd. If you want to git, git!"

"See yere, youngster," said Hiram, red with anger, "you are to go where I go. I'm yer gardeen; if you don't go with me, where's yer pardner? Who'll ye work with? The chances are all taken."

"I allow I'll work for myself," said the boy, sullenly, but somewhat in doubt.

"We're very sorry to have you think of going," said Mont. "but if you must go, Tom may as well go with you. Is n't that so, boys?"

The rest of the party took this view of the case, and, after much consultation, it was agreed that Hi

should draw out of the partnership, take his and Tom's share of the profits, and strike out for himself. The boys were all sorry over this first break in their company.

They sat uneasily about their cabin, in an embarrassed way, as if there was to be a ceremony of some sort which they dreaded to meet.

"Hang it all!" said Hi, with a sheepish look. "I allow it is powerful mean for me to quit and go off by myself. D'ye s'pose it'll pay, after all?"

"You're the best judge of that," said Barney, coldly. "It's your own proposition."

"No, no," broke in Arty, eagerly, and leaning over the table toward Hi; "share and share alike is always better than going it alone, you know. It's more sociable, anyhow."

Hi's eyes softened a little as he looked in the bright face of the lad; but just then his hand struck the heavy canvas pouch in which his and Tom's portion of the company's savings had been put. He drew a long, hard breath, and said, "I allow I'll try the hill-diggin's."

At Arty's suggestion, Hi and Tom decided to mess with the boys for the present. The spot which Hi had fixed upon for his trial at tunneling was not so far from the cabin that he could not come back at night, get his supper, and sleep.

Hi was secretly glad to make this arrangement. He would be willing to endure some additional fatigue rather than lodge elsewhere than with his old comrades. Besides, he craftily argued with himself, it would be more economical.

Hi took possession of a hole, or tunnel, which somebody had begun to drive into a hill just above Table Mountain to the north. Near this were two or three good claims in which men were busily at work and taking out gold. Hi's tunnel had been begun by two or three men from Poverty Hill, the deserted village on the divide. When the rush from Poverty Hill to Rattlesnake Bar was made early in the spring, said a friendly Hoosiertown settler, these miners had tried their luck at river mining on Hoosier Creek. A week's work disgusted them, when they essayed hill diggings; put in a few feet of tunneling, and then were off to Trinity River, away up in the northern part of the State.

Hi now entered into their labors, accompanied with much grumbling by Tom. As for Barnard, Mont, Arthur and Johnny, after prospecting about the flat near Hoosiertown, they took up and worked in a claim, not much unlike that which they had held at Crowbait. They met with fair success at once, and, within a week, they "cleaned up" eight hundred dollars. This was encouraging. Hi, whose first question when, weary and fagged, he reached the cabin at night was always, "What luck to-day, boys?" heard the good news with ill-con-

eealed chagrin, though he tried hard to rejoice heartily in the good fortune of his late comrades.

Nevertheless, Hi soon struck the pay streak and begun to bring home every night a goodly harvest from his day's work. Three ounces, four ounces, five ounces, and even ten ounces, did he turn out of his buckskin bag, at the end of some days of labor. He spread the golden grains on the surface of their rude table, earessing the heap with real joy. Sixteen dollars to the ounce was the rate of reckoning gold in those days, and at this rate, Hi had done well, for he had only just begun to work into the pay dirt. He was very much elated by his good luck, and if everybody else had not been too busy with his own concerns to bother about those of others, he would have had the reputation of being a highly successful miner. As it was, his wealth was chiefly in the future.

The whole company, meanwhile, got on very harmoniously in their cabin. They all went to work in the morning, taking their ready-cooked dinner with them. At night they met around their supper, told over the events of the day, and speculated on the possibilities of to-morrow. It was a simple sort of life. They enjoyed it, and Nance, commonly known in the camp as "Dobbs's gal," was kind enough to receive a call from them once in a while, or drop in and give Arthur and Johnny a hint about cooking bacon and bread, which articles yet remained the staple of their fare.

Hi regarded Nance with bashful aversion. She made him blush in spite of himself; and once, when she reproved him for using slang, he grew very angry and said she was "putting on airs." It must be confessed that the girl grew womanly, sedate and almost dignified. She never seemed to forget that she was "the only young lady in the camp."

"Cut for home, boys," said Barney, cheerily, one afternoon. "The sun is down behind the lone pine, and its time you were getting supper ready."

Arty and Johnny very gladly dropped their tools and climbed the hill which lay between the elaim and Hoosiertown. The sun was sinking low, and as the lads passed over the brow of the hill and began to descend the slope on the other side, they could see the broken, perpendicular walls of Table Mountain gilded with yellow light.

The edge of the mountain nearest them was low in places, with benches or ledges running along just above the road which wound through the valley at the foot of the mountain. As the hurrying boys paused for an instant and looked off over the landscape, bathed in the setting sun, Arty saw the figure of a man stooping and running along the precipitous edge of the opposite cliff, and occasionally stopping as if to watch something moving along the

road beneath, which was not in sight from where the boy stood on the distant hill. Like a bird of prey, the man swiftly ran and watched, then stooped and ran, and watched again. Now and then he made a motion as if to drop something from his hand into the road beneath his feet. Then he seemed to think better of it, and he ran on, watching and waiting.

"Curious eritter that," muttered Arty.

"Pshaw! it looks like Bill Bunce," answered Johnny, with a little start of disgust. "Let's run," and with that he trotted toward home as fast as his tired legs could carry him.

Just then the strange figure across the valley, now near the angle which Table Mountain makes where the valley opens out toward Hoosiertown, let fall something which seemed to be a heavy stone. Then he quickly pitched down another and another. Then he jumped over the edge of the cliff and scrambled down out of sight toward the road below.

"Queer boy Johnny is; always thinking of Bill Bunce!" So said Arty to himself, as he bounded along light-heartedly and overtook his comrade.

When they reached the cabin, Tom was there before them and was already chopping the fire-wood for their evening cooking.

"Yes," he said, "Hi's always higgling and haggling. He's afraid to leave the leastest speck of gold anywhere about that confounded old tunnel overnight. There's no thieves about. Honest country, I say. But Hi, he's drefle suspicious. Sly folks always is."

Arty remonstrated with Tom for holding such a mean opinion of his brother, and Barney and Mont, who soon came over the hill, rebuked the lad for not staying with Hi to help him clear up his day's work.

"Hi is a good brother; anyhow," said Barnard, heartily, as he blew the water off his red face, and began to polish it with a coarse towel. "And, my little man, it stands you in hand to hold up your end of the yoke, as Arty says. Still, Hi is late tonight."

Just then, four or five red-shirted miners, bearing some strange burden, came out from the mouth of the valley above and made straight for the cabin where our boys were making ready for supper.

They seemed to be carrying a wounded man; and as they drew nearer, the tender-hearted Barney burst out with, "My grief! its poor old Hi!" And so it was. The miners, coming home from work, had encountered a figure sitting up in the dust and feebly trying to rise. There was a ghastly wound on the top of his head. His hair was elotted, and dark red stains were on his face. Groping about in the dazzling light of the sun, then level

with the valley, Hi, for the miners recognized Hi Fender, had murmured something indistinctly and had become unconscious.

The poor fellow was laid upon his bunk. Mont said at once, "We must have a doctor."

steed in the camp, a fiery mustang, rode to Smith's Bar, four miles away, and brought back the doctor.

Meanwhile, Mont and Arthur bathed poor Hi's head, cleansed his face, and tried to relieve his suf-



THE BOYS WATCH THE STRANGE FIGURE.

"Thar's nary doctor round yere," said one of the miners, roughly but kindly. "Yer pard's hurt powerful bad. He may as well pass in his checks."

"Perhaps doctorin' will do him no good. But there's a young chap down to Smith's Bar who does something in that line," said another.

It seemed an age to the sorrowful, anxious group in the cabin while Barney, mounted on the only

ferings. He only groaned and made no sign of intelligence.

Tom, heavy-hearted and remorseful, went on with the cooking of supper, in an absent-minded way. The men who had brought Hi home, said, "Just send word over to yon blue tent, if there's anything we can do for you—whisky, camphire, watchers, or anything the like of that." Then they went their way.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## A STRANGE CASE.

MONT scrutinized with some sharpness and anxiety the doctor from Smith's Bar. He was a tall, lithe, sinewy young fellow, with a long, full beard, like a tangle of flax, a brown face, and cold gray eyes. He wore a slouch hat and a blue flannel shirt; his trousers were tucked into his boots, and a belt at his waist carried a little wallet, where less peaceable people usually wore a pistol.

Arty was immediately disgusted with the cold, hard way with which the young doctor asked a few questions about the accident, and with the business-like and unsympathetic manner with which he studied the wounds of the unconscious Hi, who still lay breathing heavily and unable to speak.

"A queer looking doctor, I must say," muttered Mont to himself, very much dissatisfied with his general appearance. And his thoughts went back to the white-haired, dignified physician of his New England home, a man whose presence seemed to shed a balm of healing wherever he went. But when Dr. Carson lifted Hi's wounded head, dressed the poor mangled scalp with light swiftness, and cleansed, with all of a woman's skillfulness of touch, the parts that the boys had not dared to handle, Mont changed his mind, and Barney and Arty looked on with grateful admiration.

"I will stay with you until he recovers consciousness," said the doctor. "He will rally presently."

It was now late into the night, but nobody cared to sleep until they knew whether life or death was before their comrade. Dr. Carson had spoken cheerily, but he had given no opinion; none had been asked, and the boys dropped wearily about, while the doctor, with his chin resting on his hand, sat steadfastly and thoughtfully regarding Hi.

Presently the young fellow stirred out of his long trance, and, moving his right hand, heavily whispered: "The other pocket! the other pocket!"

The doctor started forward to catch the words, when Hi, calmly opening his eyes, looked up at him with surprise and said, "Well, what of it?"

Dr. Carson smiled and said, pleasantly: "So it was the other pocket, was it?"

Hi looked at him with a queer, puzzled air, and feebly replied: "I don't know about that. Was I hurt much?"

"Not much to speak of, my man. But I would n't talk about it now. In the morning you can tell us all about it."

But Hi persisted. "I always allowed that there tunnel would cave. I meant to have timbered it to-morrow or next day." And here Hi painfully raised his hand to his head, shuddered, and, as if

shocked at the discovery of his wounds, relapsed into unconsciousness again.

The gray dawn was struggling into the cabin, when Arty, sick and faint with waiting and watching, awoke from an uneasy sleep on the floor. The young doctor still sat, alert and vigilant, by the side of Hi's bunk; Mont was near at hand with all his usual freshness and helpfulness. Barney slept with his head leaning forward on the table; while Tom and Johnny were yet sound asleep in their own places.

Hi had asked for water once or twice during the night, but beyond that he had made no sign of coming back to life. So they sat and watched and waited. The bright morning sun rose up, fresh and clear, over Table Mountain, flooding the valley with its redness. Sounds of early labor came from the scattered cabins in the flat. The creaking of the flutter-wheels which had kept on through the night was now confused with other noises, as the miners began another day's work. Smoke rose from the rude chimneys of Hoosiertown; faint odors of frying meat floated on the tranquil air, and two or three red-shirted citizens, groping their way out into the light, stretched themselves heavily and yawned with a tremendous yawn, the echoes of which reached Arty where he sat against the wall of the cabin looking out, sad-eyed and dejected, through the open door.

Mrs. Dobbs, who had been early by the sick man's side the night before, now put her head in at the door and whispered: "How is he by this time?"

The doctor said: "He 's looking better."

Then Hi suddenly awoke and said: "You allow it 's a pretty bad hurt, do you, mister?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "but you will come out all right. Don't worry about it. You are feeling pretty well now?"

"Right peart, 'cept about the head. My head is as light as a feather. Oh, yes, I remember it all now. The tunnel caved in on me. When I felt the rock coming down on me, and heard 'em paterin' on my head and shoulders, I made for the mouth of the tunnel. I just remember how the sun blazed into my eyes when I staggered out on the side hill. It seemed as if the world was all afire, comin' out of that there dark hole and facin' the glare of the sun."

"Well, well, I would n't go on no more about it now, Hi," said Mrs. Dobbs. "The doctor says you must be kept quiet."

But, though Dr. Carson urged him to keep still, Hi continued: "I allow I must have put for home. I saw the road. It was all red dust, and the sun poured down over it. But I disremember how I got over it. It appears like I was carried."

"Yes," said Mont, "the fellows over to the blue tent were coming up from their claim. They saw you sitting in the road, wounded, and they brought you home."

"Good fellows, those blue tent chaps. Whereabouts was I then?"

"Just at the angle of the road, where it breaks around the Mountain."

"What! away down there!" exclaimed Hi. "Why, I must have staggered along right smart

as bright and impertinent as ever, at times; but usually she seemed so dignified and reserved that Arty quite agreed with Tom, who pronounced her "stuck up."

Dr. Carson came and went every day, and looked on Hi's frequent lapses of mind with some anxiety. On one of these occasions, Hi, as if struggling with some imaginary foe, painfully muttered: "Don't strike again. Don't! don't! It's in the other pocket!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tom, "he's always saying that when he has those spells."

"Always saying that?" asked the doctor, sharply. He had been watching Hiram; but he could make nothing satisfactory out of the case.

"Yes," replied Tom, "two or three times, when he has had these wandering spells, he talks like that. But he talks all sorts of ridiculous things. Drivin' cattle, and so on."

Dr. Carson was puzzled. When Hi grew better, he asked him all about the accident. Hi was very clear in his story. He perfectly remembered the caving in of the tunnel. He felt the rocks fall on his head and shoulders; but most completely he recalled to mind how the bright sunshine dazzled his eyes when he came out to the mouth of the tunnel, and how red the dusty road under the bluff looked, as he caught a glimpse of it and fell. It was a clear case to him. "I allow I know what happened," he said, with some impatience.

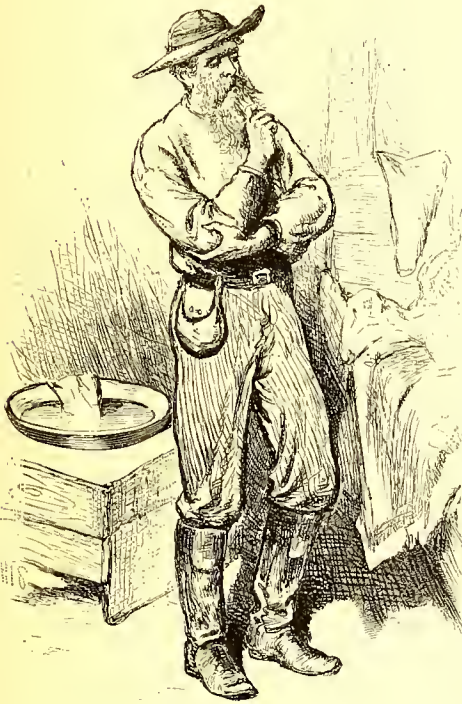
Hiram murmured and fretted over this loss of time. "It was just his luck," he said, "to be laid up when he was on the edge of a good streak of dirt." But he consoled himself with the reflection that his last day's work was a good one.

"Must have had ten or twelve ounces," he chuckled. "By the way, where is that there bag?"

Nobody had seen it. Hi had been in the habit of bringing home the result of his day's work in a buckskin bag, which had been a company affair. Arty had printed "Bostons" on it with pen and ink; and a scorched mark near the mouth of it gave it another feature. But that particular bag was nowhere to be found. Nobody had seen it since the day when Hi put it in his pocket, and had gone to work on that unfortunate day. Hi was sure that he had his gold in it when he left the tunnel. He had crammed it into the left-hand pocket of his jacket, for he was just ready to leave the tunnel when the crash came. But it was not in the garments which he wore on that day.

"I must have dropped it when I staggered down the hill. Some of you boys go look for it, wont you? You'll find it in the grass along the trail, may be, or at the mouth of the tunnel."

Tom and Johnny darted off to look. They



DR. CARSON

Certainly I disremember anything that happened after I got out into the sun-light."

The doctor here put in his emphatic protest against Hi's having any more talk. So the wounded man lay quite still, muttering to himself: "Cur'ous! cur'ous!"

Although Hoosiertown was a busy place, the good-hearted miners found time to call at the cabin and inquire how Hi was getting on, and to bring little gifts to the invalid.

In a day or two he grew weaker and more infirm in his mind, and sometimes he seemed wandering and "luny," as Nance expressed it. The girl was very helpful to the distressed family, but Arty was quite out of patience with her shyness. She was

were gone an hour or two, but found no pouch. Hi fretted and worried.

"Did you go into the tunnel?" he demanded.

"Of course not," replied Tom, sharply. "We just looked in a little ways. You must have dropped it on the trail and somebody picked it up."

"Oh, you shiftless!" scolded Hi. "I'll look myself as soon as I get out."

But the poor fellow did not get out as soon as he expected. He recovered slowly, and his spells of mental wandering returned frequently, to the great distress of his comrades.

They made no account of his queer mutterings. He was continually talking in a vague way, and about all sorts of things, when his mind was thus unsettled. He seemed to be in a kind of nightmare at such times. He raved incessantly about gold. Gold was the burden of his talk, and if he was not picking it up in his dreams, he was defending his treasure against the assaults of imaginary robbers, with whom he often pleaded: "Don't strike me again! It's in the other pocket!"

Dr. Carson questioned Hi about his accident, when he was in full possession of senses. He weighed his words and vigilantly watched him while he was awake or asleep, and when he was

wandering in his mind. There was no clue to his wild talk. But the doctor was sure that the wounds on Hi's head were not made by a caving wall.

One day, having ascertained the shortest way to the tunnel, Dr. Carson rode up to that long-neglected work. Dismounting, he lighted a candle, which he found laid in a rift of rock, just where Hi had left it, and stepped carefully into the tunnel. It had been run in about twenty feet. Groping along almost on his knees, he soon reached the face wall at the end where Hi's pick and shovel lay as he left them, weeks ago. The roof was as solid and firm as ever. The few rough props put in to support it were all there. There had been no cave.

Amazed, yet partly relieved, the doctor felt his way back to the light, blew out his taper, and sat down to think. There was the flood of sunlight, just as Hi saw it: and the red road, which met his eye as he staggered out, still wound down to the camp.

When Dr. Carson returned and gravely said there was no cave in the tunnel, everybody echoed, "No cave!"

Hi said: "I'll have to take your word for it, Doctor. But I'll give you my word that that there tunnel did cave and bust my crust, so now!"

*(To be continued.)*

## MY SHIP ON THE OCEAN.

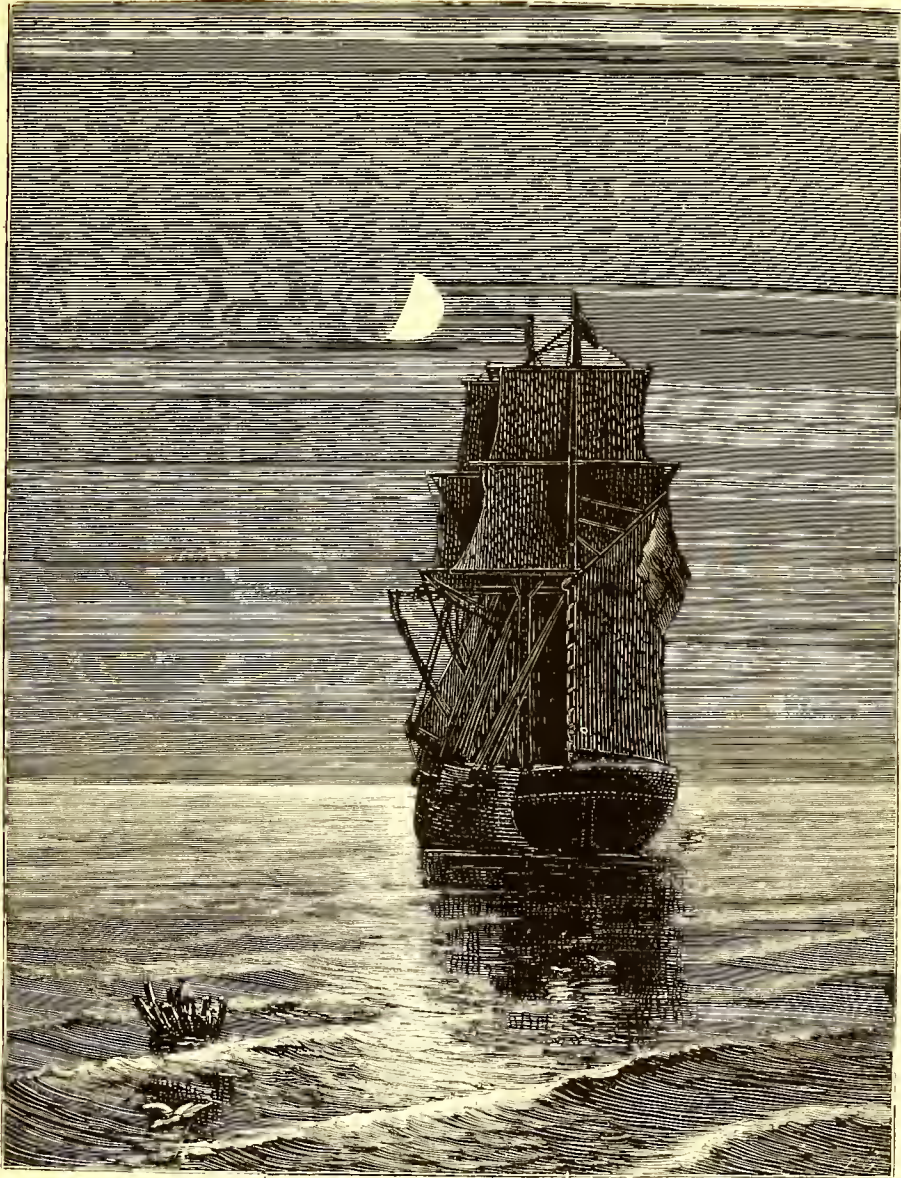
BY BESSIE HILL.

YES, somewhere far off on the ocean,  
A lover is sailing to me—  
A beautiful lover—Nurse found him  
One night in my cup after tea.

I laughed when she said it—who would n't?—  
Yet often a thought comes to me  
Of the ship that is bringing my lover.—  
My lover across the blue sea.

Whenever the cruel wind whistles,  
I think of that ship on the sea,  
And tremble with terror lest something  
May happen quite dreadful to me.



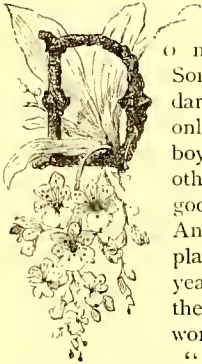


And then, when the moon rises softly,  
I hardly can sleep in my glee,  
For I know that its beautiful splendor  
Is lighting my lover to me.

But oh, if he *should* come! Why, Nursey,  
I'd hide like a mouse. Deary me,  
What nonsense it is! But you should n't  
Be finding such things in my tea.

## A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

BY L. W. J.



Do not all children like parties? Some enjoy the games, some the dancing, and some, sad to say, only the eating. At least, a fat boy was heard to remark, the other day, that parties were "no good, except for the supper." And two little girls, who were playing at having a party last year, said that "all the party they could get was three cents' worth of gum-drops."

"All out-doors" is the best place for a party, and a summer's day is the time, when children can have grand games of hide-and-seek among the bushes, with no late hours or unwholesome food to give them headaches, no silk dresses to spoil, or jewelry to lose in the grass. How pretty their white dresses and bright sashes look in sunshine and shadow, how the curls and braids toss about, how gayly their shrieks and shouts ring through the country stillness! Some are playing at croquet, some at "tag" or "kick-stick," some wander off to pick wild flowers, some are resting quite out of breath—all are happy. Then, after a good play, how refreshing are the strawberries and ice-cream that are spread upon the table under the elms! A children's party is a pretty sight at all times, but far more so out-of-doors. Even in the city, a party is far better in the day-time, and a luncheon party on Saturday is delightful; don't you think so?

But you shall hear of a better one still, such an one as few of you have ever seen, perhaps. On one of the loveliest days of last June, I was invited to be present at a party given by a lady in memory of some one whom she loved, who was dead. Every year, on the day of his death, she invited about fifty of the poorest children of New York, from one of the schools of the Children's Aid Society, to her country place, to enjoy themselves in the fresh air and the free sunshine.

Poor little things! they came in the best clothes they had or could borrow, and it was touching to see the girls' attempts at finery. Most of them were clean and neat, some had hardly clothes to cover them, but all wore a faded ribbon or cravat, a crumpled artificial flower, or a shabby feather—all made some endeavor to dress for the occasion.

As soon as the little procession, headed by their teacher, entered the gate, they gave themselves up

to the wildest enjoyment; they rolled and turned somersaults on the grass, they shouted, they rushed to the "scupp," as they called the swing, or to the croquet ground. They filled their hands with daisies, with buttercups, and all sorts of weeds; they blew the dandelion balls, and made chains of the stems; but not one bit of mischief did they do, nor did they meddle with the flower-beds or the green fruit.

One poor boy, who had been for a while in the penitentiary for some petty theft, lay half the day at the foot of a big tulip-tree, full of blossoms, looking up into the sky. What do you suppose he was thinking of? These children played at wild games of their own, with little refrains and rhymes of the street, such as you probably never heard. Even their "counting out" was different from yours. They wandered about, never weary of looking at everything; for many of them had never been in the country before, and all was new and wonderful to them.

The teacher said that in the cars they had been delighted with a sight quite strange to them,—a field of growing grain, with the wind rippling over it in lovely waves,—and that every green thing, such as turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables in the gardens, seemed to interest them, and they wanted to know their names. Some colts, standing with their mothers in a field, seemed wonderful to them. But the things that pleased them most were the toads. "There's a frog! there's a frog!" they cried. "No; it's a hop-tud! Catch him! catch him!" And they were never tired of chasing the odd little speckled fellows, and trying to keep them in their pockets.

One child said to my friend: "Mis' Blank, does all this grove belong to you?" and others asked where they could find a candy-stall—taking the place for a picnic grove, their only idea of the country.

After awhile they all stood in a ring and sung some very pretty hymns, about "The sweet story of old," which you have often heard, and "The land bright and fair," that must have seemed a more possible dream to them on this lovely June day than when they wandered among the hot, dirty streets of the city.

By and by a table was spread for them under the tall trees, whose boughs formed a dense shade, and they had just as much as they wanted of strawberries, ice-cream, sandwiches, cookies, and lemonade.

One poor little girl had to go away alone, and before the feast, because if she were not at her newspaper stand at a certain hour she would lose her place, and, perhaps, be beaten. She could not even have one whole holiday. Another child had not been able to come at all, because her mother had sold her only dress for drink!

At last the time came when they all had to go.

year! Think of that, all you happy children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, who are often taken to parties and picnics, and entertainments of minstrels and magicians and ventriloquists, and who have little journeys and excursions every summer!

As the party went out of the gate, one boy called out, "Good-bye, Mis' Blank! good-bye, trees! good-bye, old 'scupp!" And they all chorused, "Good-bye, trees! Good-bye, Mis' Blank!" and gave a shrill cheer.

Now are there not some children who would be glad to have such little folks as these have a good time rather oftener? Would it not be nice if they could have several such feasts as this in the year, instead of only one; if their hard lives, in which there is so little pleasure, and often suffering from cold and hunger, might be oftener cheered in this way?

Mrs. Blank told me that the whole festival cost her but fifty cents for each child, including their fares, their lunch-con, and all their expenses. How cheap a way of giving so much delight! Many families who are well off, and living out-of-town, could afford such an outlay once a year, or several families could club together, and, with very little money and very little trouble, give a great deal of happiness. People must give up one day to it, and get a little tired, that is all.

It is not what we give, but how we give, that counts. We should all try to leave the world better than we found it, if it is only by planting a tree. When we give pennies to street-beggars, we do more harm than good. But if we *share* with others our pretty gardens, our sweet air, our green trees, we do real good to them and to ourselves.

You remember Lowell says it is

"Not that which we give, but that which we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare."

And Christ tells us that when we have a feast we need not invite our rich neighbors, who may ask us in return. "But thou, when thou makest a feast, call thither the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed."

Not that we should never ask the rich. Many of them are poor in some way—are lonely, or weary, or ignorant, or tasteless—and might be better for sharing with us, at least our good-will, if we have nothing more. Rich people do not always know how to enjoy simple things, and may learn this



"SOME WANDER OFF TO PICK WILD FLOWERS."

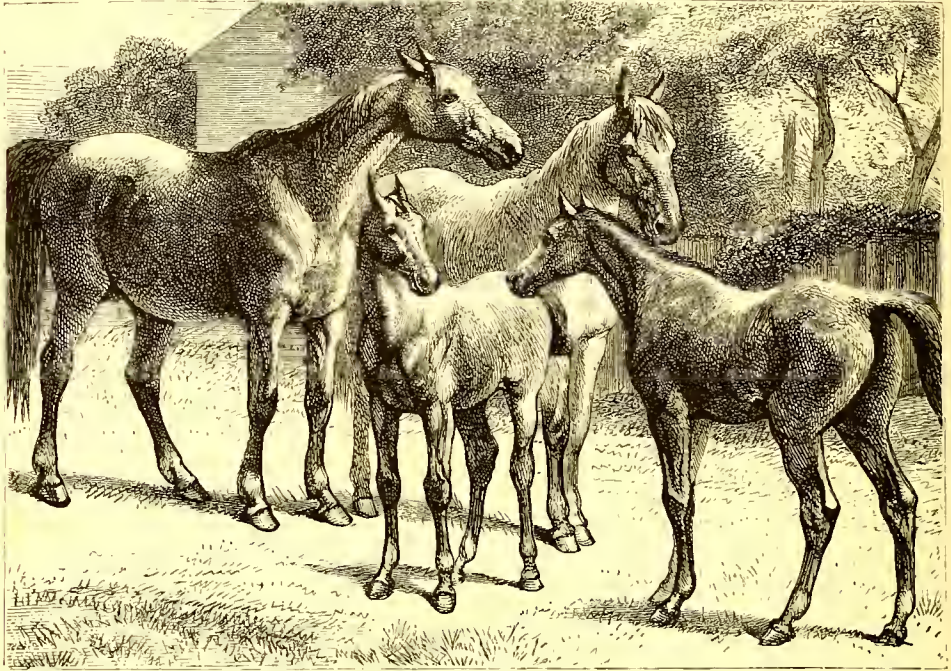
They formed their little procession, and bade good-bye, very unwillingly. Almost every one said, "May n't we come again next year?"

My friend told me that they began to count the time for the next party almost immediately, and that one of them said to her once: "Mis' Blank, it's only nine months and three days before we are going to your house."

Think of that! This was the only day of pleasure, perhaps, that those children had in a whole

secret from a poorer neighbor, and be happier for it always. It is something only to know how much better everything tastes out-of-doors. "Fine folk oft scorn shoals o' blessin'!" says a Scotch song.

enjoy in the country; who never see a bird except in a cage, or hear the pine-boughs murmuring, or the running of water; who never chase butterflies, or know the meaning of that best of things, "a



"SOME COLTS, STANDING WITH THEIR MOTHERS IN A FIELD." [PAGE 726.]

But do not forget the poor children, many of them born blind, with the blindness of ignorance; whose lives are empty of all the pleasant things we

long summer's day." Perhaps you may have the power, during this very September, to help some of them to keep one happy holiday with you.

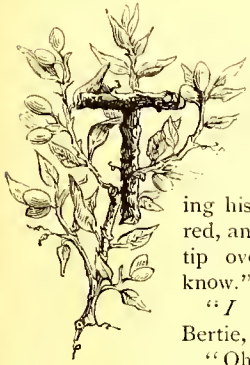
## THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,  
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;  
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,  
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,  
He flew away from the tulip-tree;  
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,  
And he never got home to his early tea.

## ROSY.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.



HE very color I wanted, and just the kind I wanted!" said Louis, as he stood on the steps surveying his new velocipede. "Fire-red, and three wheels; you can't tip over on three wheels, you know."

"I could," said his brother Bertie, confidently.

"Oh, well, *you!* That's another thing. Here, Bert, help me buckle on my sword, and give me my soldier-cap. I'm a cavalry officer to-day, and I shall charge up and down the street exactly twenty times before I go to school."

Kitty and Willy boy watched from the window, and Bertie, book-strap in hand, waited on the steps, to see Louis' grand charge.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he exclaimed, the first time he dashed by. "On, boys, and at them! Hurrah!"

A second and a third time he went swiftly and safely the whole length of the sidewalk, but the fourth time, just as he was shouting "Hurrah!" with a backward glance at Bertie, some one suddenly turned the corner ahead. There was a cry, a collision, and the next instant Louis and his velocipede lay flat on the ground, while a little girl of about ten sat near by, holding her ankle and crying bitterly.

Louis was on his feet in a moment, very sorry and very much ashamed; Kittie and Bertie flew to help the little girl, but could not reach her so soon as did a strong, broad-shouldered man who had been only a few steps behind her when she fell.

"Poor little lass!" he said, gathering her up in his arms. "Don't cry, for there's an orange in my pocket."

"My ankle hurts me," sobbed the child.

"I'm very, very sorry," said Louis, ruefully. "Please bring her into our house, sir, and my mother will put on something to cure her ankle right away."

"Oh, do please bring her in," joined in Bertie and Kitty, full of anxiety, and just then mamma herself appeared at the door, having been summoned in great haste by Willy boy. That decided it, for no one ever could resist mamma, and as soon as they were all in the house, she took the stranger child tenderly in her lap, and drew off the shoe from the little aching foot.

"There, move your foot now, dearie," she said,

"That's right, move it again. It is n't sprained—only bruised a little. Run, Kitty, and bring my arnica bottle."

The little foot was bathed, the tears were dried, and then they all began to notice what blue eyes, and what pretty golden hair the stranger had.

"Is she your little girl?" asked Mrs. Neal of the broad-shouldered man.

"I guess I shall have to claim her," he said, good-naturedly, "though I never set eyes on her till yesterday. Her name's Rosy. She's the daughter of an old messmate of mine who died off the Ivory Coast, and I promised him I'd keep a lookout for her. So when the 'Laughing Sally' dropped anchor yesterday, I made for head-quarters straight off. We thought we'd have a walk this morning, but the little craft kept sailing ahead, and first thing I knew, she ran among breakers."

At this point Kitty, who had disappeared for a moment, returned with a rather dingy-looking little pie in her hands, which she insisted on giving to Rosy.

"I made it myself," she said, radiantly. "Bridget let me. I was saving it for my dolls, but now I would rather give it to you."

Rosy received it in the same spirit in which it was given, and regarded it with great admiration.

Meanwhile Louis and Bertie reluctantly gathered up their books and started for school, while Mrs. Neal pursued her conversation with the kind-hearted sailor. She found he had neither kith nor kin in the world, and had decided to adopt Rosy as his own little girl. He had found her not quite happy in the rough boarding-house which was all her home, and what do you think he was going to do about it? Kitty fairly lost her breath when she heard him say:

"I shall take her along next voyage; she'll be happier aboard the 'Laughing Sally.'"

Mrs. Neal involuntarily pressed the little waif closer, thinking of her own Kitty as she did so. What would become of a little, motherless ten-year-old girl, on a three years' whaling voyage?

"Do you want to go, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Rosy, brightly. "Papa was going to take me next voyage himself; he wrote me a letter that said so, after mamma died. Papa always lived on the sea, and it will seem nearer to him if I live there too."

Mrs. Neal considered. It comes so natural to us to shelter our children, to want them safely

housed and guarded at every point. And the sea seemed to her so strong and terrible. But then her family had always been lands-people. She recalled a verse of Rossetti's:

"Three little children  
On the wide, wide sea,—  
Motherless children,—  
Safe as safe can be  
With guardian angels."

"The captain's wife promised Uncle Ben she'd

"Let Rosy stay here to-day," said Mrs. Neal to Uncle Ben. "Her ankle will pain her a little, and she should let it rest. Let her remain to-day and to-night with Kitty, and to-morrow you may come for her again."

"Well, ma'am, I will," said the good-natured sailor, glad to leave the little lass in so snug a harbor. And he went, but not before he took the orange out of his pocket.

Wasn't that a great day for Rosy! To sit in an



"SHE TOOK THE STRANGER CHILD TENDERLY IN HER LAP."

take care of me," continued Rosy, "and I'm going to have a little hammock put up for me down in her cabin!"

"Oh, mamma, I wish I could go too!" exclaimed Kitty.

easy-chair in Kitty's room, and be made much of; to have picture-books heaped around her, and toys, and bits of fancy-work; to have white grapes brought to her on a lovely china plate; and for dinner such delicious chicken pie. Then not only did she have

Kitty for company, but all Kitty's dolls sat in order before her, dressed in their best. She said she wished her own dolly was there; and when Kitty inquired and found that the absent dolly had only one dress, what a hunting there was through mamma's piece-bags, until silk and lace had been found for Rosy to take home, to make a party-costume for her, fully equal to that worn by Kitty's own Florietta.

"I like dolls better than any other playthings," said Rosy, "because they seem just like folks. I should be real lonesome without mine."

So the two little girls played and talked all day long together, and liked each other better and better.

"If you were not going to sea, we could be friends all the time," said Kitty, regretfully.

"We'll be friends when I come back," replied Rosy, "and I'll bring you pink corals and shells."

Louis and Bertie were very much impressed when they found out the destiny that lay before Rosy; and hearing the children talk it over with so much enthusiasm, Mrs. Neal grew reconciled. After all it would make life broader and richer. Just think what it would be to any of us who have led quiet, uneventful lives, if we had three years to look back upon, of life on the broad blue ocean, under other skies, with strange stars overhead at night, sailing from zone to zone, stopping at tropical islands, catching the spicy breezes, seeing fruit-laden palms, seeing birds of bright rare plumage, and gathering wonderful shells on coral strands. Louis brought out his atlas, and all the children bending over it, marked out a voyage for Rosy, in which no sea was unvisited, no coast untouched, no island unexplored.

When Uncle Ben came for his little girl the next day, he found her bright and eager, quite willing to go with him at once, and begin to make ready for her ship-life. Mrs. Neal made some sensible suggestions in Rosy's behalf, which the bluff sailor gratefully accepted.

Louis and Kitty went once to visit Rosy at the boarding-house before she left it, and brought home a vivid account of its dreary discomfort.

"Not one bright thing about it, mamma," said Kitty, "only Rosy and her doll; and oh, mamma, she has made a dress for her dolly out of that blue silk I gave her, a great, *great* deal prettier than Florietta's!"

At last the "Laughing Sally" sailed out of port, with a little smiling figure on deck, waving a farewell to the group of friends who stood on the shore to see her depart. It was to be a three years' voyage. When they could no longer distinguish Rosy, the Neals went home, and from day to day tried to

imagine how her new life must seem to her, and what was happening.

The months slipped by, and season followed season. The children talked often of Rosy, and wondered how she fared. Sometimes, on the very coldest, stormiest nights they would picture her walking at that moment on some sunlit shore, gathering curious shells for them. But their mother was haunted by the thought of a little shrinking, trembling creature, with only a few boards between her and the raging, cruel waters.

A year went by, two years, and the third was almost gone. Louis was now a tall boy of sixteen, and Kitty was growing a great girl. They wondered if Rosy would know them when she came back; she must be growing a great girl now herself. When the third twelvemonth had quite passed, they began to study the shipping list in the paper, expecting every time to see the "Laughing Sally" reported. But she was never even named. Month after month rolled by, and still no news. No "Laughing Sally" came sailing into port, with a little smiling figure at the bow waving a glad salute. No one seemed to know anything about Rosy's ship. The owners lived in some far-off city, so there was no one who could answer their inquiries. The Neals only knew that the ship never was hailed, never was sighted, never came to shore. So many ships went down each year, could it be that Rosy's was among the doomed?

At last it was five years since she sailed away. The Neals no longer spoke merrily and gayly of Rosy, but always gently and gravely. They had moved now from the house which had so long been their home, to another even pleasanter in the distant suburbs. Louis was almost ready for college, and Kitty was almost a young lady. Even Bertie had grown past belief, and Willy was the only one who now cared for velocipedes.

Still another year was slipping away, time goes so fast, and Mrs. Neal's birthday, which the family always celebrated, was close at hand. Louis and Kitty, in search of something lovely enough for a present, came into the city one day together, and went among all the stores. Louis complained that they should not get through before night. Kitty kept stopping so before all the show-windows.

"I can't help it, when everything looks so pretty," she said, laughing; "now just see that windowful of lovely dolls. If I live to be sixty, I shall always stop to look at dolls. If you feel too big and grand, Louis, you can be looking at that other window of books while you wait for me."

So Louis stood before the window of books, and Kitty grew absorbed in the charming groups of gayly dressed dolls. She said afterward she felt impressed that she must look at them all. There

was a bridal party, and a group at a ball, a cunning little tea-party, and a comical sewing society. In a corner of the window was a family group, at which finally Kitty found herself gazing with intensest interest. She could not make out its meaning at first. There was a sweet-faced lady-doll, holding

"I see them," said Louis, casting an indifferent glance that way.

"But you don't notice. Oh, Louis, don't you remember the day your velocipede knocked Rosy down, and how we children all stood around while mother took her shoe off, and Uncle Ben? There



"THERE SHE SAT AT WORK."

a little girl-doll in her lap while other doll-children stood around. Then there was a great, good-natured man-doll, with a big coat and long beard, looking on. Suddenly it all flashed over Kitty.

"Louis! Louis! come over here quick!" she cried excitedly. "See, only see those dolls!"

we all are, there you are yourself, with a sword at your side! I am going right in to find out who dressed those dolls."

And impulsive Kitty, followed by her bewildered brother, rushed into the store at once, and made her inquiries.



"We have two girls who dress dolls at work now in the back room," said the forewoman of the establishment. Kitty went eagerly to the glass door and peeped through. Alas! both were brunettes—no Rosy there.

"Who arranged the groups in the window?" she asked, pertinaciously.

"Ah, that," said the forewoman, "was done by our most skillful worker. She does the most of her work at home, then brings the dolls here and groups them. Her name is Ferguson."

"Her address?" demanded Kitty, breathlessly.

"No. 16 Weir Street," said the woman, referring to the books.

Louis was now interested too, and ordering a carriage, he and Kitty in a moment more were on their way to the place designated.

"Oh, Louis, Louis! can it be Rose?" said Kitty, as they alighted, and began to ascend the narrow stairs. A little boy showed them the door, Louis rapped, and a pleasant voice said, "Come in."

There she sat at work. It was she—dear, sweet Rose! Six years older, of course, and paler than when they saw her last, but it was Rose. Kitty threw her arms about her, with a storm of questions and tender reproaches, while Louis, much moved, made his way to the bed where poor Uncle Ben lay, evidently ill, and grasped his hand.

Then it all came out, the story of the delay and

the long silence. The "Laughing Sally" had made out her cargo of oil in good time, and had started on the return, when she was met at Tahiti by another ship of the same owners, commissioned to take the oil, and to order the "Sally" back for another cruise. Uncle Ben's health had even then began to fail, he was becoming subject to rheumatism, and after five years' absence from his native land, he exchanged ships, took one homeward bound, and he and Rosy had now been back in the city for five months. Of course his little funds were soon exhausted, but Rosy luckily had been able to find work, and so they had lived.

"But why did n't you come to us? Why *didn't* you come straight to us?" Kitty asked again and again as the story was told.

"I did go," said Rose, "but there was another family in the house, and no one could tell me where you lived. It was not in the directory either."

"Because we had moved out of town," exclaimed Kitty, "and there we were lost to each other, though less than five miles apart!"

"And did you reach the Fortunate Islands and find the coral strands, and the palm groves, Rose?" asked Louis.

Rose laughed merrily.

"I have kept a log," she said, "and you and Bertie shall read it. But whatever I found, there was nothing fairer than my native land!"



HORRIFIED ELDER BROTHER: "BEEN A-WHITEWASHIN' BABY, HAS YER? WHAT DOES YER S'POSE DE S'IETY FUR DE INVENTION OB ANIMALS 'LL DO TO YER WHEN HE HEARS OB IT?"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE DEACON sends you a verse this month, my beloved, with his compliments. He says there is comfort in it for scores of ambitious young folk who sent him letters, during the "Declaration" competition, complaining that they felt themselves to be so useless, in this great busy world. It was written by Mrs. Browning, who wrote "The Cry of the Children," and the Deacon says that in this verse, which somehow answers the cry of the boys and girls, she hits the pin exactly on the head:

"Let us be content, in work,  
To do the thing we can, and not presume  
To fret because it's little. 'I will employ  
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.  
Who makes the head consents to miss the point;  
Who makes the point agrees to miss the head;  
And if a man should cry: 'I want a pin,  
And I must make it straightway head and point,  
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants."

## AN ARMY SLIDING DOWN HILL.

I SHOULD really have liked to see the sight. An army of many thousands of great, grown men all sliding down hill for the fun of the thing.

It seems that when one of the barbarous tribes called the Cimbri came from their homes in northern Europe to attack ancient Rome, they were obliged to cross the Alps. They, however, did n't object to that. They rather liked it in fact, for they were strong, and hardy. So it was a favorite amusement of theirs to climb to the tops of the snow and ice-covered peaks, carrying with them their great broad shields, and, arrived at the summits, to cast themselves down on the shields, very much as boys now do upon their sleds, and with great rough shouts of laughter to swiftly glide down the vast and dangerous descents.

How do I know all this? Why from hearing somebody reading aloud from a book called "Mallet's Northern Antiquities."

## HOME MADE BEAUTY.

THE more they use their muscles, the stronger, and consequently the more beautiful, my girls and boys will grow. They are something like trees and plants. The more these are stirred by the wind the more rapidly the sap flows through their trunks and branches, and the stronger and more beautiful they become. Boys and girls have this advantage: they can exercise just when they wish, and need never wait for the wind to come and blow them.

## A HORSE THAT KNEW IT WAS SUNDAY.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you a true horse story. The horse was raised on Long Island by my father, who used her for many years,—on week days for farm-work, and on Sundays to take the family to meeting. She was not a beauty, but she was strong and trusty. She always went by the name of "Miss Finley." When the faithful creature had grown old in long service, father took her, one summer morning, across the bay to Robin's Island, that lay over half a mile off, and left her there to rest, and to crop the good grass at will. In other words, she was placed on the "retired veteran list," with all the honors. This was on a Monday. Well, all that week the old mare stayed there and enjoyed herself to her heart's content: but when Sunday came, and the first ringing of the Church bell began, the knowing animal pricked up her ears and listened. Then she trotted along the sand-bar as far as it went, and, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water, swam over to the main land, and went straight to the stable. She knew it was Sunday, and that she should be needed to take the family to meeting! Dear old Miss Finley! But the hardest part of it was that father, not thinking of ever using her again, had already purchased a new horse. Miss Finley found her own empty stall. But something was wrong. All was silent. There was no familiar voice; no familiar touch, and the harness did not fall clanking about her as usual. Could it be that the folks were not going to meeting, after all? No one knows what Miss Finley thought, nor how she felt, when, after a while, the new horse came trotting briskly home with the family. But you may believe she was patted and praised when we found her. We gave her water; called her a good old girl; hugged her neck; pulled handfuls of fresh clover for her; gave her lumps of sugar, and did all we could to do her honor. One and all agreed that nothing was too good for the faithful old horse who knew it was Sunday.—Yours truly,  
New Suffolk, L. I. J. G. T.

## A KIND O' GARDEN.

"POOH! your sister is too little to go to school. She's almost a baby."

"But she *does* go to school, any way."

"It is n't a real school."

"Yes it is, too. It's a German school —"

The big boy who had been speaking so ungalantly to the rosy-faced little girl fairly jumped.

"*What!* that little bit of a thing go to a *German* school! Can she speak German?"

"Oh no," laughed the other, "she don't have to speak German. It's a *Kind-er-Garten*."

"A kind o' garden? Oh! That's a great school! Who could n't go to a kind o' garden. Oho!"

The rosy girl laughed, but she had caught the boy's saucy way: "It is n't a kind o' garden, neither; it's a *Kinder garden*."

Just then the Little Schoolma'am, who chanced to be near by, called out pleasantly:

"Not so fast, Lizzie! You both are right, and both wrong. It *is* a school, and it also is a kind of garden, dear. *Kinder garden* (pronounced, *Kinder*, not *Kind-er*, Lizzie!) means, literally, a children's garden. In fact, many of the German *Kinder-gartens* do have bright little greeneries, where the children may play. But whether it be indoors or out, a true *Kinder-garten* always should

be as sunny and fresh with heart-shine as an out-of-door garden is with sunshine."

(If Lizzie had seen the word "heart-shine" in a book it might have puzzled her, but the pretty Schoolma'am's bright eyes and kind voice were so full of it that Lizzie understood right away just what heart-shine meant.)

Then Lizzie and the saucy boy went off together in the most friendly manner, and the pretty Schoolma'am was quite pleased as she saw the boy's rough straw hat and Lizzie's pink sun-bonnet bobbing in close conversation.

Dear soul! Jack would n't for anything have had her hear what that conversation was:

*Straw-hat*: "Humph. Great school! I told you so! It is n't nothin' but a garden, after all. The Schoolma'am said so."

*Sun-bonnet*: "Aint you smart! It *is* a school, too. The schoolma'am said it was."

#### BERNARD, THE HERMIT.

A GOOD friend sends, in care of your Jack, a bit of writing, which she says she translated on purpose for you, "from one of *Merimée's Lettres à une Inconnue*, published not very long ago":

Cannes, January 22, 1859.

You should know that I have given myself up wholly to the study of nature, and shall have a pretty account of a kid for you when we meet. Have you ever happened to see an odd little animal called here "Bernard, the hermit"?

It is a little creature of the lobster species, no larger than a grasshopper. Nature has omitted to provide any covering for his tail. So when the hermit would go about upon the shore, he picks up some shell large enough to admit his unsheltered tail, crams it in, and promenades entirely at his ease.

Yesterday, happening to come across one thus equipped, I picked it up, carefully broke the shell, without injury to the contents, and put my captive into a plate of sea-water. After a time, I placed an empty shell of suitable size in his dish, when the little fellow quickly approached and surveyed the object on all sides; then, raising one claw, he evidently took a measurement of its dimensions, and ended by thrusting his pincers inside, to make sure the former occupant had vacated the dwelling. All being satisfactory, he finally seized the shell with his front claws, and, turning some sort of somersault, he managed to thrust his tail into its extemporized shelter; and finding it fairly in, he strutted about on his plate, with the air of a man emerging from a fashionable tailor's dressed in a brand-new suit of clothes.

#### READY MADE CLOTHING—GROWN ON A TREE.

VERY singular, I must say, but one can't doubt the word of Humboldt, and the Little Schoolma'am read about it in his works. The garment grows on the trunk of the tree; it is, in fact, a very wide ring of the bark, cut around as you boys cut a willow twig to make a whistle of it, and taken off the beheaded trunk in one piece. Two holes are cut for the arms. The South American native slips it over his head and considers himself in full dress. Now, if you boys would dress in that style, what a saving of trouble for mothers it would be!

#### A COLD-COUNTRY DRESS.

THAT last was a hot-country dress. Now you shall hear how the natives of Siberia array themselves.

It's cold up there, I understand, and that is why they dress so warmly. Two complete suits of fur from neck to heels—one suit with the hair side

in, the other with the hair side out. A hood, tied under the chin, is made of the fur from a reindeer's head, and besides the holes for eyes and mouth, it has often the ears of the departed deer sticking up on top of the man's head. He's an object to behold; but he is comfortable, and he doesn't care if he does look like some wild animal. His wife dresses in almost exactly the same style, so do his children; in fact, everybody does. It's the fashion.

#### A LETTER FROM SCOTLAND TO OUR ROBIN.

HERE is a letter from the pretty Blue Jay of Scotland, to our dear American Robin. It has come a long way, and a little bird tells me that Robin will enjoy it all the more if he reads it over your shoulders. So gather close, and with Robin's help we'll all spell it out together:

Ayr, on the Firth o' Clyde, Scotland.

DEAR MR. ROBIN: I hae been tauld that certain flooers o' Scot's Lan' an' America hae been holdin' converse thro' the pages o' ane New York buik belongin' to the wee bit bonnie bairns o' a' lan's, an' loved by a' alike. Du ye ken ony reason why you an' I should na hae a bit o' talk efter the same manner o' correspondence? Surely we are loved by lads an' lassies een amaisa as dearly as the flooers are, an' they'll nae be loath to let us hae a word wi' them.

Hae they not great armies o' bird-defenders, wha's names are writ in the same child's buik? Ane thing, dear Maister Robin, wad seem befitin', an' that is, that we singers o' bird songs should aye strive to mak' oor sangs far bonnier an' stranger than iver before, oot o' pure gratitude to a' the kin' herted weans who hae taen a pledge o' bird-defence. Think ye sae? Nae doubt ye'll teach a sweeter chirp to yer ain wee birdies in the spring o' the year, an' that'll be a fine kind o' handin' doon yer thankfu'ness o' hert, frae aye generation to anither. Ane canna wonner at the o'erflow o' hert an' voice in praise-fu' sang frae birdie throats, when aye considers a' the "gifties God has gied," in showin' them hames an' families o' their verra ain, aside frae a' the sunlight an' leaf shelter.

Hae ye larches in America an' Scotch pine-trees? Do ye ken that they are leal o' hert in their aye-green coats? Nae tree o' ony clime boasts o' mair o' nature's true nobility. And hae ye the wee wrinkled willow, a dwarfie wha grows but aye o' two feet tall upon oor great an' sma' "Bens"? [Do ye name your Bens "Mountains"?] I wish ye kenned the lark o' oor lan'. His voice is mony measures bonnier than my ain, an' nae melody o' wind among the tops o' spruce or fir, or e'en among the fields o' ripenin' grain is sae sweet an' heaven-like as his. It isna' strange that a' folk, o' human family, or o' oor ain, aye love the dear brown birdie.

Hae ye wren, an' bobolink, an' swallow cousins in yer lan', an' du ye claim kinship wi' ika wee bit warbler?

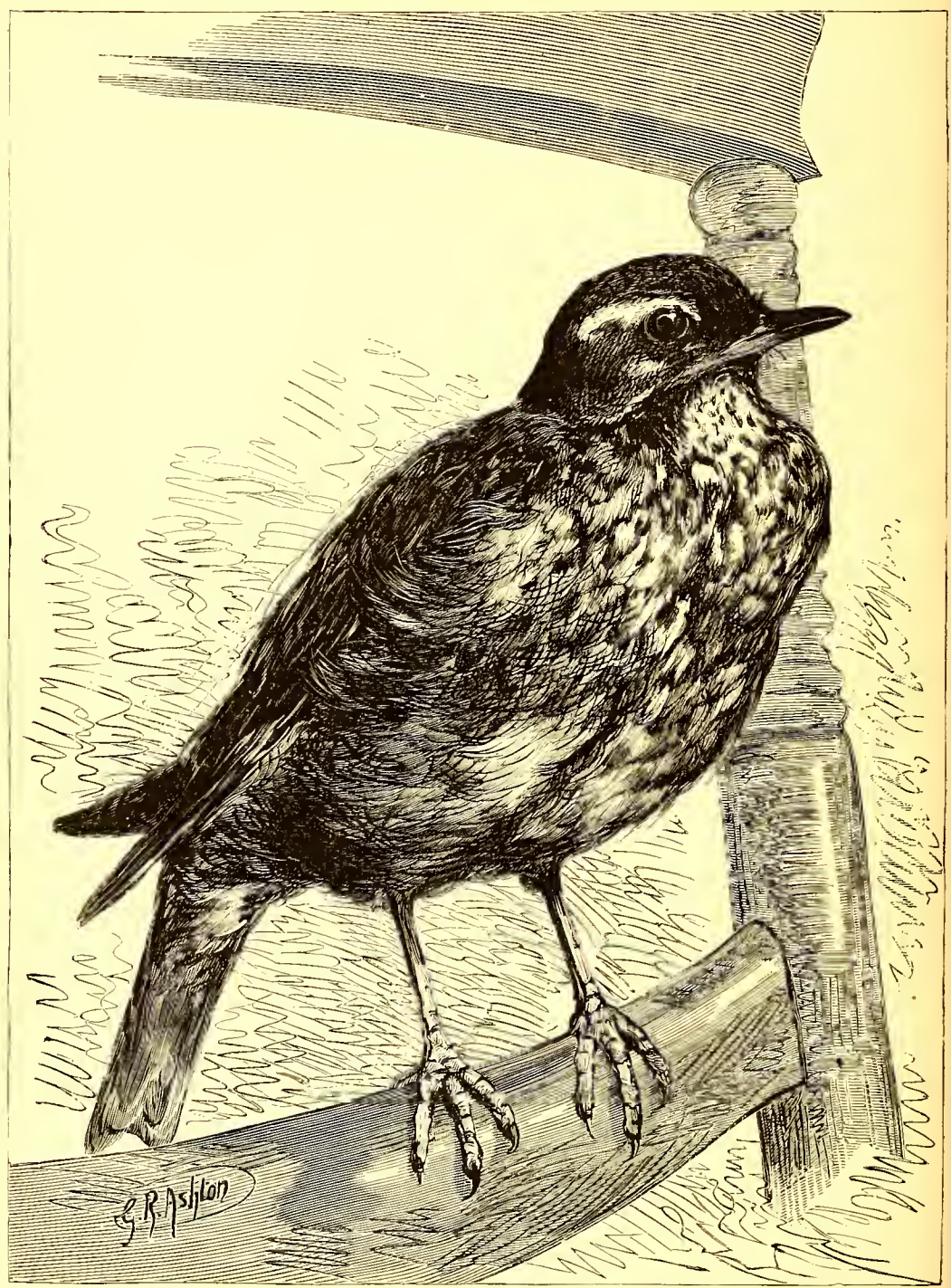
My kin' regards to Mistress Robin, in which I am joined by my wife. Ken ye the couplet: "It warms me, it charms me to mention but her name?" It weel applies to a bird's ain feelin', altho' it was writ by a human singer o' Scotia.—Farewell.

BLUE JAY.

To Robin-Red Breast, in care of Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

#### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

I HEARD the Little Schoolma'am, one day, telling some girls that Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," was rejected three times by London editors before it found any one willing to accept it. She said this should be a comfort to all young contributors whose articles are declined by ST. NICHOLAS. I don't quite understand this myself, but if the pretty Schoolma'am says so it must be right. The Deacon remarked that three rejections must be rather discouraging, but that all the children had to do was to produce something better than the "Song of the Shirt," and then it would n't be rejected but once or twice. But my birds don't believe a word of the story. They say shirts can't sing a note. Nonsense! Just as if the pretty Schoolma'am could make a mistake!



TOMMY.

## HOW TOMMY CAME HOME.

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TOMMY was a tame bird. You see him in the picture, sitting on the back of a chair. Sometimes he was shut up in his cage; but he was so tame, and knew the family so well, that he was often allowed to fly about the room. One day, a window happened to be open when Tommy was out of his cage, and he thought it would be a good thing for him to go out of doors for a little while. So he went out. He flew up into a tree, and it was so nice and cool there that he soon flew into another tree, and so he kept on flying about until it was night, and he was a long way from home. Tommy now began to get hungry, and to wish himself back in his cage, where he knew there was plenty of nice seed. But he did not know exactly which way to go, for it was quite dark, and he was not used to being out-of-doors at night. So he went to sleep on a limb of a tree; but before he shut his eyes, he made up his mind that he would wake up very early and try to catch a worm. But when he awoke it was not very early, and the country birds, who live out-of-doors all the time, had caught all the worms. So poor Tommy felt so badly that he did not even try to find his way home.

When his kind master missed Tommy, he was very sorry, and he went looking all about for him, whistling a little tune that Tommy liked. But no Tommy answered him. After breakfast, the next day, a gentleman came to Tommy's master's house and said, "I saw a bird like your Tommy in a tree back of Mr. Scott's barn. He whistled just like Tommy." So Tommy's master took the bird-cage and ran all the way to Mr. Scott's barn. And there in a tree was Tommy! So his master began to whistle the little tune Tommy liked, and Tommy was glad enough to hear that tune, and he whistled it too. His master put the cage on the ground and opened the door, and then he stepped to one side and whistled again. In a few minutes Tommy flew down on the ground and hopped along to the cage. When he saw that it was really his own cage, he went in and began to eat seed as fast as he could. Then his master shut the door and took him home, and he was very glad indeed to get Tommy again.

Now you see that if Tommy's master had not been kind to him, the poor lost bird would have been afraid to come down from the tree and go into his cage. But Tommy had been so kindly treated that he was not afraid, and so his master got him again.

If you have a bird or any other pet, you ought to remember this story and be kind to your pet, and then, if it should get lost, it may be as glad to see you as Tommy was to see his master.

## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## THE DIAMOND AND THE LOADSTONE.

ONCE a Diamond and a Loadstone on a shelf together lay,  
While with looks of mutual wonder, each the other did survey.  
Quoth the Diamond, in her scorning: "Will you please to kindly  
state  
Why we're treated so like equals when our difference is so great?  
Why does stupid man consider an unpolished stone like you  
Fit to be the near companion of a gem so bright to view?  
Mine are bright and shining virtues—I am sought alike by all;  
The haughty great, the humble little, by my light are held in thrall.  
I appear with equal splendor when a vesture rich I clasp;  
Or, with glow and sparkle, hold a slender finger in my grasp.  
I am chosen by the beauty, with my charms her own to grasp,  
In the glittering crowns of monarchs do I also find a place!  
But for you, a simple pebble—I confess 'tis not quite clear,  
On what merit rests your title to the station you hold here."

Then the Loadstone humbly answered, "It is true I've been denied  
All those bright, external beauties which so justly swell your pride.  
I am conscious of my plainness—my slight value too, I fear,  
To those who, like you, wish worth on the surface to appear.  
'Tis your province to adorn—but 'mid the graver cares of life  
Men have found that you but please them, while I help them in their  
strife.

By my aid their ships hold commerce with the ports of distant lands,  
By my aid the world's great circle comes to their industrious hands.  
I bring from France her silks and laces; carry back as rich a store,  
Bear to England what she values, gather fabrics from her shore.  
I skim along the perfumed tropics, seek the wealth of every clime;  
I lead the traveler's eager footsteps to the mold'ring halls of Time.

I spread the fame of noble deeds and bear love's message sweet,  
Unite hearts by distance severed in a living band complete.  
I explore the earth; I conquer nations; men owe their wealth to me.  
For my magic guides their passage o'er the boundless, pathless sea.  
You're indeed a pretty bubble, I am pleased to hear you tell,  
Since to shine is all you can do, you succeed in that so well.  
But in future, pray remember, when to scorn you feel inclined,  
'Twas I who brought, with other blessings, even *you* to grace man-  
kind!"

Thus we learn a useful lesson—one that people often need,  
And among the gay and thoughtless, I would have them ever heed:  
Though the outside seem attractive, and its beauties please the eye,  
Yet beneath a plain exterior, great virtues sometimes lie. G. H.

## IN THE DARK.

"Oh, mother, it is so hard to have nothing one wants, it seems  
just like living in the dark!"

"Hush, Mary! There, take this work home and bring me some  
more, and think of your blessings child, think of your blessings."

Mary shut the creaking door behind her, and set off at a brisk pace  
for Mrs. Holt's, really trying to think of her blessings.

"First, there's mother. But she always looks so tired, and the  
sewing machine makes her back ache; why can't she rest, and be  
comfortable sometimes? Then the boys,—they are strong and well,  
and they can go to school while I have to stay at home to help with  
the sewing. Oh, if I could go to school, I would study so hard!  
And if I could learn French like Ada Holt, and take music lessons,  
and live in a pretty house instead of that draughty little brown one!"—  
and Mary found herself, almost crying, at Mrs. Holt's door. The  
housemaid let her in, saying,

"Sit in the parlor and get warm, while I take this work up to Mrs.  
Holt."

Mary would usually have been glad of such an invitation, but to-  
day she felt too unhappy to care, and seated herself, thinking,

"They live in the sunshine, and I in the dark."

What did she hear? Not an echo, surely, but the words were very  
like her own.

"It is so sad to be here in the dark."

Where did that thin, silvery voice come from? Ah! the closet  
door was half-open, and on the shelf stood a whole row of hyacinth  
buds in glasses. One of them was certainly speaking.

"See those other plants by the window. How they put forth new  
leaves and blossoms and enjoy the sunshine while we are shut up  
here. How can our tops grow without light?"

"You don't understand," said another bulb, "if we were put in the  
sun our tops would grow, but we should have no roots, and soon die.  
I heard our mistress say that our roots need darkness, and when they  
are long enough she will put us on the shelf by the window."

"Really?" said all the other bulbs in chorus.

"Really," said the speaker.

Mary had listened with interest.

"Hyacinths," she said, "why do I have to live in the dark? I  
can't have anything I want, like other girls, but I am not a plant  
like you."

"Perhaps patience and energy in people are like roots in flowers,"  
said the wisest bulb. "Anyway, you had better learn patience."

"Yes," sang the rest, "learn patience."

"I will," said Mary.

At that moment Mrs. Holt entered the room with some work for  
Mary's mother, and the little girl went home.

That happened weeks ago, and now the hyacinths stand in full  
bloom on the shelf by the window. Whenever Mary comes to the  
house, she thinks they nod to her and say,

"Patience! your good times are coming!"

H. N. G.

## ANNA'S PIG.

ONCE a little dark-eyed girl, whose name was Anna, was made a  
present of a little white pig. A pig was something unusual to Anna,  
because she did not live in the country, but in the limits of a flourish-  
ing little town on the Lake Erie shore, where pigs and cattle could  
not be very conveniently kept. But this little pig was a present, and  
of course must have the greatest care and attention. Accordingly a  
little sty was made for it, and not of the common order either. An  
inclosure was made of boards, nice and smooth. Boards were laid at  
the bottom; but that was not all. A little house was made of boards  
and shingles. Hay was put inside for piggy to sleep on. Every  
thing seemed to be quite flourishing and pleasant for piggy. But  
Anna soon discovered that piggy was not contented in his new home.  
Anna concluded that he must be very lonesome in there, all alone,  
from the way he squealed, and kept on squealing, from morning until  
night; but Anna could not very well see how she could help it, and it  
sorely troubled her, and finally concluded to let piggy squeal; per-  
haps he would get used to his new home in time. As piggy was fed  
by the man of the house, he very soon and naturally slipped out of  
Anna's mind, until one day Anna desecrated piggy's tail and hind parts  
just disappearing through the front door-yard fence.

Anna was thoroughly aroused, and decided that piggy must be  
caught at once. Away she flew after piggy, her little sister following  
after her at her heels. But such a tiresome chase from street to  
street; with steady determination piggy dodged, and Anna and her  
little sister dodged. They tried their best to head piggy, but could  
not, until some little boy came to their assistance, and then it was all  
up with piggy. He was cornered and hopelessly caught. Anna  
held him by the fore feet and head as firmly as she could, and her  
little sister held him by the hind feet and tail. Piggy squealed louder  
than ever, and nearly succeeded in kicking himself loose, but the  
three arrived home safely, all panting and out of breath. Although  
it took all of Anna's strength, and left her weak and trembling, yet  
such was her determination to conquer that she would not give up.

Piggy was taken good care of until it began to be cold weather,  
and great fears were entertained that piggy would not stand the cold.  
And, alas, such was only too true. Poor piggy was brought in the  
house, one bitter frosty morning, frozen stiff. Anna felt very sorry,  
and did all she could to revive him by the heat of the stove, but it was  
of no use, piggy was frozen too stiff and hard. A. E. F.

## THE RAIN.

RAIN, rain! what do you mean?

By raining so hard all this day.

Quoth the rain, "That remains to be seen,

I was not born for mere play.

"What you do, do with all your might;

So I rain, rain, rain,

And as I consider that right,

Please do not complain.

"This rain will bring forth tiny buds,

To blossom into larger flowers;

It will help the washing-tub

To wash out ladies' dowers.

"By and by the sun will burst out laughing,

And you will forget I stayed so long.

So after this, please, away with your chaffing,

For, I hope, now you see that is wrong."

BABS.

## IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

The sky was gray and dark o'erhead.  
 "We shall have snow at last," they said.  
 Truly they spake. The earth, ere night,  
 Was robed in a mantle pure and white.  
 And still the flakes came floating down,  
 Into the country and into the town;  
 Floating and flying, in groups and rings,  
 Like flocks of birds with snow-white wings,  
 Till the air was white with the whirling clouds,  
 And still came the rollicking, frolicking crowds.  
 And wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,  
 They were hailed by all with joy and delight.

Folks said the spring had come at last:  
 The winter cold was over and past.  
 The sun shone warmly, brightly down,  
 Into the country and into the town.  
 Then came a night that was chilly and cold,  
 And lo! a shower of snow-flakes bold  
 But wherever the snow-flakes fell that night,  
 They met with scorn, reproach, and slight.  
 "For surely 't is not the time for snow:  
 The winter is past, 't is spring-time now.  
 Ah! poor little flakes, so dainty and white,  
 You should not have left your home to-night.  
 You thought, because once you were loved so well,  
 You would always be welcome whenever you fell.  
 There's a time for sunshine, a time for showers:  
 There's a time for snow, little flakes, and for flowers."

So the snow-flakes all unheeded lay,  
 Till the sun came shining, warm and gay—  
 And, weeping, then they vanished away.  
 But from each spot their tears had wet,  
 There sprang a blue-eyed violet.

M. J.

## A FINE YACHT-RACE.

I THINK ST. NICHOLAS would like to print something about the races which have occurred between the Resolute, Dreadnought, and Vesta, and so I will write some account of one of them.

The Resolute is a center-board schooner 113 feet long, and is enrolled in the papers of the New York and Atlantic Yacht Club.

The Dreadnought is a famous keel schooner, and is of the New York and Brooklyn Yacht Clubs.

The Vesta is a center-board schooner, and was a partaker of the famous ocean race won by the Henrietta.

Suppose we go on board of the Dreadnought for this race.

The wind was a strong north-west, and the waves now were crested with foam, and we had promise from a grayish cloud to windward of plenty of wind during the night.

We had picked crews, and the yachts were in splendid trim. We were to be taken down to the light-ship by the steamer Cyclops, but, as there was plenty of wind, we preferred to sail.

We were all to be in the vicinity of the light-ship at 3 o'clock, and so we were.

But it had been agreed that we should not start till 4, so we had to sail, or lie about till that time.

The Resolute fired two guns as a signal at six minutes before 4 o'clock.

As soon as the signal was given we ran up our topsails, and soon we had our canvas full.

The Vesta got past the light-ship one-sixth of a second before us, and we a few seconds before the Resolute.

The start was a superb one, and we had (we thought) the wind fair both ways for the 112 miles of race.

For the first minutes of the race neither seemed to gain, but the Resolute began to get to windward of us.

But our yacht would not have this, so we ran up so as to leave the Vesta a good deal to leeward.

As the breeze freshened, both of us began to leave the Vesta.

We could not gain on the Resolute, for she kept to windward.

About this time we looked back to see the Vesta haul up her jib topsail; but that was only to be hauled up and then pulled down again.

We then held our own well, and once in a while our main boom would go into the waves and throw up showers of spray.

The Vesta then hauled up closer to the wind, and then was farthest to windward, but farthest from the next turning-point, which was the Five Fathom light-ship of Cape May.

About 6 o'clock the Resolute passed and kept passing us, until she cleared us entirely by half a mile.

We then cast our log, which showed that we made 11¾ knots an hour.

The wind now veered round north-east, and we concluded that we would have a rough time tacking back to New York.

When we rounded the light-ship about midnight, we were very much astern of the Resolute, while the Vesta had bettered her situation toward us a good deal.

During the night the Vesta split her foresail, which spoilt her entirely for finishing the race with anything but a good record, for she came in very late.

We laid upon the wind so close that the sails sometimes shook.

When the Resolute tacked the second time, she passed under our stern, and was now to chase us, but we got past the goal first. This was at a quarter past 8.

The Vesta did not get in till a quarter of nine.

You immediately sling down this magazine, and inform your friend, who is waiting to play chess, that the Dreadnought has beaten the Resolute; but hold on a few minutes, there is a time allowance.

Time allowance? you say, incredulously.

Yes. For instance, take this very race. The Dreadnought started say one minute ahead of the Resolute, and came in 59 seconds ahead. You can easily see what they call a time allowance, can you not?

H.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON DISCOVERING GRAVITATION.

(Drawn by a Young Contributor.)

## THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are my favorite reading-book. I do not subscribe for you, but papa buys you every month. I will tell you about the first time I ever tried to make bread, which was last Saturday. I am twelve years old, and mamma thinks I ought to begin to learn something about cooking. So she mixed the yeast, gave me directions how to make the bread, and went off to visit the Centennial Buildings. As soon as the yeast was light, I poured it into a bread-pan of flour, and mixed it with lukewarm water, put it on the bread-board and began to knead it. It was so stiff that I did not know what to do. I remembered mamma's telling me about the first time she made bread; so I made holes in the dough, put water in them, and kneaded it until it was about right. I then set it by to rise again, and when it looked like it was light I kneaded it, put it in the bake-pans to rise, and then in the oven to bake. You may be sure I felt very much worried, and watched it very close, for fear it would not bake right.

When the bread was cut and brought to the table, they all declared it was splendid. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.—Your friend,  
STELLA.

Albert Lea, Minnesota.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we do not know the address of H. H., the author of the article in the June number called "The Expression of Rooms," and as we wish to know what H. H. means in that article by Japanese fans being put on the walls of a room, from the cornice to the book-case, we write to you for information.—Respectfully,  
MARY ARMSTRONG AND NORA ABBOTT.

New York, June 20th, 1876.

DEAR GIRLS: I ought to have said, "Pin the fans on the wall." I was very stupid. The fans are very light, and two pins will hold one firm. You can pin them across the corners also. Try it. They are very pretty. I happened to be in the ST. NICHOLAS office this hot afternoon, and Mrs. Dodge showed me your note.

Your friend,  
H. H.

Great Eastern Mine, Guerneville, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen other letters printed in the Letter-Box, so I thought I would like to see mine there. I am living for the summer at the quicksilver mines, and there is some vermilion color in the rock that they call cinnabar, and they crush it and put it into furnaces and roast it, and get the mercury or quicksilver out.

We are surrounded by mountains here, and the redwood trees are just a little way from the house, and they are from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and most are two hundred feet high. I will not say any more, or there will not be room for my letter.—Yours respectfully,  
EDITH EAMES.

New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like all the stories of ST. NICHOLAS, but my favorite ones are "The Boy Emigrants" and "The Story of Jon of Iceland." I wish your book could come out oftener. I would be pleased to have you print this. Last summer, when I was in the country, I took a walk in the apple orchard. I noticed a snake crawling off one of the trees. Full of curiosity, like most boys, I climbed the tree; but what a sight met my eyes! There were five little dead birds in a nest. Being certain the snake had killed them, I hurried down from the tree to kill the snake, but was too late; it had disappeared.—One of your true friends,  
NORMAN LESLIE ARCHER.

"POOR CHUNEE!"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" brings out of his well-filled store-house every month such a charming variety of wisdom and wit, fact and fancy, for his large family of boys and girls, that I, for one, have often wondered where in the world he gets it from—perhaps from that wonderful leaf—no, *pulpit*, I guess, in which he stands; anyway, he is about as eloquent a preacher as I ever heard, and when, in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, he told us of poor Chunee, and that horrid toothache that drove him crazy, I felt as if I must write and tell "Jack" that dear Chunee was an old friend of mine.

You see, many years ago, when I was a little girl in my teens, I used to spend weeks at a time with a dear friend, "Aunt Anna." I called her, who had a shop for the sale of fine perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, in Exeter Change, the lower floor of which *was*,—for I believe it is not standing now,—a splendid arcade or bazaar, on each side of which were arranged beautiful compartments, fitted up with counters, show cases, etc., for the sale of the finest kind of light goods, such as jewelry, stationery, "Tunbridge Wells" toys, and

fancy articles, each compartment divided by light screens. Aunt Anna's pretty, cozy, little place was just opposite the wide and massive stairs that led to Mr. Cross's "Royal Menagerie," on the floor above; and a pretty substantial floor it was, to bear the weight of such a big fellow as Chunee, besides lions, tigers, camels, bears, and lots of monkeys.

As the young friend of "Aunt Anna," I received a free invitation from Mr. Cross to visit Chunee and his friends whenever I chose, and stay as long as I liked. And what nice times I had in seeing the lions and tigers fed, and in feeding Chunee and the monkeys myself. The former so intelligent, so gentle, and so grateful for the "goodies" I used to take him, while the monkeys seemed leagued together to tease me; thrusting their long arms through the bars of their cages, they would catch the straw hat from my head, fill it with saw dust, and then pelt me with it; they seemed to think me fair game for their antics.

The docile elephant had never been tortured into unnatural performances by his kind owner, or keeper, but there was one trick that I used to delight in seeing him do. I would lay a small silver coin on the palm of my hand which he would pick up very gently, and then ring a bell for his keeper to come, when he would deposit the money in his pocket, always trumpeting his "thank you" for favors received.

Poor, dear Chunee! How badly I felt when, several years after, and when I was far away from London, I heard of his sad death. I did not then know the cause of his sudden madness, but as "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" says: "What an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been."  
ANNIE F. STUART.

Brookline, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your magazine this morning, and was very glad. I saw that Gussie wanted to know how to make candy. I have a receipt, although I do not know whether Gussie will like it. It is this:

1. Take a sheet of foolscap paper and make a box by bending and pinning the corners.
2. Take a little butter and rub the bottom of the box.
3. Take three table-spoonfuls of granulated white sugar.
4. Put in two table-spoonfuls of hot water, and then put the paper box on the stove, not having it too hot, and be careful not to let any water touch the bottom of the box. Then let it boil for ten minutes. You would think the paper would burn, but it will not. If you try it, Gussie, I hope you will succeed.—Yours truly,  
JOHN F. H.

Who will try this experiment?

JOHN L.—Captain Ericsson is not an American, but a Swede. Mr. Rideing, in his "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes" (July ST. NICHOLAS), called him an American engineer because he has so thoroughly identified himself with American engineering that it is almost impossible for us to consider him as anything but an American engineer.

Monroe, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will write you a few lines. I am twelve years old, and go to school in the grammar-room at Monroe Public Schools. I live about a mile from the school-house. I feed the chickens and three cows. Some way, I cannot think of so much as the other boys to write. Oh yes, if you hear of any boys who want to buy a scroll-saw, I will sell one cheap. I like the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS very much.—Your reader,  
WALTER T. ANDERSON.

Garrison, May, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the midst of the grand old mountains of the Highlands of the Hudson; the surrounding scenery is sublimely beautiful. I will tell you about some of the wild flowers that I find in my rambles over the mountains. The trailing arbutus is the most beautiful, and you always find it in great abundance where the laurel grows. There are so many violets they give the fields a purple tint. In the marshes I find the delicate anemone, or as some people call it, the wind-flower, and that is a very appropriate name, for it looks as though a very small breeze would shake all its snowy petals off.

In midsummer the flowers are so very abundant that one cannot step without crushing some of the little darlings; but in autumn, when the birds have flown, the flowers all gone, and you hear the sad sound of the leaves dropping one by one, then the fringed gentian lifts its blue eye to cheer the lonely wood.

I am a great lover of nature, and am very fond of walking in the



woods and watching the little squirrels gather nuts, and the birds building their nests.

I think the story of "The Boy Emigrants" is splendid, and "The Eight Cousins" was delightful.

I watch for you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as a friend, and indeed you are a very dear friend to me.

Long live the ST. NICHOLAS and the dear little schoolma'am.

I remain your constant friend,  
MATTIE A. GARRISON.

Tyre, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I submit a question which I wish the readers of ST. NICHOLAS or yourself to decide. If a person is born on the 29th of February, does their birthday occur only once in four years? If every year, does it occur in February or March, when it is not leap-year?

RUEL L. S.

In reply to Stella M. Kenyon's request for the answer to the riddle beginning "There was a man of Adam's race," the following persons send the answer—"Jonah in the whale's belly:"

Edward W. Robinson, Wm. C. Bowden, Charlie Goodrich, Maggie Harbison, Gordon Buchanan, Julia P. Ballard, Anne A. Butts, "Lillian," Vanie H. Cobb, Nellie L. Tate, Ada M. Duchar, E. D. J. Hennessy, Mrs. G. C. W., "Charlie and Belle," "The Briton," Gertrude Vickery, M. W. C., D. B. McLean, Alice E. Clark, "Minnie," K. M. S., Hattie L. Hamilton, Labbie Montross, Katie, Mr. C. E. Stent, Ida Belsham, Euphemia F. Secor, and "Violet."

"Launcelot" sends his answer in the form of an ingenious rhyme:

There's a strange and wonderful story  
In the Holy Scriptures told  
Of one, of the race of Adam,  
Who lived in the days of old,  
And who by the will of Heaven,  
And by reason of his sin,  
Was doomed to live in a dwelling  
All "curiously wrought within;"  
It was not built of timbers,  
Nor yet of wood or stone,  
No hand had part in its building  
Save the hand of God alone:  
It was not in hell, nor in Heaven,  
Nor on land, where a house *should* be,  
'T was a restless, roving dwelling,  
And roamed about in the sea;  
The tenant was not the owner,  
The house was n't his "to keep,"  
So JONAH made brief sojourn  
In this monster of the deep.

And "Maggie May," with her answer, sends another riddle with the same answer:

There was a creature formed of God,  
That showed His mighty power!  
That ne'er in path of sinners trod,  
Nor name of Christian bore.  
It had no hope of future bliss,  
Nor feared its Master's rod,  
Yet did a living soul possess  
That panted after God.

Lynchburg, Virginia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine ever since it was first published, and I think it improves with every number. I liked "Eight Cousins" better than any story that has appeared in ST. NICHOLAS: it is perfectly splendid, as all of Miss Alcott's books are.

Perhaps some of the readers of your magazine will be interested in the following information, which I found in an old English book. The phrase "He's a brick" seems to be of classic origin, as follows: King Agesilaus being asked by an ambassador from Epirus why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have," pointing to his marshaled army. "There are the walls of Sparta, and every man you see is a brick."  
NELLIE.

Hartford, Conn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to put my name in the Bird-defenders. I have a little story here which, if you think worth putting in the Letter-Box, I wish you would do so. When I lived in Wilmington I had a black and white cat, which I thought very smart. She could not endure music. One day mamma was sitting in an arm-chair and began to sing. The cat (who was asleep on the floor) got up and climbed on the back of the chair, and would keep putting her paw on mamma's mouth in order to keep her from singing. She did

a good many other things, one of which was ringing the door-bell when she wanted to go out-of-doors, and pulling the wire from the other side when she wished to come in. I must tell you the name of this cat,—we called her "Lady from Philadelphia," because she was born there.—Yours truly,  
MAY LOBBELL.

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We've got a bird. Thank you for the books that you sent me. We've had a good time out on Pacific Street. A sweet little girl lives around here, named Margie. Another sweet little girl lives down town, named Meta. I've got a little bell and some cologne, and a lot of shells that Margie gave me in a little red bag. She made a necklace for me. We've got a greenhouse. We've got a new, big ST. NICHOLAS: the pictures in it are very nice. I send you some kisses.  
LULU.

Boston, June 8, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very well. I have just come home from the Centennial, and it is perfectly splendid. I liked the Main Building best, and next to that Memorial Hall or Art Gallery. We used the rolling chairs a great deal, so we did not get very tired.

The Japanese and Chinese Departments were very interesting, and the furnished rooms in the English Department are lovely; there was one room, a drawing-room, furnished in beautiful shades of green and blue, that I liked particularly; the curtains had yellow fringe on them, and the carpet was blue with pink rosebuds on it. Just think of all these colors in one room; but it was selected with such care that it has a charming effect. There are many, many other beautiful things there. I am afraid this is getting too long, but I hope you will put it in the Letter-Box.  
A. H. R.

#### A CHEAP MICROSCOPE.

ALLEN T. MOORE sends the following directions for making a cheap microscope. His experiment is a novel one, and is at least worthy of a trial by all those who desire such an instrument:

First, take an oblong slip of glass (a microscope slide, such as microscopic objects are mounted upon, is just the thing), and, after cleaning the glass slip, pour a drop of Canada balsam upon the center of it. If the drop fall properly, it will form a lens. If it does not assume a circular form, push the edges into as true a circle as possible by means of a pin or pointed stick. If you should fail in this effort and spoil the drop, scrape off as much of the balsam as possible, and dissolve the remainder in turpentine until the glass is once more entirely clean. Keep trying until you get a circular drop, or lens, free from dirt or air-bubbles (by looking through it at some small object, you can easily make sure that it is perfectly clear), and set it away to harden. The more convex the lens is, the higher will be its power. After leaving it in a horizontal position for a week or more, take a piece of cork, a little thicker than the lens, and cut a hole in it, with a diameter a little greater than that of the lens. Blacken the glass around the lens, and also blacken the cork. Fasten the cork to the glass, so as to have the lens in the center of the hole, and fasten a piece of thin glass (called by microscopists a thin glass cover) over the lens, which will prevent dust from settling upon it.

The edges of the glass slip may be ground, or some narrow strips of paper may be gummed around them, in order to prevent cutting or scratching.

Schenectady.

DEACON GREEN: I send you the Declaration of Independence written out, and I hope it will prove satisfactory. It was written by Thomas Jefferson, and was proclaimed on the 4th of July, 1776. There are 56 signers, and the number of States is 13. Will you please ask the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, when Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the American colonies? I take the ST. NICHOLAS, and I am very much pleased with it. I hope I will take it all the time. I am very much close.—I remain one of your most interested readers,  
H. E. B.

Santa Fé, New Mexico.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS have ever seen this strange and far-away country, or can tell how old Santa Fé, the capital, is? This country was settled by the Spaniards several hundreds of years ago, and their descendants are very dark-skinned, and all speak the Spanish language. The little children nearly all go without any clothes in the summer-time, and they can make mud-pies without being afraid of soiling their clothes.

There are a great many strange things in this country. The houses are built of *adobes*. The adobes are very large unburned bricks—just square chunks of mud dried in the sun. They build the houses of these bricks, and build them like a hollow square, and the windows nearly all look into this square, or *placita*, as it is called. At home in the States we have the yard all round the house; but here in New

Mexico they build the house all round the yard. Then they have not many wagons here, but carry everything on the backs of burros. These burros are very small donkeys, with very large ears, and are only to be found in mountainous countries. The little baby burros are the most cunning little things you ever saw; they are so little, about as large as a small Newfoundland dog, and their ears are so very large, they look very funny. But they are very intelligent and very comical in their actions.

Then the horned toads are a great curiosity, and a very large black spider, that lives in the ground, is to be found here. These spiders are called tarantulas, and their bite is poisonous.

The coyotes, or prairie wolves, are found in this country also, and one of my neighbors caught a little one and made a pet of it. It grew to be a large wolf, and was as tame as a dog. He and I were great friends, and he would follow me home whenever he had a chance. He would run and scamper through the Alfalfa, and roll and have great fun. He would eat ice-cream and cake; but he got to be a great thief. He went into a lady's house one day and found a nice pound-cake, which she had baked for tea, and he ate it every bit; and a few days afterward he went into another lady's house and found three pounds of fresh butter, and he ate that too. Was n't he a very naughty wolf?  
L. W.

Brooklyn, May 18th, 1876

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have not any sisters or brothers, yet I am not lonely. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me. I learn geography, spelling, grammar and arithmetic, but I like grammar best. I like your magazine ever so much, and think it is perfectly splendid, and wish it would come every week. I read every story in it, and could read the "Eight Cousins," also "The Boy Emigrants," over and over again and not tire of them. I will not write you any more now, so good-bye.—I remain your little friend,  
HELEN.

Bunker Hill, Feb. 25th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a little piece cut from a paper, as I liked it, and thought if your readers had n't seen it they might like it too.—Your delighted reader,  
ALLIE BERTRAM.

#### A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,  
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;  
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,  
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;  
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,  
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;  
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine,  
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;  
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,  
B peaceful, B nevolent, willing to learn;  
B punctual, B gentle, B liberal, B just,  
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;  
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,  
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;  
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,  
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

Newburyport, Mass., May 11.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little daughter calls my attention to the acting-ballad of "Queer People," in your April number, and thinks the statement about the Esquimaux, that "Never a doll the children see," must be a poetic license, as she still cherishes the mortal remains of what was once quite a respectable rag-baby, or rather fur-baby, which I brought some years ago from the British side of Baffin's Bay. To be sure, dolls are rare there even among the children of the aristocracy, though I have seen quite artistic specimens, which in figure, features, and dress were perfect counterparts of the adult natives, even to the hood-cape, with a tiny pappoose in it, which must be a peculiarly Esquimaux conception, as I never saw a *Christian* doll carrying an infant.  
W. S. S.

#### A CURIOUS CALENDAR.

1	2	3	4	5	6
At	Dover	dwelt	George	Brown,	Esquire,
7	8	9	10	11	12
Good	Caleb	French,	and	David	Frere.

THE words, in their order, represent the twelve calendar months; and the initial letters—to wit, A, B, C, D, E, F and G—represent the seven days of the week.

Knowing the day of the week on which falls the first day of January, in any year, you can tell on what day of the week the first day of each month in that year falls. When it is leap-year, you must add one day to the count for the months after February.

Example: The first of January, 1876, falls on Saturday—A. To

find on what day of the week falls the first day of November, 1876, you first find the initial letter of November, which is D (David), the eleventh word in the above couplet. Now commence and count on your fingers, A (1), B (2), C (3), D (4). So the first of November falls on the fourth day after the day on which falls January 1st. Now count again: Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), Tuesday (4); but 1876 being leap-year, and November following February, you add one, and thus find Wednesday, the first of November, 1876. Now take August, initial letter C (aleb): Count A (1), B (2), C (3); then count again, Saturday (1), Sunday (2), Monday (3), and add one for leap-year, and we have Tuesday, August 1. And so on for all the months. You will notice that the initial letter of February is also D (over), but not being affected by leap-year, the first day of that month falls on Tuesday; while the succeeding month, March, initial letter D (welt), being affected by leap-year, makes the first day Wednesday.  
X.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you know this sentence, which reads the same backward and forward. If not, here it is: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."—Yours,  
LULL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how much I like your last continued story, called "The Boy Emigrants." I like it very much, and am in a great hurry to get the rest of it to read. I like all the stories in the magazine very much, and hope you will keep on having such nice ones.—Yours affectionately,  
AMY W. HERBERT.

Kingston, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a regular visitor at our house for a year, and you are always welcomed with delight. I think "The Boy Emigrants" is very amusing. I tried for the "prize puzzle," but did not succeed. Two years ago, just two days after my birthday, I had the second and third fingers of my right hand taken off. They were crushed and torn terribly in a reaping-machine, and had to be amputated.—Yours truly,  
HENRY HAMILTON.

Rose Hill, Mahaska County, Iowa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a tortoise-shell cat, and she is a good one too. She had three little kittens; the Tommy cat killed two, and would have killed the other one, if I had not put it in the sitting-room on the lounge. My doll is at the head, and the kitten goes up and plays with its blue shoes. Our hired man found two little squirrels, and gave them to me. I fed them with milk at first, and then gave them to the old cat and watched her, to see if she would hurt them; but she fondled them as much as she did her kitten, and nurses them. The squirrels have got their eyes open now. They will hold bread in their paws and eat it; and will run all over my arms and into my sleeves.—Yours truly,  
FANNIE M. JARVIS (aged 9).

San Francisco.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago you described how to make a boat; but it was a flat-bottomed one. Now, can you not describe how to make a round-bottomed one; also a small yacht?—and oblige  
A CONSTANT READER.

ST. NICHOLAS thinks that there are few boys who could make a serviceable or safe round-bottomed boat.

Yonkers, N. Y., April 23rd, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I only began to take you this year, and I think you are splendid; but I wish you came oftener.

My brother has a little donkey and carriage, and we enjoy riding in it very much. A great many little girls and myself are getting up a fair. It is to be held on the 25th of this month, and I think we shall enjoy it very much. Will you please make me a Bird-defender?  
—Yours truly,  
SUSIE B. WARING.

Yonkers, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I think the "Boy Emigrants" is the nicest story. I have a goat, and I am going to sell it, if I can, for \$20. We have a pond. Yesterday I found a duck's egg in the water. I am eleven years old. I have a donkey, and a cart, and I drive my sister to school and back.—Good by, from  
JAMES A. WARING.

BOYS and girls who write to ST. NICHOLAS and sign only their initials, must not expect their letters to receive attention. When we print letters, we often use only the initials of the writer, but the full name should be sent to the editor with the letter.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. THE witch was accused of — cattle through her — influence.  
 2. Can you find a — orange on one of the —? 3. I think the Mexican's — was of —. 4. My horse appears to have a — pain in his —. 5. Those figures in colored — will — deeply into your —. 6. Was her — correct with regard to his —? 7. You cannot — the fact that he — all that is needful. 8. He perfectly — me about sending him some Egyptian —. 9. The — used was, that she sang like a —. 10. As he — the ancient —, the — danced in the sunlight. 11. He returns by one who — him now the — cup and the — I sent him, which, of course, — our former ties. 12. I cannot — the name on this —. RUTH.

REBUS.



ENIGMA.

HERE combine  
 Letters nine,  
 To name a city of our lard,  
 By Eastern breezes fanned.  
 8, 7, 6, 9 has a wider fame,  
 A higher and more ancient name,  
 And boasts the 4, 5, 1, 9, 8 river,  
 Which through it pours its waters ever.  
 3, 5, 6, 2 a wider view  
 May boast, and harder earthquakes too;  
 But our good city, fair and bright  
 In its own and strangers' sight,  
 Where, in 6, 2, 8, 1, 3, 9,  
 Tall, grateful piles uprising shine,  
 Need envy none  
 Beneath the sun.  
 'T is a bustling, great 6, 2, 8, 4,  
 Where many a 1, 2, 3, 9 goes.  
 And as a river flows,  
 Hastening by 1, 7, 2, 4,  
 Or 8, 2, 5, 3, with loud roar,  
 To find an entrance or an exit door.  
 And now, without 6, 7, 8, 9,  
 Declare by name this city fine.

OSWY.

REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail three times words having the following significations, and leave one of the United States.

- 1. Things of little importance.
- 2. Shaped or modeled.
- 3. From end to end.
- 4. Attics.
- 5. One of the subdivisions of mute letters.
- 6. The scepter of the God of the Sea.
- 7. More renowned or important.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in truth, but not in lie;  
 My second is in heath, but not in sky;  
 My third is in even, but not in night;  
 My fourth is in clear, but not in white;  
 My fifth is in eight, but not in two;  
 My sixth is in toad, but not in gnu;  
 My seventh is in stand, but not in lie;  
 My eighth is in sell, but not in buy;  
 My ninth is in Charles, but not in Bill;  
 My tenth is in Bob, but not in Will;  
 My eleventh is in goose, but not in whales;  
 My twelfth is in Xerxes, but not in Phales.  
 Read this right, and you will view  
 Two things that are liked by you.

CYRIL DEANE.

WORD-SQUARE.

My first is a kind of solemn music. My second is to revere. My third is a girl's name. My fourth is sound. My fifth are both useful and ornamental. L. B. H.

RIDDLE.

COLOR green am I, and lie  
 Quiet in my garden-bed;  
 Let me hit you as I fly,  
 And I stain you color red.

Wood or iron, black or blue;  
 I am musical or dumb;  
 Many shapes; of every hue;  
 But as hollow as a drum.

SOPHIE MAY.

EXCEPTIONS.

- 1. FROM the name of a certain kind of book except the middle letter and leave a mineral.
- 2. From a word of three letters except the second and leave a preposition.
- 3. Except the third letter from a garland and leave rage.
- 4. Except the middle letter from a native of a certain city in Europe and leave a color.
- 5. Except the third letter from the name of an animal and leave a pipe.
- 6. From the name of a favorite flower except the third letter and leave a female animal.
- 7. From an article of furniture except the middle letter and leave a story. M. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THREE merry boys, they built a —  
 That looked a little like a —  
 They manned it well, both fore and —  
 'Then started for a sail.

There came just then an evil —  
 Near and more near the boat, when —  
 He, splashing round their little —  
 Upset it with his tail!

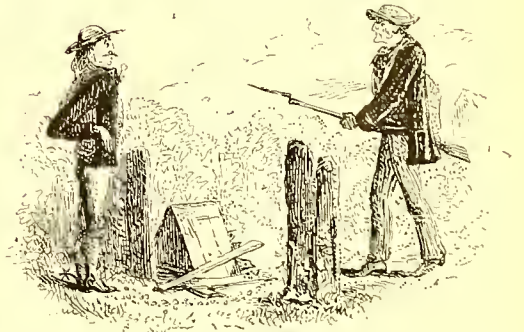
So he these merry boys did —  
 Which was to them a bitter —  
 Indeed they took it very —  
 And thus at him did rail:

"O wicked one, who gave the —  
 That laid our hopes and pleasures —  
 A grudge to you we surely —  
 But 't is of no avail;

"For spread around you is a —  
 That holds you safe from every —  
 You have no fear of mortal —  
 And so we make our wail."

A. M.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.



ANAGRAMS.

- 1. MAD traitors sin.
- 2. Green meats.
- 3. Nip nose.
- 4. Spice parent.
- 5. On, Snipe!
- 6. Re-gag Tom.

CYRIL DEANE.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Good Advice.)



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

SWEET songs my first bring every year,  
 My second will two-celled appear;  
 My third is in the court-room found,  
 And sometimes does my fourth all around.  
 'T were well if but my fifth might fall  
 With justice on the heads of all;  
 My sixth a trait to shun we hold,  
 My next in value is untold;  
 My eighth a workman is of skill,  
 My ninth will wait upon your will.

Diagonals from left to right,  
 A home for birds, secure and light.  
 When read from right to left, you'll find  
 An enviable state of mind.

J. P. E.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. An adjective whereby our relish is expressed.
2. Another, meaning graceful, stylish or well dressed.
3. A stately tree, of which the leaves are broad, the wood is white.
4. Deceitful phantom, fitful lights, oft followed in the night.
5. A term sometimes applied to Frenchy customs, words or deeds.
6. A poison slow on which the Oriental dreamer feeds.
7. A city of a government, close neighbor to our own.
8. A name connected with a cave formed of basaltic stone.
9. A very grateful shield from rain or from the sultry sun.
10. A word which means light-giving; now guess it every one.

In terminals you'll read the name  
 Of one, an ever-welcome guest.  
 In primals, too, with loud acclaim,  
 He's hailed by those who love him best.

HERVEY DARNEAL

HOURLASS PUZZLE.

To be read in four directions. 1. From left to right, downward and across, relating to the tides. 2. From right to left, downward and across, a dipper. 3. Centrals, downward, a command. 4. First line across, to sing; second line across, a man's name; third line across, a consonant; fourth line across, a meadow; fifth line across, a town in New Hampshire.

CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

ACROSS: 1. A vowel. 2. A large Australian bird. 3. The proclamation in a church of an intended marriage. 4. Ridiculed or treated with contempt. 5. First attempt or appearance. 6. Owed. 7. A consonant.

DOWN: 1. A consonant. 2. The channel of a river. 3. Having ears. 4. A conveyance. 5. Out of place, improper. 6. To place. 7. A consonant.

IVANHOE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Croquet, Boating.

C —o— B  
 R —ome— O  
 O —meg— A  
 Q —ul— T  
 U —r— I  
 E —ar— N  
 T —a— G

INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.—1. Grace, race. 2. Price, rice. 3. Sold, old. 4. Easter, aster. 5. Bride, ride. 6. Table, able. 7. Where, here.

SQUARE-WORD.—

ARROW  
 REACH  
 RATHER  
 OCHER  
 WHERE

METAGRAM.—Bake, cake, hake, lake, make, rake, sake, take.

A LITTLE STORY.—Augusta, Salem, Fall River, Norfolk, Hartford, Washington, New Haven, Dover, Richmond, Toledo, Lowell, Little Rock, Brooklyn, Bangor, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Madison, Raleigh, Omaha, Mobile, Oswego, Portland, Cleveland, Frankfort, Springfield

CHARADE.—Penitent.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—The Bird-defenders.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Washington.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.— R

HER  
 ROBIN  
 ROMULUS  
 BESET  
 RED  
 S

BEHEADED SYLLABLES.—1. Director, rector. 2. Accurate, curate. 3. Administer, minister.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE —

COTTON  
 GINGER  
 NUTMEG  
 CHERRY  
 MANIOC  
 BANYAN

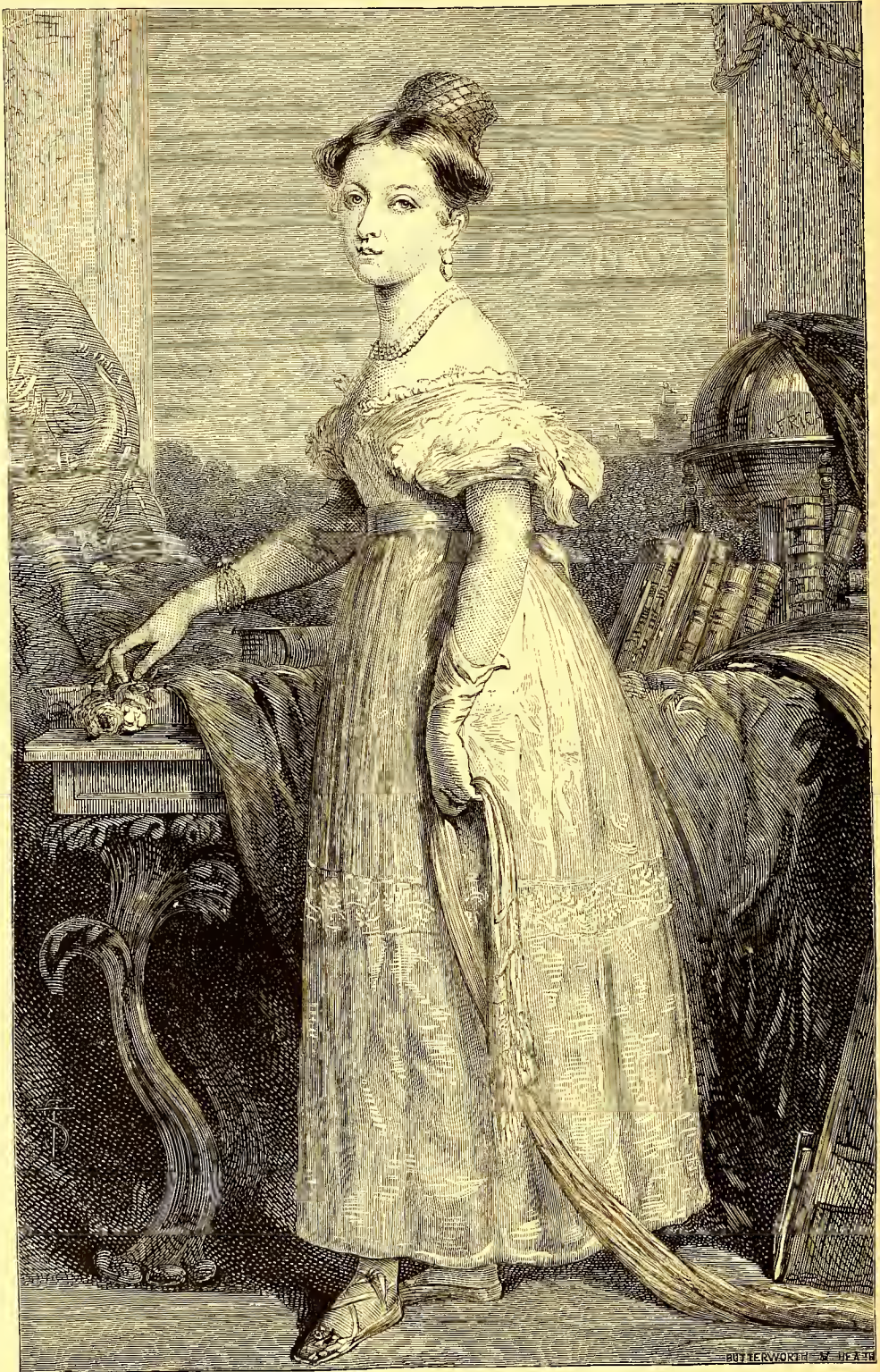
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Ivanhoe, Marmion.

I —nfor— M  
 V —ictori— A  
 A —i— R  
 N —y— M  
 H —ayt— I  
 O —li— O  
 E —nsg— N

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Desolation: Seal, one, Don, slate, sled, net, onset, lane, old, sea, sale, nest, stone, oats, lion, ten.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER were received, previous to July 15, from Willie Dibblee, J. D. Early, "Jupiter, Juno and Apollo," Arthur B., Howard Steele Rogers, Gertrude Weller, Ernest W. Ford, Elsie Thalheimer, Isabelle B. E. Nichols, Fred Wright, Nettie A. Ives, Frieda E. Lippert, Helen Green and Bessie McLaren, Arthur W. Osborn, Nessie E. Stevens, Lizzie L. Green, "Flora," David P. Arnold, Jr., Nellie Emerson, Ora Dowty, "Golden Eagle," A. J. Lewis, "Mab," B. O'H., Agnes M. Hodges, "Miantinomi and Narragansett," Aline H. Merriam, Arthur Rogers, Minnie D. B., Eddie H. Eckel, "Roderick," Robert L. Groendycke, Amy Hodges, Mamie Baldwin, Katie T. Hughes, Iras and Bertha Wolfe, Lester Woodbridge, Brainerd P. Emery, Alice B. Moore, "Alex," Arnold Guyot Cameron, C. W. Hornor, Jr., "Brazilian and Cuban Danse," H. B. Lathrop, Belle Evans, John R. Eldridge, Edith Lowry, Belle Gibson.





PRINCESS VICTORIA.

From a Painting by Sir George Hayter. (See "Windsor Castle," page 759.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1876.

NO. 12.

## AT FIESOLE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FIESOLE is a quaint old town which perches on a hill-top above the valley of the Arno and the city of Florence. You must not pronounce it as it is spelt, but like this—Fu-es-o-lee. From the Florence streets people catch glimpses of its bell-towers and roofs shining above the olive orchards and vineyards of the hill-side. A white road winds upward toward it in long, easy zigzags, and seems to say, "Come with me and I will show you something pretty."

Not long ago there were two girls in Florence to whom, plainly as road could speak, the white road seemed to utter these very words. Pauline and Molly Hale were the names of these girls. It was six months since they had left America with their father and mother, and it seemed much longer, because so much had happened in the time. First, the sea voyage, not pleasant, and yet not exactly unpleasant, because papa got better all the way, and that made mamma happy. Now papa would be quite well at once, they thought. His people (for papa was a clergyman) had sent him away for that purpose. They were not a rich people, but each gave a little, and altogether it made enough to carry the pastor and his family across the sea and keep them there one year, with very prudent management. The Hales, therefore, did not travel about as most people do, but went straight to Italy, where they hoped to find that sun and warm air which are an invalid's best medicines.

"Going straight to Italy" means, however, a great many pleasant things by the way. Molly was always reminding Maria Matilda, her doll, of the sights she had seen and the superior advantages she enjoyed over the dolls at home.

After this mention of a doll, what will you say when I tell you that Molly was almost thirteen? Most girls of thirteen scorn to play with dolls, but Molly was not of their number. She was childish for her years, and possessed a faithful little heart, which clung to Maria Matilda as to an old friend whom it would be unkind to lay aside.

"First, there was Paris," Molly would say to her. "No, first there was *Deep*, where the people all talked so queerly that we could n't understand a word. That was funny, Matilda, was n't it? Then don't you recollect that beautiful church which we saw when we went past *Ruin*?" (Molly meant Rouen, but I am sorry to say her pronunciation of French names was apt to be bad.) "And Paris too, where I took you to walk in the gardens, and papa let us both ride in a whirligig. None of the home dollies have ever ridden in whirligigs, have they? They wont understand what you mean unless I draw them a picture on my slate. Then we got into the cars and went and went till we came to that great dark tunnel. Were n't we frightened? and you cried, Matilda—I heard you. You need n't look so ashamed, though, for it *was* horrid. But we got out of it at last, though I thought we never should; and here we are at the padrona's, and it's ever so nice, only I wish papa would come back."

For Florence had proved too cold, and papa had joined a party and gone off to Egypt, leaving mamma and the children to live quietly and cheaply at Signora Goldi's boarding-house. It was a dingy house in the old part of Florence, but for all that it was a very interesting place to live in. The street in which the house stood was extremely narrow. High buildings on either side shut out the sun, the

cobble-stone pavement was always dirty, but all day long a stream of people poured through it wearing all sorts of curious clothes, talking all sorts of languages, and selling all sorts of things. Men with orange-baskets on their heads strolled along crying, "Oranges, sweet oranges!" Others, with panniers of flowers, chanted, "Fiori, belli fiori!" Peddlars displayed their wares, or waved gay stuffs; boys held up candied fruits, wood-carvings, and toys; women went to and fro bearing trays full of a chocolate-colored mixture dotted with the white kernels of pine-cones. This looked very rich and nice, and the poor people bought great slices of it. Pauline once invested a penny therein, but a single taste proved enough; it was sour and oily at once, and she gave the rest to a small Italian girl, who looked delighted and gobbled it up in huge mouthfuls. Whenever they went out to walk, there were fresh pleasures. The narrow street led directly to a shining sunlit river, which streamed through the heart of the city like a silver ribbon. Beautiful bridges spanned this river, some reared on graceful arches, some with statues at either end, one set all along its course by quaint stalls filled with gold and silver filagree, chains of amber, and turquoises blue as the sky. All over the city were delightful pictures, churches, and gardens, open and free to all who chose to come. Every day mamma and the children went somewhere and saw something, and, in spite of papa's absence, the winter was a happy one.

Going to and fro in the city, the children had often looked up the Fiesole hill, which is visible from many parts of Florence, and Pauline had conceived a strong wish to go there. Molly did not care so much, but as she always wanted to do what Pauline did, she joined her older sister in begging to go. Mamma, however, thought it too far for a walk, and carriage hire cost something; so she said no, and the girls were forced to content themselves with "making believe" what they would do if ever they went there, a sort of play in which they both delighted. None of the things they imagined proved true when they did go there, as you shall hear.

It was just as they were expecting papa back, that, coming in one day from a walk with Signora Goldi, Pauline and Molly found mamma hard at work packing a traveling-bag. She looked very pale and had been crying. No wonder, for the mail had brought a letter to say that papa, traveling alone from Egypt, had landed at Brindisi very ill with Syrian fever. The kind strangers who wrote the letter would stay with and take care of him till mamma could get there, but she must come at once.

"What *shall* I do?" cried poor Mrs. Hale, ap-

pealing in her distress to Signora Goldi. "I cannot take the children into a fever-room, and even if that were safe, the journey costs so much that it would be out of the question. Mr. Hale left me only money enough to last till his return. After settling with you and buying my ticket, I shall have very little remaining. Help me, padrona! Advise me what to do."

Signora Goldi's advertisement said, "English spoken," but the English was of a kind which English people found it hard to understand. Her kind heart, however, stood her instead of language, and helped her to guess the meaning of Mrs. Hale's words.

"Such peety!" she said. "Had I know, I not have let rooms for week after. The signora said 'let,' and she sure to go, so I let, else the *piccoli* should stay wiss me. Now what?" and she rubbed her nose hard, and wrinkled her forehead in a puzzled way. "I have!" she cried at last, her face beaming. "How the *piccolini* like go to Fiesole for a little? My brother who dead, he leave Engleis wife. She lady-maid once, speak Engleis well as me!—better! She have *pensione*—very small, but good—ah, so good, and it cost little, with air *si buono, si fresco!*"

The signora was drifting into Italian without knowing it, but was stopped by the joyous exclamations of the two girls.

"Fiesole! Oh, mamma! just what we wanted so much!" cried Pauline. "Do let us go there!" "Do, do!" chimed in Molly. "I saw the padrona's sister once, and she's so nice. Say yes, please mamma."

The "yes" was not quite a happy one, but what could poor Mrs. Hale do? No better plan offered, time pressed, she hoped not to be obliged to stay long away from the children, and, as the signora said, the Fiesole hill-top must be airy and wholesome. So the arrangement was made, the terms settled, a carriage was called, and in what seemed to the girls a single moment, mamma had rattled away, with the signora to buy her ticket and see her off at the station. They looked at each other disconsolately, and their faces grew very long.

"We're just like orphans in a book," sobbed Pauline at last, while Molly watered Matilda's best frock with salt tears. The signora had a specially nice supper that night, and petted them a great deal, but they were very homesick for mamma and cried themselves to sleep.

Matters seemed brighter when they woke up next morning to find a lovely day, such a day as only Italy knows, with sunshine like gold, sky of clearest blue, and the river valley shining through soft mists like finest filtered rainbows. By a happy chance, the Fiesole sister-in-law came to Florence that



morning, and drove up to the door in a droll little cart drawn by a mouse-colored mule, with a green carrot-top stuck over his left ear and a bell round

in the afternoon they set out, perched on the narrow bench in front, one on each side of their new friend, and holding each other's hands tightly behind her ample back. Signora Bianchi was the sister-in-law's name, but "padrona" was easier to say, and they called her so from the beginning.

The hill-road was nowhere steep, but each winding turn took them higher and higher above Florence. They could see the curvings of the river, the bridges, the cathedral dome, and the tall, beautiful bell-tower, which they had been told was the work of the great artist Giotto. Further on, the road was shut in between stone walls. Over the tops of these hung rose-vines, full of fresh pink roses, though it was early March. Pauline and Molly screamed with pleasure, and the padrona, driving her mule close under the wall, dragged down a branch and let them gather the flowers for themselves, which was delightful. She would not stop however when, a little later, they came to fields gay with red and purple anemones, yellow tulips, and oddly-colored wild lilies so dark as to be almost black; there were plenty of such on top of the hill, she said, and they must not be too late in getting home. The black lilies were *giglios*—the emblem or badge of the city of Florence; the children had not seen them before, but they remembered the form of the flower in the carved shields over the door of some of the old buildings.

The road ended in a small paved *piazza*, which is the Italian name for an open square. All about it stood old buildings, houses and churches, and a very ancient cathedral with a dirty leather curtain hanging before its door. Passing these, the mule clattered down a narrow side-street, or rather lane. The streets in Florence had seemed dark and dirty, but what were they compared with this alley, in which the wheels of the little cart grazed the walls on either side as it passed along? Ricketty flights of outside stairs led to the upper stories of the buildings; overhead, lines of linen, hung out to dry, were flapping in the wind. An ill-smelling stream of water trickled over the rough cobble-stone pavement. Jolt, jolt, jolt!—then the mule turned suddenly into a dark place which looked like a shabby stable-yard. It was the ground-floor of the

padrona's house, and this was the place where Pauline and Molly were to stay! They looked at each other with dismayed faces.

But the padrona called them to follow, and led



THE SIDE-STREET IN FIESOLE.

his neck. She gladly agreed to lodge the children, and her pleasant old face and English voice made them at once at home with her. There was just room in the cart for their trunk, and about five

the way up one stone stair-case after another till they came to the third story. Here things were pleasanter. It was plain and bare; the floors were of brick, there were no carpets, and the furniture was scanty and old. But the rooms were large and airy, and through the open casement bright rays of sunshine streamed in. Pauline ran to the window, and behold, instead of the dirty lane, she saw the open piazza, and beyond, a glimpse of the blue hills and the Florence valley! She called Molly, and, perched on the broad sill, they watched the sunset and chattered like happy birds, while the padrona bustled to and fro, preparing supper and spreading coarse clean linen on the beds of a little chamber which opened from the sitting-room. The padrona's kitchen was about the size of an American closet. The stove was a stone shelf with two holes in it, just big enough to contain a couple of quarts of charcoal. It was like a doll's kitchen, Molly thought; and Pauline stared when she saw the padrona produce a palm-leaf fan and begin to fan the fire, as if it were faint and needed to be revived. But as she gazed, the charcoal was coaxed into a glow, the little pots and pans bubbled, and hey, presto! supper was ready, with half the trouble and a quarter the fuel which would have been needed to set one of our big home ranges going. It was a queer supper, but very good, the children thought; their long drive had made them hungry, and the omelette, salad, and *polenta*, or fried mush, tasted delicious. Everything was nice but the bread, which was dark in color and had an unpleasant sour taste. The padrona smiled when she saw them put aside their untasted slices, and said that she too used to dislike Italian bread, but that now she preferred it to any other.

The padrona was delighted with her young visitors. She had long been a widow. One of her sons was in the army, and seldom at home; the other helped her about the house and tilled a little meadow which belonged to them. She had no daughter to keep her company, and the sweet, bright-faced American girls pleased her greatly. She helped the sisters to undress, and tucked them into their beds as kindly as any old nurse, and they fell asleep with her pleasant voice in their ears. "Good-night and good dreams, little miss."

The morrow brought another fine day, and the girls improved it for a ramble about the quaint town. It seemed to them the very *oldest* place they had ever seen—and, in fact, Fiesole is older far than Florence, of which it was first the cradle and afterward the foe. They stood a long time before the windows of the straw-shop, choosing the things they would like to buy *if* they had any money! Pauline fell in love with a straw parasol, and Molly hankered after a work-basket for mamma.

Both of them felt that it was dreadful to be poor, but there was no help for it. Then they climbed to an upper terrace and sat a long time looking on the fine view it commanded, and talking in gestures to some brown little children who came up to beg from them. After that, they lifted the curtain over the cathedral door, and stole quietly about the ancient church. It was dark and shabby and worm-eaten; but as they wandered to and fro, they came upon beautiful things—tombs of sculptured marble with figures of saints and madonnas, wreaths of marble flowers, bits of old carved wood as black as ebony. It was strange to find such treasures hidden away in the dust and gloom, and to think that there they were, dusty and gloomy and old, before Columbus discovered the very new continent which we call America! A queer smell breathed about the place, a smell of must and age and dried-up incense. Pauline and Molly were glad to get away from it and feel the fresh air and the sunshine again. They rambled on to the western slope of the hill, and a little way down, where the land descends in terraces to the wooded valley below, they came upon the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. They had never seen an amphitheater before, but they guessed what it was from a picture which mamma had shown them. On the ledges which once were seats, where spectators seated in rows had watched the lions and the gladiators fight, crowds of purple violets now lifted their sweet faces to the sky.

After that the amphitheater became their favorite walk, and they went back every day. The padrona warned them against sitting long on the ground or staying out till the sunset dews fell, but they heeded what she said very little; it seemed impossible that so pleasant a spot could have any harm about it. But at last came a morning when Pauline recollected the padrona's warnings, with a great frightened heart-jump, for Molly waked up hot and thirsty, and, when she lifted her head from the pillow, let it fall back again and complained of being dizzy. The padrona made her some tea, and after awhile she felt better and got up. But all that day and the next she looked pale and dragged one foot after the other as she went about, and the third day fever came upon her in good earnest. Tea did no good this time, and she lay still and heavy, with burning hands and flushed cheeks. The padrona tried various simple medicines, and Pauline sat all day bathing Molly's head and fanning her, but neither medicine nor fanning was of use; and as night came on, and the fever grew higher, Molly began to toss and call for mamma, and to cry out about her pillow, which was stuffed with wool and very hard.

"I don't like this pillow, Pauline—indeed I

don't. It makes my neck ache so! Why don't you take it away, Pauline, and give me a nice soft pillow, such as we used to have at home? And I want some ice, and some good American water to drink. This water is bad. I can't drink it. Make the ice clink in the tumbler, please—because if I hear it clink I sha' n't be thirsty any more. And call mamma. I must see mamma. Mamma!”

And Molly tried to get up, and then tumbled back and fell into a doze for awhile, while poor Pauline sat beside her with a lump in her throat which seemed to grow worse every moment, and to bid fair to choke her entirely if it did n't stop. She did not dare to sob aloud, for fear of rousing Molly,

clung to this friend in need as to the only helper left in the wide world. Beppo, the padrona's son, walked into Florence and brought out a little Italian doctor, who ordered beef-tea, horrified Pauline by a hint of bleeding, and left, promising to come again, which promise he did n't keep. Pauline was glad that he did not; she felt no confidence in the little doctor, and she knew, besides, that doctors cost money, and the small sum which mamma left was almost gone. Day after day passed, Molly growing no better, the padrona more anxious, Pauline more unhappy. It seemed as if years and years had gone by since mamma left them—almost as if it were a dream that they ever had a mamma,



“SHE BENT OVER MOLLY AND LISTENED.”

but the tears ran quietly down her cheeks as she thought of home and mamma. Where was she? How was papa? Why did n't they write? And, oh dear! what should she, should she do, if Molly were to be very ill in that lonely place, where there was no doctor or any of the nice things which people in sickness need so much? No one can imagine how forlorn Pauline felt—that is, no one who has not tried the experiment of taking care of a sick friend in a foreign land, where the ways and customs are strange and uncomfortable, and the necessaries of good nursing cannot be had.

Nobody in the world could be kinder than was the padrona to her young invalid guest. Night after night she sat up, all day long she watched and nursed and cooked and comforted. Pauline

or a home, or any of the happy things which now looked so sadly far away.

Then came the darkest day of all, when Molly lay so white and motionless that Pauline thought her dead; when the padrona sat for hours, putting a spoonful of something between the pale lips every little while, but never speaking, and the moments dragged along as though shod with lead. Morning grew to noon, noon faded into the dimness of twilight, still the white face on the pillow did not stir, and still the padrona sat silently and dropped in her spoonfuls. At last she stopped, laid down the spoon, bent over Molly, and listened. Was any breath at all coming from the quiet lips?

“Oh, padrona, is she dead?” sobbed Pauline, burying her face in the bed-clothes.

"No, she is asleep," said the padrona. Then she hid her own face and said a prayer of thankfulness, while Pauline wept for joy, hushing herself as much as possible that Molly might not be disturbed.

All that night and far into the morning, the blessed sleep continued, and when Molly awoke the fever was gone. She was very white, and as weak as a baby; but Pauline and the padrona were happy again, for they knew that she was going to get well.

So another week crept by, each day bringing a little more strength and appetite to Molly, and a little more color to her pale face, and then the padrona thought she might venture to sit up. They propped her into a big chair with many pillows ("brickbats" Molly called them), and had just pulled her across the room to the window, when a carriage rattled on the stones below, somebody ran upstairs, and into the room burst mamma! Yes, the little mamma herself, pale as Molly almost, from the fright she had gone through; but so overjoyed to see them, and so relieved at finding Molly up and getting well, that there was nothing for it but a hearty cry, in which all took part and which did them all a great deal of good.

Then came explanations. Papa was a great deal better. The doctor thought the fever would do him good in the end rather than harm. But he was still weak, and mamma had left him to rest at the hotel in Florence while she flew up the hill to her children. Why did n't she write? She *had* written, again and again, but the letters had gone astray somehow, and none of the girls' notes had reached her except one from Molly, written just after they went to Fiesole. I may as well say now that all these missing letters followed them to America three months later, with a great deal of postage to be paid on them; but they were not of much use *then*, as you can imagine!

There was so much to say and to hear that it seemed as though they could never get through. Pauline held mamma's hand tight, and cried and laughed by turns.

"It was dreadful!" she said. "It was just exactly as if you and papa and everybody we knew were dead and we were left all alone. And I thought Molly would die too, and then what would have become of me? The padrona has been so kind—you can't think how kind. She sat up nine nights with Molly, and always said she was n't tired; but I knew she was. I used to think it must be the nicest place in the world up here at Fiesole, but I never want to see it again in all my life."

"Don't say that, for Molly has got well here. And the good padrona too! You ought to love Fiesole for her sake."

"So I ought. And I do love her. But you'll not ever go away and leave us *anywhere* again, will you, mamma?"

"Not if I can help it," replied mamma, speaking over Molly's head, which was nestled comfortably on her shoulder. There were tears in her eyes as she spoke. It had not been possible to help it, but the tender mother's heart felt it a wrong to her children that they should have been without her in sickness.

It was another week before Molly could be moved. Mamma drove up twice during that time, bringing oranges and wine and all sorts of nice things, and the last time a parcel with a present in it for the children to give to the padrona. It was a pretty silk shawl and a small gold pin to fasten it. Pauline and Molly were enchanted to make this gift, and the padrona admired the shawl extremely, but Mrs. Hale sorrowfully longed to be richer that she might heap many tokens of gratitude in the kind hands which had worked so lovingly for her little girls in their trouble.

"I can't bear to say good-bye," were Molly's last words as she leaned from the carriage for a parting hug. "Dear padrona, how I wish you would just come with us to America and live there. We would call you "aunty," and love you so, and be so glad, you can't think! Do come!"

But the padrona, smiling and tearful, shook her head and declared that she could never leave her boys and the hill-top and old neighbors, but must stay in Fiesole as long as she lived. So with many kisses and blessings the good-byes were uttered, and out of the narrow street and across the piazza rattled the carriage, and so down the hill-road to Florence.

Pauline and Molly are safe in America now. They tell the girls at school a great deal about what they saw and where they went, but they don't talk much of the time of Molly's illness, and when Matilda Maria, who lives in a drawer now, entertains the other dolls with tales of travel, she skips that. It is still too fresh in their memories, and too sad, for them to like to speak of it. But sometimes after they go to bed at night, they put their heads on the same pillow and whisper to each other about the old church, the amphitheater, the padrona, those days of fever, and all the other things that happened to them when mamma went away and left them alone at Fiesole.

## THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere."  
 —MILTON.

ALL through the spring months, and onward to the end of June, the evening star shone brightly in the west, slowly passing downward along the track which the sun had followed. She had been growing brighter and brighter up to the end of May, and for a week or so longer, but then she began to lose luster, night after night. She also drew nearer and nearer to the sun's place on the sky, so as to set sooner and sooner after him. At last she was no more seen. But if, during this September and October, and afterward till next spring, you get up before sunrise, you will see the morning star in the east, shining very brightly in September, but gradually with less and less splendor, until at length, late in spring next year, it will be lost to view. This morning star is the same body which before had shone in the evening. It shines half the time as an evening star, and half the time as a morning star; or, to be more exact, I ought to say that after shining for a long time as an evening star, and being lost for a time from view, it shines for just as long a time as a morning star, then is again lost from view, then shines for as long a time as before in the evening, and so on continually. It also changes in brightness all the time, in this way:

For rather more than eight months you see it in the evening, getting brighter and brighter, slowly, for the first seven months, and then getting fainter much more quickly, until at last you lose sight of it. In about a fortnight you see it as a morning star, getting brighter and brighter quickly during rather more than a month, and then getting slowly fainter and fainter during seven months, after which it can no more be seen. So that it shines about eight months as a morning star. After this it remains out of sight for about two months, and is then seen as an evening star. And so it goes on changing from a morning to an evening star, and from an evening star to a morning star continually, and always changing in brightness in the way just described.

The star which shows these strange changes is called by astronomers Venus, and is the most beautiful of all the stars. Venus was called the Planet of Love; and in old times, when men thought that the stars rule our fortunes, the rays

of Venus were supposed to do a great deal of good to those who were born when she was shining brightly. But in our time, men no longer fancy that because a star looks beautiful like Venus, it brings good luck; or that because a star looks dim and yellow, like Saturn, it brings bad fortune. They know that Venus is a globe like our own earth, going round the sun just as the earth does. Our earth seen from Venus looks like a star, just as Venus looks like a star to us. And if there are any creatures living on Venus who can study the stars as we do, they have quite as much reason for thinking that the globe on which we live brings them good luck, as we have for thinking that *their* globe brings *us* good luck.

It is strange that of all the stars we see, Venus is the only one which is in reality like the earth in size. All the others are either very much smaller or very much larger. Most of them—in fact all the stars properly so called—are great globes of fire like our sun, and are thousands of times larger than the globe we live on. A few others are like Venus and the earth in not being true stars, but bodies traveling round the sun and owing all their light to him. But it so happens that not one even of these is nearly of the same size as the earth; they are all either very much larger or very much smaller. Venus is the only sister-world the earth has, among all the orbs which travel round the sun. There may be others in the far off depths of space, traveling round some one or other of those suns which we call "stars," but if so, we can never know that such sister-worlds exist, for no telescope could ever be made which would show them to us.

And as Venus is the earth's sister-world, so is she her nearest neighbor, except the moon, which is the earth's constant companion. The globes which form the sun's family, go round him in paths which lie nearly in the same level. Venus is the second in order of distance, our earth the third, and Mars (a bright red body, of which you will see a good deal next year) is the fourth. So that Mars is our next neighbor on the outside, and Venus our next neighbor on the inside; but the path of Venus lies nearer to ours than that of Mars. Fig. 1 shows the shape and size of the paths of Venus and the earth, S being the sun, the inside circle (with eight little globes shown upon it) being the path of Venus, and the outside circle the path of the earth. The earth takes a year going round

her path, while Venus goes round hers in about seven months and a half, so that just as the two hands of a clock going round at different rates come together at regular intervals, so Venus and the earth come at regular intervals on a line with the sun, as shown at E and  $v_5$  in Fig. 1. But it will be easier to see what changes must happen in the appearance of Venus, if we suppose the earth to stay still as at E, and Venus to go round from

side toward the earth, and looks like 4. At this time she looks much brighter than when she was on any part of the path from  $v_1$  to  $v_3$ . But now she draws up to the place  $v_5$ , where her dark side is turned fully toward the earth. Her face is like the horned moon during this part of her course, but grows larger and larger, until when she is at  $v_5$  it would be as large as 5 in Fig. 2, if it could be seen. But at this time it is out of sight, just as

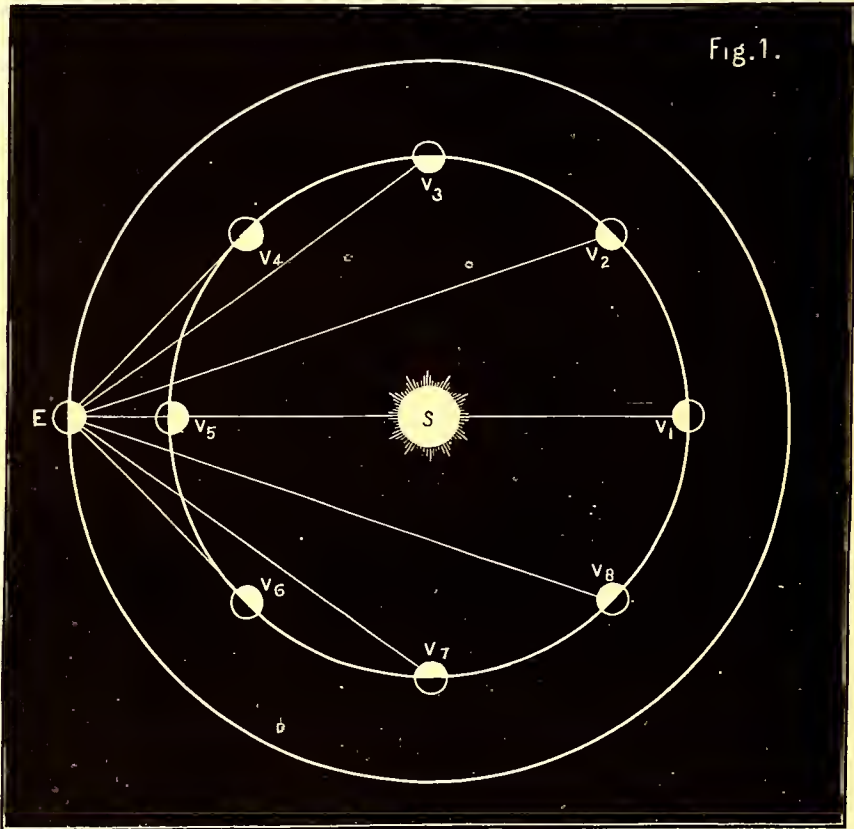


FIGURE 1.

the position  $v_1$  to all the other places  $v_2$ ,  $v_3$ , etc., shown in the figure. It takes her about nineteen months to get through all these changes. When she is at  $v_1$  she is very far away, as the figure shows. Her bright face—that is, the face the sun shines on—is turned toward the earth full front, and the face she shows is therefore like 1 in Fig. 2. She goes on to  $v_2$ , drawing nearer, and turning a small part of her dark half toward the earth; so she looks as 2, Fig. 2. At  $v_3$  she is still nearer, and turns still more of her dark half toward the earth; looking like 3, Fig. 2. At  $v_4$  she turns rather more than half her dark

the moon is before she shows as a new moon. Afterward Venus goes through the same changes, but in the reverse order, getting smaller and smaller, but turning more and more of her bright face toward us, as shown at 6, 7, 8 and 1, Fig. 2. If you remember that Venus takes nineteen months in passing through all these changes, you will see how it is that for about seven months she gets brighter and brighter as an evening star (this is while she is moving from near  $v_1$  to  $v_4$ ). She then continues about a month more as an evening star, but growing fainter (while she is moving from  $v_4$  to near  $v_5$ ). After this she becomes a morning star,

growing brighter for a month or so (while she is moving from near  $V_5$  to  $V_6$ ). And lastly, for eight months more, remaining a morning star, she gets gradually fainter (while she is moving from  $V_6$  to  $V_1$ ).

When you look at Venus without a telescope, she always looks like a bright point of light, because she is so far away. But with a telescope, even a small one, the changes of shape and size shown in Fig. 2 can be easily seen. They were first seen by Galileo, the great Italian astronomer, in the year 1610. If we could only see Venus's bright face instead of her dark one, when she is nearest to us, we could learn more about her; but as it is, Venus cannot be seen at all when nearest, and the more of her bright face she turns toward us the farther away she gets. Yet we have learned some things about her which are very curious, and a few which no one ever could have thought we

## PART II.

In the first part of this article, I have given an account of the various changes of appearance presented by the beautiful star which sometimes shines as Hesperus, the star of evening, and sometimes as Lucifer, the morning star. Let us now consider what this star really is, so far, at least, as we can learn by using telescopes and other instruments.

Venus has, in the first place, been measured, and we find that she is a globe nearly as large as the earth. Like the earth, she travels round and round the sun continually, but not in the same time as the earth. The earth goes round the sun once in twelve months, while Venus goes round once in about seven and a half months; so that *her* year, the time in which the seasons run through their changes, is four and a half months less than ours. If Venus has four seasons like ours,—spring, sum-

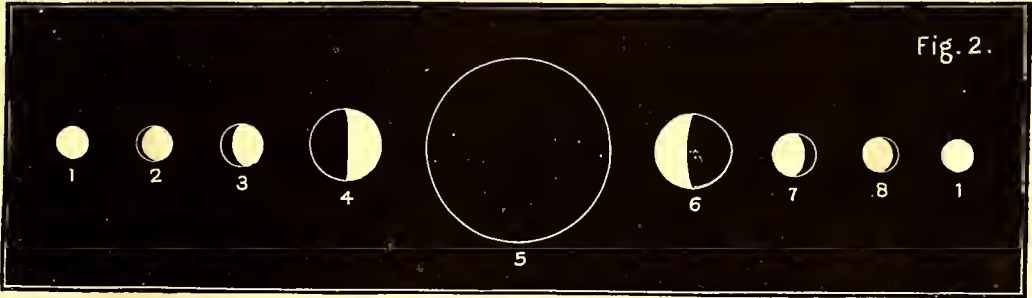


FIGURE 2.

should know. Venus looks very beautiful to us, but our earth must look far more beautiful to creatures living on Venus. For if you look at Fig. 1, you will see that when Venus is nearest to the earth, and turns her dark side to the earth, the earth turns her bright face to Venus.

Now if Venus looks so bright as she does when only turning toward us a small half-face like 4 or 6 (Fig. 2), and when shining on a bright sky, how glorious must the earth appear when turning a bright disc as large as 5 (Fig. 2), toward Venus, and shining on a black sky. For, observe,—when Venus is at  $V_5$ , Fig. 1, the earth  $E$  is on that side of her which is just opposite the sun. The earth is therefore seen at midnight. So that beautiful as our sister world looks to us, our own world looks still more beautiful to Venus. It shines at midnight in her sky as a star far brighter than our star of morning and evening, and close by it the moon must be quite clearly seen, now on one side, now on the other. One cannot but wonder whether there are creatures on Venus who admire this beautiful sight in their skies, or try to find out if that distant world, our own earth, is the abode of other living creatures.

mer, autumn, and winter,—each of these seasons lasts eight weeks. Venus also, like our earth, turns on her axis, and so has night and day as we have. Her day is not quite so long as ours, but the difference—about twenty-five minutes—is not very important.

So far there is nothing in what we have learned about Venus which does not agree well with the idea that the planet is a world like our earth, where people like ourselves might live very comfortably. For it would not matter much to us, probably, if the year were shortened by four or five months, and the day by half an hour—supposing always that trees and vegetables were so made that they could thrive under the change. In fact, if anyone leaves the temperate regions to visit the tropics, he has to undergo a greater change. For here in England (where I am writing), and throughout the United States, the seasons change from the heat of summer to the cold of winter, and back again to the heat of summer, in twelve months; but at the equator, the greatest heat occurs in spring and autumn, or at intervals of only six months. So far as the length of the year is concerned, an American or an Englishman could very well bear the change

to the temperate zone of Venus, where the interval between the successive seasons of greatest heat amounts to seven and a half months.

But when we consider some other points, we see

would be a miserable home for us if her path were as close to the sun as that of Venus.

We see, then, that either there must be some peculiarities about Venus which prevent the sun

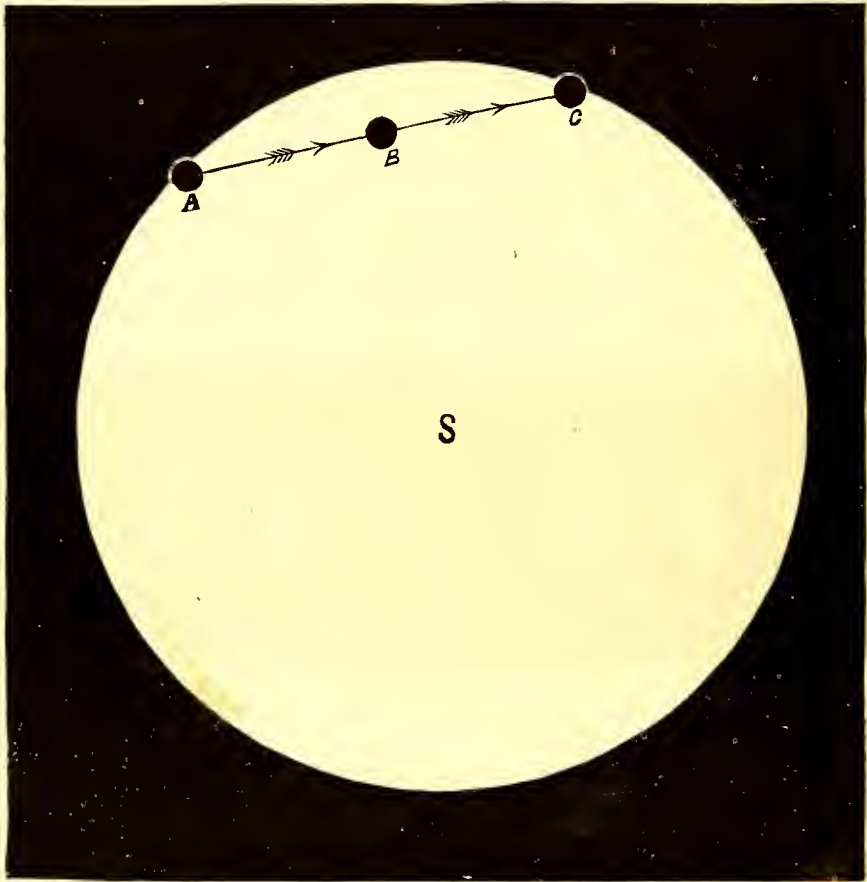


FIGURE 3.

that Venus, beautiful though she looks, would not be a comfortable home for us. In the first place, we know that if we draw nearer to a fire we get more heat from it. Now Venus is much nearer to the sun—the great fire of the solar system—than our earth is. She receives, then, much more heat from him. In fact, it is easily calculated that if our earth were set traveling on the path of Venus, we should receive almost exactly twice as much heat from the sun as we do at present. This would be unbearable, except, perhaps, in the polar regions; and even there the summer, with that tremendous sun above the horizon all through the twenty-four hours, would be scarcely bearable. Besides, what a contrast between the hot polar summer and the cold polar winter, when for weeks together the sun would not be seen at all. Altogether, this earth

from heating people there as he would certainly heat us if our home were there, or else the creatures which live on Venus must be different from ourselves and the other animal inhabitants of our earth. Unfortunately, we cannot make telescopes large enough to show us what is going on upon that planet, and there is no reason for hoping that such telescopes can ever be made. What we know, however, about the planet's condition does not seem to show that creatures living there would be more comfortable than we should be if the earth were put where Venus is. Just the contrary, so far as we can judge. You know that the seasons on our earth are caused by the fact that she turns on a slanted axis. If her axis were upright, there would be no seasons; if it were more slanted, the contrast between summer and winter would be greater.



Now Venus has her axis much more slanted than the earth's, so that her seasons must be very marked indeed. Thus the heat of her summer weather must be even more terrible than we thought just now.

But there is yet another point to be noticed. You know that on the upper slopes of lofty mountains, there is snow all the year round, even in the torrid zone. That is because the air up there is so rare that it does not act like the denser air lower down, which is a sort of clothing for the earth, keeping the heat from escaping. Now if the air of Venus were very rare, something of the same sort might happen on that planet. Just as people who live in torrid zones seek the high mountain slopes in the hottest seasons of the year, and find there a temperate climate, so the inhabitants of Venus might find it possible to bear the sun's intense heat if the air of the planet were rare like that above the snow-line in our mountain regions.

But it seems that, on the contrary, the air of Venus is even denser than ours. And it seems also to be a moist air, which is just the kind of air that keeps the heat in most. The air of Venus is, in fact, so dense and moist that it must be very uncomfortable to live in, quite apart from the intense heat; that is to say, it would be very uncomfortable for creatures like ourselves.

You will ask, however, how it can possibly be known that the air of Venus is dense. And you will wonder still more how astronomers can pretend to know that the air is moist. If no telescope can show living creatures on the planet, how can the planet's air be seen, and how can it be known whether the air is dense or rare, wet or dry? Although I cannot explain to you exactly how this has been found out (because to understand it you would have to study several rather dry books), I

the sun at regular intervals of about nineteen and a half months. Sometimes when this happens, she can be seen with a telescope crossing the sun's face, as shown in Fig. 3, where A is the black body of the planet entering on the sun's face; S; B is the planet in the middle of its path on the sun's face; and C is the planet passing off the sun's face. This happened on December 9, 1874, and will happen again on December 6, 1882, in such a way that every one in America will be able to see Venus on the sun, if the weather is clear.

Now, last December, when the planet was as at A, a bright arc of light was seen round the part of the planet which had not yet entered upon the sun's face. This arc was not a mere faint light, but strong sunlight. When the planet was as at C, a similar arc of light was seen, as shown in Fig. 3. There is only one way in which this arc of light can be accounted for, and that is by the action of air upon Venus bending the sun's rays, as shown in the second picture of Fig. 4, so that the sun is seen *round the corner*. Our air shows us the sun in this way, when he would be quite out of sight if there were no air; for when you see the sun's disc just touching the horizon, it is the air which really brings him into view, by bending his rays round the curved surface of the earth.

So we are quite certain that there is air of some kind on Venus. And we can even tell how much there is. Your countryman, Professor Lyman, has made observations of this kind (not exactly the same as are illustrated in Fig. 3, but depending upon the same bending power of the air on rays of light); and from what he has seen, it appears that the air on Venus is about twice as dense as the air on the earth.

But how can it possibly be shown that the air of Venus is moist? Why, if you remember that the

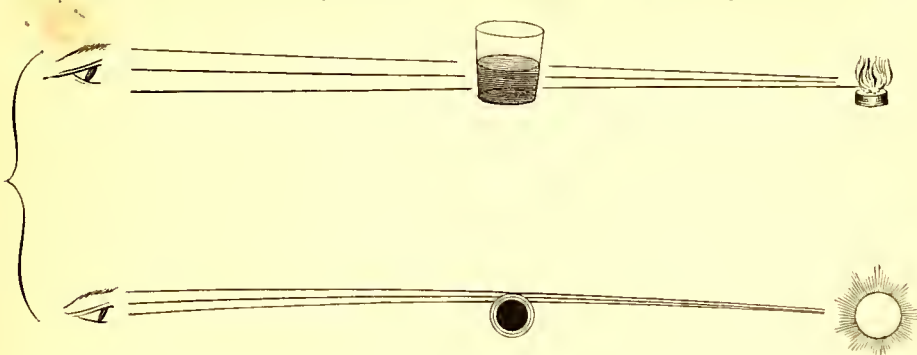


FIGURE 4.

can tell you enough to show how it is possible for astronomers to find out these things.

From what was explained in the first part, you could see that Venus comes between the earth and

sunlight has passed through that air, you will understand that this light when it comes to us may tell us what sort of air it has passed through. In the first picture of Fig. 4 there is shown an eye, a

tumbler with liquid in it, and a light. If the liquid is water, and a few drops of wine are added to it, the eye immediately perceives that the liquid has become faintly colored; and you can easily see that this does not depend on the distance of the tumbler and the light. So long, at least, as the light reaches the eye, it can convey its message, telling the eye that some colored fluid has been added to the water. Now there is an instrument called the spectroscope, by means of which the eye could not only learn this, but also precisely what fluid had been added. Consider, then, the second picture of Fig. 4. Here we have the eye as before, Venus with her air all round her instead of the tumbler of water, and the sun instead of the lamp. Can you not now understand that if there is moisture in the heavy air of Venus, the eye, properly armed with a spectroscope and a telescope, can learn the fact from the sun's rays which have passed through that air? That is what astronomers actually did last December, when the globe of Venus was passing,

as in Fig. 3. between our earth and the sun. There cannot be moisture in the air of a planet unless there are seas and oceans on the planet's surface. No doubt, then, Venus has her continents and oceans, her islands and promontories, and inland seas and lakes, very much as our earth has. Then there must be rivers on the land and currents in the ocean; there must be clouds and rain, wind and storm, thunder and lightning, and perhaps snow and hail.

Whether the planet is an inhabited world or not, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it is a world getting ready for use as a home for living creatures. Some astronomers think that the sun is gradually parting with his heat. If, millions of years hence, the sun should only give out half as much heat as now, perhaps Venus would be as comfortable a place to live in as our earth is now. That may seem to us a long time for a planet to wait, but it is not long to Him in whose eyes "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day."

## DICK HARDIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY LUCY S. RIDER.

*Philadelphia, March 28, 1876.*

DEAR MOTHER: We got here. I like to live here. We went into a sleeping-car, and a black man let down a little cupboard, and made a bed in it. I slept in a top cupboard, and Uncle Ben down below. It had sheets just like a bed, only you bumped your head pretty often.

I climbed up. It was worse than a tree. There was a lady, and she had to sleep up high too. She did n't climb. The man brought some stairs, and she went to the top and worked herself in.

There was a little baby, and it cried worse than Tooty, and some man snored, and my bed joggled, and I thought I'd sleep with Uncle Ben. His bed did n't joggle. He is never afraid.

There is a horse-car in New York, and we rode in it. It has bells. A man can stop it any time. I can stop it. The other teams get on the track too, but the driver has a whistle, and the other man gets off.

A man comes in, and everybody gives him some money. He has a silver thing that rings to make him honest. Uncle Ben says he would like to put one on some folks. May be he will give me one. The women come in, and stop and look at some

man, and he stands up and she sits down, except the ones with an old bonnet on.

There is a road called Broadway. There is no grass. There is a stone floor and folks, and teams, like going home from meeting.

Uncle Ben showed me the house where they make my ST. NICHOLAS. It is a big house. Mr. Scribner lives in it. I saw his name 'way up on top in gold letters. It says "Scribner and Co." That means him and company. He has got lots of books.

Every little while there is a big man in the road, with a blue coat on, and a round stick as long as my leg, and he is a policeman, and he walks up and down, and everybody has to do just as he says. He walks across the road with the ladies, and they are not afraid. He has a silver star on his coat, and a belt with a silver buckle, and silver buttons. I am going to be a policeman after I get through college.

Your son,

DICKERSON HARDIN.

*Philadelphia, April 8, 1876.*

DEAR MOTHER: I am well. Aunt Martha is well, and Willie is well too. Willie wears shirts

and collars just like Uncle Ben, and neck-ties. He gave me a neck-tie. They have stiff bosoms in them. They do not have to be made. Aunt Martha buys them at the store. I wish I had a shiny shirt to wear with my neck-tie.

They have all brick houses here, with white boards for blinds. It makes it night inside when you shut them up. They do not pump up the water. It comes out in pipes, like my squirt-gun, only bigger, and more fun. It makes it fly half-a-mile, I guess.

There is a woman with a big dish on her head.



"HE IS A POLICEMAN (I DREW THIS LAST TIME)."

She walks fast, and does not hold it on, but it stays on. She sings a kind of song that says,

"Shadow! shadow!  
Nice, fresh shadow!"

and that means that she has some shad to sell, and Hannah buys some.

There are men too, but they have a cart and a horse instead of their head, and they sing a kind of tune too, but you can't tell what they say pretty often.

Aunt M. (for Martha) thinks she will write you the letter next week. She s'poses that will be keeping my promise, and because this is a long one too. Willie don't like to write letters. I tell him I guess he would write letters if his mother let

him come to the Centennial. Then he said you was a jolly good woman, anyway.

He'd better believe.

Your son,

DICK HAR

P. S.—There was n't room for the rest of the name, but I thought you would remember.

*Philadelphia, April 22, 1876.*

DEAR MOTHER: Me and Willie went down to the Independence Hall. Aunt Martha says that is where they made the first Fourth of July.

There is a marble statute before the house that stands for George Washington. He is leaning onto a stump, and has holes cut in his eyes. There is a gold fence in the room, to keep folks from touching the things. There is a table with seven drawers, and a big old chair, and some other chairs, and they signed it on it.

There was a man behind the fence. I think he was a general. He had gold spectacles.

There was more'n a hundred pictures on the wall, and two flags. One was yellow, and they had that on the ships; and one was red and white, and that was on the land; and there was a snake on them, and he said, "Don't tread on me." Benjamin Franklin was in a gold frame on the wall. There is another man up over him, in his shirt-sleeves, because he is a minister; and another man with his trousers tucked into his stockings. They are very tight. There is a sofa that Washington had; but nobody cannot sit on it. It looks hard. May be it was softer then. We saw the big bell. It has a crack and some Bible on it. The man behind the fence had some wood bells to sell. They had a crack too, but the tongue was gold. I wanted to buy one for Tooty, but we did not have enough.

Your son,

D. HARDIN.

P. S.—We had only 33.

*May 12, 1876.*

DEAR MOTHER: It has opened. There is a yellow p'ace to go in, and a little hole to drop the money in, and a thing that goes around.

There is a tall thing too that goes around when the folks want to go out. It has arms, and you are afraid it will catch you.

I went in. I heard the band, and that was the parade. Uncle Ben put me on a ladder, and I saw it. The sash was blue, and the men looked splendid with the red tassels on them.

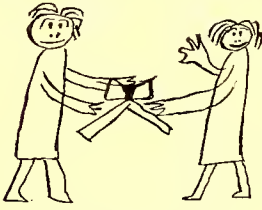
President Grant came first, with a lady, and she bowed to the people; and then Mrs. Grant came, and then some generals, and then some men with hats made of fur, about as high as Tooty. There was a muddy p'ace, and they talked and some folks sung, and they shot off some guns and bells that

opened it. Then they went to another place, and the President pulled something, and it hissed, and all the machinery began to go, and it made a great noise. So good-bye. Your son,

DICKERSON H.

May 25th, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: Me and Willie go up to the Centennial every Saturday, all alone. Men never



"HE GAVE ME A NECKTIE."

get lost, but little boys get lost. We never get lost. There is a long place, and that is the Main Building. It has flags on it. Every house has flags on it. There is a gold monument in the M. B. (you know what that means), and it says it was dug in five years, and it is sixty-five tons, and you must not touch it. There is lots of policemen, and there is a red stripe in their trouser-legs, and they don't have to pay to go in.

I drew this picture of Willie and me last month, but did n't put it in the letter.

I saw a cane that had a little gold man on the top of it. There was some chickens' feet with gold on them. to pin a shawl with, and a real goat's head with a hole in the top to put snuff in. Uncle Ben says snuff is good for goat's heads.

There was a bear, and he was stuffed and stood up straight, and held a tray, and said he was a dumb waiter on the card; but I guess he could growl once.

There is a organ that plays by turning a handle. I think we might sell the piano and get one. You don't have to learn to play on it; you just turn the handle. It has little things that hop up on the under-side to make the music. The man plays a beautiful tune. I could play a beautiful tune if I had it. The man said so.

There is a little silver boy on horseback, and he pours a drop of water out of a silver cup all the time. Everybody holds their handkerchiefs under it, and then it smells sweet.

Your boy, D. H.

P. S.—How is the baby?

June 2, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: There is a Remorial Hall, with a woman on the top, and some eagles. There is a soldier and two black horses in front, up on a block, with a woman on one side, and a wing on the other, and a big tail. She is big.

There are statutes inside. There are some people without any clothes on. There is Washing-

ton, but he is cut off, so he has n't got any legs; and there is a little boy that has pounded his fingers. There is a little horse, and a man came and said, "Where is the lady that belongs to that little horse?" But she had gone. There is a room full of old dirty heads and things that were dug up. The folks hold a telescope up to their eyes. It has two round places, and you look through. There are 'bout a million pictures, and you must not point a stick at them; it says so, or you'll get 'rested. There are some boots made of a alligator skin. A alligator is a snake. There is one in a glass box. There are some whales too. When they are little the mouth reaches almost to his tail, but when they grow big it is smaller. There are some folks that have shot a elk. They stand up and have guns, but they are not real folks. There is a fountain where four women hold a dish on their heads, and there is another fountain made out of snakes. The snakes hold their heads down, and the water comes out of their mouths, and squirts back. They are pretty, so good-bye.

Your son, D. H.

P. S.—They are not alive.

Philadelphia, June 16, 1876.

DEAR MOTHER: I am glad you are coming. Bring Tooty and bring the money in my bank. There is a Japanese place, and there is some turtles in a glass box, and I am going to buy one. They cost 25 cents, and they stick out their heads and feet and tail. There are canes for 20 cents. They are very good for a young man. The Japanese folks have funny eyes, and don't talk very well. I know one. He asked me what was my name, and I asked him what was his, but I don't remember.

They have little things that stick their tongue out at folks. They are 15 cents. I asked him if he wanted another clerk, but he did not. There is a old woman churning and a man whipping a horse; but they are only toys. I think they might do for Tooty. There is a meter that fell down out of the sky. It is a black stone. There is a looking-glass that makes you fat.



IT MAKES YOU FAT.

My legs are as short as Tooty's, but big around, and I step about two miles it looks like. I'll put in a picture I made of it.

There is only a little more about it, and I guess Aunt Martha will write that. I got your letter.

Your son, D. HARDIN.

P. S.—Please don't forget the money in my bank.

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

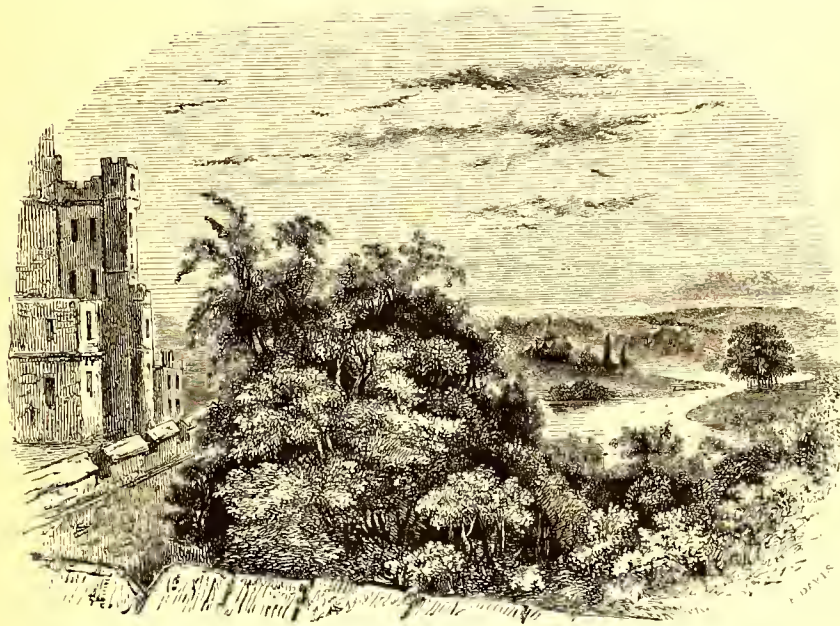
BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER VI.

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

If you have been at all interested in the history of English rulers past and gone, who have each had their day in the old Castle of Windsor, and lent interest to its gray walls, I do not doubt that you will feel an equal, or, perhaps even a warmer, interest in hearing something about their present representative, that lady whom we in England call

a picture in the Castle, which, although not a very good picture, catches the eye from this interest of subject merely. It is called "The Queen's First Council." There she sits, the young girl of eighteen, very simple, simpler in the girlish dress of that period than any girl of eighteen looks nowadays, in the midst of the grave circle of experienced statesmen, looking so young, so innocent, so unlike the rest, that it is impossible not to be touched by the sight. That is a long time ago, and it is said now that



VIEW FROM THE NORTH TERRACE—THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES.

Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and whom everybody has heard of all over the world, not only as a great queen, but as a good woman. The Queen is one of those fortunate persons to whom the world does full justice, a thing which does not always happen even to good people. Some, indeed, who do not take the popular fancy, never get justice done them at all, until, perhaps, some enthusiast arises who searches out the record and sets them in their right place; but the Queen, perhaps because of the interest of her position when she first succeeded to the throne, has always been appreciated. Her position was so interesting that it was not wonderful if all spectators were attracted. There is

among the statesmen of the present day there are few so experienced or so judicious as the Queen, who has won that name for herself by the attention she has always given to public business, and the long training she has had under the best masters; and, perhaps, by the cool head and clear intelligence which is in the Coburg family, to which she belongs by the mother's side. Queen Victoria was born in the year 1819, in the month of May, the only child of George III.'s fourth son, the Duke of Kent. Curiously enough, of all that large family, seven sons and several daughters, there are very few immediate representatives left in the world. George IV. had but one daughter, the Princess

Charlotte, who died very sadly, poor young soul, in the height of her happiness, a young wife, her little baby dying with her. William IV., who succeeded him, had two daughters, who died in their infancy; so you see that Providence, one way or another, had determined upon a queen for us.

I wish I had time to tell you about the old king, George III., who had more to do with Windsor Castle than almost any of his predecessors; and, indeed, he had a great deal to do with you also—for, I suppose, it was his obstinacy more than anything else which enraged the great American colony, and prompted your grandfathers to make that stand for independence and separation from the mother country which has ended in your great republican America. So that you ought to have more interest than usual in good



THE LITTLE VICTORIA.

old virtuous, narrow-minded, stubborn "Farmer George," who lived in princely Windsor, like an honest country squire, a good, dull, happy, domestic life, and gossiped and poked about everywhere—meddling, friendly, troublesome and kind; with a great many sons and daughters, and a good, plain, homely wife. Gainsborough painted Queen Charlotte and her daughters with powdered hair and simple smiles on their faces, plain women, but with natural, friendly looks; and they all lived together in Windsor, and did needle-work in the evenings, and yawned a good deal, and had grave, beautiful concerts of Handel's music for their only amusement. Poor Princesses! The music was beautiful, but I fear they were very dull as they sat round the table and "knotted," which was the fancy-work of the time. Their brothers went out into the world and amused themselves, and were

not good at all; but Princess Augusta, and Princess Sophia, and the rest, were very good and had very little amusement.

All at once, however, this dull, royal, domestic drama turned into a tragedy. The good father went mad, the family broke up, and Windsor Castle was made into a kind of prison, through which this poor, old, crazed King went roaming in melancholy distraction, sometimes drawing long wailing notes out of his organ, moping about the great, old, vacant suites of rooms where he was left to himself. Nothing could be more pitiful than this family story. When King George was young and his children were little, he used to take them all out to walk on the Slopes—such a train of them in their elaborate dresses, with high-heeled shoes and hoops, little swords at the little princes' sides, and cocked hats; and the princesses with funny little mobcaps upon their powdered heads. And the people came from far and near to look at them and make their bows and courtesies to the royal family, all friendly and smiling. That was in the beginning of his career, when he was King of America too, and all your grandfathers were our fellow-subjects. But fancy what a sad change there was when this old, mad king, like Shakspeare's King Lear, was left alone, his family all gone away from him, the little princes turned into bad, unkind men, the dutiful daughters dispersed, and he alone wandering with wild eyes and long white beard through the deserted rooms, bewildered and crazed and knowing nothing except that he was miserable. Poor old, foolish, friendly King George! He was never a great or dignified king; but when he went mad, the sacredness of great misfortune and sorrow came upon him, and you may fancy how melancholy our Castle looked when all the life was thus hushed out of it, and only this melancholy, wild-eyed, white-bearded old man was left in his madness there.

However, all that was changed before Queen Victoria's time. King George III.'s family had almost died away, surviving only in the persons of two respectable, not very clever old gentlemen, and some old ladies, when the little princess came to the throne. There is a pretty story told by her governess, which was published not very long ago, and which I am sure you will be pleased to hear, of how this little girl of twelve summers felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the Queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself.

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough,] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It

was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl, overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA WHEN FIRST TOLD THAT SHE WAS TO BECOME QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

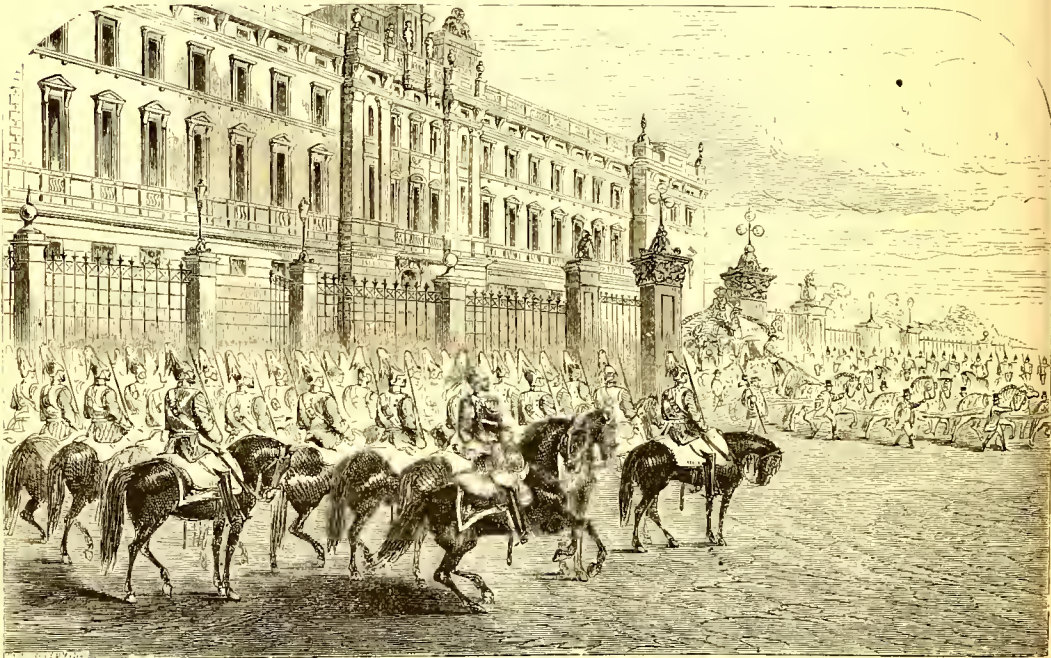
lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'"

her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for elegant expressions, what could she have found better?) than those dear child's words "I will be good!" I think there could not be a more charming little historical scene. "I cried much

on learning it," is the note which the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which, as we are fond of saying, "the sun never sets"—yet only twelve years old, a little girl in a white frock, with big blue eyes opening wide with wonder. Think how you would feel who are the same age, if anything a tenth part as wonderful were told to you!

Princess Victoria was but eighteen when her uncle William IV. died, and she became actually Queen of England. We are very steady-going

marked anywhere had she been only *Miss* Victoria. She had not much color in her youth; and it was a time of simplicity, as you will see by the portrait, when girls wore their pretty hair in a natural way without swelling it out by artificial means, or building it up like towers on their heads, and when their dresses were very simple, almost childish in their plainness. All this increased the sentiment of youth and naturalness and innocence in the little Queen; but I remember very distinctly when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. She was then a young mother and approach-



PARK ENTRANCE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE ROYAL RESIDENCE AT LONDON.

people, you know, in the British Islands, and don't excite ourselves easily; but if the country had not been smitten with some enthusiasm for this young, slight creature, with those royal blue eyes looking full and fearless upon all the world, Englishmen would not have been what they are. You may fancy how touched and fatherly the statesmen felt who had to submit all their plans to her, and get her girlish approbation, and watch her first steps in life. Lord Melbourne, who was the Prime Minister then, had "tears in his eyes," we are told, several times, as he watched her. I do not suppose the Queen was ever beautiful, though that is a word which is used to describe many persons whose features would not bear any severe test of beauty; but yet her face was one which you would have re-

ing the maturity of womanhood. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still—looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness, quite poetical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose she was at all aware of this, for the Queen does not take credit for being so calmly royal; but this was how she looked to a fanciful girl seeing Her Majesty for the first time.

And then after the beginning, so full of touching interest, there came to this little maiden on the throne the prettiest simple love-story. The Queen has told it herself with touching and tender simplicity to her people, whose sympathy she was sure of, as a mother might tell her children, with tears and smiles, how their dead father wooed her. A queen



is so separated, so isolated, without equals like the rest of us, that when her heart is full you can fancy what a relief it must be to her to say it out to all her kindly people—the women who have loved like herself and wept like herself, and all the unknown friends whom she is more sure of than almost any one else can be. Poets do the same. Many of the best books and the finest poems ever written have been more or less a secret appeal to those unknown friends, those hearts which can understand and sympathize. The books which Queen Victoria has published, or sanctioned the publication of, are like this. She has no doubt of our tender friendship for her, our Queen, nor that we will be ready to take an interest in all that has happened to her; so, now that her individual romance is over, she has taken us all into her confidence, as it seems so natural that she should do, but as perhaps no one else ever did before. Therefore, without any breach of privacy, as she has herself told it, I can give you an account of this romance as it happened six and thirty years ago.

Just three months after Princess Victoria was born, another child came into the world, who was her cousin, the son of her mother's brother, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a pretty, gentle boy, who grew into one of the best and most blameless of men. He was not born to such great fortunes as the little Victoria, but he belonged to one of the wisest and most able families existing, and before he and his cousin were more than children, it began to enter into the minds of the fathers and mothers, and still more of the wise uncle, Leopold, who was King of the Belgians, that here was a pair who would be each other's fit helpmates, and would make a perfect marriage. They did not say very much about it, but they educated the young Prince as carefully as they were educating the young Princess, and taught him to think of life as something noble and serious, to be used for the good of his fellow-creatures, and not merely for pleasure to himself. When he was grown up and had become a handsome young man, he went to England to visit his aunt, who was Princess Victoria's mother. And there these two met, young, blooming, hopeful creatures, both of them loving everything, as St. Paul says, that was honest and lovely and of good report; fond of music, fond of art, and deeply touched with a sense of their own responsibilities and the high duty to which they were born. They met, unconscious of the plans that had been formed when they were in their cradles, and made each other's acquaintance in the frank and simple intercourse of relationship. At that moment, though destined to such great fortunes, they were but a boy and girl together. In the meantime, however, contrary to the usual rule, it was the girl upon whom the more serious weight

of life fell first. The youth went away to travel and study; the little maiden, modest and awe-stricken, yet brave in her deep sense of the responsibility of this honor to which she was born, had to mount the steps of the throne and seat herself there, all tremulous in grandeur and solitude, at an age when the biggest event that happens to most girls is a first ball! Her dearest friends, even her mother, had all to be left a step behind, below that lonely eminence. The ordinary rules of a girl's life, the sweet dependence, the support and control which keeps youth safe and blessed, have all to be reversed and changed when the girl is a reigning queen.

And this made the strangest change in the preliminaries of the romance that followed. Her cousin, Albert, who had kept a tender thought for Victoria in his heart, sending her now a flower, now a little picture, as he wandered about in Switzerland and Italy, through those thousand places where every one longs to go, came back three years after to England, with more definite hopes in his mind. And on her side the young sovereign had been pondering. She had made up her mind, she thought, not to marry, at least for the time. She was so young still, just twenty, and though she had begun to feel that it was a hard task to be a queen, and that of all chilly and unkindly seats there was none so lonely and cold as a throne, yet she was coy, as a girl has a right to be, and would not marry—not yet—not till she was older. So she said, and so, no doubt, she thought; and the lover-cousin came with his heart beating, but no words to plead his suit with, for what was he, a poor young German prince, her uncle's second son, to offer love to a queen? How it happened I cannot tell, but strangely enough, the Queen's unwillingness to marry all melted away like frost under the sunshine when this fair-haired young knight came into her enchanted palace. She did not say another word about being so young. But then there ensued a tremulous moment of uncertainty. It was her part, not his, to say the word which should make all clear between them, and you may suppose how the young Queen faltered and trembled over that necessary advance. At last—all the spectators about, you may be sure, watching with breathless interest—Prince Albert was told that the Queen wanted to see him. How it came about exactly only the two know who were most concerned, but it did not take long to settle matters. "These last few days have passed like a dream to me," the Queen wrote to her uncle after this agitating moment was over. "I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do feel very happy." As for the young lover, he struck, as he ought, a bolder note. "The eyes see heaven open. The heart is drowned in blessedness," he writes, quoting Schiller, his

favorite poet. And how bright was all the world around them—the October sun still warm, the woods all green, yet touched with autumn, mists of sweet completion and harvest fullness, softening

After a while the house began to fill, and little feet of children went pattering about the galleries and towers. “Victoria plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping—as *old*, though I



VIEW OF OSBORNE HOUSE.

the outlines of the broad, warm, sunny landscape! For it was at our old Windsor that all this pretty romance took place, and the royal lady offered her shy hand, all tremulous in sweet agitation and trouble, to the eager lover who dared not ask for it. The old Castle ought to have looked the brighter ever after for such a pretty scene.

And after they were married, with all the pomp and joy that you can imagine, all London turning out to see them, and people crowding along the whole twenty miles of road to watch for the carriages coming, it was in Windsor that they passed the few short days of happy seclusion which was all that could be permitted to a royal bride. Those gray, ancient towers, that had seen so many royal races, became a real home, with the happy young pair coming and going, Her Majesty learning to get up early in the morning (which, with artless girlish regret, she tells us had not been a habit of hers), and taking delightful walks in the park, brushing the dew from the grass, and finding out day by day how sweet life was, and love and kind companionship. “At Windsor the Prince was in his element,” we are told. “I feel,” were his own words, “as if in Paradise in this fine fresh air.”

fear still *little*, Victoria of former days used to do,” says the Queen. They had plenty of work, the two young people,—for you must not think that if a woman is idle the trade of Queen will suit her,—as they had a great deal to do and a great many troubles and annoyances to put up with, as people have everywhere, whether they be great or small; but God was very good to them and they were very happy. The house grew fuller and fuller with boys and girls, all smiling and strong, and St. George’s has never looked more beautiful and splendid than when everything was brightened up for the christening of the heir of England, the Prince of Wales, who now, you know, has an heir of his own. The Queen’s little boys and girls were perhaps not so quaint as George III.’s funny little princes and princesses in their cocked hats and hoops, but you may imagine how merry and how bright they made Windsor, and how the strangers and visitors, who are always coming to see our old Castle, rushed to get sight of the children, and liked to hear how well looked after they were, and what good, careful parents were the young Queen and young Prince. I should not wonder if you too liked to hear about those children, who were just like yourselves except

that they were princes and princesses. The Queen tells us a great deal about the Princess Royal, she who one day will be Empress of Germany, when she was quite a little girl—how good “Vicky” was, and how it amused and delighted herself to feel that her child was old enough to travel with her; “it puts me so in mind of myself when I was ‘the little Princess,’” she says. And then she tells us how “Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window.” This was the little lady’s first journey, and she was not quite four years old. You see how soon a baby can learn what it is to be a great personage, and how a princess is bound to be courteous, as, indeed, every lady is, even when she is only four years old. Here is another anecdote of Vicky, who was also called “Pussy,” as I dare say many of you girls are, or have been:

“Our *Pussy* learns a verse of Lamartine by heart, which ends with ‘le tableau se déroule à mes pieds.’ To show how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bon-mot*. When she was riding on her pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charnier (her governess), and said: ‘Voilà le tableau qui se déroule à mes pieds!’ Is not this extraordinary for a child of three?”

I think it was a wonderful performance for such a baby; and it is said now that the Princess Royal, Crown Princess of Prussia (but in England we like to give her her old title), is the cleverest of all the Queen’s family, and has great good sense and talent. Perhaps it is because she was the eldest that there is more about her in the Queen’s book than about the others; for when there is a large family, it becomes impossible to remember all the funny

up than these children of England. Little nobodies may be permitted sometimes to be saucy to their inferiors (which, you know, is very bad breeding in any one), but you may be sure the children at Windsor were never allowed any such vulgar privilege. They had to do as they were told, and to be kind and respectful, and you may see by that story about “Pussy” how very early they began. Even when the Queen was traveling about round the shores of Scotland in her yacht, she used to find time to give little Victoria a lesson, and to hear her read in her history book; and when the boys grew older, the Prince Consort was very earnest about their instruction. Here is one thing they did, and I think most of you boys would like this kind of education too:

As part of the system which the Prince upheld as inseparable from sound education, of making the pupil put into practice what he has learned in theory, the Prince’s two eldest sons, while still boys, had also to construct, with their own hands, a fortress, small in size, but complete in all its details. All the work, including the making of the bricks, was executed by the young Princes’ own hands. It remains a creditable monument of their constructive skill close to the Swiss cottage at Osborne, which was used by the Prince as a museum and school of practical science and industry in the education of the royal children.

I must tell you what Osborne is, of which this mention is made. It is a pretty house in the Isle of Wight, which the Queen and the Prince bought and improved, to be their very own, all made by themselves, and belonging to themselves, more homely than princely Windsor. ST. NICHOLAS has given you a very good picture of this pretty sea-side place, where the big waves come in rolling and



VIEW OF BALMORAL.

things the children do, and their cleverness; whereas the young father and mother have their minds free to treasure up all these wonders when there is but one. Never were children more carefully brought

thundering upon the shore, and the air comes wild and salt and delightful from the great sea.

They built also another house in the Highlands, among the mountains, which is called Balmoral;

and as the Prince directed everything himself at both these places,—laying out the grounds, and superintending the building, and putting the stamp of his own fine taste upon everything.—the Queen loves them so much that we are sometimes jealous for our beautiful royal Windsor, and think Her Majesty neglects the Castle. Alas! there is a reason why Windsor is very sad to her, sadder than any place upon earth, though it witnessed so much of her happiness. After they had been married for twenty-two years, and while they were both still in the very strength and fullness of their life, with their children growing up, and their house full of happiness, quite suddenly, when scarcely any one had begun to be frightened about his illness, this good Prince, who had made Queen Victoria so happy, died.

You should have heard the universal cry that went up over all the country on that terrible day. "The poor Queen!"—everybody, high and low, said the same words. What would she do? How could she live when he was gone? The very skies seemed to darken over England in sympathy. And from that day the skies have never been so blue, nor the sunshine so sweet to the Queen. For years, though she did her duty always, she hid herself, so far as a queen could, from the light of day; and all the splendors that become a Court have been toned down ever since in harmony with the mourning dress which she has never put off, and, I suppose, never will. There are many people in England who complain of this, and grudge that the head of society should thus withdraw her countenance from all that is gay and bright in the national life. But when time has gone a little further on, and the reign of Queen Victoria lies in the past, like the reign of Queen Elizabeth, history, you may be sure, will make a very affecting chapter out of this romance of royal life—the true love, the young happiness, the faithful sorrow of the Queen.

It is chiefly in consequence of this last sad event that the life and the brightness have again fled away from Windsor. The Queen still comes here for some part of the year, and now and then a foreign prince makes a brief visit, and the Castle

wakes up to something like the gaiety of old; but it is not the same. Now and then, too, the married sons and daughters come and fill the old house with their children—fresh voices, always cheerful, with again and again a new Victoria, to renew the recollection of the others. I cannot tell you how many these children are; already they have grown beyond counting, and make a little tribe in themselves. But better than the stately towers of Windsor the Queen loves Highland Balmoral, with its Scotch-French turrets—this "dear paradise," as she calls it, "where all has become my dearest Albert's own creation;" or Osborne, by the sea, where "he delighted in the song of birds, and especially of nightingales, listening for them in the happy, peaceful walks he used to take with the Queen in the woods, and whistling to them in their own peculiar long note which they invariably answer." These are the Queen's own words; and those two private houses, so to speak, which the Prince made, are the places she loves best.

But our Castle, hospitable and calm in its stately old age, does not resent even this desertion. The trees rise round the gray walls as green as ever; the music peals as sweetly through St. George's; the sun shines as in its brightest days. These towers reign in a tranquil, unbroken sovereignty over the broad rich country as far as eye can reach; more proudly royal when the great standard floats from the Round Tower, yet never less than kingly; as fine an embodiment of state and strength and beauty as ever was made in stone. How many lives have come and gone under their shelter! How many touching stories of happiness and suffering, and love and pity, cling to the old walls, which are so much older than most things; older than steamships and railways, and all other modern discoveries which we are so proud of; older than your America—nay, older than Shakspeare and all our poets! England had no literature, and the great Republic of the West no existence, when the circle of the Keep first wore the English flag to show that the king was there; and we shall all of us be moldered into dust and forgotten, before decay will be able to gnaw away this almost everlasting stone.

OUT OF THE SKY.

BY M. M. D.



“ Ho ! birdie, come play !  
 Ho ! birdie, do stay  
 Just one little minute !  
 You've been to the sky,  
 Away up so high,  
 And know all that's in it ;  
 You've pierced with your flight  
 Its wonderful light—  
 What makes it so blue ?  
 Now tell me, oh do,  
 Little birdie ! ”

The bird stopped awhile  
 To rest on a stile,  
 With mosses upon it ;  
 And ere very long,  
 He poured forth a song  
 As sweet as a sonnet.  
 But never a word  
 My waiting ear heard,  
 Why the sky was so blue,  
 Though he told all he knew—  
 Stupid birdie !

I went in to look  
 For the facts in a book,  
 All told to a letter ;  
 Yet somehow it seemed—  
 Though may be I dreamed—  
 The bird told it better.  
 Oh, never a word  
 My willing ear heard,  
 Why the sky was so blue,  
 Yet he told me quite true—  
 Knowing birdie !

## HOW THE SCOTCH-CAP FAMILY SAVED ITS BACON.\*

*(A Tale of the Revolution.)*

BY ETHEL C. GALE.



It was September in 1781. The little rocky promontory of Scotch-Cap—so called from its shape, was covered with the soft sheen of a fast drying dew. On the highest point of the Cap stood a frame house, two stories high on the front side, with rear roof sloping long and low. The unpainted wood was just taking on the prettiest of soft gray tints, but otherwise all was still as unpicturesque as newness always is. Beyond a wagon-track in front of the house running to the east beach, a thick growth of chestnuts, oaks and elms stretched for more than a mile toward the south shore. To the west, the woods were broken only by very small patches of clearing, protected by rude brush-wood fences, and bright with the ripening crops of corn and buckwheat, or noisy with flocks of half-wild hens and turkeys, pecking among the oat stubble.

Around the house was a cleared space of several rods square, but beyond this clearing rose a wall of dull green cedar-trees. In these woods the cows and sheep found whatever pasturage they might.

North and west of the house the ground was level, but on the east and south it dipped so abruptly that one standing on the door-step could see over the tree-tops for twenty miles away across the bright waters of the Sound (here at its widest) to the sand-cliffs of Long Island; or, looking ten miles to the eastward, could watch the coming of a sail round Guilford Point.

In the clearing, with one hand shading her blue eyes, stood the young dame of Scotch-Cap, wistfully gazing at a sail fast disappearing round the wooded point at the south-westward. She was comely, tall, and so well-proportioned that she seemed rather slender than robust. But her lithe ease of motion, her assured step, and the firm texture of her well-formed hand and arm, betokened a muscular strength unusual among even the hardy women of the coast. At this time, it must be remembered, nearly all of the men of our sea-coasts

were sailors in the service of their country; and their wives, with the poor help of some fellow too shiftless to "follow the water," or of some superannuated sailor, or one on shore for a week or two, and with the aid of their young children, were forced to plow and plant, and hoe and reap, as well as cook and wash, and spin and weave and sew. With all these things to do, the young dame was content to clothe herself in the scantiest of butter-nut-colored gowns, and to bind up her thick, soft, shining yellow hair in the loosest and simplest fashion.

By her side were four children. The eldest, a stout, energetic, sun-browned lad of twelve years; the youngest, a pretty little girl in her second summer; the others, boys of ten and eight years of age.

Out of the woods shambled a loose-jointed figure, topped with a coarse straw hat that shaded but did not hide a face, the two-fold expression of which was of craft and greed.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Steele. Glad to see ye so well. Did n't know how 't would be, though, seeing the Cap'n was off ag'in. I did n't know 's he was to hum, till I saw the Chloe Ann a-makin' off, or I'd ha' be'n round to see him."

"Guess I'll go clammin' neow, seein' 's I'm deown here, an' the tide 's eout. Could n't lend me a hoe, could ye?"

"Yes," said the dame, pleasantly, "only mind and not leave it down on the beach for the tide to carry off, like the last one you had. This is the only one I have now."

"Wal, I'll be keerful; an' I'll bring ye back some clams if you want."

"Thank you," replied the dame, "I would like some," and her visitor shambled off. After a few steps, however, he turned:

"I say," he cried, "hev ye heerd the news? There's two or three of His Majesty's frigates deown Stratford way, so they say. Hope they'll never think t' land here; it's so lonesome like for wimmen folks. But they'd never dew yew no harm; that is, so long 's yew did n't say nur dew nothin' t' exarsperate 'em, ye know. Bein' 's I'm a good fren' tew ye, I'd 'wise ye, if they was tew come, jist tew let 'em hev anything they wanted, an' not try tew hide nothin'. That 's the best way."

\* This story is true. It was told me when I was a child, by an old man—once the very boy who kept watch upon the roof—E. C. G.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Steele, energetically, as the shambling figure at last shuffled itself out of hearing. "There's nobody can give advice quite so easy as a fool, unless it's a knave; and I believe *he's* both. I suppose he thought I'd heed him, just because he offered to pick up a few clams! But I'll take his counsel as folks do their morning dreams, by contraries.

"If the British are in the Sound at all, they sail up this way; and if they do they'll be sure to

shall have a sparrib. But the porkers sha' n't drown, either, for they're the only meat we shall get this winter. I'm glad your father took with him all the oats and rye we could spare. We must manage some way to save what there is left."

"Who would think that a great war would make so many little troubles, mother? I wish it was over."

"So do I," replied the dame, with a sigh. "But not until we have our freedom. Otherwise, I'd



TORY JAKE AND THE LITTLE SENTINEL.

stop at the beach spring for fresh water; and then Jake'll tell 'em what he suspects about the Chloe Ann's being a privateer, so that the red-coats will pillage the house, and he'll get the information money."

"He'd like some of our fat pigs, as well as the money, mother, for his own are as thin as July shad," responded the eldest boy. "He half starves everything he owns."

"He wont get our pigs without working for 'em," said the dame with decision; "I'll sink 'em in the Sound before Tory Jake or his masters

rather that the war, hard and cruel as it is, should last till doomsday. There are some things worth going bare for."

"Mother, how came Tory Jake to know where the British are?"

"I don't know, Ollie, but I'm glad he gave us warning. We must hurry, too. To-day we must hide the grain and every other thing that they or Jake would be apt to want, and to-night the hogs must be killed."

"Hogs must be killed, mother! Why, who could do it? There is n't a man anywhere near

here now but Jake and his brother, and to get them would be like bringing the wolves to the sheep."

"Of course it would," replied the mother. "You and I and the boys must do it."

"You—and I—and the boys?" repeated Oliver. "Why, mother, we might perhaps do the rest, but we can *never* scald and hang up those big hogs."

"Never's a long day," said the dame, proudly. "The wife of the bravest sailor on this coast has never yet learned to say *can't*."

"Then his children and yours shall never learn to say it, either," said Oliver; and kissing each other, mother and son moved briskly toward the house.

"There is, first of all, the grain—forty bushels of rye and fifty of oats."

"Shall we bury it, mother?"

"No. I'm afraid it would take too much time to dig a hole large enough."

"There's the dry well, mother. We could put the grain in there, and then fill in with stones till it looked just like a heap of stones."

"That's a good thought, Ollie; at least for the oats. As for the rye, I'd be a little afraid to trust it there; for you know when it rains water runs in the well, then the rye would sprout and be useless for bread."

"Let me see. That well,—I used to wish your father had never tried to dig it, going so deep and never finding water,—that well is twenty feet deep and three feet across. The oats would fill it a little more than half full, and then there's all that way to fill in with stones. Here, Horace! Georgie! Tie Betsey in her high chair by the table, and give her some clam-shells to play with, while you take your little hand-cart and fill it with stones, and empty it close alongside the dry well."

The dame and Oliver were already in the house-garret, where, for want of a barn, the grain was stored, and were putting the oats into bags to be lowered first to the ground, and then into the well.

"Mother," said Oliver, "you know we need n't fill in the whole distance with stones. We can fill in with bundles of oat-straw to within a foot of the top, and then pile on the stones."

"Well thought of, Ollie. That will save ever so much trouble, and some of the straw too."

As soon as the oats and straw were in the well, the little boys were left to pile stones over its mouth, that there might seem to be only a heap from the clearing.

Meanwhile little Betsey's chair had been moved to the front door, where she was told to watch for "Uncle Jake," and ask him how many clams he

had brought for her dinner. "This," said the dame, "will give us warning of his coming. He must n't see what we are doing."

"Mother," said Oliver, despairingly, "I can't think of any place for the rye."

"I've thought of four places for it," said his mother, "places where I don't believe any one would think of looking for it. No," she added, as if in answer to a doubt of her own. "No, I don't think that even the British would rob a poor woman of the beds under herself and children."

"Beds, mother?" said Oliver.

"Yes. We will empty the four straw beds, and then put in each of them four sacks of rye. Each sack holds two and a half bushels; would hold three, only I think it would be better to give a little more room. After the four sacks are in each bed, there will still be room to fill up the spaces with straw."

"That'll be tip-top, mother." And as fast as they could, mother and son worked away until little Betsey's sweet pipe to "Untle Dake" warned them to go out, thank him for the few clams he brought, and receive the hoe.

"Now that we're rid of him," said Mrs. Steele, "I suppose we must have some dinner, though we've little time to get it or eat it. Just make a chip fire, Ollie, in the rock fire-place, and hang on a kettle of water to open the clams and boil the eggs in. They'll be the quickest got ready of anything."

The rock fire-place was a little in the rear of the house. Here, upon a large flat stone, which formed a hearth-stone, a fire burned merrily up against the smoke-blackened sides of two rocks, each about four feet high, which made an obtuse angle. Across from rock to rock, lay a broken-pointed iron crow-bar, on which hung the iron pot, or the brass boiler, or the copper tea-kettle, as either was needed. For, in pleasant summer weather, cooking and washing were done out-of-doors.

"Now," said Mrs. Steele, after the hurried dinner was over, "I must hide my butter. Perhaps we can bury the jars under the ash-heaps in the cellar. I think I remember hearing your father say that there was one place in the rock floor where there was earth enough to bury things. I guess it must be in the corner under the ash-heap, for there is nothing but solid rock everywhere else. At any rate, we had best shovel up ashes enough to see."

"Mother," said Oliver, "I'm most glad the barn was burnt down last spring."

"Why, Oliver?"

"Because, as there was n't any barn to draw the



hay into, or to feed the cattle in this winter, father stacked the salt-meadow hay in that rocky cedar grove near the east shore. That 's such an out-of-the-way hollow that I don't believe even old Jake knows anything of it."

"By the way," said his mother, "did your father and you ever make the shed down there that you talked about?"

"Yes, 'm. Why, mother, how did it happen that you have n't seen it?"

"Oh, you know when your father is at home to look after things out-of-doors, I take the chance to get things ahead indoors. I remember hearing you talk about it, and thinking I'd go down there. I've never seen the place, I believe."

"Well, no wonder. It was just a hit that we found it this summer. There 's about an acre of nice smooth land, with a natural wall of high rocks all around it; only in one place there 's a sort of gate just big enough for a hay-cart to squeeze through. The cedar-trees grow so thick on top of the rocks that you can't see through 'em. I'm sure I did n't, till I fell into the hole when I was looking after the cows one day. So there 's where we stacked the hay and built the shed."

Thus talking, mother and son were busily shoveling away the ashes from the great heap left from the last winter's big fires, until they came to the earth floor. Here they very carefully buried the butter jars.

"Mother, had n't we better put in your silver spoons, and grandpa Goldthwaite's silver tankard, and your brooch with the purple stones in it, and the money that father brought home with him last time?"

"I think so, Ollie, and your father's papers too. We'll wrap them all up in that big piece of sheet-lead in the garret. And then," she added, with a sigh, "if the house is burned from over our heads they will be safer here than in any other place I can think of."

The night brought no sleep. While the boys were milking the cows, and Mrs. Steele was preparing for the proposed work of the night, there came first the sound of a horse's gallop, and then of a tremulous halloo. Going quickly to the door, Mrs. Steele found a mounted messenger, sent by the select-men of the township, to warn all in exposed situations of impending danger. The enemy, he said, were not "down Stratford way," as Tory Jake had reported, but at New London. Yesterday, the sixth of September, they had captured Fort Griswold, after a most heroic resistance, massacred the garrison of one hundred and fifty men

after they had surrendered,\* and then burned the towns of New London and Groton.

"The British commander," said the messenger, "set an example of cruelty and treachery even worse than those of the savages, by murdering the brave Captain Ledyard with the sword he had just honorably surrendered.

"But what better could be expected?" pursued the messenger, "when we know that the whole fifty or sixty ships, and some say as many as five thousand soldiers,† are under that black-hearted villain and traitor, the accursed Benedict Arnold? But," he went on, "I was sent to you in particular, because, as Arnold knows all this coast well (the more 's the pity and shame), he 'll know about the spring by the beach here,—the best water on all the coast,—where ships can come so close, and if they land here to water ship, the wife of the captain of the Chloe Ann might be in danger. So Parson Perry told me to tell you his house was open to you and the children, if you choose to come, and welcome."

"Tell him," said Mrs. Steele, gratefully, "that I thank him with all my heart for his kind offer, and I know he means it well; but, if my husband should desert his ship without striking a blow, he 'd be a traitor to his country. And if I desert the house he confided to my charge, without an effort to protect it, I'd not be much better. I am his deputy, and must do what he would do."

"But, Mrs. Steele, what can you do? A woman with four children! Remember Fort Griswold, and burning Groton and New London!"

"Yes," she replied, with pale face and burning eyes, "I do remember them all. But you know that where the British find a deserted house they always burn and destroy whatever they can't carry off. But, bad as they are, I don't think they'd burn the roof over the heads of a defenseless woman and children."

"Well, 'a willfu' woman maun hae her way,' as my Scotch grandfather used to say; and I'm sure I don't know but you are right. Anyhow, I must ride around to the Point and the Neck to give warning to the Wilmots and Blackstones."

So saying, the messenger turned his horse and galloped off through the woods. For a moment, the mother's heart sank at being left again in the loneliness of Scotch-Cap, six or seven miles from any neighbors, save traitorous Jake Cooke and his brother. In an instant more her resolution arose strong within her. "I will do the best I can for my children," she said to herself. Turning, she met Oliver, pale and resolute.

\* Eighty-five were killed outright, and sixty wounded, most of whom afterward died of their wounds.

† There were in reality thirty-two ships, of which twenty-four were transports, carrying between 1,700 and 1,800 soldiers.

"I heard you, mother," he said, "and I'm glad we're going to stick it out."

Putting their arms around each other, the mother and son, looking oddly near in age,—the boy had suddenly grown so manly,—went in to finish their preparations and begin their task.

The work was to be done behind the house. In the cleared space there, coming and going, in and out of the shadows and the fire-light, four figures moved busily about. Over the fire in the rock fire-place hung two enormous three-footed iron pots of scalding water; near by stood the half of a molasses hogshead for a scalding-tub; while, skeleton-like in the fire-light, rose the rough gallow's made of barkless cedar poles.

Five heavy hogs, and only one woman and three boys to kill, scald, hang and dress them, in the depth of night! It required more heroism, believe me, to do this hard, disagreeable, and dirty task, than has been spent many a time upon deeds of great renown.

It was a long night's work and a weary one: but by sunrise the fire was smoldering in ashes, and all traces of the butchery were carefully buried in the garden; the hogs had been taken down with great difficulty from the gallow's, upon which, with equal difficulty, they had been hung, laid one by one upon the wheel-barrow, and slowly wheeled into the house.

Mother and boys were all weary enough, as may be supposed, from their twenty-four hours of hard work, but there could be no rest yet, for the pork must be divided and packed. This was done by Mrs. Steele and Oliver, while Horace was boy-of-all-work, and Georgie was sent to keep a bright look-out from the scuttle, at the same time keeping a watchful eye upon little Betsey, sleeping on the garret floor beneath him.

"Mother," said Oliver, "I don't see that the pork in that big barrel will be any safer than the poor pigs would have been, if we had left them alive."

"That's so, dear; but you see I'm cutting the pieces very large and putting them into the strongest possible brine. The moment a strange sail is seen rounding Guilford Point, we must take every bit out of the barrel and hang it up in the chimney. As soon as the pork is in the brine, we must put a ladder up in the chimney and drive spikes to hang it on."

The great chimney was twelve feet square. In one side was built the big brick oven; in two other sides were small fire-places; on the remaining side was the large kitchen fire-place, nine feet broad by four feet deep, and five feet high. Through this great mouth it was easy to put up a ladder and lay a couple of planks across the inside of the

chimney, resting on projections in the masonry. Standing on these planks, Oliver and his mother drew the ladder up. Resting its foot firmly on the planks, Oliver could again mount it and drive spikes around the inside of the wide chimney, so that, whatever should hang there might get the full benefit of the smoke without being injured by the blaze from the fire, or exposed to the gaze of inquisitive eyes below.

The spikes being driven, mother and son descended by means of an extemporized scaffolding of tables and chairs, that the ladder might be left up the chimney ready for an emergency.

The dreaded emergency did not come on that day or the next, and all had time to recover somewhat from their great fatigue. But early on the morning of the third day, the "look-out-from-the-mast-head," as Georgie called himself, reported three strange sails rounding Guilford Point.

The pork was unpacked, and hung around the chimney; ladder, planks and scaffolding were taken down, and a fire was started on the hearth, with big kettles of lye and grease bubbling over it (for only soap-making could explain so large a fire in warm weather), before the vessels reached the Scotch-Cap beach.

Only one of the three schooners cast anchor in the little Scotch-Cap harbor, the others continuing their westward course.

The captain proved a kinder man than many of the coasters who were in those days the terror of the Connecticut coast; and though he did not hinder his men from carrying off money, provisions, arms or anything that might be useful to the King's service, he would not permit useless destruction or violence.

"If the house had been deserted," he said to Mrs. Steele, "I suppose I could n't have kept my men from pillaging and burning it; but as you have had the pluck to stay here, you sha' n't be troubled."

Diligent search, however, was made for valuables, and the ash-heap in the cellar was prodded with long sticks to find hidden treasure. But the sailors did not think of shoveling it away. The unwelcome guests only delayed to take in fresh water for the ship, and to enjoy a dinner of fish, wild ducks and turkeys, the fowls having been shot by the sailors.

Oliver had already driven the cows and sheep down to the hidden pasture, so they had not been discovered. But Tory Jake—full of confidence in the favorable disposition of His Majesty's forces toward one so well affected as himself—had the mortification to behold his own three cows driven off and killed, notwithstanding his tearfully earnest protestations of loyalty.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH.

That evening, soon after the departure of the British, the Scotch-Cap family saw flames shooting up across the harbor from the dwelling of the Wilmots, which, being abandoned by its inmates, was burned after having been pillaged.

"I'm so glad we stuck it out, mother," said Oliver, "and father'll be glad too when he comes home and finds nothing gone but a few turkeys."

"Wont he laugh," said Horace, "when he hears what a time we had to 'save our bacon?'"

## LIZZY OF LA BOURGET.

By H. H.

I TELL you the tale as 't was told to me ;  
T is a tale that I dearly love to tell,—  
The tale of Lizzy of La Bourget,  
Of faithful Lizzy who ran so well.

This Lizzy of La Bourget was a mare ;  
She was all snow-white except two black feet ;  
Her sire was an Arab steed coal-black ;  
Her dam was a wild Cossack pony fleet.

Her Arab blood made her tireless and strong ;  
Her Cossack blood made her loving and true ;  
Oh, Lizzy of La Bourget could love  
As warmly as human beings do.

She followed her peasant master to work ;  
Obeyed at a sign, or call of her name ;  
All day she tugged at his cart or plow.  
And bounding at night she homeward came.

She was never groomed, but she shone like silk,  
And fattened well on the scanty fare;  
She played with the children like a dog,  
And the children fed her with her share.

When the war broke out, and her master went  
To fight with the French, good Lizzy went too,  
And many a battle, night and day,  
She carried him bravely, safely through.

But at last there came a turn in the tide,  
For Lizzy and master disastrous day,—  
The day on which a battle was fought,  
A bloody battle at La Bourget.

The cavalry regiment, horse and man,  
Were caught in an ambush, and hemmed in;  
The Frenchman captured them every one,  
And held them, a ransom large to win.

The captors were tipsy; 't was late at night:  
The foolish men drank, because they were glad.  
Alone, by a half-open casement low,  
Sat Lizzy's master, weary and sad,

When sudden he heard a sound that he knew;  
He could not mistake—it was Lizzy's neigh;  
She had broken loose, and was seeking him,—  
Oh, brave, good Lizzy of La Bourget!

The captors were tipsy,—they did not hear  
Their prisoner call "Lizzy," in whisper low;

They did not notice the joyous neigh;  
The first they knew, with one ringing blow,

The casement was burst from its hinges strong;  
The captive had leaped on his horse's back,  
And through the darkness he raced, he flew,  
With a hundred bullets on his track.

No bridle, no spur; but well Lizzy knew  
The life of her master lay in her speed;  
She ran like a whirlwind, and paid to the shots,  
No more than to summer rain-drops, heed.

No compass, no guide; naught knew the hussar  
Of right, of left, in his perilous way;  
But safe, sure instinct his Lizzy had;  
She knew the road back to La Bourget.

A night and the most of a day she ran;  
She had no water, she was not fed;  
And when she arrived at La Bourget.  
You well may think she was almost dead.

But a shout arose from each man who saw  
Her dash into camp with her gallant stride;  
And the General himself came out to see  
The horse and master of such a ride.

The fight had been fierce, and many men won  
Great fame in the heat of that bloody day;  
But long after they are forgotten all,  
The world will know Lizzy of La Bourget!

## PATCHES.

BY ROSA GRAHAM.

"STRAWBERRIES! nice fresh strawberries!"

There was such a soft melody in the cry, that Aunt Ruth stopped her ironing to listen. Twice repeated, and then a quick step trotted up the path, and an odd little face peeped in at the window.

"Strawberries, ma'am? Want some nice fresh strawberries to-day?"

Aunt Ruth could ill afford berries so early in the season, but she came forward in answer to the pleading look.

"Please, ma'am," continued the child, brokenly, "please to buy *one* box. Patches is *so* tired!"—and a tear dropped upon the fruit.

A fountain swelled in Aunt Ruth's kind heart; she wasted no time in words, but lifted the child, basket and all, through the window, and settled her in the cosy rocking-chair. And before Patches could recover from her astonishment, the same hands brought to her a bowl of milk, and a plate heaped with doughnuts.

The eyes danced hungrily; but Aunt Ruth, without heeding the child's timid "thank you," motioned to her quite imperatively to eat, and ironed away furiously at Win's shirt-front.

Win found the shadow of a scorch on that bosom the next Sunday.

"It was righteous indignation did it," explained

Aunt Ruth, "and I wish it could always leave as good a mark."

Patches drank the milk and promptly disposed of two doughnuts; then stopped and sighed.

Aunt Ruth eyed her keenly. "Had enough?" she asked, with a show of brusqueness.

Patches hesitated. "Yes, ma'am, thank you." bubbled to her lips, but burst into thin air as a plump doughnut tumbled accidentally toward her.

"No, ma'am," she replied, decidedly.

The fact is, Patches at that moment felt equal to the occasion.

Aunt Ruth, with a sudden gesture, emptied the plate into her lap. "Eat," she said; which Patches did, indefinitely, while Aunt Ruth stood watching her in open astonishment.

"Mercy!" said that good lady, under her breath. "I verily believe the child is hungry. What a bursting shame! What an abomination to the Lord!"

A tired, hungry child! No greater crime could the world be guilty of, in Aunt Ruth's estimation.

Patches ate, and Aunt Ruth reflected. The child puzzled her; the honestly heaped boxes of berries puzzled her still more. It was evident not one had been abstracted; and yet this starved baby had been traveling all the day, with sight, sense, and smell square on the tempting fruit!

Patches seemed to divine her thoughts, and glanced toward the berries with a triumphant smile.

"It was awful hard not to," she said, "but I never touched one."

"And why did n't you?" burst forth Aunt Ruth, with a vigorous iron-slap that made both Patches and the berries jump. "Why did n't you, I'd like to know? Berries were made to eat."

A wondering reproach crept into Patches' face.

"It would n't have been right," spoke the sweet little voice.

The iron rested on the white-covered board, and Aunt Ruth stepped to Patches' side.

"Who taught you that?" she asked, huskily.

"Nobody, ma'am; I just knew it."

There was a moment's silence. Patches gazed curiously at Aunt Ruth's sober face, but the striking of the clock caused her to start and take up the basket.

"I must go now," she said. "It is *so* late, and Tim wont like it if I don't sell all the berries. They'll be stale by to-morrow, you know, ma'am."

"Who is Tim?" asked Aunt Ruth, gently. "and where do you live, little girl?"

"Tim is the grocer I sell things for, and I live at Milton, with Tim's wife, ma'am."

"Live at Milton! And you are going there to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The childish voice quivered, and the little stockingless feet curled wearily sideways.

Aunt Ruth could stand it no longer. With a bound she snatched the basket from Patches' hand, and emptied the contents into the nearest receptacle, which chanced to be the bread-bowl.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Patty—Patsy—or whatever you said your name was——"

"Patches, please, ma'am," and the child stared, astonished at her good fortune.

"Patches!"

"Yes, ma'am. That's what the boys call me, because I wear such patched clothes. I used to cry at first, but I don't mind now."

"And have n't you got any other name?" Aunt Ruth burst forth indignantly, but with tears in her eyes.

"I don't know, ma'am. Somebody, a good while ago, I think used to call me Mamic, but I can't remember, ma'am. I asked Tim, but he can't tell, either."

"And who is Tim? Your brother?"

"Oh, ma'am, no. He's only the man I live with. I aint got any relations."

"Ah!" and Aunt Ruth gave vent to an involuntary sigh of relief. "Well, see here, Patches,—that'll do till we find a better," she muttered in an undertone.—"between you and me, you're not going one step toward Milton to-night. You're going to stay here with me, help eat these berries, and sleep in the snuggest little bed I ever made in my life. Win shall carry the money over to Tim after tea, and in the morning *we'll see!*" And Aunt Ruth kicked the strawberry-basket into the corner with a gusto that meant something, as our story will show.

Whatever that something was, it developed into a settled determination when, on undressing Patches that night, she found the little feet streaked with blisters, and the worn-out shoes ugly with nails.

Early next morning Patches awoke from a dream of the old hard life with glad surprise. Her sleep-dewed eyes opened plump on a pair of soft gaiters, near which lay a set of snow-white stockings, and a calico dress, faded but whole. The naily shoes, the patched, dust-stained frock, were nowhere to be seen.

Patches could but think that some kind fairy had visited her in the night; but she jumped up quickly, and in great glee arrayed herself in the garments she honestly thought fit for a princess.

Aunt Ruth was picking over the berries when Patches burst into the kitchen, and her great heart swelled at the sight of the child's joyful face.

"Oh, ma'am, are these for me—these *beautiful* things?"

Win laughed outright, but Aunt Ruth could only

answer curtly, and hasten breakfast, lest she should "burst with righteous indignation."

The meal ended, a shadow crept into the little face. "I must go now," she said, with a choked sigh. "Tim will expect me early."

"Look here, Patches," exclaimed Aunt Ruth, quite severely, "you've never got to go away from here as long as you live—that is if you want to stay. There's no Tim expecting you at all. Win and I drove over last night while you were asleep, and arranged it all: so you see you don't belong to anybody but yourself now—that is if you're willing. I'll be fair, though. I'll give you your choice. Which will you do? Stay here and be taught, and fed, and clothed as is fit for a Christian child, or take the old strawberry-basket and go back to Tim?"

Aunt Ruth waited with mock gravity for the decision.

Two tears were coursing slowly down the child's cheeks. She came to Aunt Ruth's side, and said:

"Oh, ma'am, is it true? Wont I ever have to

go back to Tim? Wont I never have to go away from here as long as I live?"

And for answer Aunt Ruth gathered her up in her motherly arms, and between sobs and kisses, exclaimed:

"Never, never, never, so long as there's a world to hang on to!"

And so it was settled. Patches, henceforth to be called Mamie, staid with Aunt Ruth, and developed into such a bright, healthy girl, that in six months her old associates could scarcely recognize her. She was by nature an industrious little body, and tried her best to lighten the labors of the good woman to whom she owed so much. Aunt Ruth fed and clothed and taught her, and came to love her so dearly, that Win used to say jocosely that her own flesh and blood was "nowheres alongside of her adopted daughter."

Mamie has grown to maidenhood now, and as Aunt Ruth gazes fondly on the sweet young face, her heart rejoices in the hour that brought little Patches to her door.



The cat and dog resolved to be good,

Truly kind and forgiving.

"What's the use," they sweetly said,

"Of such unpleasant living?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm,

And out they sallied over the farm;

And all who saw them laughed with glee,

And wondering, said, "Can such things be?"

## WORTH YOUR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

BY M. M. D.

“YES, Miss Mamie, dat’s jes’ what de missus sed to me. ‘Aunt Patsy,’ sez she, ‘you’s jes’ wuf yer weight in gole.’ An’ so I wuz, Miss Mamie; I know’d it. Poor weak ole cull’d pusson as I is, I know’d she war tellin’ d’ exac’ trufe. De Lord knows ’t aint no vain-gloruf’cation fur ole Patsy t’ say dem words. I don’t take no pus’nal credit ’bout it, Miss Mamie. Cookin’ takes practice, but it’s got to come fus’ by natur’. De ang’l Gabr’el hisse’f could n’ make a cook out o’ some folks. It’s got to be born inter yer like. I’se mighty ’umble and fearful ub myse’f ’bout some t’ings, but not ’bout cookin’. *Dat* I un’stan’; an’ dat’s what made me wuf my weight in gole. Missus did n’ hab no sort troubl’ ’bout nothin’ af’er once dis chile come. She *sed* so. Aint no use talkin’ ’bout it—dere’s her ’cise words to prove it.

“Well, de work wuz mighty heavy in dat house. Storks o’ comp’ny, and massa war one ob dem perwiders dat don’t hab no sort notion how many pots kin go onto de stobe, and seem t’ t’ink de oben was ’mos’ big as de barn. Many’s de time I got so tired seem’d to me ’s if I’d drop; but af’er missus sed *dat*, I did n’ mind nuffin’. ‘Patsy,’ sez I, when I seed myse’f gettin’ done up, ‘yer goo’ f’ nuffin’ lazy nigger, wha’s matter wid yer? Don’t yer know yer’s wuf yer weight in gole?’—and dat ud fotch me squar’ up. Many’s de time I’se sed dem words to myse’f sence dat day, but wid dis diff’ence: Missus, dear soul! she done gone to Ab’am’s bosom four year ’go; an’ ole Patsy eber sence’s bin mos’ too fur on wid dis ere cough to be much ’count to white folks—and so I keep sayin’ to myse’f, ‘Yer *wuz* wuf yer weight in gole. Don’ nebber forgit dat.’”

And, all this time, the brightly kerchiefed and check-aproned speaker was going on briskly with her work, while I sat looking at her with an amused smile?

Not a bit of it. She was in bed, dying of a slow consumption, and my heart was full of reverence as I stood gently fanning her. She was talking beyond her strength, but I knew it was useless to check her while her thoughts were with this treasured saying of her “missus.” Presently she sank into a doze. I stood there, afraid to move lest I should wake her.

In a few moments she opened her eyes.

“Bress yer heart, Miss Mamie, don’ stan’ dere no longer. Ole Patsy don’ want ter be nussed like she war a queen.”

Her eyes were so bright and her tones so cheerful that I thought she was going to laugh; but, instead, she said softly:

“’T aint fur much longer; de Lord’ll soon sen’ his char’ot an’ take me to glory.”

She ceased speaking. I knew by her face, though not a sound could be heard, that she was singing under her breath one of the dear old negro hymns that we had been used to hearing when she was up and at work; and then she fell into another doze.

Two weeks from that day the chariot came.

Happy old Aunt Patsy! (Even with the memory of her illness and suffering fresh in mind, I always think of her as “happy old Aunt Patsy,” for had she not been worth her weight in gold?) The dear old soul always had laid great stress, not at being prized at her weight in gold, but in being really *wuf it*. That was the point. And the best of it was, that her weight being mainly in her being a good servant, it increased just so much in proportion as she excelled. Simple-hearted creature though she was, she would have scorned the idea of weight, in this connection, being a matter of mere flesh and bones. No, it was Patsy the cook who was weighed in the balance.

It seems to me now, that if I had seen Aunt Patsy when I was a little girl, and heard her tell her story, it would have been a great help. It would have taught me, in one easy lesson, that to be worth your weight in gold is a great advantage, and that the best way of becoming worth your weight in gold is to learn to do some one thing thoroughly well. Aunt Patsy could cook. That is a fine thing in itself. Cooking is a good business when one has a living to make, and a valuable accomplishment when one has a living ready made. Every one of us girls, little and big, young and old, should know something about it, and should seize all good opportunities to improve in the art. But I am not going to ask you to learn to cook; that is, not now, especially if it is not “born into you.” I only throw out as a friendly suggestion that every girl should make it an object, as Aunt Patsy did, to learn to do one thing well at a time. If, as a start, she selects some style of housework, so much the better. Let it be sweeping and dusting; let it be bed-making; let it be clear-starching, silver-cleaning or butter-making, or even a single branch of cookery, such as bread-making, or that rare art, potato-boiling. Let her aim at real excellence in

any one of these, taking the most exact pains, looking out day by day for ways of improvement, aiming to excel herself at each effort, until, at last, "Jenny did it" (or whatever her fortunate name may be) shall stand as a guarantee for excellence in this or that special department. Let Jenny's butter or Jenny's bread be the best her father and mother ever tasted; or let them feel that no one else can so brighten the silver, or the tins, or furniture; that it is sure to be all right if Jenny but sweeps the halls and stairs, or Jenny but makes the pudding,—“It's her specialty, you know,”—and you will see, if you are Jenny, what satisfaction there is in it.

Then, when one style of work is mastered, another can be taken up and made a study; and so on, till you are worth your weight in gold to your family. Mind, I do not mean to say that while these special endeavors are going on you are to do all other work carelessly and without interest. Not so, of course. I mean only that one branch at a time shall receive most care and attention till it is mastered to the utmost of your ability. Nor do I mean that you are to spend all of your young life in housework. An average of half an hour a day devoted to such work, or even less, all through one's girlhood, will in many cases be all that is necessary or desirable. But certainly a little girl is to be pitied who never has a chance to learn practically the rudiments of housewifery. I hope none of you who read this are so unfortunate.

There are other fields of effort which you may cultivate. Sewing or music, reading, fancy-work, drawing, certain school-studies, gardening—which ever of them seems most attractive to you—will serve as a starting-point. I have dwelt principally upon the art of cooking, because Aunt Patsy set me talking; but there are many fair paths opening in every direction. Take the one nearest by, whether it lead to the kitchen, the parlor, the library, or out-of-doors. But be sure to be thorough as you go along. Don't shimble-shamble through everything, and then wonder that those who love you best are not quite satisfied with your progress—that you do not really add to any one's comfort or interest; in short, that you are not worth your weight in gold.

“I love books best, but can I be a help to anybody at home if I sit and read all day?” you may ask.

And I answer, you cannot. If you read too much, you are not reading well. If you read too steadily, you are not reading well. And if you read books that do not make you more intelligent, more sunny, more charitable and Christian than you otherwise would be, you are reading very badly indeed. If you sit curled up on a sofa, selfishly neglecting

some duty, and filling your mind with false ideas of life, and arousing thoughts that in your secret heart you know are not good for you, you are doing not only yourself an injury, but every one else with whom you may henceforth be brought in contact.

But if at seasonable times, and after proper intervals of play or bodily exercise, you read in an inquiring, sincere way books that entertain or instruct the best part of you (we all soon find out what that best part of ourselves is), and that have been selected under guidance of some one competent to help you, then you *are* doing others good as well as yourself by your reading. You can hardly go up or down stairs when in the mood such reading engenders without doing somebody good. If it is only the cat on the landing, she'll get the benefit of it somehow. A sunny, healthy mind sheds beams of light unconsciously; and then there are the cheery word, the pleasant smile, the ready spirit of fun, the thoughtful question or answer, the entertaining bubbles of talk that rise to the surface of a mind set sparkling by good books worthily read. You will soon find the value of it all; or some one else will.

It is not so much what good thing we do, though that is of great consequence, but how well we do it that determines our success. A pragmatic, conceited manner, or a too selfish eagerness, will spoil any pursuit. There is such a thing, you must know, as being unpleasantly pleasant, meanly generous, incompetently competent, or even wickedly pious. If you will think a moment, you will see that it must be so. The wrong side of the prettiest fabric is always very near its smooth surface. If you do not keep the right side up with care, the wrong side will show itself. It is so with all desires and efforts for self-improvement. They have their wrong side.

Some persons, if once started on a road, will be so confident of their way that they'll forget to make the proper turnings; and there *are* persons who, if left to themselves, would from very earnestness hack a finger to pieces in getting out a splinter. That's over-zeal. Such persons are not worth their weight in gold to anybody. Then there's the self-satisfied kind, the worst kind of all, perhaps. Self-satisfaction is a wall that, builded by a girl's own vanity, shuts her in completely. She cannot get outside of it herself, and no one cares to scale it in order to get at her. A state of entire self-satisfaction is the loneliest thing on earth. Self-approbation is another matter. It is worth trying for because it is, in itself, good. But we must build steps with it, not walls.

That is what Aunt Patsy did. She cooked better and better every day. She worked hard for self-



approbation, and slowly made steps of it. Steadily she mounted, always humble and fearful of herself, but always hearing her mistress's words, "worth your weight in gold;" and when at last she stood on the top step of her little flight, she felt sure the

Lord would be pleased that Old Patsy had been of use to somebody, and she was ready to go when the chariot came.

"Swing low, sweet chariot,

Coming for to carry me home."

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## THE LEGEND ON THE PANE.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

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DOWN in the old ancestral home,  
 Where sweet salt sea-winds blow,  
 And twice a day the crystal tide  
 Goes pulsing to and fro,  
 A dim old chamber, shadowy-bright,  
 Dear in its tarnished glow,  
 Stands as it stood, in simple pomp,  
 A hundred years ago.

Quaint is the Blue-room's ancient grace,—  
 Named from the azure tints  
 That zigzagged vividly across  
 Great-granddame's wedding chintz.  
 Here cherished guest was bade to rest,  
 The sweets of home to know,  
 Within this flowery, bowery nest,  
 A hundred years ago.

On every side, in rainbow hues,  
 The cheerful draperies fall,  
 A paradise of birds and leaves  
 And cherries on the wall,  
 And trellis-work of heavenly blue  
 Meandering over all;  
 They gleam from out the great arm-chair,  
 Where two may sit and sew,—  
 The people were so very wide  
 A hundred years ago.

Such wild luxuriance of leaf  
 Would set a gardener mad;  
 Such mammoth cherries only may  
 In Wonderland be had;  
 Such portly robins plucking them,  
 Each bigger than a crow!  
 Oh, nature was most prodigal  
 A hundred years ago.

The stately bed, with testered top,  
 And tapestries fold on fold,  
 Mysterious, deep and shadow-filled,  
 Turns timid hearts a-cold ;  
 For countless ghosts might cower there,  
 Or wander wan and slow,  
 As once they lurked and walked, perhaps,  
 A hundred years ago.

But on the narrow window-pane  
 No ghost has left his sign ;  
 A little Great-aunt's little hand  
 Engraved the wavering line.  
 What marvel that her youthful heart  
 Must needs proclaim its woe,  
 For lovers had to go and fight  
 A hundred years ago.

No other cross, she sadly felt,  
 Was ever quite the same !  
 She meant to write, " Life is a blank,"  
 And sign it with her name.  
 She carved it with her diamond hoop,—  
 His gift should grave her woe,  
 And tell what deep despair prevailed  
 A hundred years ago.

But ah ! it slipped ! The diamond slipped,  
 And burlesqued all her grief !  
 And girlish laughter, long and light,  
 Brought sorrow swift relief ;  
 And brothers gibed, and mother smiled,—  
 The diamond *would n't* go !  
 She tried, and tried in vain, for still  
 The mocking letters show  
 How " life " was said to be a " bean "  
 A hundred years ago.

The little Great-aunt's little hand  
 Has turned to phantom dust ;  
 The diamond hoop is dimmed beneath  
 A century of rust ;  
 The loyal lover long ago  
 Went up among the just ;  
 And still the shadowy Blue-room stands,  
 With birds and fruits aglow,  
 As primly gay as on that day  
 A hundred years ago.

And still, as then, in happy youth  
 Joy soon succeeds to woe ;  
 And still around the dear old home  
 The wild salt sea-winds blow ;  
 And still th' unchanging crystal tide  
 Goes pulsing to and fro ;  
 And still men's hearts are what they were  
 A hundred years ago.

## A COLORADO WOMAN'S MUSEUM.

By H. H.

YOU will ask yourselves, "What does that mean—a woman's museum?" and you will think, I suppose, that it means only a collection of curious things which some woman has bought and arranged in glass cases. Ah, it is quite different from that. I will try to tell you about it, and perhaps by the help of the pictures, and what I say, you will get some idea of how wonderful a museum it is.

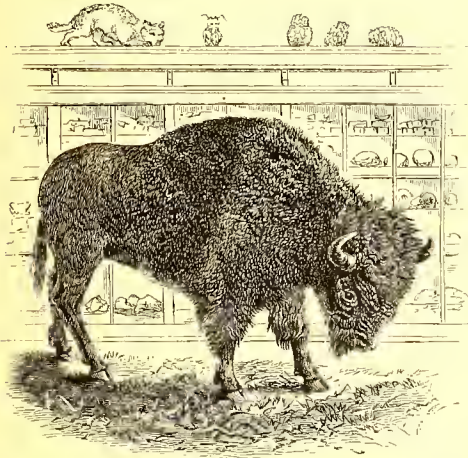
There are many things in this museum—shells, minerals, coins, curious armor from Japan, queer garments from Alaska, tapa cloth from the Sandwich Islands, and a great many other curiosities. more than I can remember, or could have room in the ST. NICHOLAS to tell you about. I am going

people who stuff animals, take the skin, I fancy, very much as a sausage-maker takes a sausage-skin, and simply cram into it as much as it will hold without bursting; and an animal's skin will hold a great deal without bursting, for it is very elastic. I have heard that the skin of any animal will bear stretching till it is one-third larger than the animal was when alive. Well, if a dead animal's skin is as elastic as that, it is very easy to see how, in stuffing it, one might entirely spoil its shape and make it look unnatural. I have seen many a stuffed animal that did n't look any more like what it was when it was alive, than a sausage looks like a pig!

Mrs. Maxwell stuffs her animals on a totally different plan, and this is why I say she is a sculptor of animals. The first thing she does is to mold the animal out of plaster, of the size and in the position she wishes. Then she fits the skin on the plaster shape. In the case of large animals, such as the bison or buffalo, she makes the figure partly of hay as well as of plaster, and what sort of a bison this results in you can see by the picture. I have never seen a live bison, but if I ever do, I do not believe he will put his head down and glare out from under his horns in one whit fiercer a way than this one does.

When I went into Mrs. Maxwell's museum, the first thing that caught my eye was a little black and tan terrier dog, lying under the table. He was a remarkably pretty dog, and, as we walked toward him, he fixed his eyes on us with a very keen and suspicious look, I thought. But he did not stir. I said to myself, "Why, what is the matter with that dog? Why does n't he get up?" And then I saw that he was only a stuffed dog! Then I wished I had had a real live dog with me, to see if he would n't have been deceived too. I think he would.

Now I must tell you how the large groups of animals are arranged, for one reason that they look so natural is that Mrs. Maxwell has made an "outdoors" for them at one end of the room. She has had built up a sort of wooden frame-work, in the shape of rocks. This is covered with a coarse canvas cloth, which has been prepared with glue or some sticky substance. Over this, coarse shining sand of a dark gray color is sprinkled thick; and as the cloth is sticky, the sand remains. At a very little distance nobody would know the rocks from real rocks of dark gray stone. Then she has set



THE BISON.

to tell you only about the stuffed animals and birds. These are the most interesting things in the museum, and the wonderful thing about them is, that they all were stuffed and many of them killed by the woman who owns the museum. Think of that!—of a woman's being able to fire her rifle as well as any old hunter could, and then, after she has brought down her bear or her wild-cat, knowing how to skin it and stuff it so that it looks exactly as if it were alive. This is really the most wonderful thing of all. You know very well how stuffed animals generally look. You know they are dead as far off as you can see them; but these animals all look as if they might walk off any minute they liked. Mrs. Maxwell (that is the name of the woman who has made this remarkable museum) is really a sculptor of animals. Most

real pine and fir trees among them, and little clumps of grasses, and mounds of real dirt. You can see all these in the pictures.

One of the most effective groups is the one where you see a large animal springing from a tree.



A GROUP OF ANIMALS.

That is a mountain lion. They are often found in the woods of Colorado. He is leaping down in pursuit of the poor stag, which you see just to the right. The stag has run till he can run no longer; he is falling down on his knees, and his tongue is lolling out of his mouth, he is so out of breath. Just below these is a happy family of deer—father and mother and two little fawns. The little fawns are only a few days old. They are beautifully mottled with white spots on light brown. The doe is bending her neck down and licking one of them as affectionately as a cat licks her kitten, and the father, just behind, is holding up his head and looking off very proudly, as much as to say, "Who's got a prettier family than I have, I'd like to know!"

Below them are some porcupines, musk-rats, weasels, and small creatures; and off on the left, two splendid great bears, one a grizzly fellow that you would n't like to meet in the woods. Once, when I was riding in the woods on the rim of the Yosemite Valley, I saw the tracks of a grizzly bear in the sand. He had been there only a short time before us, for the tracks were very fresh. They looked just like the print of a giant's mittens, and they made us all feel very uncomfortable.

Another happy family in this museum is that of the mountain sheep—father, mother, and an only

child. The father looks like a huge goat, with queer curling horns. The Colorado hunters see a great many like him, scrambling around on the rocks in high and precipitous places. Below him in the group is a fox, just ready to spring on a mouse, and near by is a wild-cat creeping out of a cave, and making up her mind to have a gray rabbit in front of her for dinner.

This group is not shown you, but you will have many a good laugh over those that the engraver has copied so admirably. As I sit here in my Colorado home, it does my very heart good to think how many thousand children will shout over the pictures of the monkeys playing cards, and of the little house out of which Mr. Brown Squirrel and Miss Yellow Duckling are coming arm-in-arm to take a walk. Mrs. Maxwell calls this "The Moonlight Walk." The duckling is all covered with bright yellow down, and is not more than three or four inches high. I think she must have been caught as soon as she was fairly out of the shell. The squirrel is a head taller, as he ought to be, and has the most comical air of gallant protection toward his lady-love. They both look so droll, that nobody can help laughing at the first sight of them.

The monkeys, too, are very droll. One old fellow, with a pipe in his mouth, is scratching his head in his perplexity to know what card to play. The one next him is peering out from behind his cards, and watching the opposite monkey's face most keenly, to discover, if he can, what cards he holds; and while they are all too absorbed in their game to see what is going on, a sly little rascal of

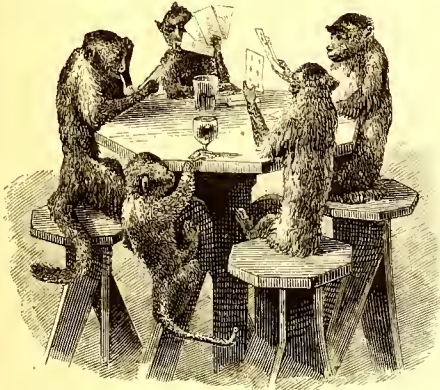


"THE MOONLIGHT WALK."

a monkey is climbing up the leg of the table and taking their goblet.

But of all the groups, I am not sure that the prairie-dog's hole is not the very best. I see dozens

of such mounds every day when I drive out, in Colorado, and on all the warm sunshiny days I see just such little prairie-dogs popping their heads out of the hole to find out who is going by, and there are always one or two more courageous ones who sit up on their haunches and look boldly at us. I have never happened to see either an owl or a



AN EXCITING GAME.

rattlesnake on the mounds, but it is a well-known fact that they live in them. Mrs. Maxwell says she has often seen them come out of the holes, but "what their arrangements are for living there" she does not know, and nobody ever can know.

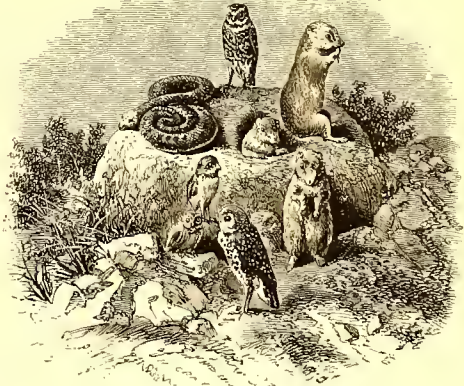
There would not be room here to tell you about half of the animals, neither can I tell you about the stuffed birds. They are as wonderful as the animals, and there are hundreds of them—all the birds of Colorado, and a great many of other countries. You will see by the two groups on the next page, however, that they look just as natural as the animals, and not at all like the usual double guide-post arrangements of stuffed birds. They look like flocks that had just alighted on a dead tree. You must not forget to look at the old mother-quail at the foot of one of these trees, with her little chickens all about her, one on her back and one sticking its head out through her wing. You'd think, if you called, "Chick, chick, chick," they'd all come running to get corn.

Now I can tell you about only two more things—an owl and a bird's nest. The owl is alive; it is Mrs. Maxwell's pet. She had two, but, unfortunately, her live bear ate up one of them. She found these young owls in their nest, when they were tiny little creatures, all covered with soft fluffy down. I saw them just after she found them, a year ago. They looked like little balls of gray feathers, with two big glass beads sewed on them for eyes. Now, this little owl's downy feathers are all smooth and flat, and two small feather horns, looking just

like cats' ears, have grown out of his head; and though he is only a few inches high, he looks as wise as any owl in the world. If you rub him gently on his head between his ears, he shuts his eyes right up and goes to sleep; but however sound asleep he seems to be, if you touch him on his back ever so lightly, he wakes up, makes a sharp angry noise, and whirls round and round quick as lightning, to bite your finger. Whenever he did this, he reminded me of a kitten going round and round after its tail. His head seems to be set on a pivot, for, without moving his body, he can turn it clear round, and see anything he wants to see behind him. He can also wink with one eye, while the other eye looks at you in a fixed stare. When he does this, his expression is more impudent than any human face could possibly wear. We laughed till the tears came into our eyes, watching this comical little creature.

I think that tears almost came into my eyes also when I looked at the bird's nest I am going to tell you of. They would not have been tears from laughter, however; they would have been tears of tender wonder and admiration for the little bird who built it.

Up in the mountains some thirty miles northwest of Denver is a wild cañon called Boulder Cañon. A cañon is a steep-sided valley between two mountains; sometimes it is little more than a rift between two precipices of rock. In this Boulder Cañon there is just room for a carriage-road and a swift little river, which is hardly more



THE PRAIRIE-DOG'S MOUND.

than a brook. Half-way down this cañon another cañon opens into it, and another swift little brook comes leaping down and fairly bounds into the first one. A few rods up this second cañon is a fine fall, or succession of falls, known as Boulder Falls,

One day, a young man, sitting near these falls, saw a small bird fly apparently into the falling sheet of water. Presently it came back, was gone

their mother to bring them food that day. The mother, too, he shot and brought away with the beautiful little house she had built. I think I could not have had the heart to kill her, even for the sake of the science of natural history. However, many things which seem cruel in themselves, must be done, or else we should never learn the truth about the wonderful creatures of which the world is full. But while I stood looking at the nest, I would have given a great deal to put it back under Boulder Falls again, with some happy little live birds in it, getting their dinner from their wet and dripping mamma. And the more I thought about it, the more I wondered whether it were really right for us ever to kill a living creature except for food. If there were a race of beings as much larger and stronger than we are, as we are than the birds, we would think it pretty hard, would we not, if they were in the habit of pulling our houses down over our heads, and killing us and our children, merely that they might classify us and label us and keep us in their museums?

If you visit the Centennial Exposition at Phila-



GROUP OF BIRDS, NO. 1.

a short time, returned, bringing something in its beak, and a second time darted into the spray and disappeared. This young man was an enthusiastic lover of natural history, and he determined to find out what that bird was doing behind Boulder Falls. If you only could see the place, you would wonder he ever had courage to venture where he did. He had to build a sort of bridge, and he had to wade in between rocks, where the stream was swift enough to knock him senseless in a very few minutes if he lost his footing; he really risked his life to track that little bird to her home. And do you not think he was rewarded when he found, snugly stowed away in a hollow behind the sheet of falling water, the nest, with the young birds in it?

Poor little bird! One would have thought she had found the very safest sort of a place which the whole world could offer; and so she had—safe against storm, against wild animals, against sportsmen, against everything except a naturalist!

The nest is made of clay and green moss; its mouth looks like the mouth of an old-fashioned brick oven; and there are all the little birds, with their mouths wide open, just as they waited for



GROUP OF BIRDS, NO. 2.

delphia, you may see these stuffed animals and birds in the Kansas and Colorado building, where Mrs. Maxwell has arranged them for exhibition.

## THE BOY EMIGRANTS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## NEWS AND DISCOVERIES.

"LETTERS! letters!" shouted Arthur, with great glee, one night, as the tired miners came up to their cabin from the claim. They had had good luck during the past few days; but even the sight of much gold, now no longer strange, could not wholly relieve the feeling of weariness of long and exacting labor. The glimpse of a bundle of letters from home, which Arty shook in their faces as they approached the cabin, banished all fatigue. Nothing was so precious as these much-worn packets of news and loving messages from friends far away. They had been handled a great deal since they arrived in San Francisco. Bearing the marks of travel, as well as the queer red and blue stamps of the express companies, these letters had hunted for the young emigrants all the way from Sacramento and Nye's Ranch through various diggings and camps. A bright-eyed, alert-looking young fellow, mounted on a scrubby but speedy mustang, had dashed into town, dropped a few packages at "Freeman & Co.'s Agency," bandied compliments with the loungers about the place, mounted his steed again, and had loped off in a more leisurely way toward Sardine Gulch.

Dropping his preparations for supper, Arty had raced across "the branch" to the store, where he was rewarded with a huge package of letters, for which the enormous express charges seemed to him a small price. Letter-carriage in those days was costly; nobody knew what the rates were; they varied every week, but anywhere from a dollar to five dollars for a single letter—the original postage on which was ten or twenty cents—was not an unusual charge. The boys murmured sometimes, after they had read their infrequent letters many times; but nobody thought of grumbling until the first excitement of receiving letters was over, and the brisk young express-rider was far away.

A pleasant excitement reigned in the cabin of the young miners while news from home was read and discussed. The Sugar Grove folks had received their California gold with great pride and delight. The neighbors had all been in to look at it before it was taken to town and sold. Other Lee County people, scattered through California, had sent home gold, but the brothers of Barnard and Arthur wrote that no such gold as this had ever been seen before in those parts. How proud and

thankful they were! The mortgage on the farm was now to be paid off; brother Sam was to have the double-barreled shot-gun (which he had long coveted) before the season for prairie-chickens came again. The mother had bought a new rocking-chair for father; and there was even some talk of having a hired girl to help about the house.

Arty read and re-read these simple details of the far-away home-life with glistening eyes, and then looked out on the ragged mining-camp, the turbid creek, the hill-sides covered with furze and chaparral, and wondered if it were possible that these existed on the same planet that held his old home—the tidy Lee County farm.

Hi, who was now able to get about his work after a feeble fashion, grew pensive over his letters, and began to think that home was, after all, a better place for him than this, even though he should not carry a fortune to it. Mont encouraged this idea; and he too looked up, with a bright face and with tenderness in his eyes, from the finely written pages which had come to him all the way from New England.

Most of all, however, were the boys interested in an extraordinary letter which Johnny received from a lawyer in Richardson. Farmer Stevens had put into this man's hands all the facts about Johnny's parentage and supposed wrongs, and he had traced up the case as far as possible. Mr. Stevens wrote to his boys that there was a good prospect of recovering the property which Johnny's faithless guardian had taken possession of, but some legal documents were needed; and the lawyer had written to Johnny of all that had been done. This is the lawyer's letter, written in a stiff, upright hand:

Richardson, Lee County, Ills., April 9, 18—.

Master J. F. Bluebaker.

RESPECTED SIR: I have to communicate to you the following facts concerning your case, which I have undertaken at the instance of Obadiah L. Stevens, Esq., a worthy citizen of Sugar Grove township, this county, with whose sons, or other relatives, I understand you are associated in business.

To wit: Jane Ann Bluebaker, maiden name Jenness, your mother, as I now understand the case, was left a widow with one child, name, John Francis Bluebaker, about seven years ago. The widow resided near Oregon, Ogle County, this State, where she held legal possession of landed property, stock, fixtures, agricultural implements, the schedule of which now exists in the Probate Court records of said Ogle County, Oregon being the shire town thereof. In due process of nature, Mrs. Bluebaker died, leaving her infant son to the guardianship of her brother, one John F. Jenness, a veterinary surgeon, commonly called a horse-doctor, of Lick Springs, Vermilion County, this State.

The property hereinbefore mentioned passed with the boy (who was, I understand and beg leave to say, yourself) into the custody of said Jenness. This person, being the only surviving relative of Mrs. Blue-

baker, your respected mother, except yourself, seems to have conceived the idea of secreting or otherwise fraudulently disposing of the lad—meaning yourself. Jenness, commonly called Dr. Jenness, as nearly as I can discover, had already managed to convert to his own use and behoof a portion of the income of the estate of the late Bluebaker; and, if the facts which come to me are trustworthy, he employed one William Bunce and Ephraim W. Mullet to carry the boy, meaning yourself, to California and “lose” him on the way. For this unlawful service said Bunce and Mullet were to receive an outfit for California, and the boy was to be provided with a sum of money which would subsist him for a time if left in a strange place; but it may occur to an unprejudiced person that the money given to the boy, which was in gold, might also have been intended to tempt the ruffians to dealing foully with him.

These facts are partly derived from the admissions which the said W. Bunce has made to the Messrs. Stevens, Morse and Fender, in California. But they are, with additions, confirmed by the affidavits of one Polly Gardner, an inmate and housekeeper in the family of the late Jenness. I say the late Jenness, because that person was killed by being thrown from his wagon, in February last. Proceedings may be instituted to recover for you the unexpended portion of your estate, as soon as you choose a legal guardian and have forwarded to your attorney (in which capacity I should be pleased to serve you) the necessary papers. I am unfamiliar with the laws in your somewhat unsettled country; but presume that a power of attorney given to Mr. Stevens, from your guardian when chosen, would enable him to institute proceedings to recover.

I have the honor, sir, to subscribe myself,  
Your ob't serv't,  
CYRIL H. DUFFER, Att'y-at-Law.

P. S.—It may interest you to know that the estate hereinbefore referred to is variously estimated by experts, who are neighbors, at from twenty-five thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars value.

C. H. D.

“What a prosy old duffer!” cried Tom, when the reading was concluded.

“Twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars!” said Hi, putting his hand painfully to his head. “That’s a power of money. More’n I ever hope to take home with me. Thirty thousand! That beats me.”

“You’re rich before us, Johnny,” said Arty, with an honest glow of satisfaction. “But,” he added with concern, “you’ll have to leave us and go home to look after your property.”

“Oh, no,” Mont explained. “He need not go until he gets ready. We can go down to Sacramento, or to the new mayor at Marysville, and have the papers fixed up for him. By the way, Johnny, what are you going to do about a guardian?”

“A guardeen,” repeated Johnny, with a troubled air. “Who’ll be my guardeen? Will you, Arty?”

Everybody laughed, and Mont said:

“No, Johnny, you must have a guardian who is twenty-one years of age. Arty’s too young.”

“Then I’ll take Barney,” said the boy, quickly; and appealing to Barnard, he said: “Will you be my guardeen, Barney? I must have one, and I don’t know anybody else, scarcely, but you.”

“Yes,” cried Barney, heartily, “I’ll be your guardian. But I shall have to give bonds, I suppose. Shall I, Mont?”

Mont, thus appealed to, thought all that could be arranged satisfactorily, but he was not sure about the bonds; and Johnny, with a gleam of light in his sober face, put his hand in Barnard’s,

and said: “Is n’t it something like a father-in-law, this guardeen?”

The matter was, on the whole, easily arranged. It was not necessary to go to Sacramento in order to secure the necessary legal papers. An accommodating magistrate was found nearer home; and though the machinery of the law was somewhat rude in the region of Hoosiertown, it satisfied the needs of the young miners, and the papers were made out and sent home.

“You can call him ‘pap,’ I suppose, now,” said Tom, curiously, when Barnard was declared to be the lawful guardian of Master John F. Bluebaker.

“And a young-looking father he is, too!” struck in Arty, who was highly amused with this novel turn of affairs. “Call him ‘gurdy,’ Johnny; it’s just as good as anything else.”

“I never called anybody ‘pap,’” said the poor boy. “I never knew anybody to call ‘father;’ but I’ll do just what Barney says.”

“Never mind,” said Barnard. “Call me whatever you please. But I don’t want any handle to my name. ‘Barney,’ or even ‘Barney Crogan,’ is good enough for me, although that young scapegrace of a brother of mine did put on the Crogan.”

“Now don’t put on any airs, Barney Crogan,” joined in Nance, who took part in all the family councils on the subject of Johnny’s future prospects. “Crogan you be, and Crogan you’ll stay, guardeen or no guardeen, you can jest bet yer—I mean, that is, you may be very sure,” and Nance coughed violently to hide her confusion.

“Hello!” cried Tom, rudely, “if Nance did n’t come nigh saying ‘you bet yer life,’ jest like she used to. Laws sakes alive! Miss Nancy Dobbs, how peart you have growed!” and the boy minced along the cabin floor, stepping on the tips of his bare toes and drawing up his shoulders, as if imitating some imaginary fine lady.

The girl flashed up suddenly, and before Tom knew what was about to happen, she gave him such a cuff that he tumbled headlong into a corner, where he fell ingloriously into a confused huddle of pots and pans.

“Come, now! I say, Nance, jest you strike a feller of your size, can’t you?”

And, red with anger, Tom scrambled out of the way and regarded Nance with some defiance as well as mortification.

The boys laughed at Tom’s discomfiture, but Nance, with some mortification in her turn, said:

“I beg pardon, Tom; I did n’t mean to cuff you. But if you give me any of your chin—I mean if you sass me that way—well, no matter what I mean.” And she walked off without another word.

“There, now!” said Hi, angrily; “you’ve been and vexed the best gal in Hoosiertown, and it’ll



serve you right if she don't come into this shebang ag'in for a week."

"Say the only gal in Hoosiertown and you'll hit it," replied Tom, surlily. "'Cause you're sweet on Nance, must she give me a whack on the side of the cabsa like that? Whew! but she's got a heavy hand, though!"—and Tom rubbed his head, with a comical air of misery.

"If you did n't know I was weakly," said his brother, with a very red face, "you would n't dare to sass me like that. Take that, impudence!" and here Hi's tin cup flew over Tom's head, that young gentleman having dodged just in time.

But, though Hiram was yet "weakly," he was now able to work quite regularly in his claim. He had insisted on timbering the rude tunnel; he had a dread of its caving in upon him "again," as he expressed it—for Hi had never been able to get rid of the idea that he had been injured by the falling of the roof of his tunnel. As a matter of opinion, he "allowed" that Dr. Carson was right; but he spoke of his wounds as the result of "that cave." He was afraid the roof would "drop again."

"But the roof *did not* drop, Hiram," said the doctor one day when Hiram was discussing the prospects of his claim.

"How did my head get hit, then?" petulantly demanded Hi. "That's what I want to know."

"And that's what *I* want to know," replied the doctor, fixing his keen eyes on Hi's face. "You are found wounded and bleeding in the road, a quarter of a mile from the claim. You say you have been caved in upon by the tunnel. But the tunnel is not disturbed in the least. To this day it is all sound overhead. Nobody supposes you would tell a wrong story about your misadventure, Hiram. But how were you injured? That's the question."

Hi had only one story to tell. And if Dr. Carson had any theory of his own (and very likely he had), he gave no hint of what it was. In his occasional "spells," as Tom impatiently called them, Hi mandered on about his jacket being heavy and the day warm; and he almost always pleaded with some imaginary comrade that "it" was "in the other pocket."

Mont tried at such times to get Hi to explain. "What is in the other pocket, old fellow? Where is your pocket?" But Hi only struggled painfully, and begged, "Don't hit me ag'in! Oh, don't!" It was pitiful. "I give it up," said Mont. It was no use trying to draw the secret from him.

Hi murmured and grumbled a great deal about his lost bag of dust. Nevertheless, he was now meeting with good fortune in his claim. He worked at a great disadvantage. Tom was not a valuable assistant, and Hi's health was very feeble indeed. He seemed to have lost much of his old ambition,

though he grew covetous and avaricious. Sometimes, he was obliged to leave off work for several days at a time. When he went back to his claim, he felt more like sitting down in the mouth of the tunnel and musing—while Tom went gunning for gophers—than striking with pick or shovel.

"Just my ornery luck," he said, discontentedly, one day, as he sat complaining to himself by a heap of dirt thrown out from the tunnel. He aimlessly threw the lumps of sand and dried earth at a stake which marked a miner's "corner" near by. And as he sat tossing the dirt, his thoughts were not in the diggings. He was thinking of Nance.

"Powerful nice gal!" muttered Hi to himself. "Chirky and peart, but dreffle sassy. My gosh, what a tongue!"—and Hi threw another lump at Gubbins's corner stake. "Just my ornery luck!"

Then he got half-way up, and, trembling with excitement, crawled on his hands and knees to the little heap of earth, fallen apart where it struck the stake. He snatched the crumbly mass in his hands. It was whitish-yellow, sprinkled with small angular bits of pure white stone; but all through it were lumps, streaks, and jagged wires of gold.

"Gosh all Friday! I've struck a quartz lead! I've struck it! I've struck it!" And Hi, in a delirium of joy, pressed the precious handful to his lips, as if to devour it.

Tom, who was patiently waiting by the side of a gopher-hole on the hill-side above, his pistol ready for the appearance of its persecuted tenant, looked down and saw his brother's extraordinary actions.

"Another spell onto him, I s'pose," complained Tom, and he sauntered down to Hi's relief.

Poor Hiram looked vacantly at his brother when he came down, brushed the glittering dust off his face with a great effort, and said: "Don't hit me ag'in! It's in the other pocket!"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### DEVELOPMENTS.

THE news that a rich quartz lead had been discovered on Brush Hill created a tremendous excitement in Hoosiertown. Only a few claims had been located in that region, and those that were worked were considered as paying only fairly. Before night every foot of ground along the hill was taken up. Very little was then known about quartz-mining. Here and there, deposits of decayed yellowish quartz rock, richly speckled with gold, had been found. These had usually been dug out speedily with pick and shovel. The rock was easily pulverized, and, being pounded in an iron mortar, or even between two smooth stones, the golden grains in it were thus loosened and secured. But much of this flint-like quartz was pure white

and as hard as adamant. The miners looked at it covetously and passed on to find gold in a more accessible condition.

Lately, however, there had been some experiments at quartz mining with machinery in the southern mines. There ran a rumor that fabulous sums had been made by pounding up the gold-bearing quartz in the Mariposa country, where some new kind of machinery had been put up for that purpose. Then, too, there came inflaming reports of rich quartz mines being found and worked in Tuolumne. The rock was crushed by "arastras," as the Mexicans called them, a simple invention of old times. The arastra was something like a huge grindstone, revolving on an axis, one end of which was made fast to an upright, but turning, post in the center of a circle; the other end was moved around by mules or cattle. The great stone, revolving over the broken quartz which was laid in a large circular trough, crushed all before it. Powdered quartz and free gold were gathered up in a wet paste, and the precious stuff was then separated from the refuse.

Very soon, quartz mining became "all the rage," and everybody wanted to try it. The rude mortar and arastra served to extract only the larger particles of gold; probably, more was wasted than was saved. The miners, in their eagerness to crack open the rocky ledges, snatch the large pieces of gold and go away, threw aside everything that did not promise them an immediate return.

The fame of the Mariposa and Tuolumne quartz ledges had reached Hoosiertown and Brush Hill diggings. Some restless prospectors had dug down below the surface wherever they had found lumps of white rock sticking up through the soil, like a coat-sleeve out at the elbow. But nobody had found gold-bearing quartz; it was thought an unlikely thing that it should exist here. And when Hi's discovery was announced, everybody said at once that they "always knew there was quartz in that hill." In Hi's little tunnel, now famous, he found a thin vein of rock just cropping above the irregular floor of the chamber. It was a loose, friable sort of rock, full of cracks and holes, easily scraped off with a strong shovel, yellowish-white and gray in color, and mottled with gold. Hi had previously shoveled up some of this loose stuff, which soon became covered with dirt, and was dumped out with what was thought to be worthless stuff. When Hi accidentally cracked open one of these rich lumps of golden rock, it flashed on him that he had at last found what the whole country was looking for—a quartz lead.

"A fool for luck," said some of the Hoosiertown miners when they found that Hi had blundered on a mine of gold. Then they rushed out to Brush

Hill and covered it over with stakes and notices of claims. Men who were making fortunes in the river diggings, or in the ravine claims, dropped everything else and seized upon quartz mining as affording the very shortest road to riches. It was early in the forenoon when Hi, weak and overcome by his sudden discovery, had fallen in a fit. Tom, with great amazement, had wiped the golden dust and dirt from his brother's face, and had dragged him into the cool shadow of the tunnel, where he gradually recovered. It was noon when Hiram, feverish and trembling, was able to examine his



"HI PRESSED THE PRECIOUS HANDFUL TO HIS LIPS."

vein of quartz and gold, and tell his nearest neighbors of his luck. Before the sun went down that night, Brush Hill was looked upon as a bank on which hundreds of men were to present checks in the shape of picks and shovels, and draw gold in any quantity.

Hiram was the hero of the hour. He bore his fame with indifference, and announced his readiness to sell out and go back to the States. Everybody wanted to buy. Nobody was willing to say what the claim was worth. Some men thought it ought to bring one hundred thousand dollars. There were those who said that capitalists at the

Bay, as San Francisco was called, would jump at a chance to give two millions for it.

"Two millions!" whispered Hi to himself. "What a heap of money! Is there so much in this yere world?"

However, nobody offered to buy the mine at any price, and Hi and Tom went on slowly digging in it.

One Sunday morning, when Hoosiertown was given up to the cleaning, cooking, mending, and letter-writing, with which that day was always occupied in the mines, a rough-bearded, red-shirted, booted miner rode down the divide just south of Table Mountain, and made his way into Hoosiertown. Stopping at the express-office, a log hut of noble dimensions, he inquired for "the boys from Crowbait, whosomever they might be."

He was directed to the cabin where Mont, Barnard, Hi, and the three boys were gathered about the door. Without wasting words on the loungers at the express-office, he cantered across the branch, dismounted, and saluted the party with, "Howdy? Nice day."

Seating himself on Arty's chopping-block, he opened his errand.

"Which of you fellers is Hi Fender?"

"That's my name," answered Hi.

"How's yer head?" he asked, with a curious grin. "I'm from Cherokee Flat, t'other side of the divide."

"All right," said Hi. "Glad to see ye. My head's improvin', thank ye. How's yerself?"

"It's just like this," said the stranger, in a queer and inconsequent way. "We caught a feller a-robbin' Kentucky Bob's sluice, over to Cherokee, last night. Bob let drive at him and shot him in the leg—winged him, so to speak. Dark night, yer see, or Bob'd done better. Anyhow, the thief could n't get away, and we boys turned out and tied him up for the night. This mornin' he war tried. Do yer foller me?"

His listeners assured him that they understood him, and he went on.

"When he was gone through with, we lighted on a bag of dust stowed away in his traps. Look yar," and the man opened a buck-skin bag and poured into the crown of his hat a handful of coarse gold. "This yar," he said, parting some grains of light-colored yellow metal from the other, "is Cherokee gold. All on our side of the divide, leastways as fur as we've prospected, is like that thar. This yar,—and here his stumpy finger poked out some coarser bits of dark reddish gold,—"this yar came from your side of Table Mountain. Brush Hill gold, bein' a gold-sharp, I mought say."

Nobody spoke.

"Now yer see that when we went through this yar gawot, we found his buck-skin full of all sorts

and kinds. Sure as shootin', he had bin playin' it low down on any number of honest miners. Not bein' an honest miner himself, he had bin goin' for everything in sight on both sides of Table Mount'in. D'yer foller my meanin'?"

Mont, rather impatiently, said that they did, and would like the rest of his story.

"*Pre-cisely*," said the man, "and jest what I was comin' to when you interrupted me. Seein' as how this chap did n't hev long to live, we gave him warnin' to make a clean breast of it, which he did. He had n't sold no dust, but had packed it away in holes and crevices, where we found most of it. This yar dark gold, from the south of the divide, he allowed was some out of a lot that he got away with belongin' to a chap named Fender. Yar it is writ out, yer see, by the clerk of the meetin'. 'Hiram Fender,' which is you, accordin' to 'pearances"—and the man saluted Hi, with gravity.

Hiram looked at him painfully and with a troubled expression, and said:

"I allow he must have found my bag when I dropped, the day I was caved in on."

"Nary time, stranger. He confessed that he laid for you better 'n four days, a-waitin' fur you to get where he could knock you over and go fur yer buck-skin. One day, he war on the nigh side of Table Mount'in as yer went down the trail from yer claim. Yer slouched along right under whar he war, leastways so he allowed to us. Then he rocked yer. The first dornick took yer plum' on the cabesa, and yer dropped in yer tracks. He let fly another at yer, climbed down the bluff, went through yer clothes, nipped yer buck-skin, and lit out. Leastways, so he let on to us at the meetin'."

"Good heavens!" said Mont, "this is an amazing story!"

Arthur, whose eyes had opened wider and wider while the story was being told, exclaimed:

"Do you know this man's name?"

"Well, I disremember; usual he war called Lame Bill, but I allow it war some such name as Bunch."

"Bunee!" cried the boys.

"You've hit it. Bunce war his name."

"*His* his name?" said Barnard. "You don't mean —"

"*Pre-cisely*. What little he had to say, he said a-standin' on a wagon-box, with rope around his neck, and it over a convenient sycamore handy by. The boys war buryin' of him when I left."

"Lynched?" said the boys, with horror.

"Lynched it war. But everything reg'lar. He could n't hev asked for no squarer game. Chairman, clerk, rope committee, and everything accordin' to rule. Oh, we're a law-abidin' lot on *our* side of the divide."

This was slightly sarcastic, for there had been

some scandalous irregularities reported of the Hoosiertown people.

"Law-abidin' people and travel on the squar'. Your friend Bunch went off like a lamb."

"Did he really say that he dropped rocks on my head?" asked Hi, who could not believe this story.

"Sartin, sartin. Did n't yer feel 'em?"

"No," said Mont. "Hi has never had a clear idea of what happened. The first blow made him insensible, probably, and his brain was so affected by the hurt that he had a notion that he had been caved in on while in the tunnel. He never knew what hurt him."

"Sho, now!"

"It's a strange case. Did Bunce say how Hi behaved when he was robbed of his bag of dust?"

"I disremember pertickeler. But he did say that while he war a-goin' through yer pardner thar, that he sorter freshened up a bit and sung out to Bunch, so he did, and says, 'Don't hit me ag'in; it's in the other pocket'—meanin' the dust, yer sec. With that, Bunch he clips him another, which finishes him, he allowed. Then he grabs the buck-skin, does Bunch, and breaks for tall timber."

"The story is complete, Hi, my boy," added Barney. "I guess Dr. Carson had it all figured out except as to the robber. You know Arty saw Bunce from the hill."

"I'm clean beat, and don't know anything about it," said Hiram, discontentedly. And he sat back from the group with the air of one who has no further interest in a discussion.

"And yar," said the stranger, producing an empty buck-skin bag, "yar is a bag that we allowed belonged over yar. Hit's got 'Boston' onto it, and you chaps hail from thereaway, they say."

"My bag!" exclaimed Arty. "I marked that on there and gave the bag to Hi. Was there anything in it?"

"No," said the man. "Hit war stowed inside of another buck-skin. Both on 'em war buried near a lone pine, where we found 'em 'cordin' to directions."

It was then explained that the "meetin'" at Cherokee had directed this envoy to leave with Hiram Fender the gold which had been sent over. It belonged to nobody at Cherokee. It was about equal in weight to the darker gold found among Bunce's deposits. The rest had been confiscated, by popular vote, for the relief of a distressed miner who was laid up with the rheumatism.

"One more question before you go," said Mont. "Did Bunce confess any other crimes before he was—hanged?"

"Heaps, heaps on 'em," replied the man. "But none that I set much by. Except he denied that he stole Columbus's money at Loup Fork, as one

of our fellers said he did. It war his pardner, Eph Mullet, that did that. Leastways, so Lame Bill allowed. Hit don't matter now, anyhow."

So saying, he swung himself into his saddle, touched his horse's flank, clattered over the branch, down the trail, and disappeared in the thickets which covered the divide.

The boys looked at each other with a feeling of awe. Bill Bunce had at last met with his fate. He would lie and steal no more. With his awful taking-off had come the explanation of Hi's mysterious disaster. Here was conclusive proof that Hi had been living under a strange delusion. Indeed, he was still deluded. His comrades were satisfied that he had been waylaid, cruelly wounded, and robbed by Bunce. Arty and Johnny had seen the crime from the hill, though they had not seen Hiram in the road below. Arty went over the whole story again, point by point.

Hi only said: "Boys, it gets me. I give it up. I s'pose you're right. But I allow I shall never know how it happened."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### RECKONING UP THE GAINS.

Hi's "luck" did not seem to desert him, although nobody made a distinct offer to buy his quartz lead. There was much talk about capitalists coming up from the Bay in search of just such investments as this. Somehow, they never came, and Hi went on with his work, his comrades occasionally giving him a helping hand. A week had passed since his great discovery, and the people who had taken up claims on Brush Hill were becoming discontented with their failure to "strike it rich." Hi steadily took out gold-bearing quartz in paying quantities; the gold was pounded out in a big iron mortar, brought at great expense from San Francisco.

One day, Tom was industriously picking away at the loose vein of rock inside the tunnel, when he uttered a wild shriek, which made Hi drop his basket and hurry to the spot. Tom had cleft off a thin layer of rock which had slanted downward beneath the surface. About six inches below this was another similar layer, and between these two, as far as uncovered, was a reddish-gray deposit of rotten rock veined and mottled through and through with virgin gold. It was nearly one-half gold, glittering, sparkling, and in all sorts of shapes. Some of it was like ferns, in long and leafy sprays; some was like sheets of foil crumpled by pressure; and some was in thick splinters, as if it had been hammered into the crevices of the rock, ages ago, before these quartz crystals had begun to decay.

Hi uttered a howl of delight, and seized the pick from Tom's unwilling hand. In a moment, he

had laid bare the vein, which did not extend quite across the tunnel, and was of unknown depth. Trembling with eagerness, he held the candle down to the shining mass, and said: "Millions! millions! millions!"

"And I struck it," added Tom, proudly.

"So you did, Tommy, my boy," said Hi, fondly. "So you did, and a right peart striker you are. You shall have a specimen out of this for a buzzumpin, so you shall; and we'll go back to Sugar Grove and hold up our heads with them proud Gashwilers and Perkinses and all the rest."

And Hi lovingly laid a golden leaf in his hands and doubled it up, as if in mere wantonness of wealth. It was a wonderful thing to be able to handle one's own gold like that—just as if it were sheets of common tin.

"Now, you Tom, just keep your mouth shet about this. Don't let it get around. We'll have the whole camp down on us if ye do."

"What!" cried Tom, opening his eyes very wide. "Not tell Mont and the boys?"

"Sartinly not! sartinly not!" replied his brother, and his face grew haggard and anxious as he regarded the glittering vein. "Nothin' to nobody. D'ye hear that?"

"Yes, I hear," said Tom, who was bursting to rush out and tell the news.

That night, Hi went staggering home with the proceeds of his day's work, mingled with bits of broken quartz with gold sticking to them.

"What luck to-day?" asked Dr. Carson, checking his horse as he rode past the two brothers.

"Oh, just ornery, just ornery, Doctor. Times is dreffle mixed up here," answered Hi, with something like a whine.

"Golly! what a whopper!" cried Tom, as the doctor rode off with a pleasant word for the boys.

"Keep yer head shet, will ye, young one. You are the talkinest creetur I ever came across. Did n't I say that things was mixed? Aint that gettin' around the truth without strainin' it?"

But Hi felt guilty; and when he remembered how Dr. Carson had guessed out the truth about the affair of Bunce, he was afraid that he might somehow divine the golden secret of the mine.

When Hi and Tom reached the cabin, they found the rest of the party in great excitement. Arty had that day found in the claim two nuggets, or chispas, worth at least five hundred dollars each.

"Are n't they beauties, Hi?" asked Johnny; and he rolled the potato-shaped lumps over and over on the supper-table.

"Hang it all, boys," said Hi, with a sudden burst of candor. "I did n't mean to tell. But just look at this yere." And he poured out the glittering contents of his sack.

"There now!" exclaimed Tom. "You've been and gone and told, and I kept shut about it!"

"Did n't mean to tell?" said Mont, with a look of surprise. "You don't mean to say that you would keep the good news from us, Hi?"

Hi blushed and explained that he wanted to keep the news from the rest of the camp. He could not keep it from the boys when he saw how frank they were. But it was all out now. Would the boys say nothing about it for the present?

There was no need. The very next day, Hi, scooping out the contents of the rift of rock in which his treasure lay, suddenly struck his pick against a hard wall. It was the virgin quartz—pure, white, adamantine, and without a flaw or seam. In this shallow fissure the decayed gold-bearing quartz had been shut up for ages. A day's work had been sufficient to scrape it all out; and the pocket was empty.

Hi nervously plied his pick and shovel in all directions. For hours he dug and scratched at the rock, above, below, to the left and to the right. In vain; only barren quartz met him on all sides. Hi wiped his heated head and shoulders and sat down to rest, saying: "There's no use talkin', Tom. This yere claim's played out. I'm goin' home."

And, in spite of Tom's remonstrances, Hiram deliberately shouldered his bag of ore and mining-tools, and set his face toward the tunnel's mouth. Reaching the open air, he blew out his candle, laid it carefully away in a crevice of rock, as if he was going away for the night. But, turning about, he said: "Good-bye, old tunnel. You've given me sorer, and you've given me gold. We part friends. I'm bound for the States!"

"To the States!" re-echoed the boys in grand chorus, when Hiram, that night, announced his sudden determination.

"Yes. I've made my pile, you see. Not millions, nor even hundred thousands, but more'n I ever thought for when I started. It don't pay, this livin' in a hole in the ground."

"Well, I must say," said Barney, with deliberation, "this is a new freak for you. What has happened to change your mind about making that million that you thought you had struck?"

"Oh, I say, I wonder if it is n't because Nance and her folks are going home?" broke in little Johnny, with great simplicity.

"Yer know too much, youngster," interrupted Hi, wrathfully; but he blushed red, nevertheless.

"We may as well all go together," said Arty. "We've sent home five thousand dollars, all told. Have n't we got as much more, share and share alike, Barney Crogan?"

They took account of stock, went over all their gains, and found that they would have, after selling

their claim, forty thousand dollars. This was a fortune to the boys. Divided, it gave Barney and Arthur twenty thousand dollars between them, and the same to Mont and his little partner.

Hi and his brother, notwithstanding their occasional "spurts of luck," had not accumulated quite so much. Hi's sickness had disabled him, various expenses had eaten into the profits, and the gold never turned out to be so much in value as it looked.

The boys decided to go home.

players within: "Can any of this gay and garrulous crowd tell a passing stranger where to find the Boston Boys?"

"Reckon you 'll find 'em down about the Bay somewhat, stranger. It's your deal, Kaintuck," and the man went on with his play.

"Sho! you don't tell me so! Gone to the Bay! Made their pile?"

"They've made right smart, I hear," explained one of the lounging group. "Yer see Nance, she went with the old man Dobbs. Then the feller



STARTING HOMEWARD.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### HOMeward BOUND.

PEOPLE moved suddenly in those days. A miner would go to his cabin at night, grimy with a day's work, and leaving his pick and shovel in his claim. Next day, clad in a "biled" (or white) shirt, and uncomfortable in "store clothes," he would wave a farewell from the top of the stage, or from the back of his mule, as he took his way to Sacramento, San Francisco, and the States.

Late in September, Jehiel Bush, seedy but cheery, dropped his mining kit in front of the Hoosiertown express-office, and said to a noisy party of card-

that struck it up on Brush Hill, he went. Then that smart Boston chap, he went, and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em went."

"To the States?" said Bush, aghast.

"That's the size of it, stranger."

Bush looked down dejectedly, and murmured:

"And I'm clean busted! Oh, it gets 'em! it gets 'em! One gal like that can clear out a hull camp."

So saying, he shouldered his pack and moved on.

In those days there were steamers plying between San Francisco and Panama, laden with homeward-bound gold-hunters. Now and then, there was a fearful disaster, and hundreds of men, with

their faces turned toward home, sunk in the waters. In a little space, a ship-load of hopefulness, life, manhood, and treasure was swallowed in the sea. But, safely creeping down the coast, across the hot and gorgeous isthmus of Panama, and up the boisterous Atlantic, went our young adventurers.

It was a happy day when the boys, so lately from the rough wilds of California, found themselves in the glitter and excitement of New York. The streets seemed foreign to them, and the great stores were almost awful in their magnificence. But their thoughts ran out to the West, where father, mother, brothers and sisters waited for them day by day. It was hard parting with Mont; but he manfully insisted that it was only for a time. They should meet again, and soon. He had lost his taste for city-life; he would go out West and settle down in Lee County, by and by. So he sped home to his mother.

In the houses of Stevens and Fender, at Sugar Grove, there was great rejoicing when the fortunate young gold-seekers, like seamen from the waters, came home in triumph. Farmer Stevens and Oliver had gone into town with their new farm-wagon, and, meeting the wanderers at the stage, had brought them out, bag and baggage, and with great acclaim, Arty standing up with a flag handkerchief on a ramrod, as the party drove up the farm-road. It was like the last act in a play, when all is happiness, reunion and congratulation. The boys who had gone out with slender equipment, followed by hopes and fears, prayers and forebodings, had come again, rejoicing and bringing their golden sheaves with them.

"And this is little Johnny?" said the good mother, when Barney and Arty had been welcomed again and again.

"Yes, mother," broke in Arthur. "And he shall never go away, shall he? Say that's so, quick, because you know," and the lad dropped his voice, "he's got no home unless it is with us."

"Johnny shall stay with my boys ever and always, if he likes," said the mother.

Barnard, with a little air of authority, added: "I'm Johnny's guardian, and he shall stay with me."

"My son!" said the home-mother, her kindly arm about the orphan's shoulder. The lad's blue eyes were moist as he kissed his new mother. He was at home at last.

How Johnny came into his own again, and how he sent back to Mont all that was left of his own share of the gold, when he was once more settled—these and other things can be left to the imagination of the dear young folks who have followed the varying fortunes of the Boy Emigrants.

Prosperity has come back to the Grove from the Golden Land. Barney, Arty, and Johnny tell their adventures over and over again in the comfortable home of the Stevens family, and to willing ears.

Old man Fender thought that Hi had "missed it" by leaving his mining partners and striking out for himself. If Hi had not been ignorant, he said, he would have been more patient and more successful. So, as he leans over his fence-rail, smoking his pipe at eventide, he looks at the thrifty Stevens' farm, and mutters:

"Tell yer what—eddication's a great thing!"

THE END.

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## IN THE CLOSET.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

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THEY 'VE taken away the ball,  
 Oh dear!  
 And I'll never get it back,  
 I fear.  
 And now they've gone away,  
 And left me here to stay  
 All alone the livelong day,  
 In here.

It was *my* ball, anyway,—  
 Not his;

For he never had a ball  
 Like this.  
 Such a coward you'll not see,  
 E'en if you should live to be  
 Old as Deuteronomy,  
 As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm—  
 None at all!  
 I just held out my hand  
 For the ball,

And somehow it hit his head ;  
Then his nose it went and bled ;  
And as if I'd killed him dead,  
He did bawl.

Nurse said I was a horrid  
Little wretch,  
And Aunt Jane said the police  
She would fetch ;  
And cook, who's always glad  
Of a chance to make me mad,  
Said, " Indeed, she niver *had*  
Seen setch ! "

No, I never, never *will*  
Be good !  
I'll go and be a babe  
In the wood !  
I'll run away to sea,  
And a pirate I will be !  
Then they'll never call me  
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting,—  
Let me see !

I wonder what they're going to have  
For' tea !  
Of course there will be jam,  
And that lovely potted ham.  
How unfortunate I am !  
Dear me !

Oh ! it's growing very dark  
In here,  
And the shadow in that corner  
Looks so queer !  
Wont they bring me any light ?  
Must I stay in here all night ?  
I shall surely die of fright,  
Oh dear !

Mother, darling ! will you never  
Come back ?  
I am sorry that I hit him  
Such a crack.  
Hark ! Yes, 't is her voice I hear !  
Now good-bye to every fear,  
For she's calling me her dear  
Little Jack.

## SEA-JELLIES.

BY J. RICHARDSON.

THEY are commonly called jelly-fish ; but, strictly speaking, they are no more fish than toad-stools are trees. They live and move in water, but there their likeness to true fish is at an end.

They are sometimes called sea-nettles, because they sting, at least some of them do, and woe to the swimmer, whether man or fish, that runs against one of these ; their touch is like a stroke from an electric cat-o'-nine-tails—thousand-and-nine-tails rather, for each of the innumerable whip-like tentacles burns like a fine streak of lightning.

They are of all sizes, from microscopic specks, too small to be seen with the naked eye, to huge monsters many feet across, with streaming tentacles fifty or a hundred feet long. Off the Massachusetts coast, Mrs. Agassiz saw one having a body eight or ten feet across, and tentacles some scores of feet in length trailing behind. But that was a trifle to those which travelers tell of seeing in tropical seas. A trustworthy writer describes one which was cast upon the Bombay shore by a storm—an enormous mass of jelly weighing many tons. It was nine months before it entirely melted away and dis-

appeared ; and while it was decaying travelers had to avoid the spot, changing the road that ran by it nearly a quarter of a mile to escape the sickening stench that came from the putrid mass.

Voyagers tell of sailing through shoals of them, covering the sea for miles and miles, so close together that they impede the progress of a vessel, as the weeds of Saragossa Sea did the ships of Columbus. And a beautiful sight it is at night when a ship encounters them, for they are often phosphorescent, and at such times the vessel turns a luminous furrow and leaves a trail of brightness in its wake.

In arctic seas microscopic sea-jellies are inconceivably abundant, swarming in such countless myriads that the water is thick with them. Sometimes, for hundreds of square miles, the sea is deeply colored with them—a sort of animated jelly-soup, on which the giant whale lives and fattens, straining out his microscopic, yet most abundant food, by means of the enormous whalebone sieve which he carries in the roof of his great mouth.

In the picture herewith is shown a school of





MEDUSÆ, OR SEA-JELLIES.

moderate-sized sea-jellies, the two nearest swimming, one toward the left, the other directly downward. They swim with a pulsating motion, which may be compared with the opening and shutting of a parasol, usually with lazy gracefulness, but when disturbed they dive to deep water with surprising quickness. In most of them the mouth is placed in the center, on the under side, like the hole in the frame-work of a parasol through which the stick passes. They have no hard parts, jaws or teeth, yet they are able to devour small fish, worms, minute crustacea, even each other, making themselves all mouth, if necessary, to swallow their captives.

They have another name, *medusæ*, suggested by their long tentacular appendages, which are sometimes coiled close to the body, sometimes thrown out to a great distance, sometimes but half un-

folded, writhing and twisting like the snaky locks of the fabled Medusa. Yet there is no snaky repulsiveness about *medusæ*. On the contrary, they rank among the most beautiful of living creatures.

"When floating in the ocean," says an eloquent writer, "most of them appear like crystal bowls of purest transparency, veined and patterned with the most brilliant colors, their rims ornamented with fringes, furbelows, and arbuscles of such delicacy and intricacy of workmanship, that even the most experienced in nature's works marvel how it is that such textures, too frail to bear the slightest handling, are kept entire amid the restless element of their nativity."

And a poet says :

"There's not a gem  
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them;  
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow,  
And make the moonlight brighter where they flow."

## HOW GENERAL WASHINGTON GOT HIS CLOTHES.

BY N. PERKINS.

DOUBTLESS the young lads who read the ST. NICHOLAS are familiar with the principal events in the life of General Washington. As it is the custom just now to recall pleasing events of the past century, I propose, in this little sketch, to give a pen-picture of sunny days at Mount Vernon before the Revolutionary war.

At the time of which I write, George Washington was thirty-one years of age. He was a tall, well-proportioned young man, of fine appearance, great physical strength, and fond of athletic exercise. He had everything which money could buy, but, better still, he possessed those qualities which make a true-hearted, noble and loyal man, and which cannot be purchased at any price. Every one on his plantation loved and honored him. His household was a very large one, and comprised among its inmates a chief steward, an overseer, and a great number of colored servants. In addition to these, the number of slaves employed on his plantation, with their families, constituted quite a colony by themselves.

In the year 1759, we find Washington living at his quiet home on the banks of the Potomac, in the house left him by his elder brother Lawrence. He had passed safely through many engagements with the Indians and French settlers, had made his only sea-voyage (to the Barbadoes), and had

so miraculously escaped injury in battle that he was believed to have a charmed life. But though wealthy, Washington was by no means an idle man. He devoted himself to the cultivation of his estates, and especially to the raising of wheat and tobacco. He had a brick-yard on the plantation, and was also interested in certain fisheries which were extensively carried on in the Potomac.

Washington was fond of entertaining his friends, and many were the pleasant re-unions which took place in the old homestead. There were no public means of conveyance in those days, and visitors had necessarily to come in their own private coaches, bringing their servants with them. Every one kept his carriages and horses as a necessary part of the household. The coaches were large enough for a small family to ride in, and to hold their baggage too. Such a coach, with its brightly painted body and gay hammer-cloths, with colored coachman and footman, was kept for Mrs. Washington to ride about in with her friends. Many and many a Sunday has that old coach driven up to the little weather-beaten Episcopal church, which still stands in Alexandria, and Mrs. Washington, with her visitors, attended there the service of the Church of England. Honored indeed were those friends who were recipients of hospitality at Mount Vernon. Even now the tale is told of

merry feasts in the large dining-room, of drives through the Virginia woods, and sailing parties on the Potomac, which were the sources of enjoyment a hundred years ago.

If Washington was a kind and hospitable entertainer, he was also a just and upright master. He never failed to keep a strict watch over his place and servants. There was no eye-service among his slaves. He was untiring in his labors, and displayed on his plantation, and in his home, the same activity, method and scrupulous neatness that characterized his life in the field. He was not too proud to mingle with his people, and frequently would engage with them in the work-shops, making a plow at the forge with his own hands, or shaping some garden-tool in the carpenter's shop. In this way he knew his people well, and gained from them confidence and respect.

At this time the rebellion of the Colonies had not taken place. The inhabitants of the different settlements were loyal adherents of King George III. The mother country supplied the American colonists with all the luxuries and many of the necessaries of life. In return, the colonists sent back, in the British ships, the products of their soil—tobacco and grain. Cotton at that time had not been cultivated, and the first export of that article to Great Britain did not occur until the year 1770. There were no means of weaving cloth in the Colonies, save as it could be done by small hand-looms. Everything of that nature came from London. Twice a month, vessels would arrive from England with such supplies. The dresses of the ladies, and the clothes of the men, had to be ordered from shops three thousand miles away, and be subjected to the risk and delay of transportation by sailing-vessels. In one of Washington's letters to his London agents, he complains that if goods ordered are not sent by vessels coming to the Potomac, they sometimes remain in other ports three months before he can get them. Think of that, you boys, who can so easily step into a tailor's shop and be measured for a suit, expecting to see the finished garments in three or four days, "without fail!" How much the young ladies of those days valued a new dress, although when it arrived it might be six months behind the London fashions!

The London merchants found Washington a good customer, and no doubt did their best to supply all his wants. If he was particular in ordering his supplies, he was equally particular to ship the best productions of his plantation to foreign ports. So favorably was the Mount Vernon flour known, that whenever a cargo of that brand arrived in foreign ports, it was passed without inspection—a

high compliment to the integrity of Washington. Twice a year Washington sent his orders for clothing, and other necessary articles for his family, to his agents in London, Messrs. Robert Cary & Co. To show how very particular he was in all his dealings, it is an historical fact that he required his agents to forward the bills specifying each article purchased of different tradesmen on his account, and these he carefully copied into a book, and also transcribed *verbatim* the receipts in full of every person to whom his money was paid.

The following letter is still preserved by a gentleman in London. It was written in 1763, from Mount Vernon, and enclosed were strips of brown paper fastened together, and marked with letters and figures in Washington's own handwriting:

Virginia, 26th of April, 1763.

MR. LAWRENCE: Be pleased to send me a genteel sute of cloaths, made of superfine broadcloth, handsomely chosen. I should have enclosed you my measure, but in a general way they are so badly taken here that I am convinced it would be of very little service. I would, therefore, have you take measure of a gentleman who wears well-made cloaths of the following size, to wit: Six feet high and proportionably made, if anything rather slender than thick for a person of that height, with pretty long arms and thighs. You will take care to make the breeches longer than those you sent me last; and I would have you keep the measure of the cloaths you now make by you, and if any alteration is required in my next, it shall be pointed out. Mr. Cary will pay your bill, and

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

*Note.*—For your further government and knowledge of my size, I have sent the enclosed; and you must observe *y*<sup>t</sup> from *y*<sup>t</sup> coat end No. 1 and No. 3 is *y*<sup>e</sup> size, over *y*<sup>e</sup> breast and hips; No. 2, over *y*<sup>e</sup> belly; No. 4, round *y*<sup>e</sup> arms; and from *y*<sup>e</sup> breeches end to No. 4 is for waistband; *b*, thick of *y*<sup>e</sup> thigh; *c*, upper button-hole; *d*, knee-band; *e*, for length of breeches. Therefore if you take measure of a person of about six feet high, of this bigness, I think you can't go amiss. You must take notice that enclosed is *y*<sup>e</sup> exact size, without any allowance for seams, &c.

GO. WASHINGTON.

Doubtless if we could find Washington's household accounts for the year 1763, we should see recorded therein the receipt of this "sute of cloaths," with full description of them, and the price paid therefor. Possibly they may be the very ones spoken of in Irving's History of Washington, where is recorded, among the orders sent his London agent: "A riding-frock of handsome drab-colored broadcloth, with plain double-gilt buttons, a riding-waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth, with gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat, and a blue surtout coat."

Whether we can "put this and that together," and believe them to be the same, is of little consequence. We know that Washington was always scrupulously well attired, and that all his "superfine" clothes came from England, and therefore we conclude that Mr. Lawrence was able to find a man "six feet high, of correct bigness," and one "who wore well-made cloaths."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

VACATION is over, and school is in. Good. My chicks are rested now, and ready to enjoy themselves in new study. But there's plenty of play-time, I am thankful to say, during school-terms; the green fields don't turn white the moment the teacher's bell rings. Now, I'll tell you about

## OBJECT-CARDS.

OBJECT-CARDS are quite the fashion this season among the children of the red school-house. Do you know what they are, my chicks? Not being able to hear your answer distinctly at this distance, I must take the safe course and tell you. You simply fasten any interesting natural object on a card, and write under it, as well as you can, just what the object is. Sometimes you'll have to hunt up the name in a book, sometimes you'll get it from father, mother or friend, and oftener you'll know it yourself; for it is quite likely to be some object that you have been in the habit of seeing nearly every day of your life. One of the little girls sewed a spray of rye on one card, oats on another, wheat on another, barley on another, buckwheat on another, all picked and labeled by herself at various times, and you've no idea what a sensation they made. Little friends and big were glad enough to take up these cards and study out the exact differences between them. Many said they then noted the distinctive features of the various grains for the first time. A little boy who went to the sea-side brought home cards with many pretty shells gummed upon them, one or two shells to a card. He had to look in a work on conchology before he could name his specimens. His sister made a fine set of pressed-leaf cards—maple, oak, cherry, apple, sycamore, elm, beech, and so on, till she had over a hundred, representing as many

different kinds of tree. One boy had a set of butterfly-cards, another of beetles; but I did n't quite approve of them. One girl had sets of bark-cards, showing over thirty varieties of bark (she and the tree-leaf girl should go into partnership), and another had a set of pine-cone cards—bristling things that had to be kept in a roomy box. The cones were neatly sliced in half, lengthwise, and the flat side was glued to the card.

I cannot begin to tell you half of the styles of object-cards that the children of the red school-house have made, and still are making. The Little Schoolma'am read in the newspaper about a sort of progressive object-card that is used in some of the Belgian and Swedish schools. On one card is seen the flax-seed, the flax-blossom, the thread made of flax, and the woven linen. Others show the ore of a metal placed beside some finished article manufactured from the same. In fact, many branches of natural history and manufactures, as you see, can well be studied by making sets of object-cards. There is no danger either of making them too simple. The moment any natural object, however common, is looked at inquiringly, it becomes interesting.

Now, my chicks, take a hint from this. Enter our open-air school and begin to make object-cards. Report to your Jack whenever you have anything to tell about.

## THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM'S PICTURE.

Canaan, August 5th, 1876.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM: I think I have found the answer to your question on page 671 of the August St. NICHOLAS. It is Sir Humphrey Davy, an eminent chemist, who was born in England in 1778, and died at Geneva in 1829.

Among the most important results of his observations were the decomposition of the alkalis and earths, and the discovery of an entirely new class of metals. He also rendered a memorable service to chemistry by his papers on "Oxymuriatic Acid."

Hoping that this answer is correct, I remain your friend,

C. A. D.

The Little Schoolma'am thanks C. A. D. and all the other children who have sent answers to her question; but she wishes to call attention to an important omission in C. A. D.'s letter. Who can discover it?

## PICKLES.

SHARP things, are n't they?—but children usually like them, I know. Now, how *do* you suppose they got their funny name? It's very queer, but I'll tell you how I found out. A droll-looking old fellow, one of those who are always digging out things,—from books, I mean,—sat down with a young lad in my woods the other day for a good long talk. I tell you, I kept my ears open to catch any scrap of wisdom he might let fall; for, since I've had such a big circle of listeners, I have to be on the watch, and I know those quiet-looking chaps, with rusty coat and spectacles, know a great deal.

Well, I heard him tell the lad that the first man who salted and preserved herrings, so as to keep them nicely, was named Beukelzoon (Dutch, of course, as anybody can see). This name was shortened to Beukel (sensibly, I'm sure). Now, you

ask some Dutchman to pronounce that name, and see how much it sounds like Pickle.

Any way, that's where the word came from,—so the wise man said.

#### OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE OF WISCONSIN.

WITH Jack's permission, my young friends, I have the pleasure of showing you a beautiful picture of "Old Abe, the War Eagle of Wisconsin." It was taken from life on purpose for ST. NICHOLAS, and I can certify that it is a good likeness of the grand old bird as he sits on his perch at the Centennial Exposition. Every boy and girl who goes to the great show at Philadelphia is anxious to get a sight of this famous bird. During the late war he went for three years with the Eighth Regiment



of Wisconsin Volunteers through the thickest of the fight, sharing in turn their hardships, dangers, and victories.

He belongs to the Wisconsin regiment still, and though they purchased him for only one bushel of corn, no amount of money can buy him now. He is named after Abraham Lincoln; and a Union soldier, who is very proud of his office, has the charge of him at the Exposition, where Northerners and Southerners alike admire his beauty and bravery.

A book which is sold at the Centennial tells his entire history, from the day on which the Indian "Chief Sky" found him, a baby eagle, in his nest,

to the present time, when he stands in martial dignity and fixes his piercing eyes upon the crowds that daily gather to do him honor.

Long live Old Abe, and may his end be peaceful!  
SILAS GREEN.

#### THE TERMITES.

YOUR Jack wishes to thank Mary E. Moore, Charley W., D., Arthur Weston, William G., and others for their letters about the termites, in answer to the question in "Every One to his Taste," in the June ST. NICHOLAS. He would like to show you all of the notes, but these two must suffice:

Montrose, N. J., May 25.  
DEAR JACK: The ants you asked about in the June number, in "Every One to his Taste," are termites, or white ants, a genus of insects of the order *neuroptera*, and of the family *termitidae*, or *termitina*. They live in great communities, chiefly in the tropical countries. The termites that make their nests on the ground make them in a conical shape, twelve feet, and even thirty feet high, in groups like a little village. These termites are used for food in Africa, and are said to be very good. The female is supposed to lay thirty-one millions of eggs in a year.—Yours truly,  
GEORGE H. DALE.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.  
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I write to answer your question about the ants. They belong to the order *neuroptera*, and are popularly but erroneously known by the name of white ants, because they live in vast colonies, and in many of their habits display a resemblance to the insect from which they take their name. Their proper name is termites. "One good quality is, however, attributable to the termites. The insect is eatable, and even by Europeans is pronounced to be peculiarly delicate and well-flavored, something like sweetened cream. The termites are prepared for the table by various methods, some persons pounding them so as to form a sort of soft paste, while others roast them like coffee beans or chestnuts" (Wood's Natural History). I could tell you a great deal more about them, as, besides the book I have quoted from, we have "Homes without Hands," by the same author; but as you only asked for the name, I fear even this is too much.—Yours,  
GEORGIE HAYS.

#### TO BE LEARNED BY HEART.

HERE, my beloved, is something which your Jack sends you, to be learned by heart. It is one of those easy lessons for beginners that become very hard to master as time goes on:

"Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace."

#### ABOUT THE MUD-FISH.

THIS letter came too late to be shown to you last month, but you shall have it now:

Day's Landing, Cal.  
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I can tell you something about that strange fish you mentioned in the July ST. NICHOLAS. It is not exactly a fish, though it has a fish-like form, covered with scales; but it has four little legs (that do not look very much like legs either), and it belongs to a class called *batrachia*, order *lepidota*. There are three species known; they are found in South America as well as in Africa. The South American species is called the mud-fish—*lepidosiren paradoxa*; the *lepidosiren annectens* is found in the river Gambia.

Hoping that this bit of information will be of some benefit to my ST. NICHOLAS cousins, I sign myself your sincere admirer,  
MARTIE S. D.

Ella T. B. and Henry Finn also send descriptions of the mud-fish, and Georgie Hays, of California, sends a long and interesting account, from "Wood's Natural History."

## THE LITTLE DOG WITH THE GREEN TAIL.

ONCE upon a time, there came to the town where all the little dogs live, a strange little dog, whose tail was of a most beautiful bright green color—so very bright that it shone like an emerald. Now, when all the other little dogs saw this, they were filled with admiration and envy, and they all ran to the strange little dog and said:

“Oh, little dog! what makes your tail so beautifully green? Pray tell us, that we may make ours green too, for we never saw anything so lovely in all our lives.”

But the strange little dog laughed and said: “There are many things far



THE LITTLE DOGS DIG HOLES AND GET INTO THEM.

greener than my tail. There is the grass down in the meadow; go and ask that what makes it green, and perhaps it will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran down into the meadow where the grass was growing, and they said: “Oh, grass, grass! what makes you so green? Pray tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog’s.”

But all the little blades of grass shook their heads, and said: “We can tell you nothing about that. All we know is, that we were down under the ground last winter, and that when we came up this spring we were all green. You might try that, and perhaps it would make you green too.”

So all the little dogs went to work as fast as they could, and dug holes in the ground; and then they got into them and covered themselves up with earth. But very soon they found that they could not breathe; so they were all obliged to come up again. And when they looked at each other, they

saw to their sorrow that they were not green at all, but just the same colors that they were before—some black, some brown, and some spotted. So then they all went again to the strange little dog, and said :

“Oh, little dog, little dog! we have been to the grass, and it has not helped us at all. Now, do please tell us what makes your tail so beautifully green, for we never can be happy till ours are like it.”

But the strange little dog only laughed again, and answered : “My tail is not the only green thing in the world. There are the leaves on the great oak-tree ; they are very green indeed. Go and ask them what makes them so, and perhaps they will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could to the great oak-tree, and called out to the little leaves : “Oh, little leaves ! what makes you so beauti-



THE LITTLE DOGS TUMBLE OUT OF THE TREE.

fully green ? Do tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog's.”

But the little leaves all shook their heads, and said : “We know nothing about that. We came out of our buds last spring, and then we were very pale. But we danced about, and the more we danced the greener we grew. Perhaps, if you come up here and dance, you will grow green too.”

So all the little dogs climbed up the tree as fast as they could, and tried to dance about on the branches. But they were not fastened on like the little leaves, so they all fell down and hurt themselves very much ; and when they got up and looked at each other, they were not any greener than before. So then they all cried bitterly, and they ran once more to the strange little dog, and said : “Oh, little dog, little dog ! we have tried the way that the leaves told us, and we have only hurt ourselves dreadfully, and have not got

green at all. And now, if you do not tell us, we shall all die of grief, for we never can rest again till our tails are green."

But the strange little dog only laughed more than ever, and said: "What stupid creatures you are, to think that there is nothing green in the world except my tail. There is the Sea; he is twenty times as green as my tail. Go and ask him, and he will surely tell you all about it, for he is very wise and knows everything."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could down to the shore; and there was the great hungry Sea prowling up and down, twirling his white moustaches and tossing his white hair, and looking very green and very



THE LITTLE DOGS GO DOWN TO THE SEA.

fierce. The little dogs were very much frightened, but they took courage when they thought of the beautiful green tail, and they said, trembling:

"Oh, great Sea! the strange little dog told us that you were very wise and knew everything, and that you would tell us how to make our tails green like his."

The great Sea smiled wickedly, and answered: "Oh, yes, my children, I can tell you. I am green myself, and I make everything green that touches me. So let me take you in my arms a moment, and you will all become beautifully green just like me."

So the great hungry Sea held out his long green arms, and beckoned to them with his white hands; and the poor little dogs all shut their eyes and jumped in, and in less than a minute the Sea gobbled them all up, so that not one was left. And there was an end of all the little dogs. And the strange little dog went back to the place he came from, with his green tail curled up behind him; and he never was seen or heard of again.



## YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

## THE THREE GIANTS.

THIS is a story that papa told us. He said I could write it out for the St. NICHOLAS. If I do not tell it well enough, I wish the Little Schoolm'arn would do it, for I think it is a good story.

Once there lived a giant. He was very big, and many hundred years old. He was a giant who was not contented unless he was fighting. When he was young he fought with a club; as he grew older, he had armor, a sword, and a lance. When guns came into use, he used them. He could handle a cannon as easily as we can a pocket-pistol.

He had two sons. The oldest was very ambitious and enterprising; the other was of a more quiet disposition. It was not the fashion among giants to let their children do as they chose when they were of age. They wanted to rule them as long as they lived. The ambitious giant did not like this; he wanted his own way, as is the case with most children. He could not run away, because he was so large. There was no place in the world in which he could hide where the old giant would not find him. He concluded he would have to fight it out. He tried to get his brother to join with him, but he would not. He fought a great many times. At last, the old giant got tired of it; he thought, this son made him so much trouble, he would let him go. This was about a hundred years ago. Since then he has grown very rich, and has done many wonderful things. Meanwhile, the other brother has been at work in a quiet way. He spends the most of his time working a farm, under the direction of his father.

Here papa asked us if we could guess who these giants were. He said the farm of the younger giant was not far away, while with the other we were still better acquainted. He is sometimes called Uncle

— Then Johnny guessed it was Uncle Sam, or the United States. Then I knew the other brother was Canada, and that the old giant was Old England. Then papa asked us which we thought would come out best at the end. We were patriotic enough to think the United States would. Papa said it depended much upon children like us. When we were older we should all help lead the giant many years.

A. S.

## A HUNDRED YEARS.

ONE hundred years, oh now we see  
The joyous fruits of liberty!  
One hundred years, and now we stand  
The people of a mighty land!  
Our borders wide, from East to West,  
Bear witness that the crucial test  
Of freedom has not failed.

Our country's name is not unknown  
In arctic climes and deserts lone;  
By poets are our glories sung,  
In strange as well as native tongue;  
From many lands sad pilgrims come  
To find in ours a rest and home,  
And liberty to all.

And now a hundred years have passed,  
We're yet unvanquished to the last;  
Unconquered still, and still as brave  
As when on land, on ocean's wave,  
We fought for homes, for peace and love,  
And, trusting in the God above,  
Gained our glorious cause.

So then to celebrate our birth,  
And show the peoples of the earth  
The greatness of the mighty land  
Where rule and love go hand in hand,  
We ask them now to come and see  
The country of the brave, the free,  
In its centennial year.

We give our welcome unto all,  
The rich, the poor, the great and small;  
As well to nation of an hour  
As unto royal pomp and power;  
To silent poles and sunny lands,  
Where Arabs fierce and pilgrim bands  
Cross the deserts drear.

Come England, "merrie" land of old,  
Mother of kings and heroes bold;  
Come Scotland, Wales, and Ireland too,  
And see the people sprung from you;

And with you, France, whose tuneful name  
Won from us all a lasting fame,  
Through one, her honored son.

Welcome, Spain! let o'er the past a veil  
Be thrown, and hushed be Cuba's wail.  
Brave Prussia, dear old Fatherland,  
We greet you with a clapping hand.  
To you best wishes, fair Italian shore,  
And to your Rome, of priestly lore  
The center and the home.

And now, let all the world obey  
The summons which we give to-day;  
And in our own beloved States  
Let all the struggles, strifes and hates,  
Which have between the South and North  
As hideous specters oft crept forth,  
Be buried and forgot.

And so with cheered and trusting hearts,  
We'll forward go and fill the parts  
That raise our country higher still,  
And show that courage, strength, and will  
Alone can make us great and good,  
And bowing not to shrines of wood,  
But to our nation's God.

M. W., JR.

## CAMPING OUT.

EARLY one September morning, father, my brother Hugh, a gentleman, and I set out to a little trout stream about eight miles distant. Father, Hugh, and I went in a spring wagon: Mr. Mac, the gentleman, on a horse. We soon got there. Father and Hugh set about fishing, while I unhitched and fed the horses and unloaded the wagon. Mr. Mac staid behind to shoot squirrels. I was soon ready to fish, so I took my rod and fished. I had fished about an hour and had not had a bite, and was not going to fish any more, when I was jerked into the water. But I jerked too, and I had a large trout nearly on land when my rod grew very light, and I looked. The trout, hook, line, and all were gone, I did not know where. By this time it was time to have some dinner, so I went and got it ready. We were all very hungry, and ate a good deal. Mr. Mac had shot some squirrels and wild pigeons, which we plucked and roasted on some sticks. It was now quite dark, so we went to bed—Hugh and I in the wagon, father and Mr. Mac on the ground near the fire. We were up with the sun, and ready to fish again; but one of our horses had got loose, and so I had to look for it. After a walk of about five miles, I found it eating some new-mown hay. I soon rode him back to camp, hitched him up, and we were soon on our way home. Our game amounted to fifty-two trout, six squirrels, and three wild pigeons.

F. M.

## THE NAUGHTY TURKEY.

## BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.

ONCE upon a time, when the pigs were swine, and the turkeys chewed tobacco, there lived an old man, who kept turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks. One day, the old man, who lived in a cottage in the country, told his fowls he was going out for a long ride (for he kept a horse), and would probably be gone as long as a week. He gave the key of the house to the care of the largest of the turkeys, and told him to be sure and not lose it; also to keep the fowls in good order. The turkey promised, and the old man went away.

When he had gone, the turkey to whom so much care had been intrusted, strutted about the yard very proudly indeed. Said he: "Now our master is gone, and I have the care of the place. I say let's have some fun."

"All right," said the other fowls, in chorus: "only what shall we begin with?"

"Well," said Sir Strut (that was the big turkey's name), "we will go into the house."

Accordingly, they went into the house, and did as follows: First, they found their way to the cupboard, where they got out some of the catables and had a feast. They next went upstairs and had some good games of play; they ran everywhere, turned everything topsyturvy, cackling and chucking at a great rate. When night came, they roosted on the backs of the chairs. After about five days, they had eaten up all the grain the old man had left for them. So they gathered together to discuss.

"Well," said Sir Strut (it was the day before the old man was to

return), "I have not thought of it before, but seems to me we will have an awful time to put the house in order again."

"Yes," said the fowls; and instead of trying to clear up the house as well as they could, they all commenced to sigh, and sighed that and the next day.

Suddenly, the old man arrived, much to the fowls' alarm. He asked the trembling Sir Strut for the key. He slowly drew it out from under his wing, and handed it to his master. The old man was surprised at the behavior of his fowls, but soon found out the cause of their alarm when he entered the house. He was right angry at Sir Strut for not behaving better, and for punishment put him in a large chest for an hour. When he was let out, he behaved better for the future, and the old man, with his turkeys and chickens and geese and ducks, lived in peace to the end of his days.

R. H. W.

### THE HOMELESS CAT.

WHAT was that ran along by the eaves,  
And hid itself in that darkened place;  
That crouched so low, that ran so swift,  
And looked so sad in its thin, black face?

His voice broke forth in a mournful plea,  
As he crouched him away where none might see;  
All day he hid in that lonesome place—  
His scarred old form and his sad old face.

'T was the old black cat that has no home,  
That hides and trembles till night has come,  
And then he hunts in the hushed-up street,—  
No sight, no sound, but his poor black feet.

There up and along the still, dark way  
He hunts, and hurries all night till the day;  
Sometimes in the cellars he catches a rat,  
And sometimes he meets some other lost cat;

And sometimes he meets a family pet,  
Whose form is lustrous with morsels sweet.  
Poor cat with the scars and the torn old ears,  
No wonder he creeps, no wonder he fears!

Last night in the stables the hostler threw  
A stone as he passed, and laughed at the mew,—  
The wild, sad mew, as he slunk down the street,  
In the cold and darkness, new foes to meet.

Oh, speak to him kindly, his eyes are so sad;  
Don't scare him away, no food has he had;  
He has n't a friend in the cold, dreary street,  
But gets hissings and blows from all he may meet.

Under the house is his damp, chilly bed;  
And no one will cry when the old cat is dead.  
Then speak to him kindly, and help him, oh do!  
The old cat is hungry. God made him and you. J. H.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

MANY of our readers will sympathize with the fancies of D. E. M., who sends the Letter-Box

### THE GAMES I LIKE.

I like a rousing game of ball,  
No matter how base so it's played with a will;  
I like "shinny," and marbles, and "getting a haul,"  
And playing at soldier, if I lead the drill.

I like sending a kite far up out of sight,  
Where only the man in the moon can see;  
I like "pulling her in," with my whole main and might,  
But I *don't* like to get her caught fast in a tree.

I like "tag" in all weathers, and "stumping" as well—  
That is if the fellows are all of a size;  
And jumping off hay-stacks (with no one to tell)—  
That is if the pitchfork don't get in your eyes.

But better than marbles, kite, "shinny," or hay,  
And better than drilling or stumping or ball,  
I like a good rollicksome game of croquet,  
When the girls who are playing are not very small.

I like leap-frog and hop-scotch—glorious fun!  
Summer and winter, spring-time and fall;  
And better than anything under the sun  
Are skating and coasting—hurrah for them all!

Cohasset

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about a little exhibition we girls got up a few months ago. We saw that piece entitled "Queer People" in the April number for 1876, and that, with some of the animals in the April number for 1875, music, and a few other tableaux, made quite a nice little exhibition.

We had ten cents admission, and made over six dollars. It went off very finely, and every one seemed to like it.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS better than any other magazine. G. T.

Daytona, Volusia Co., Florida.

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOLM'AM: We live here on a peninsula half a mile wide, with Halifax River on one side and the Atlantic on the other. We are on the coast, opposite the head of St. John's River.

We go bathing sometimes, and hunting turtle-eggs, which are very funny soft-shelled things.

There are quantities of shells, corals, sea-anemones, star-fish, etc., on the beach. I have an aquarium just like the one described in the February ST. NICHOLAS, only I have crabs in mine. We have had a great many flowers blooming all winter out-doors. There have been but two frosts. Papa has a large orange grove, and in the season I have more than I can eat. There are wild groves too, all around, with sour fruit on all the time. We could well afford to "scrub our floors with oranges," as Jack tells about.—Yours lovingly,  
CARRIE W. MITCHELL.

We are indebted to the courtesy of J. E. Davis, Esq., author of "The Annals of Windsor," for some of the illustrations to the present installment of "Windsor Castle."

Shady Side, Pittsburg, Aug. 2d.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not believe I have ever seen a letter from Pittsburg in the Letter-Box, but this will show you that there are children here who take and love you. We are always delighted when you come every month, and we take turns in reading and looking at you. I am studying French, and hope I shall soon be able to translate your stories in that language. I have been to the Centennial, and I believe I liked England's display in the Main Building best of all. I also liked that of France and Russia very much indeed.

Please put down my name, and the names of my two brothers, Kennedy and Samuel, as Bird-defenders.

LIZZIE B. MOORHEAD.

THE name of Laura Moss was unintentionally omitted from the Roll of Honor in Deacon Green's report on the Declarations of Independence, published in the August number.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed you very much, and I say that you are the best boys' and girls' magazine out. I like the Jack Hazard stories and "The Boy Emigrants" best, and I say that if the boys and girls have lost Andersen, they need not fret if they have two such writers as Noah Brooks and J. T. Trowbridge, who write such excellent stories that one never tires of reading them.

CHARLES S. RICHIÉ.

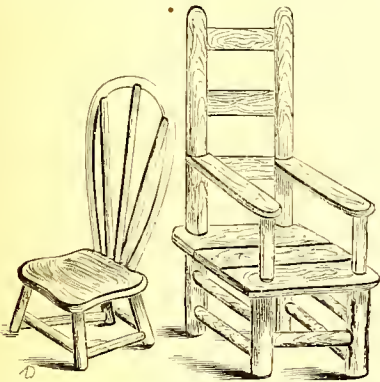
THE following letters seem to show that, though the birds destroy great numbers of insects, the victory is not always on their side. A wasp or a bee is a very different kind of prey from a fly, and altogether too formidable an enemy for a small singing-bird to engage with. But it even appears from these cases that the insects are sometimes the attacking party.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday our bird was hung out on the stoop, and was singing away, when all of a sudden he stopped and began to beat his head against the wires. We took him down and found that a wasp had stung him on the top of the head. After we had put water on his head, he began to get better, but may not live.—Yours truly,  
COLD SPRING,  
W. L. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I dearly love your magazine. I want to tell you about a little humming-bird that was stung to death by a bee. I was out in the garden one evening, when I heard a buzzing in the honeysuckle vine, and went to see what was the matter, when I saw a tiny little humming-bird on a branch, and a large bee buzzing angrily around it. I frightened the bee away, and took the bird into the house, where I saw it had been stung by the bee. I tried to revive it, but it only struggled a few minutes and then died.—Wishing long life to ST. NICHOLAS,  
MANDENVILLE,  
DOLLY W. K.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS ONE CENTURY AGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please show the children these Centennial chairs, which Miss Donlevy has drawn for me "from life." They were made for two little folks (brother and sister) just one hundred years ago, and have been in the same house ever since—an old stone cottage still standing in Rockland County, New Jersey. Both chairs are made of oak; they have never been varnished or painted; and they are stanch and strong to this day. Children one hundred



years ago, you see, knew nothing about spring seats or fancy rockers. A good strong straight-backed affair was all they wanted. On last New Year's Eve, two dear great-grandchildren sat in these chairs before a log-fire in the wide old-fashioned chimney-place, while fifty of their aunts, uncles, and cousins told with delight how they too had enjoyed the same chairs in their childhood.—Yours very truly,  
GRANDMOTHER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to describe to you the birds in our neighborhood. The principal birds around here are the cat-bird, robin, chippy, wren, crow, hawk, quail, humming-bird, thrush, blue-bird, swallow, black-bird, and wild duck.

The cat-bird is of a dark gray color, and destroys a great many cherries. The robin is a very beautiful bird; the color of his back is mottled, while that of his breast is a dull red. He is a little larger than the cat-bird.

The chippy is a very small bird, of a sort of mottled gray and black. It lays eggs speckled brown and white.

The wren is considerably smaller than the chippy, and very nearly the same color. The crow is a large bird, with feathers of a glossy jet black. You can usually spy him in some distant corn-field, which he delights to visit.

The hawk is still larger than the crow, often measuring three feet from wing to wing. We have a pair of wings measuring three feet six inches. There are two kinds of hawks around here. The first is the chicken-hawk, who lives altogether on chickens, pigeons, etc.

The other is the fish-hawk, whose name tells you what he preys upon. The quail is a bird very much hunted, but nature has provided him with a good pair of legs, that he can use to advantage; and often when he is badly wounded in the wing, he can escape by means of his running powers. He is of a brown color, and not very large.

The humming-bird is the smallest bird I know of. He is usually seen around trumpet-creeper and sweet flowers. He can be shot only with water, as the smallest shot tear him to pieces.

The thrush is about the size of a robin, but of a brown color. The blue-bird is the first of the spring. His name tells you his hue. He is a little smaller than the cat-bird.

The swallow builds his nest in chimneys and corners of barns. His back is black, while his breast is white.

The black-bird lives in marshy places. The female bird is black all over, and the male has a white breast.

The wild-duck also resides in marshy places. He is about the size of the crow, with a very long neck. His color is gray.

Yours truly, D. H.

J. P. B., whose initials are pleasantly familiar to readers of the Riddle-Box, sends that department a very ingenious "Quadruple Acrostic." It is quite hard to solve, however, as puzzles of equal merit usually are, and so we have concluded to print both acrostic and answer here. By this means, too, the excellence of the puzzle will be seen at once, and more clearly than if it were printed in the customary manner and the answer held over for a month.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

(Fill two blanks in succession with words having the same initial and final.)

My initials "one" and finals "two" being reckoned,  
My first to all will call to mind my second;  
And both the present year will oft be spoken,  
As each of patriotism may stand a token.

Easy as for the chattering — to —  
Is it, in this famed — words to draw  
In praise of my —; both its first,  
As well as finals, proving — that burst  
From lips as glibly as one asks the —,  
To credit me I'm sure none will refuse,  
When I assert my finals loved the —  
(Even as the — loves music) from his youth.  
His was a zeal no — could forestall;  
Nor, for defeat, like — would he fall.  
No — to hide at — the power that burned,  
— the foe, when — help, we turned  
And, seeking —, found deliverance from strife.  
No — secured our nation's life.  
Without — he struck the mighty blow,  
From which my first results—one hundred years —;  
Letting a nation on his prowess —,  
— in heart, though like a lamb in mien.

ANSWER.

CENTENNIAL, WASHINGTON.

C	—ro—	W	C	—a—	W
E	—r—	A	E	—nigm—	A
N	—ame—	S	N	—cw—	S
T	—rut—	H	T	—hrus—	H
E	—nnu—	I	E	—l—	I
N	—u—	N	N	—oo—	N
N	—arin—	G	N	—eedin—	G
I	—	T	I	—mpoten—	T
A	—d—	O	A	—g—	O
L	—ea—	N	L	—io—	N

Logansport, July 18th, 1876.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little girl, but mamma says your magazine is published for little children, and I want to tell you all about little Dick. Dick was my canary-bird, and yesterday morning the cat caught him, and last night mamma found him dead in his cage. I cried when the cat hurt him, and last night I cried myself to sleep. This morning we put him in a little box, lined with pink merino, and we trimmed it with geranium leaves and white verbenas. Then we dug a little grave and put him in. Mamma helped me plant the flowers on it. Papa says, "Don't cry, little daughter; you shall have another bird." But the new one won't be Dick.

I have no little sister, only a little brother, and we have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for a long, long while. It belongs to Hadie, and the *Youth's Companion* belongs to me. I spoke "The Dead Doll" at the closing of school, and we lent our books to all our little friends. Mamma is going to have them bound for us. We buy them at the book-store, and Hadie is going to get up a club for the next year. I want you to write me a little verse about my dead bird, then I can always have it.

From one of your little readers, MAMIE RHOADES.

Princeton, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you two things. Will you please answer them in the Letter-Box?

Now for the first question. How can I clean dirty coins so that I can read them, and keep gold and silver coins clean? As I have a collection of about five hundred coins, it is quite important to know how to have them nice and clean and legible.

And also this—Can a Bird-defender have a canary? I have a canary, and yet am a Bird-defender. But a lady sent it to me as a present, and of course I could not refuse it. And if I let it go free in the open air, it will perish on account of the climate. So don't you think I am justifiable in keeping him? But I am afraid I am writing too much, so good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.—I remain, yours truly,  
A. G. CAMERON.

To clean tarnished gold, silver, and copper coins, procure a box of "electro silicon" at a grocer's, and mix a small quantity of the powder with alcohol so as to make a thin paste. Rub the coins with a brush dipped in this, precisely as in cleaning silver with whiting, and then wash in warm soap-suds, and lastly in clean water. Rub the coins dry with chamois-skin to finish the work. Any ordinary stains may be readily removed by this process.

A Bird-defender can keep a canary.

THE following story was sent by A. E. M., and was written by her little brother just six years old:

A roaring bull went up in a tree, and a man after him, and a mad dog after the man. Then the bull jumped down and tossed the man and the mad dog in the air. Then he ran home. When the man came down, he ran away, and the dog ran in front of the man, and the man tripped over him and fell in a river, and a great big whale eated him all up.

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I know a boy who says that, as roosters are fowls and not birds, it is not wrong to make them fight. I think it is both wrong and cruel. Please give me your opinion on the subject. I hope, when he hears your decision, he will be convinced and become a Bird-defender.—Very truly yours,  
A LITTLE GIRL.

"Roosters" are fowls, and fowls are birds, and that boy ought to know better.

AFTER the pages of Jack-in-the-Pulpit for this month were in type, we received word from the Little Schoolma'am begging us to say that the "important omission" to which your attention is called on p. 798 does not occur in all of the many notes containing answers to her queries on p. 671 of the August number. The following boys and girls gave the "missing item" in full: Allie Bertram, J. Johnson, James N. Benton, Robert L. Groendycke, "Bob White," Jennie Louise Bird, Alfred E. Forstall, Fannie Ford, M. M. Hoppin, Carroll E. Edson, Walter E. Fish, "Scientific," A. G. Cameron, Willie Haydon, E. A. Law, Humphreys Kortrecht, Lena J. Moore, Louise P. Russell, Phoebe Loving, Henry H. Huss, Charles H. Hull, A. B. Ropes, Milfred R. B., Alfred A. Whitman, J. J. Lawrence, Frank E. Davis, Charlie Dale, Hiram Hathaway, Jr., and Charles M. Morris.

H. M. D. wishes ST. NICHOLAS to tell the boys and girls of a delightful book which he has just been reading—"The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sydney," published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York. He says it is so very entertaining, and so clearly written, that "you think you are only having a good time when in reality you are learning history."

Having personal knowledge of this little work, we very gladly endorse H. M. D.'s opinion. A study of the character of Sir Philip Sydney will show boys what is most worthy of emulation, and girls what to look for in their boy friends. You cannot follow Sir Philip in every way, but you can be good and brave and courtly to-day, boys, as well as if you were living in the times of Queen Elizabeth.

MANY of our big boys and girls will have a treat in reading an excellent volume of stories lately issued by Roberts Brothers. It is written by Susan Coolidge, who, as you all know, is a frequent contributor to ST. NICHOLAS; and though its title is "For Summer Afternoons," it is just as good for October as for June. Susan Coolidge does not know how to be dull. Her books are as fresh and bracing as the air of her own New England hills.

## THE RIDDLE - BOX.

### INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded and curtailed.

1. The engineer made a — of the ship, and the poet wrote an — the same day. 2. These — are — for our purpose. 3. He showed much — to the needs of others when he forced the beggar from his —. 4. The — came too — to do his work to-day. 5. Upon this — there are many works of —. 6. How — you are to know my —.  
CYRIL DEANE.

### A HIDDEN TOUR.

#### Fragments from a School-girl's Diary.

EACH complete sentence includes the name of a city, or town, or river, or country in Europe.

1. When we landed, H. flourished his sabre, mended for the occasion. 2. This city is more apt to be slighted than over-estimated. 3. Here we heard music of which each motivo lingers in the memory. 4. Here we bought sandwiches of ham most curiously flavored. 5. Here we met our uncle, unexpectedly, on stepping from the cars. 6. Is where we all caught severe catarrh in endeavoring to lose none of the prospect. 7. A hasty glance at the "phrase book," and then said Henrico: "L'ogneyun serry manenong de bong—eh—smell!" 8. Here Maria bought yards of ribbon, not to mention gloves and handkerchiefs. 9. As we approached this place, the cleverness of our courier Jacob lent zest to all our enjoyment. 10. We met here a lady

of rank, fortune, and most fascinating appearance. 11. We here found that, as we were entirely dependent on our "mann," he imposed upon us sometimes. 12. Here, for two days, H. carried a sick robin, gently tucked into a basket. 13. Here everything bad enjoys perfect immunity. 14. This place provoked the following original remark from Jones: "Tut! gardens are no great novelty." 15. Near this place, after a collision, we heard a Scotchman murmur: "Mun I change cars anny mair?" 16. Here all of us "wished to live to be ninety," rollicking party that we were! 17. To this place we went over on a special train. 18. Here all who visit have nice times. 19. Here we saw a gentleman of the P. R., a guest whose company was not an agreeable acquisition. 20. Here we heard this from a French tourist: "I vill zee Londres, den ze rest of ze Vest End!" 21. Here we had often to recall that the German verb to live is "leben." 22. Here we enjoyed a tournament of wit, ten burghers vociferating at once. 23. Here we saw a splendid review,—cavalry without number, lines of infantry,—all the departments in perfect condition. GUMMIDGE.

### EASY METAGRAM.

(BY A VERY LITTLE GIRL.)

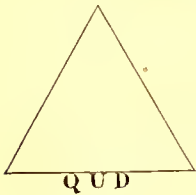
CHANGE initial letter of a girl's name, and find a time; again, and find a word meaning destiny; again, and find an entrance; again, and find an emotion that you should avoid; again, change initial letter, and find something which we all should dislike dear ST. NICHOLAS to be.  
LIZZIE KIERNAN.



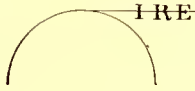
GEOMETRICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

A NEW PUZZLE FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS.

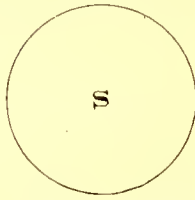
(Transpose what is expressed by each figure into a single word which will answer to the definition given beneath the figure. Thus: the first figure represents "triangle on Q U D," which can be transposed into "grandiloquent.")



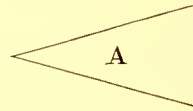
Pompous.



Diverting.



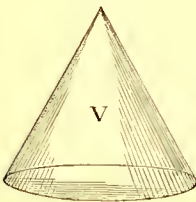
Pertaining to the circus.



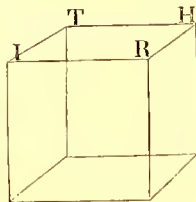
A girl's name.



Waiting-times.



To feign ignorance.



An historic river.



Illiberality.



An irregular crystal.



With deliberation.

J. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Laming, maligo. 2. Stray, trays. 3. Abode, adobe. 4. Keen, kneec. 5. Inks, sink, skin. 6. Statement, testament. 7. Disprove, provides. 8. Beset, beets. 9. Phrase, seraph. 10. Smote, tomes, motes. 11. Serves, Sevres, verses, severs. 12. Trace, crate.

REBUS.—"Man looks before and after, and sighs for what is not."

ENIGMA.—Baltimore.

REMAINDERS.—Florida

Tri —F— les  
Mo —L—ded  
Thr —O—ugh  
Gar —R—cis  
Lab —I—als  
Tri —D—ent  
Gre —A—ter

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—The Letter-Box, The Riddle-Box.  
WORD-SQUARE.—

CHANT  
HONOR  
ANNIE  
NOISE  
TREES

RIDDLE.—Box.

EXCEPTIONS.—1. Album, alum. 2. Boy, by. 3. Wreath, wreath. 4. Roman, roan. 5. Horse, hose. 6. Rose, roc. 7. Table, tale.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Bird's nest, Satisfied.

BLUEBIRDS  
EIOLOCULAR  
BARRISTER  
HOODWINKS  
BLESSINGS  
BLUFFNESS  
PRICELESS  
MECHANIST  
DEPENDENT

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Craft, raft, aft. Shark, hark, ark. Spill, pill, ill. Blow, low, ow(e). Charm, harm, arm.

ILLUSTRATED PROVERB.—Forewarned, forearmed.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Administrators. 2. Agreements. 3. Pension. 4. Apprentice. 5. Pension. 6. Mortgage.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—"Owe nothing, be behindhand in nothing, and be on time."

HOOR-GLASS PUZZLE.—Tidal, Ladle, Order.

TROLL  
IRA  
D  
LEA  
ERROL

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Delightful St. Nicholas.

D —eliciou— S  
E —legan— T  
L —inde— N  
I —gnis Fatu— I  
G —alli— C  
H —ashees— H  
T —oront— O  
F —inga— L  
U —mbrell— A  
L —uminou— S

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

O  
EMU  
BANNS  
DERIDED  
DEBUT  
DUE  
S

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, previous to August 13, from Emil P. Albrecht, Allie Bertram, Laura Hannabery, Eddie M. Semple, "Ella and Edith," "Bob White," Ellen M. Field, Harry K. White, Emma Elliott, "Zerlina and Zitella," Mamie A. Rich, John F. Haseltine, Lulu Howes, Arthur D. Smith, A. Carter, Nettie Hall, Anna P. Warren, J. M. Paton, Jeannie Sprunt, Mary H. Wilson, "Ardent Admirer," George B. Van Volkenburgh, Virginia Davage, "Alex," Edward Roome, Fred Eastman, Ella Grigg, D. L. Lodge, Mary I. Ellis, Marion J. Ellis, Albert E. Hoyt, Lucy S. Schwab, "Cousin Willie," Louise Hinsdale, Jenny R. Miller, Anna Laura Buckingham, B. B. Ross, Jr., John B. Greiner, Nessie E. Stevens, "Apollo," Louis M. Ogden, Marie Emery, Lottie Warbasse, "Violet," Helena M. D., Arnold Guyot Cameron, Walter Raymond Spalding, Therese Mosenthal, Carrie V. Douglas, Delavan W. Gee, Bessie G. Le Moyné, Louis Cope Washburn, Carrie Mitchell, Alfred R. Mitchell, Brainerd P. Emery, Willie F. Abbett, Moll Pitcher, Fannie H. Ford, Howard Steel Rodgers, Willie Dibblee, Eddie Devinne, Robert L. Groendycke, Jerusha M. Coult, E. L. Shays, "Grace and Allie," Addie L. Rondenbush, Adelaide, A. Pronty, Fanny F. Gardner, Lucy Aller Paton, "Juno," Lulu Way, Florence Brewer and Sadie Hamilton.

## THE ARMY OF BIRD-DEFENDERS.

## THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE GRAND MUSTER-ROLL.

(The Grand Muster-Roll was published in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1875. The first supplement appeared in July, and the second in August, of the same year.)

Sallie Wilson, of Philadelphia, sends the following long list: Sallie Wilson, Josie B. Schell, Arolean F. Schell, Marion E. Schell, Mary Kelly, Mamie J. Monaghan, Susie A. Monaghan, Minnie Dreher, Minnie Lomax, Katie Lomax, Annie Lomax, Ceha Cozen, Laura V. Price, Harry W. Naulty, Lillie Walters, Henrietta Wenerd, Maggie Doyle, Julia Kean, Emma Fellenbaum, Lizzie Culbertson, Nellie Munyon, Essie McGuire, Maggie Wallace, Tacy Stagner, Maude R. Johnson, Susie R. Pugh, Emelie Pascoe, Katie Kirk, Annie E. Kirk, Bella Canning, Clara Hoffman, Lizzie Scattergood, Clara Myers, Fannie Myers, Mary Rodgers, Katie Moore, Annie Percy, Annie Marley, Mary McClosky, Lizzie O'Neil, Lizzie McClinchy, Frank McGonigal, Ellie McGonigal, Rose McGonigal, Katie McGonigal, Tessie McGonigal, Annie McGonigal, Jennie McGonigal, Ignatius McGonigal, Jim McGonigal, Dennis McGonigal, Annie Carol, Emma Brown, John Brown, Bill Brown, Susie Clark, Willie Gable, Carrie Gable, Harry Loback, Coll Biemum, Carrie Brown, Ellie Nugent, Alice Nugent, Davy Nugent, Mamie Nugent, Joe Buckman, Regina Flanigan, Sallie Flanigan, Maggie Kelly, Katie Kelly, Mary Power, Mary McNeils, Kate Brumaker, Clara Heron, Annie Murry, Mary Boyd, Mary Sheperd, Mary Patton, Pauline Patton, Mary O'Donnell, Lizzie O'Donnell, Willie O'Donnell, Katie Percy, Mary Percy, Maggie Perry, Mary Cramp, Mary Daly, Ellie Daly, Jennie Johann, Alice Anderson, Florence Mercy, Mamie Sausfield, Rose Brown, Sarah Dougherty, Mary Dougherty, Jennie Corrigan, Maggie Woods, Maggie Miller, Mary Ryan, Mary Gabil, Harry Gabil, Harry Mollkead, Kate Emiten, Annie McLoughlin, Susie McLoughlin, Katie English, Maggie McGarvy, Mamie Rian, Katie Rian, Katie Brown, Katie McGee, Mary McGee, Lizzie Roman, Bessie Rob, Mary Donovan, Susie McTague, Mary Casset, Fressie O'Neil, Emelie Lyons, Race Brown, Annie Denner, Agnes Denner, Alice Conellv, and Agnes Comy.

E. Benj. Cushing sends a list of one hundred and thirteen names for Company A, First Regiment Texas Bird-defenders: B. Rice, D. C. Rice, E. S. Wickes, Terry Smith, Dan Cushing, Dabney Tabb, Ed. Taylor, Oscar Reynaud, J. Shearn, Jr., E. McAsham, W. K. Mendenhall, Bennie Barke, Walter Tabb, O. Edgarley, W. Edgarley, George Burse, Ben Wettermark (lieutenant), James McKeever, Eddie McKeever, J. H. Wright, O. Fenn, E. F. McGowan, P. H. Hardecastle, A. F. Sharpe, Jr., C. G. Glass, H. D. Taylor, Jr., W. R. Taylor, John Stewart, Burrell Stewart, A. S. J. Hohenthal, T. H. Franklin, H. House, Jr., L. Levy, J. A. Adery, F. W. Adery, S. McDonough, F. McDonough, R. A. Scurry, George R. Burse, Egan Bennifeil, C. Hand, J. T. Hall, Jr., S. H. Moore, B. Gonzalez, W. G. Burke, John Underwood, Floya King, Prodel King, Ed. Smith, Mug Smith, Alf. Smith, Henry Smith, Robt. McCloney, Willie Winfield, Shine Penneff, Wm. Stuart, Frank Fenn, Major Anderson, May Johnson, Lillie Burke, Willie Gillette, Virginia Gillette, Lilla Gillette, Anna Allen, Tana Couradi, Carrie Bryan, Elize Waterman, Anna Forsgard, Emma Johnson, Lola Johnson, Lila Baynaud, Sarah Lofton, Gussie Edgarley, Emma Mitchel, S. Bond, Tom Bond, Jr., L. Martin, John Flewain, Percy Mitchell, Joe Hamilton, William Fuqua, W. Bailey, Geo. Brown, Geo. McAtes, Lucy Everett, Sarah Gillette, Jennie Harris, Matt Hall, Alice Butler, Fannie Phillips, Liza Anderson, Lucy Childers, Sarah Moore, Rachel Smith, Jennie Palmer, Louise Hopkins, Eloise Szabb, Stella Jones, Lotta Jones, Shirley Whitaker, Courtney Whitaker, Nettie Cushing, Mattie Burke, Fannie Burke, Johanna Johnson, Harry Mitchell, John Parrott, Sam Lego, Percy D. Moore, C. C. McGowan, Willie Grey, and Sam Washeimer.

Mollie Wade, of Newton, N. J., sends this list: Carrie Wentworth, Ernest Wentworth, May Wentworth, Maud Clifford, Belle Clifford, Harry St. Clare, Mabel St. Clare, Ray St. Clare, Clinton Rogers, Frank Harrison, Herbert Harrison, Dick Harrison, Minnie Harrison, Will Re Monn, Grace Re Monn, H. Louis Hanford, Jessie De Lon, Frank De Lon, H. Howard Willard, Jr., Blanche Russell, Harry Stockton, Jr., Edith Stockton, Bertha Hastings, Maud Hastings, Ned Hastings, Clara Howard, Carl Howard, Rob Atherton, Jr., Annie Rober, Marie Baldwin, Mattie Stoll, Louise Reynolds, Gert-

rude Reynolds, Frank Reynolds, Clarence Reynolds, Bessie Reynolds, Harvey Reynolds, Harry Reynolds, Eva Reynolds, Joe Reynolds, H. D. Horton, Jr., Katie Horton, Rod Horton, Frank Inslay, Rhoda Crawford, Isabel Crawford, Lillie Pellet, Fred Pellet, J. R. S. Howard Sanford, Bertie Sanford, Pearl Clifford, Frank Hewett, Percy Clifton, Nellie Denver, Frank Denver, Carrie Goldthait, Edith Mansfield, Rose Mansfield, Herbert Scribner, Gan Martini, Stella Conway, Charlie Conway, Art. Conway, Louise Dayton, Tillie Dayton, Theo. Wade, Cleveland Wade, Mollie Wade, Katie Watson, Will H. Harford, M. Minnie Leon, H. Joe Leon, Clifford Leon, Sam Bonner, Dora Bonner, Kittie Willis, and Mabel Willis.

Sadie B. Williams and Ella R. Robb, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, join, and send other names as follows: Amanda Park, Ella Foerg, Annie Nourse, Mollie Wood, Laura Wintersmith, Sallie Getting, Bettie McMutory, Katie Cisell, Allie Vandupe, Lena Moore, Ella Bunnell, Nannie West, Nannie Quigley, Alice Chenault, Bettie English, Julia Park, Missie Warfield, Mattie Hill, Nellie Hill, Birdie Weaver, Lizzie English, Nannie Campbell, Annie Jagger, Lillie Brown, Rose Heagan, Katie Grimm, Annie Grimm, Sam Dick, Lulu Showers, Lizzie Sweets, Carrie Sweets, Mattie Collins, Maggie Stanger, Jessie Bryce, Alice Stodd, Carter Brown, Nannie Wood, Hallie Hill, Mollie Crow, Ella Crow, S. Campbell, E. A. Rowell, William Hammond, Charlie Campbell, James Allen, Charlie Allen, Ed. Runer, Jos. P. Vance, Ed. Campbell, Wm. Spence, Kate Jacob, Annie Eliza Cresap, Lulu Dyer, Ella Nourse, Essie White, Nat Danial, Della Barnes, Rosa Danial, Lillie Phillips, Rob Phillips, Kate Nevit, Jennie Hawkins, Mollie Quiggins, Eloie Dyer, Mary Edney, Willie King, Lizzie Tolson, Belle Percy, Della Campbell, Archie Dick, Jim Heagan, Jane Perry, E. G. Robb, W. D. Robb, S. A. Campbell, Carrie Albert, and Mattie Cofer.

Jennie K. Doyle, of Buffalo, sends the following names: Mrs. Newman, Clara Harwood, Katie Sexaner, Matilda Herman, Mary Crowley, Fanny Swans, Maggie Jones, Katie Mang, Maggie Ewald, Mary Scheany, Christine School, Maggie Darmstater, Kate Newman, Kate R. Hanson, Mrs. A. De Voe, Mrs. Kinnear, Nettie Kinnear, Blanche Kinnear, Nettie Miller, A. Siret, C. A. Kinnear, Mrs. Shattuck, Clara Wolf, Oliver Wolf, Mary Wolf, Delia Kraus, Allie Kraus, Grace Parker, Ella Baker, Hattie Oaks, Nellie Soule, Fanny Crowley, John Kraus, Nellie Crowley, Alice Nelson, Alice Doyle, Susie Parker, Lizzie McArthur, Cora Mattice, Mary Larnered, Cornelia Norton, Fannie Moulton, Lillie Rasdon, Maggie Rasdon, Mary Gray, Lillie Davis, Jennie Fulman, Phoebe Evans, Charlie Stoddard, Jessie Brown, Fannie Mister, Jennie Frankestrine, Minnie Frankestrine, Aggie Maentrey, Lizzie Crowley, Mary Bush, Annie Hager, Minnie Caskley, Annie K. Doyle, Hattie Morrey, Jennie K. Doyle.

Nellie Panchen, of Jersey City, sends her name with a number of her friends': Nellie Panchen, Theora Barber, Nettie Huggins, Emile Mernard, Jessie Constant, Julia La Boyteau, Julia Sawent, Annie Menge, Jessie Welwood, Addie Stichel, Lizzie Williams, Katie Hartigan, Lucretie Hewitt, Annie Hewitt, Mary Grant, Lydia Paterson, Fannie Van Pelt, Francis Verhoff, Gussie Reuter, Emma Reuter, Jennie Kessler, Emma Graves, Fannie Rehill, Minnie Smith, Charlie Smith, Eddie Smith, Willie Smith, Olie Coles, George Coles, Alex. Coles, Eddie Stodought, Harry Clarkson, Lewis Mernard, Willie Van Riper, Libbie Panchen, Mollie Taylor, Lillie Reeves, Mattie Seymore, Cynthia Huggins, Orly Huggins, Kate Constant, Hattie Stodought, Sarah Francis, Kate Van Riper, Libbie Elmendorf, J. Van Riper, W. Elmendorf, Harry Schoonmaker, William Matue, Frank Welwood, Eddie Hill, Frank Bell, William Hill, C. Reeves, William Reeves, Addie Hathaway, Frank Davis, Elmer Haskill, Mamie Brown, Susan Little, and Hattie Lockwood.

Annie U. Wood, of Buffalo, N. Y., sends this list: Annie U. Wood, Lizzie C. Wood, William H. Wood, Lillie Farquhar, Henry Saunders, May Loomis, Mattie Ingersoll, Lillie Cheney, Belle McCartney, Edna Hyde, Clara Dollinger, Charley Dollinger, Mary Robertson, Annie Allen, Nellie Roberts, Lulu Morgan, Lizzie Andrews, Maggie Hogan, Katie Albro, Ella Johnson, L. M. Stevenson, Miss Collins, A. F. Hitchcock, Wilmett Turner, Addison Smith, Theodore Smith,

Hattie Wood, Alice Parker, Elmer Parker, Frank Williams, Clark Roberts, Clara Stangel, Flora Smith, Nellie Smith, John Caudell, Hattie Gale, Hattie Clark, Lillie Swarts, Willie Clark, May Bidwell, Katie Roberts, Katie Clark, Hattie Roberts, Jennie Robertson, Frank Rose, Luella Hall, Nellie Thayer, Alice Baker, Alice Gorham, Katie Chatfield, and Frank Gorham.

Willie O. Lovell, of Malden, Mass., sends the following names: Howard Cook, Bertie Turner, Willie Lovell, George King, Belle Turner, Nora Twoomey, Lucy Durand, Lawrence Shepard, Susan Durand, Frederick Hall, Albert Hamnett, Willie Came, Edwin Knight, Charlie Chamberlain, Edwin Litch, Gregory Charlton, Gertrude Rhoades, Emma Lovell, Everett Marchant, Arthur Scribner, Edward Shepard, Lynde Sullivan, Bessie Turner, Lawrence Newhall, Ambrose Aldrich, Frederick Brown, Charles Fogg, Louise Rafferty, Dana Johnson, Amelia Johnson, George Osborne, Everett Lovejoy, Carrie Bickford, Frederick Horner, Harry Allen, Ida McKenzie, Clarence Josselyn, Allie Green, Frank Bagnall, James Fernald, Leon Robie, Frank Fisher, Walter Lewis, Willie Beardslee, Harry Stanion, John Cronin, Carrie Brooks, Rebecca Garfield, Ebbie Wells, Harry Keith, Frank Johnson, Fannie Brown, Mary Putnam, and Willie O. Lovell.

Louise Scribner, of Newton, N. J., sends the following list: Louise Scribner, Leigh Scribner, Jr., Ida Scribner, Frank Scribner, Maude Carleton, Janie Carleton, Louis Mitchell, Will De Long, Ethel De Long, Ned De Long, Eloise Henkei, Bertha Russell, Arthur Hope, Fred Hope, Ruby Hope, Maggie Hope, Fan Hope, Hattie Hope, Daisy Robinson, Blanche Darling, Alice Westbrook, Laura Westbrook, Adele Heidental, Walter Heidental, Frank Fletcher, Fred Heitz, Richard Le Roy, Dick Harrington, Ada Willard, Clara Willard, Lill Willard, Milton Willard, Harry K. Willard, Stephen S. Hubbard, Frantz McCoy, Mabel Howell, Monroe Howard, Rosa Leigh, Charlie Leigh, Herbert Langley, Evelyn Percy, Harold Percy, Rose Percy, Rio Percy, Lio Percy, La Forge Bonnel, Bessie Rosedale, Daisy Rosedale, Nellie Stearns, Madeleine Fawn, Claude Snow, Claudia Snow, Edith Frost, Marguerite Frost, Theo. Frost, Victor Frost, Charlie Arlington, Grace Atherton, Leonore Norwood, Edna Frele, and Clare St. Læ.

Lutie Miles, of Newport, Maine, sends the following list: Alice Harriman, Effie Miles, Annie Miles, Mattie Harriman, Sophia Harriman, Sarah Severance, Ada Day, Myrtle Day, Jennie Fernald, Lillie McFarland, Hattie Russell, May Williams, May Bean, Abbie Judkins, Nora Jenkins, Lizzy Willey, Annie Hasty, Vesta Oakes, Mamie Pike, Julia Rowe, Lulie Loud, Mattie Merrill, Delia Merrill, The Joice, Ellie Moore, Effie Moore, Cora Manning, Augusta Barnes, Mary Harriman, Allie Knights, Dimple Merrill, Dora Howard, Carrie Pickeren, Josie Springer, Lulie Miles, Charley Sargent, Ruil Larribee, Bert Chase, Frank Gurney, George Merrill, Nat Springer, Frank Jenkins, Alfred Miles, Lindsay Hasty, Willie Stedman, Percy Oakes, Hollis Luce, James Harriman, Frank Bayman, Orsa Lowell, and Robert Jenkins.

Annie Cutler, of New Haven, Conn., sends these names: Annie Cutler, Sophie Olmstead, Susie Olmstead, Kittie Blair, Miss Mary Blair, Nannie B. Trowbridge, Alice B. Forbes, Lottie R. Fisher, Ella Williams, Louise Alden, Ethel Gale, Sadie Brush, Lizzie Brush, Annie Dexter, Maud Ingersoll, Ethel C. Walker, Hattie Woodruff, Maud Magill, Marion Thurston, Jennie Chapman, Florence Graves, Belle Murdock, Bertha Hawes, Mabel Hawes, Susie Candee, Etta Winchell, Carlton Graves, May Wehner, Helen Morris, Nemmie Morris, Charley Morris, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Tuttle, Julia Hart, Howard Hart, Hattie Peck, Sumner Peck, and Alice Chapman.

Nellie Hoge, of Bellaire, Ohio, sends the following list: Nellie Hoge, Alice Felton, Belle Montgomery, Ella Gorby, Annie Hoge, Bessie Hoge, Mary Megaw, Ida Wetherald, Maggie Farris, Ida Thompson, Lyle Thoburn, Willie Stuart, Willie Smith, Calvin MacCullough, Maggie Westlake, Lyde Heatherington, Katie Muth, Mack Gray, John Jennings, Mary Powell, Laura Anshutz, Sallie Mills, Pheny Schven, Martha Crystal, Jennie Crisswell, Mary Marsh, Florence Williams, Delora Osborne, Mary Hall, Lella Snively, Mary Richardson, Luella Fulton, Viola Osborne, Julia Faupel, Maggie Nelson, Louisa Halen, Annie Miller, and Willie Dee.

Anna S. Shannon, Mary W. Price, and Allie L. Carter send the following list: Mollie J. Freeman, Spencer Douglass, Caroline T. Smidt, Isabella Taylor, Charles M. Price, Henry C. Johnson, Horatio G. Manville, Mattie Tompkins, Maud Young, Lizzie Ferguson, Jennie L. Jones, Annie E. Anderson, Emma J. Moore, Alice L. Howe, Laura E. Anthony, Amelia M. Draper, Peter A. Hays, Geo. Moon,

Simeon Hunt, Lillie Underwood, Aaron Edmunds, Caroline D. Norton, Richard McCarty, Caroline M. Vroman, Lizzie M. Vedder, Ella O. Cook, Della C. Greene, Alfred Swartfigure, Catharine O. Kent, Minnie T. Goodrich, and Annie L. Lewis.

Willie Simpson, of Prattville, Ala., sends this list: Jessie Howell, Julia Smith, Nora McWilliams, Ellen Rush, Annie Bowen, Lula Smith, Mary Smith, Mary Rush, John Simpson, Lizzie Rush, Hattie Morgan, Carrie Morgan, Emma Jenkins, Zula Gardner, Katie Gardner, Mary Sims, Julia Spigner, Tabula Davis, Annie Howell, Katie Doster, Eunice Hazen, L. M. Whetstone, Sallie Jones, Freddie and Charlie Hildreth, Hallie and Sallie Hamilton, Emmet Smith, Hattie Pearce, Corinne Doster, Daisy Golson, Octavia Rush, Edna Davis, Olive Booth, Mary Pratt, Bell Northington, Mary Simpson, Charles Hazen, Charles Rush, Lula and Ada Ellis, Ellen Morgan, and Percy Howell.

Katie E. Gilligan, of Plainfield, sends the following names: Sydney D. Gilligan, Josie D. Gilligan, Romolo Belcazar, Constance Burke, Ellie Gilligan, John Stevens, Bob Stevens, Anna Stevens, Minnie Stevens, Bessie Stevens, Ada Marsh, Emily Groff, Irene Affeck, Howard Naylor, Willie Moore, George Moore, Maggie Warnock, Minnie Stephenson, Annie Gillies, Beulah Ketcham, Jessie Munger, Emma Keller, Jennie Leeland, George Cramer, Katy Stryker, Mamie Woodhouse, Norma Freeman, Jennie Vosseller, Louie Kaufman, Grace Daniels, Jennie Harriott, and Katie Gilligan.

C. Jennie Knight and Mary F. Carew, of South Hadley Falls, send the following names: C. Jennie Knight, Mary F. Carew, Joseph Carew, Frank Carew, Sr., Frank Carew, Jr., George Carew, Jennie Benton, Mary B. Dwight, Virginia A. Hawkins, Thomas Pendigast, Richard Knight, Jane M. Knight, Alice C. Knight, Alice Cummings, H. W. Taylor, W. T. Hollister, George Camp, James Sinclair, May Walker, Mary Sinclair, Jennie Douglas, Kittie Walker, Effie Walker, Edith Allen, Eddie Long, Mary Q. Colman, Grace M. Knight, Georgia S. Hitchcock, Edith Avery, and Lizzie L. Whitney.

Willie H. Van Allen, of Holland Patent, Onondaga Co., N. Y., joins the army and sends the following list of names: D. D. Van Allen, Fanny J. Van Allen, Fred Chassell, E. F. Carrier, Owen Owens, Freda Crane, Jennie Williams, George Peabody, Laura Peabody, Eldie Peabody, E. C. Peabody, E. W. Peabody, Mary Owens, Wallace Owens, Robert Evans, Robert R. Owens, Willie Sizer, David Davis, Willie Rowlands, John E. Jones, Welcome Jones, Annie Williams, Charlie Moulton, David R. Davis, Marion Robinson, Richard Davis, Tommy Davis, Mary Williams, Hattie Olin, J. McK. Brayton, Grant Rollins, and Gurdon Pride.

Jessie Boning, of Paoli, Wis., sends her own and other names, as follows: Helen Boning, Margaret Boning, Lilly Boning, Jessie Boyd, Peter Boyd, Jessie Greene, Archie Greene, Jessie Parkhurst, Varnie Parkhurst, Ellen Parkhurst, Alice Ulrich, Sarah Berg, Johnnie Berg, Flora Crocker, John Meyers, Adolphus Meyers, Mary Meyers, Elmer Matts, Helen Matts, Alma Matts, Alice Matts, Florence Matts, Willie Clark, Willie Gaefke, Anna Gaefke, Lizzie Gaefke, Fritz Gaefke, Elmer Cooper, Alminie Cooper, John Warner, Edna Warner, Frank Bethel, Albert Eve, Oscar Minch, Carl Minch, Alphas Seward, Alonz Greene, Henry Boning, and John Boyd.

W. M. Tewksbury, of Newburyport, sends the following list: Mary Clark, Mary Kidder, Elizabeth Christopher, Gertie Fogg, Susie Fogg, Carrie Gonzales, Lizzie Gonzales, Gracie Gonzales, Flora Fisher, Ida Spencer, Ella Spencer, Lil Brookes, Aggie Cheney, Bella Morris, Lizzie Cotter, Milton Clark, George Graves, Frankie McKinney, Wilie Tewksbury, Walter Morgan, L. G. Bonney, Benny Brooks, I. L. Stickney, Benny Chandler, James Morse, G. H. Lourel, Willie Abbot, G. Forsaith, John Vanney, Charlie Chase, W. Jewell, Henry Kinball, and Willie Morgan.

Adelia A. Nichols, of Chicago, Ill., sends this list: Amelia F. Nichols, Kittie W. Haven, Alice Haven, Carrie Densmore, Kittie Danforth, Harry Danforth, Albert Palmer, Adam Koehler, Fannie Mauran, Ellen Swartley, May Thompson, Libbie Reed, May Crockett, Katie Strader, Cora Pierce, Louie Watson, Richard Watson, Mamie King, Bell King, Nellie Leach, Carrie Tait, Hattie Wilson, Olive White, Shreeve Badger, George Cole, and Adelia A. Nichols.

Maud McLean, of Rochester, Minn., sends the following list: John Cook, May Cook, Jane Cook, Charlie Wilson, Annie Wilson, Emily Wilson, Mate Cross, Myra Cross, Annie Cross, Helen Lete, Louise McLean, Marshall McLean, Maud McLean, Charley Vandouyen, Stella Vandouyen, Emma Vandouyen, Charlie Chadburne, Etta Chadburne, Archie Stevenson, Wm. Mayo, Wm. Murdock, Elwin Briggs, Cordie Jones, Nathalie McLean, Dorcas Carr, and Yora Baxter.



Belle Eddy, of Albion, N. V., joins and sends other names as follows: Yune Bedell, Jennie Bishop, Grace Billings, Lottie Billings, Cora Billings, Minnie Powers, Hen. Holland, Clio Smiley, Sue Berry, Kate Berry, Edwin Bidleman, Harlon Billings, Geo. Billings, Sammy Smiley, Frank Smiley, George Smiley, Frank Colburn, Charlie Colburn, Johnnie Bishop, Frank Bishop, G. Benton, Lavant Bedell, Steph Bedell, and Frank Bedell.

Richard L. Hovey, of Washington, D. C., sends these names: Walter S. Dodge, Mattie Dodge, Horace Austin Dodge, Daisy Mills, Ballard N. Morris, Emma Morris, Kate Griggs, Dodie Griggs, Belle Price, Ida Price, Wm. S. Knox, Anna Bray, Mr. John Bray, Gen. C. E. Hovey, Mrs. Gen. C. E. Hovey, Mr. Farnham Spofford, Mrs. F. Spofford, James A. Hovey, and Jennie Dodge.

Willie Hyde, of Pottsville, Pa., sends the following names: Florence Ryan, Maria Bracken, Mary Beatty, Sallie Walker, Tillie Garretson, Maria Thompson, Bessie Thompson, Clara Deugler, Paul Shearer, Phoebe Atkins, Laura Lanagan, Silver Ghay, Tillie Patterson, Florrie Hyde, Emily Beck, Katie Boyer, Willie Whitney, Mollie Moorhead, Julia Smith, Maria Garretson, John Carpenter, Willie Beck, and Willie Hyde.

Carrie B. Salmon, of Fulton, sends her own name with those of the following friends: Minnie B. Salmon, Frankie A. Lake, Lillian E. Lake, Gussie F. Shaw, Bertie H. Hoff, Putnam H. Allen, Addie Shaw, Gertie Nichols, Ada F. Thayer, Gracie L. Smith, Julia Kimball, Jessie Kimball, Gertie Dada, Willie Hoff, Charlie White, Bertha Lee, Hattie M. Bradshaw, Bertha E. Elder, and Bessie Davenport.

Louie Flagg, of Cedar Grove, R. I., joins and sends other names as follows: Alice R. Brigham, Edward F. Brigham, Belle Adams, Addie A. White, Nellie A. Hammond, Luena J. Winsor, Ella A. Dunham, Hattie E. Hathaway, Charlie F. Martin, Hattie J. Peck, Sarah McMillan, Mary A. E. Ferris, Cassie Ferris, Susan D. White, Nellie M. Chace, Nellie White, Cora T. Brown, and Geo. D. Peck.

Lewis T. Austerwell, of St. Louis, sends these names: Ida W. Thomas, Alfred Taussig, Mary Bean, Florence Austerwell, Isaac N. Hayden, H. Edward Thompson, Annie J. Bean, Mattie Taussig, Forrester Hardy, Alice D. Austerwell, Ashton G. Bean, Alice H. Thompson, Julia V. Austerwell, Chas. T. Thompson, Junia Austerwell, William Wills, and Ellen Wills.

Laura Lyon, of Ithaca, N. Y., sends the following list: Mary McLaugh, Kate McLaugh, Nellie Russel, Gussie Clark, Minnie Clark, Lulu Heggie, Mamie Finch, Rose Mulligan, Eliza Robinson, Lucy Lyon, Phil Lyon, Mary Lyon, Susan Lyon, Marcus Lyon, and Laura Lyon.

Alice Gale, of Minneapolis, Minn., sends the following list: Bell Gale, Eddie Gale, Laura Philip, Anna Gale, Harlon Gale, Harry Philip, Florence Brooks, Gerty Leonard, Belle Cadwell, Kate Hawkins, Minnie Brackett, Nelly Young, Mattie Phelps, Marion Gale, Tamar Gale, Anna Kokes, Maria Hardy, and Alice Gale.

Mary D. Gunn, of Lexington, Ky., sends the following names: Emma Kenney, Lena Hoeing, Lizette Hayman, Fannie Todd, Ophelia Childs, Almira Woolfolk, Mary Woolfolk, Mattie Berkeley, Sallie Young, Annie Williams, Willie Gunn, and Mary D. Gunn.

Norman G. Dakin, of Laporte, Indiana, sends this list: Norman Dakin, Minnie Ash, Louie Weaver, Lloyd Weaver, Allie Dakin, Annie Taber, Hattie Ash, Addison Cattron, Fred King, Ellie Wier, Fred Wier, Allie Cochran, Ollie Ludlow, Josie Will, and Rosa Will.

Ned M. Hayden, of Wolcottville, Conn., sends these names: Ned M. Hayden, Helen E. Hayden, Carrie B. Lathrop, Merritt McNeil, Jerry Phelps, Henry Clark, Freddie Lyons, Benny Hopkins, John Davy, Clinton Goodwin, Lenny Wheeler, Charlie Finn, Henry Bell.

Julia Ashley, of Providence, R. I., sends these names: Julia B. Ashley, Fannie O. Ashley, Laura E. Healy, Nellie Hutchins, Annie L. Wilde, and Jennie P. Barton.

May Smith, of Brooklyn, sends the following names: Alice Boughton, Herbert Boughton, Eva Clafin, Alice Howel, Nellie Brimsmaid, Hampton Howel, Louis Smith, Julia Smith, and May Smith.

Lizzie Mease, of Pleasantville, sends these names: Jessie Sheffield, Delia Germer, Nettie Newkirk, Lida Peterman, Nettie Miller, Mattie Holeman, Nettie Brinker, Emma Smith, Eddie Mease, Watt Mease, Mrs. Mease, Mrs. Skinner, Rena Lapham, and Lizzie Mease.

C. R. Fultz sends these names: C. Fultz, F. Fultz, G. Fultz, S. Vivian, S. Crafts, A. McClosky, L. Abbott, A. Hamblin, G. Freeman, W. Tromy, and W. Miller.

Olive Ann Frerat, of New Orleans, sends the following names: Julia Scott Ogden, Hatty B. Britton, Edith Davies, Nelly Hall, and Bertha Frankenbush.

Abbie N. Gunnison, of Dorchester, sends this list: Lottie M. Gunnison, Jennie A. Carr, Charlie Hewins, Walter Hewins, Alfred P. Rexford, Lizzie D. Coolidge, Minnie L. Stone, Amanda R. Wood, Nilla Howe, Annie Howe, and Abbie N. Gunnison.

James A. Hill, of Hackensack, N. J., sends the following names: Harry Labagh, Irvie Labagh, Louey Labagh, and Jennie Labagh.

Eva G. Wanzer, of Chicago, sends these names: Wallie Wood, Katie Wood, Lizzie Pridham, Jessie Pridham, Carrie Hubbard, Jennie Hubbard, Emma Finch, Willie Wanzer, and Eva G. Wanzer.

Montie Horton, of Amesbury, Mass., sends the following names: Lillie Little, Gracie Bailey, Fannie Burlingame, Josie Burlingame, Fannie Osgood, and Montie Horton.

Blanche Lientz, of Cedar Lawn, sends these names: Mattie Carlie, Carrie McKinney, Ella Wilhite, Ella Lientz, Rollin Lyman, Mary Lyman, Annie McQuitty, Ottie Hickman, and Mollie Sampson.

Lillie May Farman, of Claremont, N. H., sends these names: Willie Bean, Nathan Fay, Charlotte Hubbard, Willie Hubbard, Fred S. Carr, Ida M. Carr, and Lillie May Farman.

Eldridge W. Hutchins, of Billerica, Mass., sends the following list: Emily Hazen, Charlotte Hazen, Jessie Underhill, Annie T. Shedd, Carrie Baker, Lucy Baker, Lizzie Morrissey, and E. W. Hutchins.

Jodie A. McCullough, of Line Creek, S. C., sends these names: Ida Charles, Anna Stepp, Clara McCullough, Jodie A. McCullough, Ida Brooks, and Sullie Eppes.

Ida E. Skidd, of Mobile, Ala., sends this list: Minnie Mackay, Adelia Mackay, Olive Russel, Gracie Mighell, Jennie Flinn, Mary Mighell, Eugenia Skidd, Alice Flinn, and Cornelia Schoots.

Harry C. Wiles sends the following list: Harry C. Wiles, Thomas Corbin, Willie Corbin, Chas. Hall, Abraham Phillips, Johnny Williams, Charles Halstead, and Willie Smithey.

H. C. J. J. Cameron, of Camden, N. Y., sends the following list: Aggie Huyck, Lena Goodyear, A. W. F. Clapp, Nellie Carman, Kattie More, Sarah Witchley, Jennie Park, Dora Upson, Frank Raymond, Mary Robson, Jennie More, and Jinnie Stark.

Harry G. Perkins, of Fitzwilliam, sends this list: Fanny A. Cahill, Aggie Cahill, Susy Haskell, Hatty White, Fanny Batcheller, David Fullam, Edith Perkins, Helen A. Parker, and Harry G. Perkins.

John Gilbert, of Catawissa, Pa., sends these names: Lambert Osmun, Martha Long, Kate Sharpless, Sarah Gilbert, Fannie Keiler, Mary L. Gilbert, Jennie Brobst, Anna Gilbert, and John Gilbert.

Mrs. A. J. Miller, of Patterson, Ga., sends these names: Westcott Miller, Sarah Miller, Montie Miller, Waver Theus, Silvanus Theus, Ida Theus, Martin Theus, Mamie Carter, Lizzie Carter, and Julia Carter.

Birdie and Mabel Bennett send the following list: E. L. Grant, J. R. Grant, Charlie Grant, Mabel Bennett, Charlie Bennett, Birdie Bennett, Ed Parker, L. S. Prest, Belle Smith, Katie Smith, Fanny Smith, Sadie Smith, Tom Garnett, and Laura Garnett.

Jennie and Susie Russell, of Cobleskill, join, and send the following additional names: Lillie Ross, Maud Raymond, Grace Emerson, Louise Laurence, Minnie Lester, and Rose Wilcox.

Fanny T. Quinby, of Pittsfield, Ill., sends these names: Dora Greathouse, Georgiana Gough, Ida Grimes, Lillie Kellogg, Alice Grimes, Lulu Quinby, Lizzie Gallaher, May Crisswell, Laura Mills, and Fanny Quinby.

"Olive," of Hastings, N. Y., sends these names: Katie Koch, Floy Brooks, Lillie Stull, Eric Westlake, Anna Ridgway, Anna Reist, Katie Hershey, Sadie Searight, Alice Beans, Eddie Brooks, Ada Reihman, Ella Crawford, Fannie Stryker, Agnes Bard, Viola Hannum, Hattie Hannum, and Fannie Nabb.

Alice A. Carter sends these names: Alice Carter, Nina Carter, Jennie Woodman, Emma B. Keith, Emma A. Jones, Constance Keith, Carrie Holbrook, Lucia Peabody, Carrie V. Keith, Lulu Lawrence, Nettie Wilton, and Gracie Eliot.

George E. Stockle, of Cherry Creek, Nevada, sends these names: Edna Scramblen, Mabel Eastwood, Florence Mollinella, Jerold Calder, Frank Burjoice, Jackie Shiller, Elbert Sissin, Arlo Eastwood, Sam Burjoice, and Geo. E. Stockle.

George N. Kerbey, of Braddock's Field, Pa., joins and sends the following names: George W. Kerbey, Cora P. Kerbey, Bessie S. Kerbey, Charley Swemm, Julia Swemm, Johnny Swemm, Bobby Lucas, Charley Lucas, Fannie McConnell, Florence McConnell, Winnie Wilkinson, Mary Wilkinson, and Lulu Wilkinson.

Bessie Kuhn sends these names: Bessie P. Kuhn, Anna M. Bosley, Anna C. Carner, Nettie Wheeler, Elmer Carner, Neil Wheeler, Jas W. Allison, Edna Meeks, Annie L. Sharp, and W. S. Sutton.

Mary M. Harris, of Moreton Farm, joins and sends other names as follows: Sarah A. Harris, Bella Kewley, Johnny Kewley, Willie Kewley, Lizzie Kewley, Julia Kewley, Sarah J. Reynolds, Maggie Harris, Selah Harris, Mary M. Harris, and Annie M. Morton.

Jennie E. Holland, of Hope, Ind., sends these names: Hattie Fishel, Emily Laisy, Augusta Rensswig, Mary Laisy, Ida Laisy, Georgia Keating, and Jennie Holland.

Bessie Morrill, of Cincinnati, sends these names: Albert Henry Morrill, Bessie Morrill, Nellie Morrill, Katie Stewart, Katie Ledyard, Helen Annan, Jessie Brown, Flora D. Brown, Lottie Brown, and Edie Brown.

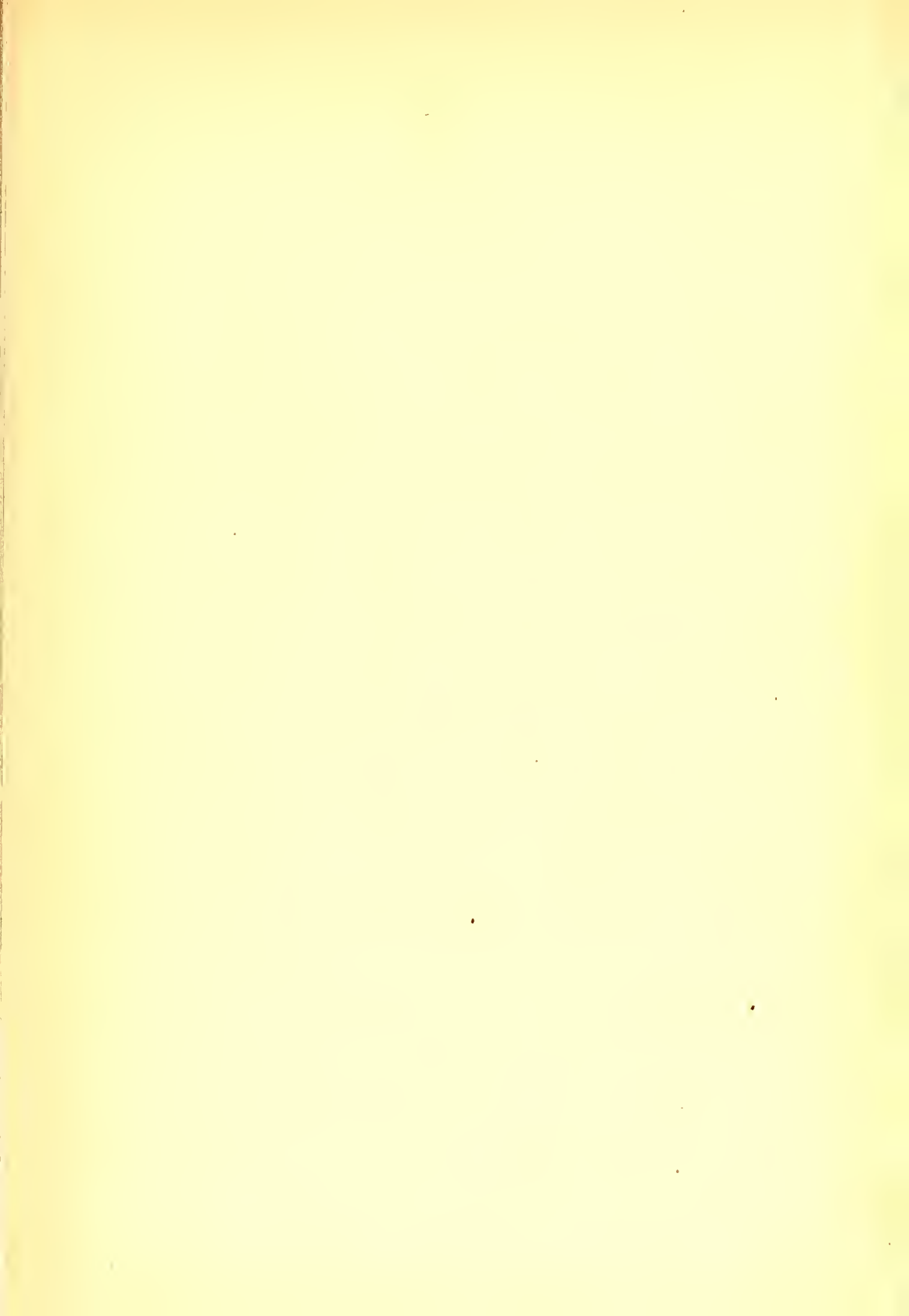
Fred C. McDonald, of White Plains, sends the following list: Lizzie B. McDonald, Julie R. Fisher, Annie S. Fisher, Mammie B. Fisher, M. Rosalie Cunningham, J. Henry Armbruster, Gertrude P. Schmid, Julia A. Quinby, and Fred C. McDonald.

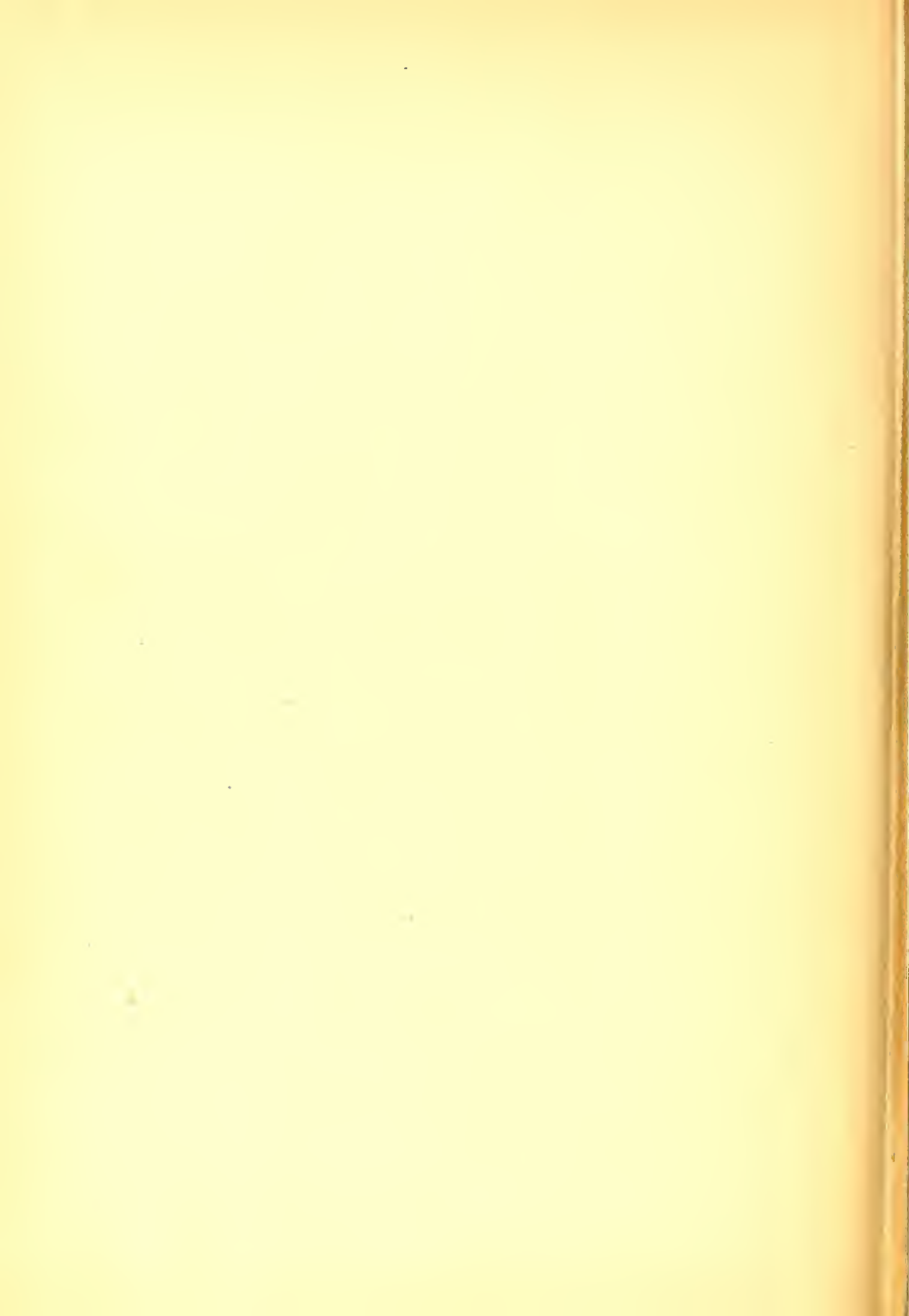
Grant McNeil, of Akron, O., sends these names: Grant McNeil, Sarah G. McNeil, Jennie A. Gale, Jenny L. Echoren, Helen Echoren, Mrs. M. G. McNeil, Eddie Angier, Ollie Cahow, and Oral Cahow.

"The Teacher" sends the names of these Oswego boys: Wallie Dempsey, James Hillock, Charles Burt, Frank English, Jimmie Barry, Johnnie Hillock, and George Sloan.

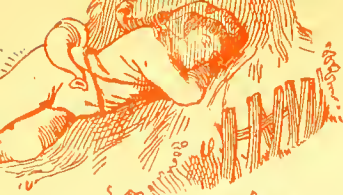
Besides all these lists, the following names have been received: James Montgomery, Morton Montgomery, Jennie Scofield, Arthur C. Miller, Antoinette C. Starkweather, E. and A. Herron, Eliot H. Moore, Carry Preston, Achsah Preston, Robert Preston, Alexander Preston, Laura Stotsenbarg, Frank C. Higgins, Nellie Chapin, Chester Yeaman, Marion Yeaman, Lelia Yeaman, Maggie M. Ross, Nellie Kellogg, Florence Cleaves, May B. Moulton, Fred Bell, Donald Bell, Bessie and Nellie Morrill, Willie B. Mount, Ella Mount, Clara Hiscok, Minnie Mansfield, Mary King, Katie Windle, Emma A. Hance, Minnie Morgan, Mabel and Ethel Wyant, Lila E. Burton, Clara Muncey, Ralph Clapp, Alexander Laist, L. L. Ropes, Bertie Child, Olivia G. Sherman, Alice M. Sherman, Annie O. Gerry, Johnnie and Marnie Pennington, Lottie Hatch, Louis M. Pratt, Edgar B. Sampson, Annie Dean, Sarah Carlisle Lord, Florence M. Easton, Bessie Vroom, May C. Deane, Eddie F. Pickett, Grace Greenough, Willie Greenough, Mary Gaddis, Harry Piesters Washington, Charles Milnor Washington, Belle Betts, Marshall R. Pugh, Lida A. Clark, Freddy McCroskey, Herbert V. Abbott, Harriet F. Abbott, Ernest Abbott, Hattie L. Emerson, Allina G. Emerson, Sue M. Littell, Charlotte S. Blanchard, Hollie Goodsell, Sadie Goodsell, Constance Clifford, George H. Dale, Eleanor L. Reed, Bertie Reed, Effie Reed, Mollie Russell, Cornelia Russell, Charlie W. Barnes, Alfred J. Barnes, F. Mabel Webber, Richard L. Hill, Jr., Willie Hill, Allie Hill, Joe Hill, Bessie Hotchkiss, Allie Potter, Bessie L. Dickson, Charlie M. Child, Weldon Coltrin, Carrie Salters, Agnes Drew, Bertha Torrance, Lloyd Salters, Rollin Salters, Ethel Salters, Louis M. Sawdon, Edwin I. Sawdon, Nellie S. McCord, May Harvey, Annie Harvey, Hattie Harvey, May Darling, Katie Todd, Nettie Pitt, Virginia Jones, Abby Allen, Alice Godfrey, J. Lauriston Howland, Fannie C. Cushing, Jessie Moon, Egbert P. Watson, Harry E. Miller, Daisy P. Miller, Emily F. Miller, Elizabeth Dyer, Charlotte Dyer, John Dyer, Jr., Mary Jungé, Susan Jungé, William Jungé, Anna Jungé, Lizzie S. Howard, Bessie Daingerfield, Harry James Gilmour, Louis and Finley Shepard, Hattie M. Plummer, A. M. Stillman, Norman Leslie Archer, S. Louise Jessup, Minnie B. Mulford, Carrie Vandercook, George A. Laughlin, Willie Laughlin, Ottie Laughlin, Eugene E. Peirce, Florence C. R. Biddle, Marion Miller, Fannie Miller, Sallie E. Harrold, Ida J. Harrold, Ella B. Smith, Anne C. Harper, Allie F. Vineyard, Rosa M. Deuchar, Mrs. Fannie McKlein, Emma P. Morton, Ella A. Morton, Jennie C. Morton, Fanny H. H. Kennedy, Henry M. Beal, Maggie Robertson, Katie Robertson, Ida S. Irwin, Louie McMyrn, Lucy D. Denison, Mamie E. D. Cumming, Katharine D. Schaus, Mabel Schaus, Fanny Packard, Helen H. Green, Willie Reynolds, Eva Bishop, Minnie Stanwood, Leslie Ashley, George V. Hunt, Bernice Curtis, Alma Jones, Mamie Newell, Annie Newell, Emma Newell, Johnnie Johnson, Amy C. Johnson, James Frazer, Katherine H. Leonard, Clifford Smyth, Grayson G. Knapp, Lulu Haywood, Genevieve Haywood, Aggie Johnson, Jennie Barrett, Sue M. Littell, Mary E. Palmer, Annie Montgomery Horton, Annie Du Bois, Amy Du Bois, Ella Du Bois, Peachy Bacon, George Bacon, Fanny H. H. Kennedy, Mammie L. Rowland, Marion O. Rowland, Charles B. Howard, Fannie J. Pusey, Willie H. Atkinson, Fanny N. Osburn, Lily Uniacke, Katie Uniacke, Robert R. Gibson, Edith E. Stone, Annie Atkinson, Mary L. Middleton, Madeleine D. W. Smith, L. D. Schaffer, Fannie Mil-

ler, Marion Miller, Edwin C. Garrigues, Lee Brand, Charlie Brand, Johnnie Brand, Addie Lawrence, Gracie Arden, Lulu Stone, Willie Lawrence, M. Ella Wright, Anne Henderson, Mary Elizabeth Henderson, Guy E. Pattison, Fannie and Jeanie Brady, Corrie F. Smith, Ellie Arbuckle, Ray Arbuckle, Fred Arbuckle, Jennie Arbuckle, Joey Taplin, Charley Taplin, Eugene C. Holton, Lily Van Riper, Julia Grice, Lulu J. Way, Katie L. Bigelow, Carrie L. Bigelow, Jenny D. Wheeler, Neddie E. Wayland, Rawleigh Colston Blackford, Charles M. Blackford, Willie Larzelere, Leigh Larzelere, William Nelson, George Nelson, Joseph Nelson, Cambol Bowley, Fanny Britton, Jenny Messer, Florence Wilkinson, Frank Britton, Richard and James Morley, Gertrude Turner, Fred Bright, Bessie Bright, Paul Bright, John Bright, Clara Bright, Clare Randolph, Marion Taylor, David H. Shipman, E. May Stedman, Ella Stedman, Mammie Haydock, Mary Vose, Emmie Vose, Ellen C. Emerson, May Nicolovius, Sadie A. Wood, Bertha Wood, Emily Wood, Alice Wood, John V. T. Wood, Bessie Baker, Lillie Baker, Daisy Wood, Tommy W. Fry, Robt. T. Brewer, Caleb W. Hammill, Helen A. Brewer, Mary L. Hammill, C. S. Butterfield, Johnny A. Fry, Herbert P. Kelly, Norton R. Bond, Howard P. Forrest, H. Stanley Lesher, Robert P. Hayes, Myra O. Sutton, Ettie Sutton, George V. Hunt, Mamie B. French, Willie A. French, Emily Shaw Sargent, Georgina Warhurst, Lulu Clinton, Arthur Leon Giblin, Albert H. Southwell, Mattie S. Evans, Emma Amelia Gould, Mattie Vaughan Holladay, Annie W. Hayward, Hattie Winfield, Robert H. Birdsall, Thornton Birdsall, Annie K. Emery, Fannie Binswanger, Clifford Brown, Ellsworth Griffith, Marion W. Bond, Frank Bowman, Grace Gould, Alice Gould, Ellen Bowers, Fred Worthington, Ralph Bowman, Anna Wood, Sarah Wood, Ella Davenport, Leonora Davenport, Ada Gasswell, Gussie Sisson, Hellisa Swinney, Bettie Thacker, Belle Sebastian, Susie Bellah, Ida Harkey, Lizzie Rondebush, Harry G. Chamberlin, Lulie F. Schock, Geo. W. Gluck, Frank A. Gluck, Mary A. Gluck, Willie Reynolds, Carrie L. Bidleman, Eddie C. Bissell, Walter Norton, Emma Turner, Mary Turner, Belle Camp, Eva Shaw, Mabel Shaw, Libbie Owen, Delia Judd, Eliza Teeter, Harry Lincoln, Bertie Lincoln, Marjorie Hallett, Grace R. Newton, Winsor Brown, Gracie Brownell, Hattie Brownell, Harry Brownell, Jennie L. Brownell, Charles H. Hull, Mary I. Hull, Rissa Stockwell, Mattie Stockwell, Geordie Stockwell, Johnnie and Clara Miller, Eddie Smith, Clara Meisel, Lila B. Aiken, W. B. Aiken, Charles Yschiffely, Allie Pizey, Georgiana Hollister, Carrie A. Granger, Ruthie E. Granger, Rosie B. Granger, Hattie Leamed, Stella T. Johnson, Lizzie L. Howard, Cora L. Shailer, Edith Harrison, Katy E. Raud, Katie W. Nash, Willie Perrine, James E. Bartlett, Lilian Constable, Edwin W. Fay, Nannie C. Long, Clara Long, Helen S. Mackintosh, Fred Collins, Grace S. Emerson, Cora N. Emerson, Carrie M. Kernochan, Josephine Kernochan, Minnie M. Walker, Lulie H. Walker, Henry Owen Fetter, Cecilia Rice, W. L. Young, Nessie Stevens, Bessie G. McLaren, John B. Greiner, Marnie Cummings, Belle Fawcett, Nina Eggleston, Harlow Billings, Nellie Robinson, Lottie Griswold, May G. Holmes, David Holmes, Georgie Holmes, Edith Foster, Florence Foster, Alice Foster, H. W. Lung, James P. Waring, Isabelle B. S. Nichols, Mary E. Coffin, Fannie Filotson, Susie May Ryder, Alice M. Douglas, Lillie McGowan, Katie Milner, Ellie T. Brewster, R. W. Spalding, Samuel Spalding, Mary De Bard, Helen De Bard, Dora Seaton, Mallie Seaton, Tom E. Williard, Hattie E. Forshew, Madeleine D. W. Smith, Charles W. Reed, Clara Temple Livermore, Jennie Burlingame Livermore, Susie B. Waring, L. E. B. Noxon, Hyland C. Murphy, Elsie F. Eilers, Emma Eilers, Carleton D. Merphy, Carrie B. Wells, Edwin Haviland, Jr., Clarence Haviland, Willie Biddle, Andrew Biddle, May Young, Leila Williams, Eugenie Cole, Emma Butler, Antoinette Matthews, Grace Walker, Agnes Askew, Blanche Morrison, Lila Wood, May Meyers, Clara Phillips, Isabel McKenzie, Laura Griffin, Grace Higbee, Cassie Hamilton, Charles Butler, Willie Butler, Lindsey Barbour, Robert Richardson, Jeanie Finlay, Lizzie C. McMartin, Archie McMartin, Mary McMartin, Bertha Allen, William H. Atkinson, Robbie W. Atkinson, Steven P. Cabot, Moses Williams, Jr., May Fisher, Mary S. Kennedy, Fred Cook, May Smith, Charlie Hotchins, Belle Kellogg, Willie Coddington, Freddie Coddington, Robbie Coddington, Silas S. Stone, Gerrie Harter, Bruce Throckmorton, Mamie E. Throckmorton, J. Craig Crawford, Georgie Madden, Eva A. Madden, Sebina Goodie, Anna Jevenson, J. B. McCartney, Nellie Kellogg, Johnnie Seeley, Florence Seeley, Lucretia C. Holloway, Alice Ames, Eleanor Beattie, Nellie Fairbairn, Lucy Y. Thompson, Minnie May Schilling, Nettie W. Cobb, Maddie Hawley, Clinton Weed, and Belle Little.









Boy-Blue.



BO-PEEP



LITTLE MAID.



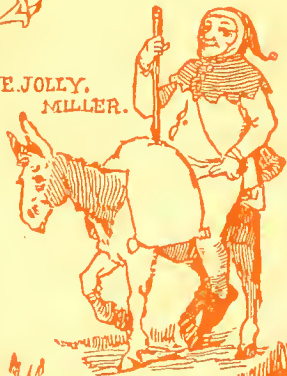
MISS MUFFET.



MAN IN THE MOON.



THE JOLLY MILLER.



ACK-SPEAK.





THE BRANBLE BUSH.



JACK-LOOPER.



THREE BLIND MICE.



BUTCHER.



TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.



TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.



AS TOMAN.



PETE, PETE, PUMP EATE.



THE TROU A-JOOING.



